

Bohemia Nugget

HOWARD & BROWN, Pubs.

COTTAGE GROVE, OREGON.

They are bringing in the train robbers one by one.

If the earth were equally divided among its inhabitants each person's share would be about 23 1/2 acres.

Let us hope Mr. Rockefeller may not have a chance to pay that \$1,000,000 for a new stomach. Oil is high enough now.

Eastern society women have the tattooing craze. And still there are some who look upon a painted Indian as a savage.

Yale students are to collect the voices of all remaining Indian tribes in a phonograph. Presumably Yale is planning a new yell.

That man who pummeled his wife because she declined to join him at prayers probably regards himself as a prayerful Christian.

A member of the Reichstag has made the same remark about the Kaiser that the parrot applied to itself after the dog got through with it.

The occasional death of a Filipino sultan doesn't make much difference in the revolution over there. The sultanate underlies are always ready.

We can't all be captains of industry, and we don't expect to be. There are quite a number of us who would be very glad to be first lieutenants retired on half pay.

Aguinado wants the United States to make the Philippines a loan of \$50,000,000. We have no doubt that Ag. knows of a man who would be perfectly willing to handle the money for the Philippines.

The proposition to limit the amount of wealth which any man may lawfully hold to \$10,000,000 is not meeting with the enthusiastic support from General Cooxey that the country has a right to expect from him.

What a pity it is that our learned anthropologists never discover that a man has criminal eyes, mouth, ears and nose until after he has committed a murder! Oh, Science! how many frauds are perpetrated in thy helpless name!

More money is being turned into the "conscience fund" at Washington every year. Either the American conscience is becoming better or more people with troublesome consciences are stealing each year. At present the morals of the case seem a little dubious.

A young man in one of the Northwestern States committed suicide because he was reputed to be the home-liest man in the country. There was a young man in this country once who was above that kind of handicap and became President of the United States. But "Old Abe" was made of sterner stuff.

Less than one hundred certificates of naturalization were granted to aliens by the British Home Secretary during the month of November. The percentage of applications from subjects of the czar shows that the Russification of England is more probable than the Americanization, since only one applicant was a citizen of the United States, whereas sixty-four were Russians. One petitioner is set down as being the subject of no foreign state, but there is no evidence that he was the famous "Man Without a Country."

Prior to 1880 not a single record for events on standard athletic championship programs was held by an American. They were all credited to Englishmen, Scotchmen and Irishmen. Today, twenty-two years later, American athletes hold nearly all the records. That is one result of the "athletic awakening"—the increased interest in outdoor sports in the United States, but it is by no means the most valuable. Better health, sounder, stronger bodies, calmer minds, less tendency to dyspepsia and nervousness—these are worth more than records; they seem in this case to go together.

In thoughts of the figures of the United States it is easy to overlook the rest of the world. There is Russia. When you think of the land of the Czar, in fancy you see snow-covered plains, hear the howling of wolves and the cries of persecuted peasants. And you wonder how such a God-forsaken, ice-bound wilderness can support so many tens of millions of people. It isn't ice-bound, the wolves do not howl any more strenuously than they do in some parts of the United States, and the peasant's condition is improving right along. The country is prospering. The estimated revenue for 1903 is \$948,516,000, nearly \$3,000,000 a day. A country that can stand that amount of taxation, direct or indirect, is great, for the income exceeds that of any other nation on the globe. This year the government will put more than \$50,000,000 into new railroads. The affairs of the nation are being so run that the income exceeds the expenses, while in 1902 the value of exports exceeded the value of imports by more than \$150,000,000. As for an industrial progress is concerned, Russia is becoming the United States of Europe.

There can be no denying the fact that at the present time the German sphere of influence in South America is greater than that of the United States or any other power. For many years German colonists have been pouring into Brazil and the other republics of eastern South America. In Brazil and the Argentine Republic there are at the present time no less than 4,000,000 inhabitants either of German nationality or German descent, sufficient in numbers and influence to seize upon the governments of those countries any time they shall elect. Nor is this a contingency far removed. The German colonist is not assimilated, his sturdy Chauvinism and Teu-

tonism is not obliterated or altered by contact with alien conditions and peoples. It is this complexion of the German character, if we give to it the respect which it deserves, which must needs provide serious cause for reflection in considering the continuance of our moral and economic dominance in the Western Hemisphere. It is certain that, having the necessary physical power, these Germans in South America will continue to maintain a continuance of the disturbing and anarchical conditions characterizing the present condition of the countries in which they are domiciled, which prevents any real progress and arrests legitimate economic and industrial advancement. Who, therefore, could measure the danger if these self-same German colonists, in order to safeguard properly the diversified and valuable interests which they have at stake, should deem it advisable to take the reins of government into their own hands?

Over in a corner of Europe hundreds of dark-skinned men are digging up buried cities, and the wise ones have found beneath one set of ruins another, and below that still another, and no man can say how many cities and centuries lie still further beneath the ground. Above, the sands shift with the wind, the sun shines, children are born, grow up and die, and the works of man crumble and decay. Nothing formed by man's hands endures. It is a far cry from the buried cities to a bedside in Cincinnati, where a man lay dying and gazing into the dear face of a sick woman who had been carried to his bedside to take a final look at the man she had ardently loved through the long years. "Mamma," said the dying man, "you have been a good wife and mother. You have never failed me, and I have always loved you. You are a good woman." "Phillip," she said, and there were tears in her voice, "all that you can possibly say of me I can say of you. You were always good to me and to the children. You have made your wife happy." Nothing formed by man's hands endures. But love lasts for the ages. The kindness and sympathy and tenderness that makes a man and a woman cling together, fills their lives with hope and happiness, is a fire that warms humanity. It is pure gold. Time and adversity do not destroy it. It is more beautiful than a field of flowers, and it blossoms and spreads and blossoms again in other hearts, until who shall tell the limits or the life of one good deed? When this man lay dying, he didn't think of his medals, his fame, his position, the material things that had come into his life. They were as are the buried cities, built by man, enduring for a while, to be lost in the future. But the flame of love burned strong and clear in those last days, and those who study mankind and realize the shortness of life and the vastness of eternity must know that the true greatness of the man lay in that treasure that cannot die—love for his family and for humanity.

GAMBLING A GROWING EVIL OF SOCIETY.
By Julia Ward Howe.
I fear that the evil custom of playing for money has made considerable progress in fashionable society. Heads of families in our gay cities are sometimes made aware of the interchange between their own and other young people of checks intended to cover recent losses at cards. Young ladies are heard to boast of the gains of a season at Newport—these gains, in some cases, exceeding one thousand dollars. We hear of invitations to fashionable houses which are declined by youths of small or moderate incomes, who cannot afford losses at the card table. This feature of our time appears to me a reversion to the habits of a low stage of civilization, in which poverty of object induces the passion for games of hazard which is common among barbarous people.

A SEQUOIA FOREST FIRE.

Sublime Spectacle Witnessed by John Muir Near the Kaweah River.

In the forest between the middle and east forks of the Kaweah River John Muir met a great fire; and as the fire is the master scourge and controller of the distribution of trees, he stopped to watch it and learn what he could of its ways with the giants. He describes the impressive scene in an article on the sequoia.

It came racing up the steep chaparral-covered slopes of the East Fork canyon with passionate enthusiasm in a broad cataract of flames, now bending down low to feed on the green bushes, devouring acres of them at a breath, now towering high in the air, as if looking abroad to choose a way, then stooping to feed again, the lurid flapping surges and the smoke and terrible rushing and roaring hiding all that is gentle and orderly in the work. But as soon as the deep forest was reached the ungovernable flood became calm, like a torrent entering a lake, creeping and spreading beneath the trees where the ground was level, slowly nibbling the cake of compressed needles and scales with flames an inch high, rising here and there to a foot or so on dry twigs and clumps of small bushes and bromegrass.

One of the most impressive and beautiful sights was made by the great fallen trunks lying on the hillside, all red and glowing like colossal iron bars fresh from a furnace—200 feet long, some of them, and ten to twenty feet thick. After repeated burnings have consumed the bark and sap-wood, the sound, charred surface, being full of cracks and sprinkled with leaves, is quickly overgrown with a pure, rich, furred, ruby glow almost flameless and smokeless, producing a marvelous effect in the night.

The immense bonfires, where fifty or a hundred cords of peeled, split, smashed wood have been piled around some old giant by a single stroke of lightning is another grand sight in the night.

Perhaps the most startling phenomenon of all was the quick death of childlike sequoias only a century or two of age. In the midst of the other comparatively slow and steady work of fire one of these tall, beautiful saplings, leafy and branchy, would be seen blazing up suddenly, all in one hearing, passionate, booming flame, reaching from the ground to the top of the tree, and fifty to a hundred or more feet above it, with a smoke column bending forward and streaming away on the upper, free-flowing wind.

To burn these green trees a strong fire of dry wood beneath them is required to send up a current of air hot enough to distill inflammable gases from the leaves and sprays. Then, instead of the lower limbs gradually catching fire and lighting the next and next in succession, the whole tree seems to explode almost simultaneously, and with awful roaring and throbbing, a round, tapering flame shoots up two or three hundred feet, and in a second or two is quenched, leaving the green spruce a black, dead mass, bristling and roughened with down-curling boughs.

HERMIT CRABS ARE SQUATTERS.
They Take Any Empty Shell They Chance to Fancy and Live in It.
Hermit crabs are like squatters among men, who take any unoccupied land which they chance to find and erect

High Art Marked Down.
Speaking of the government in business, perhaps it is not generally known that this government is selling fine engravings cheap. The subject is Martha Washington on the new 8-cent stamp. Philadelphia Ledger.

The Soft, Purring Answer.
Ethel—Mr. Jones has asked me to go to the theater with him to-morrow night.
Helen—That's strange. He asked me also.
Ethel—Yes. I told him I wouldn't go without a chaperon.—New York Times.

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A devoted father is one who takes care of the children when he doesn't have to.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

IDEALS OF UNIONISM.



Geo. H. McNeill.

The violent deeds performed in an industrial battle are as a speck of dust in a cyclone as compared to the great bulk of violence performed in the name of property and law. Intimidation begets intimidation, and some of the workers having learned the lesson by bitter experience use the weapon against others, but intimidation is no part of trade union ethics, ideals or laws. The boycott of third parties may not only be justified, but may be commended. We do not agree that laborers should work all the hours they can. Work under present conditions is a monotonous, mind-destroying operation, and a reduction of the hours of labor to eight or six would be justified if for no other reason than that such labor is destructive. Trades union ideals are exalted as human aspirations are quickened by the divine inspiration of comradeship in the old, old cause of the emancipation of labor and the achievement of equity.

PROSPERITY WILL CONTINUE ITS REIGN.

By James R. Keene, Wall Street Financier.

The prosperity of the year 1903 will, I think, in every respect keep pace with that of the years that have immediately preceded it. I have been unable to observe any evidences of retrogression in the situation. Business in every branch continues to be conducted on a profitable basis. Manufacturers are finding a growing market for their output, the farmers are prosperous and happy, and domestic trade will also increase in volume. The roads will take care of their increased cost of operation by a moderate advance rates, and their physical condition has been brought to such perfection that the large sums heretofore devoted to betterments will now become available for the dividend or surplus account. The only difficulty in the situation is the fact that there is not enough money in the country to transact the people's business.

GAMBLING A GROWING EVIL OF SOCIETY.

I fear that the evil custom of playing for money has made considerable progress in fashionable society. Heads of families in our gay cities are sometimes made aware of the interchange between their own and other young people of checks intended to cover recent losses at cards. Young ladies are heard to boast of the gains of a season at Newport—these gains, in some cases, exceeding one thousand dollars. We hear of invitations to fashionable houses which are declined by youths of small or moderate incomes, who cannot afford losses at the card table. This feature of our time appears to me a reversion to the habits of a low stage of civilization, in which poverty of object induces the passion for games of hazard which is common among barbarous people.

The better culture attainable in modern society should

do much to eliminate this false impression. Our Western world is rich in opportunities of social intercourse. Our young men and maidens meet freely in college, in the professions and in the diversions appropriate to the season of youth. Why were it if this innocent freedom, profitable for mutual help and good understanding, should be made subservient to unworthy tastes and dangerous passions. In this land of ours the State has prohibited the lottery system. The church has set herself resolutely against raffish amusements.

Public opinion in either avenue ought to set itself against this cruel love of a gain which necessarily implies loss to others. It is a truism among us to-day that the exercise and enjoyment of liberty must find itself upon good sense and good morals. If we wish to avail ourselves of American freedom we must adhere to American ideas of good conduct. The standard of the Puritans may be enlarged and advanced by a culture more liberal than theirs. It should not be degraded by a course of action based upon a conceit of life poor, mean and empty.

TRUSTS ARE CHECKING INVENTION.

By James H. Raymond.

The aggregations of capital and the combinations of manufacturing interests have (1) dwarfed the peculiar characteristics of the individual, the ambition, and the successful activity of "the Yankee," (2) to the detriment of the public good have hampered, warped, and dwarfed the public benefits of the patent system, have resulted in great financial loss to our great army of inventors, and incidentally in loss to the whole great craft of patent counsel; and (3) have, to an alarming extent, destroyed the mainsprings of the inventive genius of America—namely, pride of invention and hope of reward, to which genius more than to all other factors, conditions, or characteristics is to be justly attributed the great measure of our national prosperity and prestige, both past and present.

A single illustration out of many at hand will suffice. Three great concerns consolidate. The three had been in active and healthy competition and practically comprised the production of all the tools and machinery used in one of our largest and most important industries. Prior to the consolidation the president of one company devoted fully one-third of his entire activity, and was assisted by three men who were inventors, engineers, or expert machinists, and who devoted their entire time and energy to making inventions and improvements which should produce greater economy, efficiency, speed, quantity, quality, and safety,—both in construction and in operation. But after the commercial monopoly was formed, the three assistants and those of the other companies were discharged, for the patterns of the three companies were compared and "standards" or "leaders" involving that which could be made and marketed the most cheaply and still answer the purpose were adopted and offered to the public, with the implied statement, "Take this and this only, and take it at our price, or go to."

Will publicity, discussion, a pronounced public sentiment, a public demand, and foreign competition restore the "Yankee" to his throne of inventive pre-eminence, or have these aggregations of capital and these commercial monopolies permanently dwarfed our inventive activity and our industrial supremacy?

HUMAN "FREIGHT CAR" IN MEXICO.



In several parts of Mexico all freight is carried on the backs of burros. Heavy seems the burden which is resting on this patient animal's back, yet he bears it stolidly, and doubtless never murmurs at his hard fate. For many generations his ancestors have borne equally heavy burdens in this fashion, and presumably his descendants will continue to bear similarly heavy burdens until that golden time arrives when all freight will be carried by railroads.

Mexico, however, is a large country, and some time must elapse before it is thoroughly honeycombed with railroads. Meanwhile these patient freight carriers will continue to form one of the picturesque sights of the country.

A house of slabs on it. These crabs back into the best shell they can find which fits them and proceed as if it always belonged to them.

There are two species at the New York aquarium—water and land hermit crabs. They both have the same characteristic of living in shells left empty by other animals. It does not seem to matter whether it is a conch shell or a snail's shell that they creep into—they adapt themselves to the shape of either with equal facility and simply carry it around on their peregrinations until they find one which suits them better. It appears to be easy for them to move out of one house and take up their abode in another. Probably Thoreau would count them among the most fortunate of living things, for they appear to have no superfluity of goods to prevent them from getting out of life all the happiness there is in it.

Evidently they do not believe in neighborliness, for they enjoy a little fight—or appear to. They are armed with a claw that would cause considerable pain if inserted in one's flesh. This claw is of such a shape and size that it fits tightly over the opening in the shell and seals it against the intrusion of an enemy. When the enemy is of a size and aggressiveness that makes discretion the better part of valor, the crab pulls his small claws into the shell and locks the door after him with his great claw. This is hard as well as large, and acts as an effective barrier. The water hermit crabs are fed with bits of clam and fish. They do not wait to be fed, however, say the New York Tribune, and spend much of their time digging up the sand in the bottom of their jar and throwing it into their mouths in search for food. The land crabs eat bananas and other fruits. Their only use for water is for drinking.

High-Water Mark for Real Estate.
The highest priced land in the world is that bounded by Wall and Broadway and Broadway, in lower New York city. A square foot of ground on a corner of Broadway and Wall street cannot be had for less than \$450. The most expensive land in London sells for \$300 a square foot. The average price of land in New York city's financial district is about \$175. Next in the scale comes the woman's shopping district, from Fourteenth to Twenty-third streets, on Sixth avenue, and from Thirty-fourth street to Forty-second street, on Broadway. Here land ranges all the way from \$60 to \$250 a square foot. On the northeast corner of Broadway and Thirty-fourth street the latter price was obtained. The real estate man who can tell the future movements of population on Manhattan is in a position to realize a fortune. The growth of Brooklyn and Jersey City has checked the movement of the population north, and it is said the most valuable land on Manhattan Island will always remain south of Central Park. The lower half of the island will soon have nothing on it except office buildings, factories and tenement houses.—Success.

What Made Him Feel Badly.
Auntie (finding Jackie sobbing in a corner)—Why, Jackie, what has happened to make you feel so badly this morning?
Jackie—M—ma missed some jelly.
Auntie—Ho, ho! I see. And her suspicious fell upon you, eh?
Jackie—No, auntie, it was her slipper.
Mamma—I was surprised and shocked by the coldness with which you greeted Miss Boreman when she called.
Ethel—Yes, mamma, but I made up for it later.
Mamma—Did you?
Ethel—Yes, indeed, you should have seen how cordial I bade her "good-bye."
Her Position.
Wigwag—"Are you a female suffragist?"
Henpeck—"No; but my wife is. I'm merely one of the sufferers."

CRABBING IN MARYLAND.

An Ingenious Method by Which Many Are Caught for the Market.

Those who crab for market on the Choptank river, Maryland, have an ingenious method of catching crabs in quantity. A rope about the thickness of a clothesline, several hundred feet long, is kept coiled in a keg. The closer the cover the more pleasant the sail with the fisherman to the crabbing grounds, for at intervals of two feet along the entire length of the rope he has untwisted it and inserted between the strands short pieces of salted eels. The torsion of the strands holds them tightly in place. Each end of the rope has a keg buoy attached, together with a heavy stone.

Arriving at the favored place, usually on oyster beds, he throws a keg overboard and pays out his highly scented rope as he sails. When the other end is reached he anchors it with another stone and throws out another buoy.

After lowering his sail, he waits a few minutes, then takes his stand on the bow of his boat. Alongside of him is his landing net, with a handle six feet long. He raises the buoy and stone and, hand over hand, pulls his boat along the line. When a crab, clinging to its refreshment, comes in sight, he seizes his net, dashes it under the crab and flings it into the boat. The wary crab may loosen his hold and dive for the bottom, but such is the fisherman's dexterity that his net is swifter than the crab. One seldom gets away.

Several hundreds of crabs are often taken at each overhauling of the rope. When he has caught all he wants, says the writer in Country Life in America, he packs them in barrels and sells them to a local dealer, who ships them to market.

HOW WOMEN STEP OFF CARS.

Few Understand the Art and Many Are Injured in Consequence.

All over the country the traction companies are being mulcted in heavy damages for personal injuries sustained by passengers who are thrown to the ground on alighting before the cars have fully stopped. The verdicts are exemplary in many instances, especially if the plaintiffs are women. The jurors rarely seem to concern themselves over the question whether the injured passengers of the precious sex get off with their faces or their back-hair turned toward the front of the compass which claims the attention of the masculine creature at the wheel. It is the proud privilege of the better half of humanity to descend from a car of any sort in just the way she prefers, with eyes to the front or retroactive vision and footstep, and our transportation companies must revise their rules in accordance with feminine caprices and fancies.

Otherwise juries will deal unkindly with the owners of the trolley lines, whether their power is overhead or underground. The matron or maid who is interfered with in her choice of gracefully alighting from a car platform backward or forward or in any other way evidently has a sufficient basis for litigation if she suffers injury and the car is put in motion before she has taken her way in untroubled security. So the juries seem to think. The harassed and unfortunate male motorists on the front or rear platforms of the cars who are distraught already over the uncertainty whether lovely women will make her exit without harm have even worse troubles ahead than any which have hitherto afflicted them.

GILDING REFINED FOLD.

Jefferson and Florence Critchfield Their Own Performance.

One night, some years ago, as I entered Dorion's oyster house on West Twenty-third street, writes E. H. Sothorn in Leslie's Monthly, I saw Joseph Jefferson and W. J. Florence sitting at a table near the door. Jefferson was talking earnestly to Florence, who was looking very much ashamed of himself, with eyes cast down and fiddling with his oyster fork. Glancing up he saw me, and, as if glad to escape from a scolding, he cried, "Come over here and sit down with us."

"How do you do," said Jefferson. "Pardon me a moment. I am telling Billy about a point he spoiled this evening." They were playing "The Rivals" at the Garden Theater.

"Well, I was thinking of something else," said Florence.

"Ah, that's it," said Jefferson, "but you missed the point, and let me tell you that you would have got a round of applause there"—naming some other portion of the scene—"if you had made the pause in the right place."

"Look here," said Florence, suddenly, losing his remorseful expression, "you killed your own effect by speaking too quickly on that line," and he instance one of Hob Acres' best moments.

Jefferson's face fell. "That's so, Billy, that's so," I spotted that line. I was thinking how well I was playing, too, and I forgot my look before I spoke."

Florence became quite cheerful again. "He's been giving me fits," said he, "for the last ten minutes. He wasn't so devilish good himself to-night."

To see those two veterans polishing their work, to find them in their hour of recreation gliding refined gold was an object lesson of some value.

Such a Simple Way!
The Pilgrim tells the story of a woman property holder in New York whose agent brought her an insurance policy on her house. "You'd better give me a check for the premium now," he said.

"How much is it?" she asked.
"A little more than one hundred dollars. Wait a minute and I will get the exact amount."
"Oh, how tiresome!" said the lady. "And I am in such a hurry! Tell the company to let it stand, and deduct it from what they will owe me when the house burns down."

Hearing of the Thrush.
The hearing of the common thrush is marvellously acute. It can hear a worm moving underground, locate the prey by the noise, and hunt it out.

It is said that the Lord tempts the wind to the shorn lamb, but this does not cut any ice.

Misfortunes usually come in pairs, but the first one came in an apple.

OLD FAVORITES

Charge of the Light Brigade.
Half a league, half a league
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Charge for the guns!" he said;
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldier knew
Some one had blundered.
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die;
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell,
Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army while
All the world wondered;
Plunged in the battery smoke
Right through the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the sabre stroke,
Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back, but not—
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came through the jaws of Death
Back from the mouth of Hell—
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered,
Honour the charge they made!
Honour the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred.
—Lord Tennyson.

THE HARMLESS, NECESSARY CAT.

The word cat, as used by the Greeks, apparently signified the martin cat, a sort of arboreal ferret. The cat came into domestication, however, in Europe shortly after the Christian era, and the first specimens brought into England were very highly valued. Since its introduction into domesticated animal, the cat has been carried by voyagers to almost every part of the habitable globe, and it is quite certain that it has mingled with the various smaller wild cats of the countries to which it has been taken. Thus, in Scotland it is known to have mated with the wild cat which was formerly so abundant in the forests of that country, as, according to Sir William Jardine, cats were bred and kept in houses that could scarcely be distinguished from the ordinary wild cat; but such specimens were never seen in the south of England. In Africa the domestic cat crosses freely with the wild Caffer cat, and the hybrids so produced are quite tame. In India the domestic species has crossed

with several of the smaller native wild cats, and the same may be stated regarding the cats of America, consequently we have a great amount of variation and variety in the domestic animal. Some varieties have exceedingly long hair. These were formerly always known as Persian or Angora cats. These long-haired Angora cats are remarkably beautiful in appearance, and they have been carried as pets to the various countries in Europe, and even to India and China; hence varieties of them are now exhibited as French and Russian and other long-haired cats, but they are merely descendants from the original Persian, altered somewhat by climate and by their new conditions of life. Thus the Russian long-haired cat, exposed to the cold temperature of that country, has become coarser in fur than the original Persian. The majority of cats retain the short hair which is characteristic of the different wild species, but in consequence of the mixed parentage, various colorings and different markings have been produced in the domesticated species. Thus we have numerous samples of what may be called self-colors, as, for example, pure white, pure black and various tints of yellow or sandy brown. Then, again, in others, these colors are intermixed without any definite arrangement, as may be seen in those parti-colored cats in which white is present. And, in consequence of their kin to various wild species, various markings are to be seen in the domesticated varieties. Thus we have striped or spotted cats of various colors, and spotted cats, both of which have a strong resemblance to the large wild striped or spotted species known as tigers and leopards. Sometimes markings take place in such a way that it is difficult to trace the origin. Such, for example, may be seen in that singular variety termed the Siamese cat, which is of a dun color, with black extremities very much like the markings of a pug dog.—Montreal Star.



LONG-HAIRED ANGORA CAT.