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ESTABLISHED 1855.

THE MAN OUTSIDE

By CLARENCE BOUTELLE.

CHAPTER XXX—Continued.

The night was dark.

"Not too dark, but just about dark enough," said the man who had just forced open one of the windows of the mansion at Jahway Park, and who now sat on the window ledge, one leg outside and one leg in, waiting in much the way we may imagine Caesar's assassin in a purely figurative sense, as he crossed the Rubicon.

Then he swung his other leg over (I refer to Patsy Gullens and the window ledge, not to Caesar and the Rubicon), and entered the room.

He walked briskly, but noiselessly, across the room to the dressing table.

He picked up Miss Bannott's watch, absent-mindedly. He examined it, with a preoccupied air. One could scarcely have been certain, when he placed the watch in his pocket, whether it was the result of purpose or forgetfulness. Perhaps he had better compromise—and call it Habit!

Mr. Gullens looked over the other articles on Miss Bannott's dressing table. There were some articles of which he knew neither the names nor the uses; he did not want to examine them very closely; he felt that they were very odd. Mr. Gullens let nothing go unexamined; but he took nothing else than the watch there. It—to quote from the lady on whom he was calling—it was not remorse! It was simply because he didn't see anything else he wanted. Miss Bannott was usually a wonderfully beautiful woman; do you remember the afternoon she slept with her door ajar, Sunday of her return from meeting Samuel Layman at Barron's Boomville Bank? Do you remember how she looked at that time?

Tonight, she had looked her door. She had fastened down her window. She had felt as secure from intrusion or danger—well, let us say as secure as Constance Craig had felt the evening before she died. Perhaps, had she started up from her slumbers, as Constance Craig had done—

But we needn't dwell upon the suggestive topic. Lurline Bannott slept on; she slept soundly.

Gullens turned toward the bed. He looked on the face of the sleeping woman. He drew back, greatly startled and not a little frightened.

"Merciful God!" he said, not aloud, for he was a man of two many and too varied experiences to allow himself to be surprised into making too much noise in a place where his discovery of presence would be an unpleasantly compromising. "Is it possible the devil is a woman? Or is she his sister?"

Lurline Bannott had felt herself too secure. She had gone to sleep without leaving some wakerful faculty of her mind on guard. Patsy Gullens had seen her when her face truly indexed her. That was all.

Gullens didn't remain in the room long after that. He could have liked to examine several other tables, a suggestive looking desk, and a bureau which appeared promising. But, so he reasoned, there were, perhaps, as good chances for plunder elsewhere in the house; and he should have to wake up that slumbering fiend yonder; and he shuddered at the thought.

He went out from Miss Bannott's room. He went through a number of rooms which were unused, in which he secured several valuable little keepsakes, and into several rooms occupied by servants, in which he got nothing. He opened another door. He noiselessly closed the door behind him.

A woman, a weary and worn-looking woman, but a beautiful one, nevertheless, opened her eyes, sat up in bed, faced him, spoke to him.

"Oh, sir," she cried, "have you come to help me? Help me, my good man, help me and save me!"

"I ain't a good man," growled Gullens, "and as for helping and saving you, I don't know what you mean. But I do know that unless you lie down and keep still I shall have to kill you. Lie down and shut your eyes, like a clever little woman, or I'll put a bullet through you in just five seconds by this watch I've just purchased."

And he took out Lurline Bannott's watch and gravely looked at it. On the whole, I am afraid that Gullens had been drinking a little.

"I wish you would," said the woman, "I wish you would."

"Kill me."

"You don't mean it, ma'am?"

"I do."

"Then I shan't do it."

At which she forgot herself enough to smile, and he followed her smile with a gruff laugh. After which, she was undoubtedly much safer than she would have been if Miss Bannott, instead of Mr. Gullens, had been her past-midnight visitor.

"It would be a quick way out of it all, and easier than the weary waiting," said the woman.

"What would? Being killed?"

"Yes."

"I don't much wonder you think so. You must find it hard living here all alone with her. She looks like the—the like the Evil One, begging your pardon, ma'am—don't she?"

"I don't know," said Gullens, so honestly and candidly that Gullens laughed again.

"No more do I," he said, lightly, "maybe I shall one of these days. Is she much care?"

"Whom do you mean?"

"Why, the woman down stairs; the insane woman."

"Yes."

"She isn't insane. She is in charge here."

"The keeper?"

"I suppose she calls herself that."

Patsy now drew back a little from where he had been standing.

"You—you don't mean that you are the insane woman, do you?"

Elsie smiled gravely.

"She says I am," she replied.

Gullens drew nearer again.

"That settles it," he said, with an oath: "if she says you are, that proves you ain't. I wouldn't believe her dying oath."

"Then—then will you help me? I—I am desperate, and—"

"She keeps you locked up here?"

"She does."

"Then I will help you," and he swore again: "that is, if—if you can keep still about this housebreaking."

"I have no other choice."

"That's the sensible way to talk, ma'am. You are no fool, that's certain. What's your message?"

"Tell him that Elsie is imprisoned."

"Yes; tell whom?"

"Mr. Walter Aldrich."

"Where?"

"At Boomville."

"And where is Elsie imprisoned?"

"I don't know the name of the place, but I suppose you do, here."

Patsy Gullens whistled softly to himself.

"Then I suppose you are Elsie, ain't you?" he asked.

"Certainly."

"Well, Elsie, I'll do it. I'll tell Mr. Aldrich the sort of a beastly box you're in, and—"

He began to look at the room.

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Senn.

"Well—you see, I robbed the other lady—and—"

"I see."

She reached her hand under her pillow. She took out her watch. She handed it to him.

"Ah! Many thanks, ma'am. I suppose I'll have to let the rest of the little trinkets I found lying around here promiscuously like, but I shall never let this go out of my own possession. I shall keep it as a precious keepsake, your own free and fair gift, ma'am."

"Yes; please do. And you shall have more, if you carry my message safely."

"I've said I'll take your message, and I will. I don't expect pay for it, though, I have observed," he continued, as he put Elsie's watch in his pocket, "that the average of folks ain't generous—except when they can't help it."

He walked across the room to the window.

"I don't know as I shall find this as handy as the window I came in at, one story lower," he said, meditatively; "but I think I'd rather risk the vines and the pillars that go back through the room where your keeper is, Elsie."

He wrenched the fastenings from the window. He broke a pane or two of glass, half carelessly and half maliciously. He threw up the window. He put one leg over the window-ledge and waited again.

"I must really be going, ma'am," he said, as if some sort of apology were needed.

He put his other leg over the window ledge.

"Good night, Elsie; pleasant dreams, ma'am," he said, and he was gone.

CHAPTER XXXI. Their Last Day at Jahway Park.

"Well, sir, you are you? And what are you doing here?"

Miss Bannott's tone was severe. Her manner was full of suspicion.

The man to whom she had spoken took off his hat with a sudden, awkward bow.

"My name is Gullens, ma'am," he said. "Patsy Gullens, at your service."

Then he added, to himself, "She looks more like an angel by daylight. I guess she must have had the nightmarish last time I saw her."

"Well, Gullens, what are you doing here?"

"Oh, nothing, ma'am, nothing much; only loafing around promiscuously like, and—"

"You lie. You know these are private grounds, do you not?"

"Yes, ma'am. But I didn't intend any harm."

"You did. You're a spy."

"A what, ma'am?"

"A spy, a miserable spy."

"Well, now, ma'am, you hurt my feelings. I—I did not know you had any occasion for being so sensitive, or—"

"Stop! I have no time to bandy words with you! I am in no mood for argument or foolishness. Empty your pockets!"

"What?"

"Empty your pockets!"

"What for?"

"Because I want to see what's in them. Hurry! I am going to know if my messages—"

"Messages, ma'am? Why, there isn't any one here to get messages, but you're a handkerchief or kissed a hand to her; they had no reason to look back, had they? And yet, Miss Bannott sighed; this manner of their going away had touched and hurt her more than she usually allowed herself to be touched and hurt. She would have given more to have had the memory of some kindly word of farewell from them, than she would to have given back life again to Patsy Gullens, or—hunted as she was, desperate as she was—even to Constance Craig.

But they went away without a word or a look of kindness for their employer, and left her alone to do as she could with her prisoner—and her dead!

Miss Bannott went slowly in. She walked thoughtfully through the hall. She was about to ascend to Mrs. Senn's room.

There was suddenly a loud ring at the door bell.

She went to the door herself. She opened it.

Miscellaneous Reading.

FLYING MACHINE THAT FLIES.

Successful Experiments of the Wright Bros., at Kill Devil Hill.

Zach McGhee to Columbia State.

Manteo, N. C., May 17.—Kill Devil Hill—that's the place where the flying machine is, and where the day before I started out to look for it, it got smashed up, and I have already stated, far out towards the stormy dangerous eastern shore of North Carolina, some ten or twelve miles the other side of the end of the world, which is at Manteo. It is the hill upon which some several hundred years ago—the histories and story books know when—the Indian chief, Manteo, or some other "heep big Injun," killed the White Doe, in which the spirit of Virginia Dare had taken refuge. He killed this White Doe with a silver arrow presented to him by Queen Elizabeth. And when he did it, there was great rejoicing in Injun land, because they thought the White Doe, which had been wandering for years up and down the shore, was the devil. And now this flying machine has taken its first flight from this same Kill Devil Hill, the first time the spirit of Virginia Dare has been really down successfully in a heavier than air machine, soaring back and forth up and down the bleak shore among the sand dunes, sand crabs and pebble filled winds of the shore. Is it the soul of Virginia Dare, the first white child born in America, or is it the devil?

Charting a fisherman's boat, propelled by a greasy chug-chug, throbbing, small party at Manteo and bled me away across Albemarle sound for Kill Devil Hill. Nag's Head was our first stop. Once there was an old pirate by the name of Edward R. Teach, who had his office on the narrow strip of land which encloses Albemarle sound, just a few miles below Kill Devil Hill. He had an old nag upon which he used to ride a lance and drive her up and down the beach. It was a particularly dangerous shoaly shore there and sailors out at sea going past would see the light moving and think it was a boat. Since the sailors were having a pretty hard time of it themselves and seeing the other boat moving smoothly along, they would steer their vessels toward the supposed boat to get into a better channel, when lo! they would strike the land, and the old pirate was wanting, and he would go out, stick knives through the sailors and take their gold and jewels. He was a sharp old pirate, and if he lived at the present day he would have his office in Wall street instead of on that desolate place, which was named after his horse.

After the usual experience with the motor boat's engine, somewhat automobile, you understand, and after a few minutes of professional socializing, we reached a few sand dunes, marshes, quick-sands and things, we reached Kill Devil Hill, and there, sure enough, was the flying machine—nailed up in boxes, they say: I know only that it was not flying, and if it existed anywhere, it was in the big barnlike house they called the "camp."

The only "natives" anywhere in sight of the whole neighborhood were some six or eight life savers—technicians, or professionally so-called—of the United States life saving station beside the roaring sea, a short distance from the camp. These life savers have been at this station since 1878, during all of which time they have never been known to handle a wreck or to save a life. Their speciality seems to be, not to save life, but to kill time. This may be another reason for their being here. Kill Devil Hill, or Father Time, being the dwelling of many folks are quite willing to attest.

The flying machine was a boon to these poor fellows away there on the desolate uninhabited shore, who had nothing to do at all the live long day but sit and look at one another, stare at the ocean or make toad frog houses in the sand. They watched the wonderful performances of the flying men from the camp, and after a few minutes of the life savers could tell tremendous things about it, and they each had a theory about the puzzling Wright brothers and the problem of flying. Ever since I had struck the North Carolina line I had found the air full of the flying machine and the Wright brothers, not anywhere visible, but everywhere in the air audible. At Elizabeth City, on the boat going to Manteo, nobody would talk of anything else. The monstrous performances over at Kill Devil seemed to occupy the minds of all men, women and children. Very few had seen it, though everybody claimed to be an intimate personal terms with the inventors. Accordingly I was entertained by a number of the life savers. At last he reached folks who had actually seen it. And these life savers or time killers told me about it. What was, what had been and what was going to be, not going it particularly strong, however, on the last, for they had little imagination, in spite of their intimate association with the mystic and majestic sea. One of these fellows showed me a picture of the machine in flight in a New York paper, which, by some wonderful, inexplicable process, had been blown across the wide expanse of water, shifting sand dunes and a still wider expanse of ignorance.

"That's the picture," said he. "The fellow who got a good un."

It was an excellent picture indeed, and I was admiring it and enjoying the luck of the man who had managed to take such a perfect photograph, I asked, "When was this picture taken?"

"Thursday," he replied.

"Why the paper's dated Thursday," I said.

"That ain't picture wuz tuk Thursday, 'cuz Thursday's the only time that wuz two men in the machine, and the picture has two in it."

So he had figured it out. And I quickly figured out that the magnificent picture marked a "Photograph of the Wright Brother's Aeroplane in Flight" was a pure fake. It would have taken two whole days to get a picture from there to New York, and two more days to get the paper back. At the hotel in Manteo I met a whole bunch of newspaper men from

Norfolk, Washington, New York, London.

On the day of the flight the woods were full of them—the woods far away from the camp and from the big sand dune. None of these newspaper men saw the machine fall, though they all saw it fly. Some of the wilder accounts had it that the machine generally to say that the flying performance. A Norfolk printer printed a story that the Wrights had taken a flight of ten miles over the sea. The same paper after the accident said that the Wrights had cut their machine up into unrecognizable splinters to preserve their secret. The newspaper men who saw it were at least a quarter of a mile away. It is but just to those who did see it and to the profession generally to say that Norfolk paper did not have a man on the scene at all and the absurd stories were evidently written by some expert thill-artist in the home office. Other wild stories were printed in other papers.

The Wright brothers would not operate their machine when any newspaper men were present. In order to see it, they had to stand afar off, and the only way to get a good view of the experiences were related. Some of these experiences were not quite so humorous, though at the time, such as getting blistered in the sun, skinning their shins climbing trees, making a close acquaintance with the enterprising and distinguished Mr. Chigoe, who inhabits the little patches of woods all through this country. They saw the long eight-mile flight, though, and they learned from a reliable source through a man who was there at the time that one of the Wrights pressed the wrong lever of the steering apparatus, causing the machine to shoot down instead of up. It shot into the sand, and as the speed was something like a mile a minute, great was the fall there.

The flying machine consists of two horizontal oblong discs, or planes, the long one being six and a half wide. A propeller is in the rear, run by a gasoline engine set between the discs or planes. There is an arrangement to steer by raising the edges of the planes, and by shifting the direction of the propeller. The engine is twenty-five horsepower, and weighs 160 pounds. The whole machine when it took its long flight the other day weighed, including the men, 1,100 pounds. It is no balloon or gas bag attachment, nothing about the whole thing which is lighter than air. It is maintained in the air on the same principle exactly as a disc sailed by throwing it laterally into the air. The disc you throw is held up by the motion imparted in the throwing. If this motion did not spend itself against the resistance of the air and gravity it would go on forever. Now, that the Wright brothers have been trying to do is to put some motion instead of the one impulse given to it at the start it shall have a continuous force operating upon it.

Before putting a motor on their machine, the Wrights practiced for years riding on it as it was projected into the air with one impulse given it in starting. They have been coming down to Kill Devil Hill for seven years, getting upon one of these sand dunes and gliding off on a simple glider. This was what the old pirate was wanting, and he would go out, stick knives through the sailors and take their gold and jewels. He was a sharp old pirate, and if he lived at the present day he would have his office in Wall street instead of on that desolate place, which was named after his horse.

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LIBERIA BEGS FOR HELP.

The Government is Helpless and Hopeless.

Secretary Root has made an appointment to receive Tuesday a delegation representing the republic of Liberia, which has come from West Africa to ask counsel and aid in the many troubles which have continuously beset the efforts to colonize the freed slaves of America, which began the latter part of the 18th century. It is admitted officially that Liberia, from the standpoint of nations, is practically a helpless and hopeless condition. Her latest tribulation is in effect an ultimatum from England to maintain a better government.

Although the United States is virtually responsible for the existence of Liberia, diplomatic history shows that this government has hesitated to stand sponsor for the little republic before the world.

Thomas Jefferson's name first appears in the story of Liberia. In 1781 he advocated the abolition of slavery and the colonization of the freed slaves. In 1800 the government of Virginia, directed by the legislature of the state, took up the question with the president by correspondence. Africa was selected as an appropriate site, and in 1816 Maryland joined Virginia in the undertaking to colonize. In 1813 the slave trade was made statutory piracy in this country, and the following year it was provided by law that negroes from captured slave ships should be safely "removed beyond the limits of the United States." To carry out this act the government chartered the ship Elizabeth and made provision for conveying and settling in Africa on a site selected by agents sent by President Monroe 300 liberated slave trade victims. The offer of transportation was extended to all free blacks but the Elizabeth sailed with only 86 on February 6, 1820.

On reaching the African coast the natives refused to sell the land they had agreed to sell, and the agents and a third of the colonists died with fever. The next year twenty-eight colonists were sent out, but the renewed effort to purchase land failed. This government then sent Dr. Ely Ayres and the armed naval schooner Alligator, commanded by Lieut. Stockton. This effort resulted in the purchase of a coast strip of land 130 miles long and forty broad, with perpetual tenure. The price paid was a miscellaneous assortment of trading goods. This purchase of the land is the last direct act of this government towards the establishment and maintenance of the settlement, although this government sent from time to time liberated negroes to the colony.

It was in June, 1824, that the United States steamer Porpoise arrived there with additional colonists and gave the colony the name of "Liberia." Several years later various states of this country established settlements, and the interests of these independent and rival settlements clashed from the first. A federation was effected with the exception of Maryland, in Liberia, in 1837, when a commonwealth was formed, governed by a board of directors. It possessed no allegiance to any known power, nor was it recognized by any power as an independent state. It soon encountered trouble, however, when in 1824 it attempted to collect revenue on imports. Great Britain objected, and ultimately sent a fleet of coast with armed vessels to enforce customary free trade. Liberia sought the aid of the United States and the matter was the subject of much correspondence between Washington and London.

It was on August 24, 1847, that the republic of Liberia with a constitution was inaugurated and the republic was recognized as an independent nation.

The long British and French boundary disputes, which have been gradually settled by Liberia humbly yielding to the demands of her stronger neighbors.

Just what is to be the outcome of the present appeal to the United States for aid is a question upon which officials will undertake to throw no light.

PARTRIDGES' ECONOMIC VALUE.

No Bird Worth So Much to South Carolina Farmers.

Few would dispute the primacy of the partridge as a game bird. Viewed in any aspect he is unrivaled and alone. This bird may be valued for some one quality; that for another; but the partridge has many qualities that appeal to the sportsman, and he will value him for the marksman, and dies as a game bird should, without a sound or murmur. His place as a game bird is established for all time. Remember, too, his name is partridge, not quail. The northern people have fallen into the bad habit of calling the ruffed grouse a partridge (just as they call the turkey a grouse) and they have misled many southern people. Our bird is the true partridge.

But valuable as the partridge is as a game bird, he is far more valuable as an insectivorous bird. He is worth ten times as much to the farmer living as he is dead. The partridge feeds almost entirely on insects in the spring and summer. The insects he feeds on are among the most dangerous enemies to growing crops. They consist of the cutworm, the larva of the ovlet moth, the grasshopper and the well known and dreaded billbug. Most farmers know the billbug, but as some may not it is well to describe him and what he does. The billbug burrows into the cornstalk, lays his eggs and eats away the pith of the stalk until it falls over and dies; he then goes down into the mass of roots, forms himself into a chrysalis and waits for the next corn planting, when as a full grown billbug he can scatter destruction among the newly planted corn.

Sometimes a field of forty to fifty acres of corn is entirely destroyed by the billbug's progeny and often destroyed when it is too late to replant to advantage, differing in this respect from the cutworm, whose operations are confined to the young corn, just after sprouting.

The partridge seems to regard the billbug as a peculiar delicacy and as the bird is a wide ranger and a vigorous scratcher he can and does get after the bugs—in fact wiping them

entirely if let alone. Any farmer that permits a whole covey of partridges to be destroyed is sacrificing a host of his best friends. This does not mean that partridges are not to be shot at all, for it does no material damage to kill a reasonable number of each covey, say five or six birds. Nothing wages such relentless war on the billbug as the partridge.

Farmers have recently reported to the Audubon society that partridges are eating the worms in their tobacco fields to such an extent that the fields are no longer troubled with these pests. There can be no doubt that if sufficient birds were left there would be a marked difference in the number of tobacco worms. It has been known for some years that the partridge ate the Colorado potato beetle and it is now estimated that one full covey of partridges will worm twenty acres of potatoes if the birds are not disturbed.

The United States department of agriculture says in one of its recent bulletins that the partridge is unexcelled as a weed destroyer and this is not to be disregarded in summing up the bird's value to the practical farmer.

Like all birds of that family, they are fond of grasshoppers and feed on them freely. Grasshoppers are among the most destructive of field insects. When they are sufficiently numerous they sweep the fields bare. For years in Kansas and Nebraska they ate up grass, grain and every green thing. It is found that turkeys are them and farmers began raising turkeys on a large scale. Today Kansas is the largest shipper of turkeys in the world and the difficulty is to get enough grasshoppers for the turkeys to feed on.

What the turkeys did in Kansas and Nebraska, the partridge does in South Carolina, where, until recently, they were everywhere numerous. With the advent of the turkeys and the serving of game at restaurants and hotels, the partridge has been sadly reduced and has disappeared entirely from some sections of the state.

The intelligent farmer of today cannot afford to disregard modern discoveries, and this one in particular. The partridge deserves protection.

The weekly newspapers of the state can do so into every nook and corner by urging on farmers to back the work of the Audubon society of South Carolina in teaching the intelligent value of bird life.

Without the work of the birds human life would not be possible in the world, for millions of insects would eat up every blade of grass, every stalk of grain, every green leaf. Birds are one of the agencies with which a beneficent Providence keeps the world in order, and among birds none more valuable to the farmer than the partridge; none better earns his right to wise care and protection.

In Texas it has been found that the partridge eats the boll weevil, although not to the same extent as the bullbat, the killdeer and the chachalaca.

Try saving the partridges for a few years until they become numerous and note results. The Audubon society is anxious to hear from farmers on their experience with partridge and other birds. From such information valuable results flow.

Keep your partridges alive and most of your worst enemies will trouble you no longer. The Audubon society begs as many weekly papers as possible to urge the care of the partridges in their communities on the farmers. Immense good can be done in this way.