

ODDS AND ENDS.

Eras of Fashion.
When Josephine ascended the throne, her womanly and luxurious instincts caused her to banish the ungraceful and assertive costumes which were born under the reign of terror. Everything Greek and Roman was admired, and the empress and the lovely Mrs. Tallien and Recamier garbed themselves in degenerate Greek apparel, whose scanty skirts and décolleté bodices scandalized the entire world. However, in a modified way, these styles are extremely pretty and were quite the thing but a few years ago. Even now they have not altogether disappeared and are still worn for ball dresses, but more frequently for tea gowns.

During the reign of the bourgeois King Louis Philippe his queen, Marie Amélie, inaugurated the full skirts and voluminous headgear which are still with us.
The last distinctive era of fashion was that born in the time of the beautiful Eugénie, and one cannot declare that it was quite original. The lovely empress only reintroduced the monstrous hoops of Queen Anne's day and the diminutive bonnets which appeared as if falling off the head and which belong to no other period.

Since then fashion has been marked by many vagaries and absurdities. We are at the present time nothing if not eclectic in our tastes, and we choose from past eras whatever we choose. At present we have taken the pointed girdle from the Swiss peasant maiden, the bolero from the Spanish male driver, the kimono from the Japanese belle and the sequin trimmings from the Turkish dancing girl.

Every nation and every era has contributed its quota, so that the costumes of all civilized nations are a veritable potpourri in cut, material and ornamentation.—Godey's Magazine.

Dresden Everywhere.
Since in the privacy of her boudoir the fin de siècle woman has gone back to the wattle costume of the seventeenth century, to be in keeping her desk and room furnishings must bear the stamp of that flowery period. Her walls are hung with delicate crochets, bedstrewn with bunches of roses, violets, forget-me-nots or true lovers' bows. The chairs and tables and desk are of gilt or white and gold, and to match all this perishable daintiness fashion has decreed that the ornaments which two years ago were of sterling silver shall now be of the most beautiful Dresden pattern.

The individual inkstands are gorgeous. The birds of the air are slaughtered to adorn woman's hats, and the hoists of the forest are slain to fashion her inkstands. The newest novelty is a frame of horns of all kinds and descriptions, to hold the heavy cut glass ink bottles. In some designs the horns are reversed, and the large end is made to answer for a candlestick or receptacle for the pen or sealing wax. Then, again, a bottle will have a cover of an elephant's head in heavy metal, the base and support of the bottle being the two tusks belonging to the animal.

Then there are stamp, scales, paper weights, stamp boxes, boxes for sealing wax and tapers, penwipers, blotters, everything requisite to make writing a luxury, and all in the daintiest, most fetching designs and forms.—New York Letter.

The Coming Shirt Waist.
Parisians have gradually been developing a great taste for silk shirts, and this form of bodice promises to carry all before it for morning wear next spring and summer. All the best houses are preparing varied selections of them, many rather ornate, but still maintaining their special characteristics—namely, tacked fronts and regular shirt sleeves, either gathered into a band with ruffles falling over the hand or with cuffs turned back over the hand.

Some have frillings standing from the back and sides of a round collar, and the lower edge is trimmed so as to serve for a little basque instead of being worn tucked into the skirt. Very narrow tucks sewed either close together or in groups will be preferred to wide tucks and folds. For those with turned-down collars, generally bordered with narrow tucks, ties are made of the same material.

Favorite silks with very small patterns and harmoniously shaded checks and plaids will be more used for making shirts than plain silks, which had the run last season. A great deal will also be done in lawn shirts for the summer and in gingham shirts for the popular trade.—Exchange.

Daughters of the Revolution.
Mrs. Caroline Long Barrett of Orange, N. J., whose father, Moses Bartlett, served for three years in the war of the Revolution, recently celebrated her ninety-fourth birthday. She was presented with a handsomely engraved parchment certificate of honorary membership in the Daughters of the Revolution, and there was a large gathering in her honor. Her daughter, Mrs. Louis De Blois Gallison, with whom she makes her home, is treasurer of the New Jersey state society, D. R. Another "real daughter" is Mrs. Rebecca Pratt of Chelsea, Mass., who was the guest of honor at the late organization of Westminster chapter, D. R.—The meeting was held in the old Pratt house, built in 1660. The story of her grandmother's fight from Boston (her house was opposite Christ church, on Salem street) to the night preceding the battle of Bunker Hill was told by Mrs. Pratt in a graphic manner.

Up to Date Stationery.
The latest innovation in stationery is paper and envelopes of the same size. Instead of folding the sheet of paper to fit into the envelope, as civilized nations have done since envelopes were invented, the entire sheet is slipped into the outer covering without folding it, even once. The paper is linen bond, mottled blue in tint and comes in various sizes.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

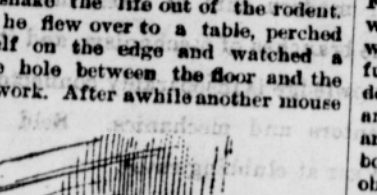
A FIGHTING PIGEON.

He Drove Dog and Cat Off the Premises and Became Raiser in Chief Himself.
John L. Sullivan is a gray green pigeon with a record as a fighter. Before he became a member of the Hayes household, 220 Eleventh street, San Francisco, all sorts of traps had been



tried to rid the premises of mice. A dog and a cat also had a hand at trying to exterminate them, but with no success. Then some one gave Mrs. Hayes a squab, which soon showed a disposition to be pugnacious. When he was three months old, he asserted himself. First he drove the dog off the place. In a short time the cat ran away. The pigeon has a long, sharp beak, and he pecks with ferocity. He is very adroit at darting and was never worsted in his encounters with the cat.

After the two domestic animals left Mrs. Hayes became mystified over the sudden disappearance of the rats and over the number of dead mice she found in various parts of the house. But one day it was all made clear to her. She had entered one of the rooms and his beak. She watched and saw the bird shake the life out of the rodent. Then he flew over to a table, perched himself on the edge and watched a mouse hole between the floor and the woodwork. After awhile another mouse



crept out. The bird made a dart at it, caught it on the back with his beak, and it fared the fate of its relative. The pigeon watched the rat holes in the same way. He contented himself with pecking at them and then flying away. But his method was a success. Rats as well as mice are no longer troublesome at the Hayes home.—San Francisco Examiner.

Not His Day For Being Whipped.
Little Johnny was 8 years old. Therefore he could look back to several Christmas holidays with a lively remembrance of what they were like and what had taken place on those festive occasions.

One of Johnny's ideas (not original with Johnny by any means, as many a parent can testify) was that it is a boy's mission to make as much noise as possible in the world, and in spite of frequent whippings and more or less frequent admonitions and more or less frequent whippings he perseveringly carried out the idea on all occasions except when he was asleep.

Johnny was fulfilling his mission with more vigor and enthusiasm than usual on Christmas morning, but no body paid any attention to him except his Aunt Jane, who was visiting Johnny's parents during the holidays, and she finally grew tired of the noise and said:

"Johnny, it is very naughty to keep up such a din and racket all the time, and if you don't stop it I shall have to speak to your mother about it."
"Huh! Wat god'll that do?" scornfully demanded Johnny.
"Why, she will whip you if you don't stop," threatened the young man's aunt.

"Guess not!" retorted Johnny with an air of triumph. "Chris'mas ain't my day fer gettin' whipped. I allers git whipped the day before Chris'mas and the day after, but I never do on Chris'mas."
—Harper's Magazine.

The Boyish Town.
A cross old woman of long ago declared that she hated noise.
"The town would be so pleasant, you know, if only there were no boys!"
She scolded and fretted about it till her eyes grew heavy as lead, and she fell asleep. And when she awoke the town grew still. For all the boys had fled.

And all through the long and dusty street there wasn't a boy in view.
The baseball lot, where they used to meet, was a sight to make one blue.
There wasn't a messenger boy, not one.
There wasn't a soul in all the place who knew how the game was played.

The cherries rotted and went to waste—There was no one to climb the trees—And nobody had a single taste, save only the birds and bees.
There wasn't a messenger boy, not one.
There wasn't a soul in all the place who knew how the game was played.

There was little, I've seen, of frolic and noise; There was just a cheer and a merriment. The old town since it lacked its boys Was the dreariest place on earth.
The poor old woman began to weep. Her tears were like golden streams.
"Dear me," she cried, "I have been asleep. And oh, what a horrid dream!"

SEEK FREE DOCTORS.

SOME QUEER EXPERIENCES IN THE PUBLIC DISPENSARIES OF NEW YORK.

The least hope of any change in this charity to all policy is with those dispensaries that are beautifully endowed. The leading institution of this class in New York city is located on the west side, and in view of its defiant abode of all kinds of medical charity, has earned for itself the unenviable sobriquet of the "diamond dispensary." It has such a high reputation for the number and pecuniary ability of its patients that it would appear to be rather a disgrace to a disgraced to receive its outrageously misdirected charity. Such at least is the inevitable conclusion that may be based upon the large average of well to do people who claim daily the benefits of free medical treatment so lavishly and indiscriminately furnished to all who apply. Many of these visitors are from out of town districts and will pay several dollars for car fare, will ask for a written diagnosis of their disease and an extra prescription, and will then complain if they are kept waiting beyond the time for their return train. The examining doctor is content to ride to the dispensary in a horse car; the patient comes and returns in a cab. It is no longer a joke to refer to the display of diamonds or the number of women clad in sealskins in the patients' waiting room, nor does it appear to be unlikely that in the near future, conveniences will not be required for checking bicycles and distributing carriage numbers in the order of the different arrivals. In this connection, the following description by an eyewitness in the waiting room of this dispensary may be interesting:

"The reception room held about 300 at a time. Nobody was turned away. Fully 50 per cent of the applicants were well dressed, and 10 per cent of them wore fur coats that had not been handed down from somebody else. There was an attractive display of fine millinery, and the men, more than half of them, bore no evidences of poverty. But all obtained free treatment subject to be given to paupers—poor persons."

Such instances as the following carry with them their own moral:
"During the examination of a dispensary patient a roll of bills dropped from her pocket. The doctor picked it up and remarked, 'Madam, this is a free dispensary, and as you are able to pay a fee for medical advice I must decline to treat you here.' 'Well,' replied the woman, 'that money is for something else. You are paid by the city and must prescribe for me.' On being assured that the doctor received no salary from any source, the patient became indignant and protested that she was entitled to attention equally with the 'lady' who had preceded her and from whom she had rented a house the week before."
—Dr. George F. Shrady in Forum.

How They Wash.
The hardest worked washerwomen in the world are the Koreans. They have to wash about a dozen dresses for their husbands, and inasmuch as every man wears pantaloons or drawers so baggy that they come up to his neck like those of a clown they have plenty to do. The washing is usually done in cold water and often in running streams. The clothes are pounded with paddles until they shine like a shirt fresh from a Chinese laundry.

The Japanese rip their garments apart for every washing, and they iron their clothes by spreading them on a flat board and leaving this up against the house to dry. The sun takes the wrinkles out of the clothes, and some of them have quite a luster. The Japanese woman does her washing out of her house. Her washbasin is not more than six inches high and is about as big around as the average dishpan. She gets the dirt out of the clothes by rubbing them between her hands. She sometimes uses Japanese soap, which is full of grease, and works away with her bare feet. The Chinese girls do their washing in much the same way.

The washing in Egypt is usually done by the men. The Egyptian washerman stands naked on the banks of the Nile and snaps the wet clothes, with a noise like the shot of a pistol, on the smooth stones at the edge of the running water, and such fellah women as wash pound the dirt out of their clothes in the same way.

Frenchwomen pound the dirt out with paddles, often slamming the clothes upon stones, as the Egyptians do.—Exchange.

The Energy of a Cyclone.

The primary cause of the low barometric pressure which marks the storm center and establishes the cyclone is expansion of the air through excess of temperature. The heated air, rising in cold upper regions, has a portion of its vapor condensed into clouds, and now a new dynamic factor is added, for each particle of vapor, in condensing, gives up its medium of latent heat. This pound of vapor thus liberates, according to Professor Tyndall's estimate, enough heat to melt five pounds of cast iron, so the amount given out where large masses of clouds are forming must enormously add to the convection currents of the air, and hence to the storm developing power of the forming cyclone. It is doubted whether a storm could attain, much less continue, the terrific force of that most dreaded of winds of temperate zones, the tornado, without the aid of those great masses of condensing vapor which always accompany it in the form of stormclouds.—H. S. Williams, M. D., in Harper's Magazine.

Scent Was Strong.

Mrs. Van Dyke (as Van Dyke appears in a N. Y.)—Where have you been?
Van Dyke—
Mrs. Van Dyke—Now, be careful what you say, Williams. Don't think you can throw me off the scent.—Boston Herald.

A Woman's Burden.

This is a story of a woman addressed to women. It is a plain statement of facts too strong in themselves to require embellishment, too true to be doubted, too instructive to be passed over by any woman who appreciates the value of good health.

The women of to-day are not as strong as their grandmothers. They are bearing a burden in silence that grows heavier day by day; that is sapping their vitality, clouding their happiness, weighing them down with the weight of ill health.

"Eminent doctors, skillful nurses, the best food and medicine all failed. Then I consented to an operation. That too failed and they said another one was necessary. After the second I was worse than ever and the world was darker than before."
"It was then I heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People."
"I heard that they had cured cases like mine and I tried them."
"They cured me! They brought sunshine to my life and filled my cup with happiness."
"The headache is gone; the twitching in the nervousness is gone; the trembling has ceased, and I have gained twenty-six pounds."
"Health and strength is mine and I am thankful to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People for the blessing."
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have proved a boon to womanhood. Acting directly on the blood and nerves, they restore the requisite vitality to all parts of the body, creating functional regularity and perfect harmony throughout the nervous system. The pallor of the cheeks is changed to the delicate flush of health; the eyes brighten; the muscles grow elastic, ambition is created and good health returns.
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all druggists, who universally consider them the most important remedial agent they have to dispense.

THE BOER AT HOME.

He Does Not Hate All Englishmen, Only Some of Them.

Bryant Lindley met a Boer and asked the way. He received a surly answer which amounted to "Go to the devil!" Upon this he protested angrily, and the Boer rejoined in cool bad humor. At length the Boer shouted, "What's your name anyway?" and when he heard it his manner altered and once, and he exclaimed, "What, and are you the son of the great American missionary Daniel Lindley?" My friend gladly pleaded guilty to this charge, and the surly Boer became at once the most hospitable friend and begged forgiveness for the rudeness. As they rode together toward the road which my friend was seeking the Boer recounted with grateful satisfaction the many good deeds performed by the elder Lindley, but of them all a sound thrashing he had once received at the hands of this venerable missionary. For it appeared that this particular Boer in his youth had been sent to a school taught by Lindley; that the Dutchman was noted for his size and strength and had bragged of his capacity to down the teacher, and had actually sought the opportunity by refusing obedience. But he soon learned that he had made a gross mistake, for this particular missionary was also a noted athlete and gave him such a hiding with a bullock whip that the young giant roared for mercy before the whole school. Boer for this and similar deeds the elder Lindley, and this particular Boer venerated his memory.

On the evening in question, when the two men were about to part, the Boer, who had been so unkind at first, begged Lindley, with tears in his eyes, to grant him a great favor for the sake of his conscience. "Your father," said he, "did me a service so great that I can never repay it—he gave me the first thrashing I ever had—he saved my character, and I am a better man today, thanks to him."
My friend cheerfully promised to grant the request, puzzling his head as to what was going to be required of him. The Boer was mounted upon an excellent horse, which he prized beyond anything he owned. He dismounted, put the reins in Lindley's hand and then ran away into the black forest as though the elder were after him. Here he put it out of the power of the American to discover the name or whereabouts of the strange giver.

It is a story typical of the Boer and serves to illustrate many apparent contradictions in his nature. He does not hate Englishmen in general. He hates only those who seem to threaten his peculiar quality of independence.—"The Dutch Fieglow Toward England," by Focality Bigelow, in Harper's Magazine.

The Old Sandbox.

"Blotting paper," said a man of mature years, "has been commonly used for only about 40 years. Before that we used sand, which was poured from a sand box out upon the paper. Enough of it adhered to the wet ink to keep it from blotting. The rest was poured back into the box. I think I liked the old sand box better than I do the modern blotting paper. Sometimes when you opened a letter you would find sand in the envelope, which had rubbed off the letter in transit. But that didn't do any hurt, and the letter itself was more likely to look at than the letter of today. It did not shade off pale, where fresh ink had been taken from the lines by the blotter—it was uniform in color. And the lines, fine and coarse, were just as the writer made them—not blurred or blurred or softened or spread out, more nearly uniform. They were clear and precise and characteristic of the writer."
"I liked the old sand box, but of course we couldn't use it now; we're too busy."
—New York Sun.

Wonderful Paraphrase.

The habit of companies which insure against accidents to compel their patrons to resort to the courts to recover in case of injury was the occasion of this singular thoughtfulness, told by the president of a large accident company:
"Some time ago," he said, "a large policy holder in my company was run over by a Brooklyn trolley car and his right leg painfully crushed. He remained conscious after the shock for three minutes, during which time he pulled out his watch and called the attention of the crowd to the fact that it was just 15 minutes of 12. His policy expired at noon, and his foresight was rewarded by the immediate payment of his weekly indemnity without controversy or litigation."
—Youth's Companion.

Something For Nothing.

"Where are your tickets, gentlemen?" asked the doorkeeper of a theater to a line of men who confronted him in Indian file.
"It's all right," shouted a man at the tail end of the line. "I've got the tickets. There's six of us with me. Can't we go as they go in."
"In you go, gents," said the doorkeeper, and he talked off five, who immediately mixed with the crowd within. The Center turned to look for the holder of the tickets, but he had disappeared, and five men saw the performance safe from identification in the tremendous throng of people.—London Fun.

Liver Iles

Like biliousness, dyspepsia, headache, constipation, sour stomach, indigestion are promptly cured by Hood's Pills. They do their work easily and thoroughly. Best after dinner pills. 25 cents. All druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only Pill to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Pills
WANTED—TRUSTWORTHY AND active gentlemen or ladies to travel for responsible, established house in Oregon. Monthly \$65.00 and expenses. Position steady. Reference. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. The Dominion Company, Dept. Y Chicago

BECOMING INDIANS.

CLAIM THAT AMERICANS ARE DEVELOPING ON THAT LINE.

Increasing Resemblance In Faces to the Aboriginal Type—A Study of Heads, With Especial Attention to the Residents of Pennsylvania.
It is an extraordinary question in anthropological science which has been propounded popularly of late. The influence of environment upon the race resident in the United States must in the course of four centuries produce certain marked and undeniable physical results. It is not generally acknowledged by American anthropologists that there is a tendency of reversion to the type indigenous to the soil. But foreign students of race, with more perspective, have offered interesting food for reflection. A writer in the Chicago Times-Herald, commenting on the assertion of the French authors that on this continent the American white man has varied toward the Indian type, offers a supporting study which is curiously fascinating—possibly vastly important.

First, the familiar faces of the caricaturists' creation are called in as witnesses. The Yankee and the southern-larger and looser limbed—of these pictures are types, even as the stout, full faced John Bull is a type found in another environment. Both American favorites of the cartoonist have high cheek bones and usually excellent straight noses. These witnesses are not, of course, scientifically admissible. The faces given us by the caricature makers are impressions, not testimony.

Scientific, however, is the study offered of the Pennsylvania Germans—a happy, thrifty, frugal people, who have been subjected to American conditions for nearly two centuries, with very little intermingling with other races, much less than the English people in New England or in Virginia.
It is true that the pervasive and beguiling Irish have intermarried somewhat with these old Pennsylvania settlers, but in the main it is a very exclusive, pure blooded Palatine stock. Data have been secured relative to a large number of school children and to adult males from 25 to 50 years of age, and many copies of portraits of original settlers. It appears that stature increases and that other important generalizations may be made, tentatively of course. The increase of finger reach is marked, and the head measures are important.

The anthropologist places considerable value upon certain proportions or relations between members," says the student of the subject. "Thus the length of the head and the breadth of the head, when compared, give numerical expression, which is called the cephalic index. To find it the length is divided into the breadth and the result multiplied by 100. A head one-half as wide as its length would have an index of 50; one three-fourths as wide as long would have an index of 75; one as wide as its length would have an index of 100. There is no race whose head is normally so wide as to have an index of 100 or so narrow as to have one of 50. The higher the index, of course, the broader and rounder the head; the lower the index, the longer and narrower the head. Germans generally are notably round headed. Topinard gives for some people of Lorraine the index of 85.3. The average index of 100 Pennsylvania Germans is 81.9, which is notably less and narrower. The heads of our northern and eastern Indians are still longer and narrower. We cannot at present make a further comparison with profit. What we have already said may prove erroneous when we learn the actual Palatine-Palatinate Germans were of medium stature, light haired, blue or light eyed, 1.048 m. We find that the Pennsylvania German children are dark in hair and crossed stature, that heads appear to be increasing. In all these respects the assumed Palatine type and in the direction of the Indian. If our assumption proves valid, we may claim that our evidence shows change, which, if continued, may form an Indian type from the German."

All this, it must be noted, is also for discussing the tendency of Americans to revert to original types from the infiltration of the red Indian blood itself into the veins of the white race. The days of the old French and Indian war of the old French and Indian war, the days of that sort have been common to the country knowledge in New England from ancestry that approached New England which approached it from the east across territories the great numbers of half Indian life of cities find their way curious and unreckoned force in the development of the fiber and sinew of the race in North America.—Boston Transcript.

Le Vaillant, the French naturalist, observed the collared gnatcatcher of the Cape of Good Hope carrying off its eggs in the same manner—a comparatively easy feat, as the mouth of all these birds is very capacious, a veritable trap when the jaws are opened for the various insects upon which they feed in the densest between day and night.
Many birds carry their young short distances, as the woodcock, which has been seen carrying off a little one between the clods, while a little one known that the wood duck carries its young down from the nest in trees to the water, using her bill for the purpose.—Philadelphia Times.

THE QUEST.

Upon my lips there fell when first the night
Fell down the fathomless eastern Gulf
Away—
Upon my lips, with woe's delight—
There fell a word, an instant's space it lay
Soft as a feather on the west wind's way,
And then my eyes awoke to dazzled light.
The warmth, the tender touch and the thrill
Burnt on my lips, and the soft pulse of sleep
From that day forward never knew I sleep.
And onward quick I loved!
By day I search and nightly vigil keep
For her revealed to me in such sweet vision.
—The Late H. C. Dunner in Scribner's.

Salt A Luxury In Africa.

The greatest of all luxuries in central Africa is salt. To say that a man craves salt with his vitals is the same as saying that he is a rich man. Mungo Park's food creates so great a longing for salt that no words can sufficiently describe it.—Chicago Tribune.

LARGE BIRDS DISCOVERED BY EXPLORES THAT DO THIS.

The Nest of the Albatross and Some Others is Where They Sit Down—An Island in the Antarctic Regions—The Experience of Audubon.
Some time ago a small party of explorers landed on one of the apparently barren islands just on the borders of the antarctic regions and found it inhabited by a remarkable colony of birds that ranged from large Mother Carey like birds to penguins of all kinds and all sizes. The island was fairly covered with the feathered inhabitants, and as the boat ran on to a rock that appeared moving away, seemed determined to prevent the intrusion and stood their ground, viciously attacking the men as they went, though they knocked the birds aside with clubs and axes, made no appreciable inroad upon their numbers.
The party then formed a compact body, and armed with boat-hooks pushed the shrieking throng aside, moved up what apparently was a street here and there dotted with singular street-like objects about 3 feet in width, larger at the top. These were the nests of the albatross, and, as the men were especially desirous of obtaining a set of eggs, they observed the nests very carefully, but in every instance the bird when approached shuffled clumsily away, and no eggs were found, though the birds were supposed to be sitting upon them.
Finally a nest was found containing an egg, but just as the men drew near the bird alighted and took her place upon it, eyeing them with suspicion and uttering a curious half hissing sound. They watched her for a few moments, and then forced her from the nest, when, to their amazement, the egg had disappeared as completely as though it had been swallowed up. The nest was examined closely and finally torn apart, the men thinking that possibly the egg might have slipped into it in some mysterious way, but without success.
One of the party attempted to catch an albatross and while he was following the bird in a ludicrous chase over the stubble an egg suddenly appeared, dropped by the bird, which had all the time been carrying it, not under her wing, as she is supposed to do by superstitious sailors, but in a peculiar sack in the skin provided by nature for this purpose.
The albatross is famed for its power of flight, following vessels hundreds of miles. Yet when nesting it apparently forgets that it has wings, as it can be handled and pushed about in its nest by the human hand, and it is very much due to the fact that the egg is held in the curious sack and the bird instinctively knows that it cannot fly off with it; so it resorts.

This sly bird is called the molly mawk. And its cousin, the great albatross, has a similar habit, the egg, which is five inches in length, almost as large as that of a swan, being held in a perfect incubating pouch.
On Marion island the explorers found the great king penguin—a bird which stands half as high as a man, with bill pointing directly upward instead of out as with other birds. As they landed and approached the singular creatures, which had been standing about, they hopped away slowly, but not an egg could be found, a set of which was the object of the visit.
The birds had a peculiar movement. Instead of walking and moving one foot after the other, or alternately, they held them close together and hopped. This excited the laughter of the men, who finally toppled a bird over, whereupon the egg rolled out upon the sand.
The king penguin was also an egg carrier, not only holding it while standing still, but carrying the big egg about with it by placing it in a pouch for the purpose, holding it in with the broad webbed feet that are kept closely together. This explained the curious hopping motion of the birds, as they could not move their feet without dropping the egg, but the moment one was forced to give up the prize it ran away, using both feet, like ordinary birds.
This remarkable habit does away with the necessity of a nest, as the bird carries its egg with it as it moves about. In these instances the birds rarely transport the egg to a great distance. If undisturbed, they probably remain about a certain locality, but there are birds which have been known to transport their eggs from one place to another, literally flying away with them. When Audubon first heard this story of the night hawk, called Chuck Will's widow, he thought it a story of the negroes. Some insisted that the bird carried the egg away under its wing; others that it rolled the egg over the ground. To determine the truth Audubon concealed himself in the woods under a nest, having first handled the eggs, and waited to see what the old bird would do. The first bird to arrive appeared very dejected at the discovery that the secret home had been found, ruffling up its feathers and uttering a mourning cry just audible to the listener. Then the male arrived, and after various movements indicative of alarm, each bird took an egg in its capacious mouth and flew softly away.
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