SIGHTS AT THE MUSICALE.

The Listener Sees and Hears Things That Are Truly Up to the Mark.

The most important part of a musicale is the listener, says the New York Sun.

He fastens himself to a camp chair by means of his legs and feet, which he winds around the rungs and which do not trouble him much, as they become numb during the opening number and he forgets that they are there. He remembers them again when he rises to let the late ones pass in the diminuendo passages, but it does not hurt him so much, as he knows he deserves to be hurt when he sees the way they look at him while he stands on their trains.

Not more than 15 of these go by during the second and third selections, but later he has to put out the conflagrations among the wax candle shades. This he does as deftly as possible, but it is an epidemic, and he covers eight fingers and two thumbs with melted wax before he discovers how annoyed people are with him for creating a disturbance.

By the time that Bach and Beethoven are over and the performers are working through the Schumann and Schubert he again fastens himself to the camp chair with a creaking sound, which increases with every heartbeat and grows to a Fourth of July serenade as he reaches for his pocket handkerchief. He would like to look at his watch, but this would mean a fusillade and probably entire demolition of the chair.

So he refrains. He does not rise again for anything. He could not.

The room holds 25, and 43 are packed and hermetically sealed in it, besides the grand piano, two violins, a 'cello and the performers. Everybody who comes after this stands around the door in the hall, and there they say how sorry they are to disturb the music.

All the musicians are waiting for the end of the piece so that their turn may come, but the listener waits for the end of everything, so that he may go home. His is the grander view.

When the piece is over he says: "How lovely," and tries to get his arm from under the fat lady's elbow who covers him on the right. The musicians are very kind to the listener and say: "They hope he isn't bored." They do not mean to patronize him, but they know he cannot understand.

He does not reply, because it is time for the next piece. And now they have got to Brahms and perhaps to Strauss. Very few can sing Strauss and fewer still can listen to him. But the listener has to, for nothing but a dynamite bomb could get him out.

There is punch in the next room with ice in it, and some of the ladies have fans.

It would be better for the listener if there were no encores, for he is the only one who does not know their names. He gets badly mixed up in the programme and cannot plan for the future.

Still he knows the end will come, for it always does. The piano, the 'cello, the two violins and the people in front with the open mouths are the music. He says with Lady Macbeth: "Leave all the rest to me."

When the music is over the listener has his inning. He takes off his camp chair and asks the ladies to give him punch and sweet biscuit and ask him to come to their musical next Monday.

He says he is sorry he can't sing or play, but his mother didn't make him practice when he was a boy. He always loved music and had a very nice teacher and an ear. And they say: "Oh, but you can listen," and then he knows that he is the most important part of the evening.

Nothing Left of Wild West.

Cowboys, Wild Bills, Indian fighters and plainsmen of the old camp have long been creatures of the past. Their presence and even their delineation or representation on the stage arouses as much interest and amusement in the west as it does in the east. In fact, there is a strong suspicion that those who assume the garb and role of "typical western men" usually do not come from our side of the Missouri. A traveler from the west does not these days expect to find Puritans in New England, Knickerbockers in New York, Quakers in Pennsylvania, cavaliers in Virginia, nor pioneer woodchoppers wearing coonskin caps and buttermut shirts dyed with chamber lye in Ohio. He expects to find (and he is not disappointed) just such men and women, customs and dress in those states as he sees on his native heath.—Kansas City Journal.

Railroading in East Africa.

A collision recently occurred on the Uganda railway, British East Africa, that would be possible nowhere else on earth. A huge bull rhinoceros rushed out of the bush and charged at full speed the so-called "up mixed" train, which was slowing down as it approached the station Sultan Hamond, 218 miles from Mombasa. The train was stopped and the "rhino" was discovered about 100 yards down the track. Slowly he returned to the jungle and was lost to sight. He did not escape unharmed, for pieces of his thick skin were found adhering to the train, but the fierceness of his assault smashed the engine step and splintered the inch and a half footboard of the first carriage.—N. Y. Tribune.

Extraordinary Success.

Mr. Graham Murray tells of a Scotch minister, who, taking his walk early in the morning, found one of his parishioners recumbent in a ditch. "Where have you been the night, Andrew?" asked the minister. "Weel, I dinna richtly ken," answered the prostrate one, "whether it was a wedding or a funeral, but whichever it was, it was a most extraordinary success."—Smith's Weekly.

RATTLESNAKE SKINS.

BIG ORDER BEING FILLED BY PENNSYLVANIA HUNTER.

Ten Thousand to Be Supplied to Firm in Germany — Unique Character Who Catches Reptiles.

A dozen men are busy in the wilds of Pike and Monroe counties, Pennsylvania, hunting the deadly rattlesnake, says the Philadelphia North American of late date. They want 10,000 of them in order to obtain the prettily marked skins for a German firm which will make them into pocketbooks, card cases, belts and articles of a smaller nature.

It is the largest order, so far as known, even given to a snake hunter, and the man who received it is Gruffydd Jones, Monroe county's famous snake king.

Jones has been in the business for a decade, and has killed thousands of the poisonous reptiles without injury to himself. He lives in a modest little home a few miles back of Spragueville.

The first impression one gets of the snake king is that from his association with reptiles he has grown somewhat like one. His eyes especially are peculiar. They are a peculiar bluish yellow and gaze at you steadily, seldom blinking, but moving slowly in the socket. Jones is a Welshman, tall and blonde-bearded.

"Yes," said he, "it is true that I've received an order from a firm in Germany for 10,000 rattlesnake skins, and I'm going to fill it. I have a year in which to do it. I know their haunts well, and while they are sleeping through the winter I and my men will have little or no difficulty in gathering them by the score.

"At present I have eight men working for me in the wilds of Pike county and they are getting about a dozen a day. I pay them a quarter each for skins, but if it is a specially good specimen they get double.

"Is it hard to get a rattler alive? Not a bit. When I go a-hunting I put on a pair of thick rubber boots and, armed with a split cane, go right into the haunts of the snake. Of course, I'm not reckless, and watch myself carefully. As soon as I find a trail I follow it, and generally in a sunny spot I find my rattler.

"I work from behind the snake as much as possible, placing my split stick firmly below the head an inch or so. When I've got him fixed I soon remove the dangerous part of the snake, but I won't tell you how. It's a secret of mine, and if I was to give it away my occupation would be gone, for there are many about here who would go into the business if the danger was removed.

"When I get 1,000 skins they will be bundled up and shipped across the ocean. It's no one's business how much they pay me per skin, but you can be sure it is a good price, or I wouldn't give up my other job."

Inquiry found that "the other job" was peddling rattlesnake skins among the summer boarders that during the heated term fill the two counties. Jones gets fancy prices from them.

The snake king tramps to the hotels and generally has a couple of pretty skins over his shoulder. The sight always attracts a crowd and soon a bargain is struck. Jones gets from two to five dollars a skin, and often gets orders for a dozen or so from the guests.

His process of tanning the hides is a secret one, his own invention, and the markings and colorings are vividly preserved.

"It took me some time to get the tanning down as well as I have," says Jones, "and I've been offeerd big sums for the secret."

"There is little danger from a rattler's bite now," went on the "king," "because the poison glands are weak. In the spring, just after the reptiles wake from their winter's nap, it is sure death to be bitten by one. No sure cure has been found."

Jones was shown the story of the antitoxin for bites given in the newspapers recently. He read it carefully and said that he hoped it was true, but he refused to believe it.

Reason for Extravagance.

George H. Daniels, of the New York Central railroad, knows a man "up the state" who bears a local reputation for extreme stinginess.

One day the man of frugal tendencies was met by a friend, who observed that the other was rigged out in his best attire, including a silk hat that was taken out of its box on only the most festive occasions.

The stingy man said: "Heard the news?"

"No. What is it?"

"Twins!" he exclaimed, jerking his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of his domicile.

The friend began to understand. "I congratulate you," said he. "That explains the holiday make-up."

"Sure!" responded the close-fisted man, disgustedly. "What's the use in my trying to be economical?"—Sunday Magazine.

Waifs' Picture Gallery.

One of the oddest sights in New York city is the picture gallery of successful waifs in the rooms of the Children's Aid society, on East Twenty-second street. There is none other like it in the world. Hundreds of faces look out of their simple frames. They are of every nationality, type, age and color. Since 1853 more than 20,000 waifs and strays have been placed in families by the society, situations have been found for some 25,000 more, and over 5,000 runaways and "losts" have been returned to shelters.

HIGH ART JAP HUSBANDRY.

Agricultural Achievements Surpass in Skill Those of Any Other Country.

The same diligent genius that enables a landscape gardener in Japan to compass within a few square yards of land a forest, a bridge-spanned stream, a waterfall and lake, a chain of terraced hills, gardens of chrysanthemums, hyacinths, peonies and pinks, a beetling crag crowned with a dwarfed conifer, and through all the dainty park meandering paths, with here a shrine and there a dainty summer-house, has made it possible for the farmers of the empire to build up on less than 19,000 square miles of arable land the most remarkable agricultural nation the world has known, says an eastern exchange.

The combined areas of the states of New Hampshire and Vermont are just about 19,000 square miles.

If all the tillable acres of Japan were merged into one field a man in an automobile traveling at the rate of 50 miles an hour could skirt the entire perimeter of arable Japan in 11 hours. Upon this narrow freehold Japan has reared a nation of imperial power, which is determined to enjoy commercial preeminence over all the world of wealth, and opportunity from Siberia to Siam, and already, by force of arms, is driving from the shores of Asia the greatest monarchy of Europe.

The secret of the success of the little daybreak kingdom has been a mystery to many students of nations. Patriotism does not explain the riddle of its strength, neither can commerce nor military equipment nor manufacturing skill.

Western nations will fail fully to grasp the secret of the dynamic intensity of Japan to-day and will dangerously underestimate the formidable possibilities of the greater Japan—the Dai Nippon—of to-morrow, until they begin to study seriously the agricultural triumphs of that empire. For Japan, more scientifically than any other nation, past or present, has perfected the art of sending the roots of its civilization enduringly into the soil.

Progressive experts of high authority throughout the orient now admit that in all the annals of agriculture there is nothing that ever approached the scientific skill of sunrise husbandry. Patient diligence, with knowledge of chemistry of soil and the physiology of plants, has yielded results that have astounded the most advanced agriculturists in western nations.

INDIANS DRAW COLOR LINE

Creeks Object to Negroes of Their Nation Having Voice in Their Councils.

The color line is being drawn in the Creek council for the first time in the history of the Creek nation. There are a number of negro members of both houses of the council, who were elected by their negro constituents, who were formerly slaves of the Indians.

The negroes have equal rights as citizens of the Creek nation with the Indians and these rights have never been called in question until this year, says a recent report. A few of the Indian members of the council take the position that the "Creek" negroes are no longer wards of the government, since their restrictions have been removed and they may dispose of their land at will. They argue that with the removal of restrictions comes relinquishment of citizenship and therefore their right ceases to assist in making the laws of the Creek nation.

As evidence of the feeling among some of the Indians, negroes who have been making speeches on the floor of the council have been called down by Indian members and reminded in various ways that their solicitude in behalf of the government is not appreciated.

The more conservative members in the council, while they admit that they would prefer that their membership should be confined to Indians, say that there is no means by which the negroes can be excluded, and they do not expect any attempt in that direction.

The race question is as vital to the Indians as to the white people, and most of them look upon the negroes as their inferiors.

Creeks nor the members of any other tribe in the territory will send their children to school with negroes and separate schools are provided by the Indian governments for both races. Their presence in legislative halls is the natural and unavoidable result of the action of the Creek after the close of the war in allowing their freed slaves to stay in their country, making them citizens. This gave them a communal interest in the common lands of the Creeks and carried with it the right to vote and elect representatives to their councils.

There are a number of highly-educated negroes in the Creek nation who have had considerable to say about running the Creek government. These negroes talk Creek and English with equal fluency and are not opposed in their ambitions except by the southern element and descendants of old slaveholders.

As Represented.

"How did you like that house I put up for you last year?" asked the roving contractor.

"Why, confound it," snapped the irate farmer, "a cyclone swept it away while my wife was inside."

"Ah, that is just as I stated."

"What?"

"That your wife would be carried away with it."—Chicago Daily News.

The Limit.

Mrs. Wedderly—Our girl reached the limit to-day. She broke only one glass dish.

Wedderly—How do you account for it?

Mrs. Wedderly—It was the only one left.—Chicago Daily News.

THE NEW TAXIDERMY

TRADE OF YESTERDAY HAS BECOME SCIENCE OF TO-DAY.

Work That Has Acquired the Dignity of Being Designated Skin-Sculpture—Points of Interest.

Imagine that famous piece of animal sculpture, Barye's lion, enveloped in a splendid, soft, pliable lion's skin, drawn tight as a kid glove, showing every outline of the lean flanks, the knotty muscles and sinews and each massive rib and bone in the frame of the gaunt, mighty, magnificent monarch. This, in a nutshell, writes Grandon Nevins, in Pearson's Magazine, is a description of the modern method of taxidermy, the art of skin sculpture, which has raised the taxidermist's trade of yesterday to the dignity of a science and a profession.

But the animal modeler of to-day has not stopped merely with the improved method of mounting and posing his subjects. On the contrary, almost throughout, the old trade has been revolutionized. In these days, single specimens are rarely, if ever, mounted. Wherever possible, groups of beasts—herds or wild animal families—are clustered, showing not only relations between the parents, but also the characteristic postures of the adults when with their young.

A Bengal tiger group is shown. Startled, the gorgeous, orange-and-black-striped male, grimly suspicious, has bounded to his feet, scenting danger. Desperately alert and head uplifted, the tigress lies like a ponderous spring, the incarnation of ferociousness, ready to jump to her feet in defense of the family. In poses of unsophisticated kittens the golden cubs stand on tottering legs, wondering what the disturbance is about. Like a perfect, living picture of a tiger family lifted out of the innermost jungle of darkest India, stands this group.

And yet the modern taxidermist goes even further. Not only the individuals of a group and the groups themselves must be true to life, but even the beasts' settings must be realistic imitations of their wild forest homes. Rocks and leaves and shrubs and flowers surrounding groups are not, as formerly, cheap imitations consisting of sticks and sand-strewn paper, or the floral decorations procured from the over-stock of a millinery shop. Each rock and leaf and blade and berry is accurately molded from plaster casts taken from nature and fashioned out of wax in the most puzzling counterfeits of the actual subjects.

Lastly, to complete a circle of wonderfully artistic illusions, is installed the perspective background of the groups, paintings of real and appropriate scenery—by no means the work of mere scene painters—but paintings, so perfect that at a distance of ten feet it is impossible to discern where the painting begins and where the foreground ends, while photographs of finished groups show pictures which defy detection that the likeness is not a snapshot of nature itself.

NATIONS THAT LEND MONEY

England, France and Belgium Have Large Sums Invested Abroad.

A German authority estimates the foreign investments of Belgium, a country having 6,000,000 inhabitants and about one-quarter as large an area as Ohio, at no less than $1,500,000,000. In proportion to the numerical strength of the Belgians and their natural resources, these figures make the $6,000,000,000 or thereabouts which represents French capital put into investments outside of France look small, and they compare well with the largest current estimates of Great Britain's investments beyond the narrow limits of the British isles.

Authorities differ widely concerning the amount of British money put into other countries, some being as low as $6,000,000,000, not counting British possessions, like India, and British colonies. To include those favorite fields for British enterprise might double the figures given. But it is not many years since the London stock exchange calculated the probable total of the foreign investments of the British people at more than $17,000,000,000. It does not seem possible that any great decrease can have taken place since 1898.

Germany is believed to have half as much money invested abroad as France, or twice as much as Belgium, but German wealth and German enterprise are alike fast gaining ground, and these corporations will soon be radically changed. Russia is the great debtor nation of Europe, and in that country billions of dollars of French, Belgian and German money has found employment, at greater or less risk, and with widely varying returns.

Mortality of Bachelors and Benedicts.

Mortality among bachelors from the age of 30 to 45 is said to be about 27 per cent., while among married men of the same age it is 18 per cent. For 41 bachelors who attain the age of 40 years there are 78 married men who attain the same age. The difference is still more striking in persons of advanced age. At 60 years of age there remain but 22 bachelors to 48 married men, at 70 11 bachelors to 27 married men, and at 80 three bachelors to nine married men.—Chicago Chronicle.

Coal Used on Railways.

The fuel bills of a railroad usually are ten per cent. of the total expense of operating, or from 30 to 40 per cent. of the actual cost of running the locomotives. On important systems the gross amount of coal burned runs into millions of tons. Each engine consumes about $5,000 worth of coal in a year, so that for 1,000 locomotives the annual coal bill approximates $5,000,000.

PEARY'S GREAT METEORITE

Mammoth Metal Body from the Heavens Discovered by the Arctic Explorer.

The largest, heaviest and most interesting meteorite ever discovered was the 37½-ton chunk of iron and nickel and cobalt brought to the Brooklyn navy yard by Lieut. Peary's latest arctic expedition, and recently dragged through the streets of New York by 24 horses to be deposited at the main entrance of the American Museum of Natural History. There, on a massive pedestal reaching clear down to bed rock, this extraordinary celestial visitor, an awe-inspiring spectacle of the stupendous missiles whirling through space, rests in its last abiding place. Like a real ghost, come to take permanent residence in order to prove vague, ghastly superstitions, so this mammoth Greenland meteorite stands—12 feet long, eight feet high and six feet thick—as if to verify the declarations of science that all about us are stars and planets and heavenly bodies consisting of minerals and metals identical with those composing our own earth.

Fascinating though this meteorite is to the scientists, no less is it to laymen throughout the world, for the part which this huge bowlder of metal had in maintaining human life on Greenland's most barren shore lends an interest which no other natural curiosity can have.

One of the earliest puzzles to arctic explorers was the fact that the knives, the harpoons and the other Eskimo hunting implements so necessary to the native of the frozen north were made of iron.

"From the 'Iron mountains' we get our iron," the natives explained to Capt. Ross as far back as 1818, and from that day to 1895, when Lieut. Peary succeeded in locating the "mountains," one of the most perplexing things to arctic explorers was the location of the mysterious source of supply.

Like many other scientific object of search, the "Iron mountains" were discovered by Peary chiefly through accident, says Raymond Porter, in Pearson's Magazine. Nine years ago he happened to be staying over night in an Eskimo village on Whale sound, when he came across an "oodoo"—a knife used by Eskimo women. The knife was an exceedingly primitive affair, consisting of five pieces of iron fastened together with thongs.

"Where did you get this?" Peary asked of the woman.

"From the great 'Iron mountains,'" answered the hostess. "It's very old. I never saw another like it; but old men in the tribe say that years and years ago, before the whalers brought us knives and blades and harpoon heads, these knives were the only ones used by our people."

Peary investigated further, was directed to the ice-bound body of water known as Melville bay, and guided by an Eskimo hunter named Tellukutunah, was led to three enormous bowlders of iron, meteorites known to the natives respectively as the "Dog," the "Woman" and the "Tent." Here then was where for centuries the natives had gotten their iron, for, despite almost a century's ravages of arctic elements, the flint-hard surfaces of the masses still showed where natives had labored patiently, breaking and wearing away chunks and sections of the stone to be transformed into heads for harpoons and other hunting implements.

IT'S THE WAY YOU PUT IT.

Hair Dye Finds Sale as Boot Polish When Introduced as Such.

Grigsby was a salesman agent in his own trade, but lately he has taken up a new line—a patent hair dye, relates the Chicago Tribune.

He called at several suburban dwellings, but as soon as he proclaimed his business—hair dye—the door was slammed in his face.

At length he felt he must alter his tactics, when the next door was opened by a fearful looking female, with a forbidding scowl and a few scanty gray locks, he commenced apologetically:

"I beg your pardon—I was about to introduce a new and wonderful hair dye, but I see it would be something for which you would have no use."

The lady blushed and stammered, not to say simpered:

"No, I suppose not; but if it is good perhaps it might be used for something else—a brown dye, I think you said. I should like some good brown boot polish."

"The very thing; it is magnificent for both purposes. Two shillings—thank you." And Grigsby had no difficulty in getting rid of his hair polish. He never says dye.

All He Cared For.

Mrs. Hingso awoke suddenly.

"John!"

"Whatdoyouwant?" sleepily.

"There's burglars in the house."

"Let 'em burgle."

"You're a coward. They'll steal all the silver."

"Um-um."

"They'll take my jewels."

"All right."

Silence for a moment.

"John!"

"Can't you let me sleep?"

"They aren't in the dining-room" in an awful voice, "they are in the cellar stealing the wine—"

"What?" leaping out of bed. "The scoundrels! Where's my revolver?"—Smith's Weekly.

Job Insured.

Just before he left the pension office Commissioner Ware was asked for a recommendation by a watchman. This is what Ware wrote: "Dear Jackson: If you are not in Heaven when I get there I'll fix it to have you transferred."—Chicago Chronicle.

MUSKRAT TERRAPIN.

MARYLAND FISHERMAN MAKES INTERESTING REVELATION.

Entertains the Suspicion That the Residents Are Served Up in Town as Diamond Backs.

"Listen," said the Eastern Shore man, as he stood on the deck of his little craft and looked across the blue waters of the Chesapeake at the fleet of oystermen in Tangier Sound, according to the New York Sun. "The price of terrapin has fallen. Do you know why? Just because some of the epicures are using a substitute.

"Redbellies? No; they've used those for years, and you couldn't possibly tell 'em from the real diamond back. Some of us down here even think one is just about as good as the other.

"But now it's something cheaper. In my opinion it's muskrat.

"Did I ever eat muskrat? No. I'd as soon eat a canvas back, the kind folks out west buy at $1.50 a gallon. But pretty near anything wild and out of the water can be made to taste like terrapin if it's properly cooked and dressed and muskrat is dark enough to serve the purpose.

"D'ye see that bow-hand over there beyond those tongers? Well, that's marsh. There are miles of it here, thousands of acres. Not long ago you could buy it at 50 cents and one dollar an acre. Now the best of it fetches eight to ten dollars, more than a good deal of the upland.

"The marsh is bought partly for the duck and goose shooting, but also partly for the muskrats. You can always rent out marsh like that for muskrat hunting.

"Three fresh water rivers make in over there, and the consequence is that the marsh is just an ideal place for muskrats. They breed there like mice, and they are killed every winter by thousands. We have a closed season for muskrats in Maryland, because we recognize the importance of our only plentiful fur-bearing animal.

"Men, boys and even women kill the muskrats on these marshes. They are snared, caught in steel traps, shot and killed in their houses with what we call sigs, which are big many-tined spears that kill two or three at once. I've known men who would take 1,200 muskrats in the short winter open season.

"There are two storekeepers down here who buy $2,000 or $3,000 worth of muskrat skins every year, and there are buyers here every winter from Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York. Thousands of these skins are exported to be reimported as something else.

"Now, what do you think becomes of all the meat after the muskrats are skinned? Mind you, there must be tons of it from these marshes alone.

"If you'll visit Cambridge or any other of these eastern shore towns on a Saturday in midwinter you'll find a man on the street selling muskrats by the hundred without even taking the trouble to call them marsh rabbits. Saturday is a public day down here, and the towns are filled with country people.

"Meat down here isn't specially good, and poor folks live largely on pork. When they can't a chance they eat muskrat. Those who are used to it like it.

"But now you haven't often here. A good lot is sent to Baltimore, and you'd never convince me that it isn't served up as terrapin to some folks who are used to pay 75 cents a dish for the stuff under its fine name.

"Mind you, it's not as clean as terrapin and no doubt as wholesome, but it isn't diamondbacks. I've a notion that we eastern shore men will soon take to serving the real thing on our own tables, something we've been able to do very seldom since terrapin went up to $20 and $30 a dozen."

What Russian Authors Earned.

It is the custom for Russian writers of established reputation to sell the entire copyrights to the publishers more frequently than English authors do. Shortly before his death Turgenieff disposed of the copyright of all his works to a publisher for £9,000. The different sums for which the productions of some of the best-known Russian authors of the old school have been sold are given as follows by the informant: Those of Gogol were disposed of for £6,000; Puschkin's and Gontcharoff's each realized about £3,500 while Kryloff's fables brought about £1,600, and the entire copyrights of many well-known writers have been sold for much smaller sums than that.—Bystander.

Badly Beaten That Morning.

A Fort Fairfield lady living in the country says that a short time ago she was awakened at about three o'clock in the morning by a furious ring of the telephone in her house. Feeling from the wildness of the ring that somebody's house must be on fire or that somebody was bleeding to death, she scampered downstairs and nervously seized the receiver, only to hear a shrill soprano voice shriek: "Got your washin' done yet? Had mine out half an hour ago."—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

Black Chipmunk Rare.

I have lived in a chipmunk region all my life and have never seen a black one, yet black ones do occur. I have just received a photograph of one seen in the Catskills, and a correspondent at Bath, N. Y., writes me of one she has seen there for two seasons. I have not yet heard of a black red squirrel, though black gray ones are occasionally seen. Black woodchucks and black foxes are probably the result of the same law of variation.—John Burroughs, in Outing.