



There is an admiration held by most boys, I think, for the hawk. I know it was so with me when I was a boy, and I used to stand and gaze at the rapacious birds and wish I knew more about them. And truly the hawks are fascinating—their great stretch of wing, their fierce defense of their homes, the towering heights from which they first see the light—these and other noble qualities cannot help but attract the boy's admiration and cause him to forget that his father's Renroost is not safe as long as Sir Hawk lingers in the vicinity. But all the hawks are not thieves, as I shall show, and some of them are of real benefit to the farmer. Our most com-

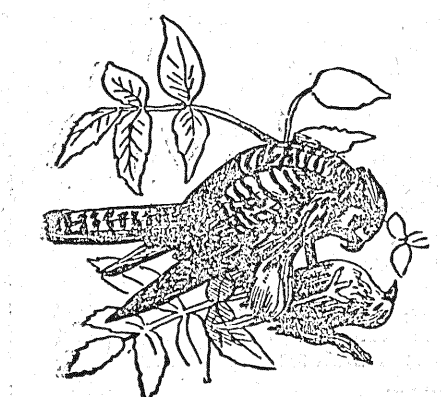
consists almost exclusively of field mice. He can often be seen just as night is about to shut out the landscape, flying slowly about a foot above the ground, carefully inspecting the grass beneath him. He is hunting for his evening meal—a hapless mouse, or perhaps, if necessary, a sparrow. He beats over the marsh as a farmer sows oats broadcast, back and forth, back and forth, until his quarry is found. The sparrow hawk is one of the smallest of the birds of prey, and one of the prettiest. Although, as indicated by his name, he frequently dines on small birds, yet he is not entirely harmful, for many mice and insects go toward making up his bill of fare.—Chicago Record-Herald.



**MARSH HAWK ATTACKS QUAILS.** Marsh hawks in the middle west are the red-tailed hawk, Cooper's hawk, the broad-winged buzzard and the rough-legged or black hawk. The nests of several of these can be found if you are watchful, but little good it will do you, for they are generally so high that few boys would dare to climb to them. Only one, the marsh hawk, nests on the ground, while the sparrow hawk makes its abode in some hollow tree.

The best known of the American hawks are the red-tailed and Cooper's varieties, for they are the ones that bear the nickname "hen hawk," and they are the ones that cause havoc among the fowls. The red-tailed hawk is larger than Cooper's hawk, and likes to make its nest near to the food supply. I knew of a pair that, for several years reared their young in a nest built in a giant elm tree that stood in a grove near a farmhouse. They enjoyed their life there, for the only things that bothered them were some crows that also claimed possession of the woods.

One never knows what life the common lazy crow can show until he witnesses his fighting tactics. In this instance the display was truly exciting. No sooner would Mr. Hawk spread his wings to go in search of food than the watchful crows "Caw-w-w!" "Caw-w-w!" would ring through the treetops. "The hawk would hasten his flight, but the crows were too swift for him. Here they come! And now they begin their persecution. Rising high above the enemy, the crows turn, head downward, fold their wings tightly to their bodies, and dart with the swiftness of an arrow straight at the hawk, driving their beaks into his back. The hawk cannot stand such



**THE SPARROW HAWK.** Treatment long, and soon, with screams of anger and pain, seeks a secluded spot until his tormentors are gone.

The red-tailed hawks do not invite disaster, I learned, for one season, after their nest was robbed, they deserted the grove for a place where trees stretched their branches nearer to the skies. The Cooper's hawk is not so thoughtful. I knew a pair that nested in a tree in a large grove. Their nest was robbed year after year, but the hawks always came back to the same place to raise their young.

The marsh hawk leads a lonely life where the tall grass grows and the snakes crawl among the hummocks. He is a beneficial bird, for his dinner

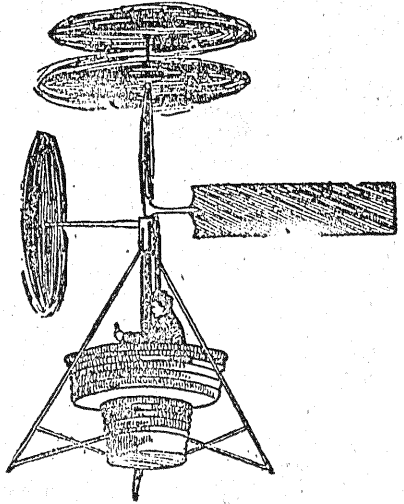
**Occupations Taken Up by Women.** Several women have taken up indexing. Their patrons are people who keep scrapbooks, and who are too busy, or, as is more often the case, too negligent, to index for themselves. The work is slow and laborious. It demands a wide literary knowledge and often a knowledge of French and German. The pay is moderate, being usually \$3 a day. Artistic and fancy bookbinding is practiced by eight or ten women in New York City. This is a skilled trade, of the highest class, demanding both technical skill and ar-

tistic ability. Two of the binders have done such good work as to make them moderately famous. A Vassar girl with a penchant for chemistry found herself thrown upon her own resources three years ago, and adopted for her daily work the giving of instruction to members of her sex upon the subject of cold cream. To the uninitiated this seems a very simple matter, but in truth it is very complex. It involves a knowledge of the various fats and oils, including spermaceti, cocoa, butter, wax, Japanese wax, almond cream, lanoline and such medical ingredients

keeping it balanced and safe from capsizing is said to be effected by the principle which is illustrated in the flight of birds.

The box containing the engine or power-generating electric batteries is at the bottom of the machine. Above it is the basket or car for the passenger. Two elevating wheels crown the device and the propelling wheel is attached to the center tube. The wheels are of the fan or windmill pattern. Just above the point where the propelling wheel is attached to the center tube a rudder blade is attached.

Two elevating wheels revolve in opposite directions and serve to overcome the whirling motion. The propelling wheel and the rudder are of equal weight, one working in front and the other behind the machine, causing the machine to proceed steadily through the air. The ascent and descent is controlled by adjusting the rate of speed of the elevating wheels. The rudder is operated by a hand lever extending into the passenger car, and enables the guiding of the course of the machine. The propelling wheel directs the forward motion of the machine. The elevating and the propelling wheel act independently of each other and enable the raising of the machine without any forward motion. The elevating wheels raise the machine



**MACHINE IN OPERATION.**

to the desired height, when the propeller can be put in motion to start it forward.

Application of the principle of wing navigation in the machine is in the construction of its wheels. Every fan in the wheels is a wing; the speed in movement which it can attain is said by the inventor to far exceed the power of the flying animal or human power.

**Quails Shipped to Denmark.**

A shipment of live quails was recently made to Denmark from the United States and this is to be followed by others from time to time. Quails were formerly numerous in Denmark, but the unusually severe winter of 1893 killed them off in great numbers. A few years ago a Danish sportsman imported some quails from the United States, and it was found that these birds thrived so well and multiplied so rapidly that the attention of others was attracted to the plan of importing American quail. They are to be distributed among the large landowners and are not to be killed until their number is sufficiently large to keep their species in existence.—Chicago Journal.

## INDIANS AT WAR.

This picture was drawn by the noted artist, Dan Smith, who has spent much of his life making drawings of animals, Indians and western scenes illustrating stories for boys' books. Although Mr. Smith has drawn these in-



teresting pictures for many years he is quite a boy himself as yet, being always happy when out hunting and when in games and adventures such as any boy would like. He is at the present time on an extended trip with his sketch book and camera in the west, and expects to sketch many of the Indians and wild animals to be found in Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona. These he will use in illustrating boys' books in the future. The above sketch was made in about twenty minutes from memory and shows an Indian in his war costume.—Chicago News.

as benzoin, camphor, myrrh, carbolic acid, sulphur, arsenic, zinc and white lead. Entertaining children is another new occupation. It demands much tact and infinite patience. Writing sentiments, letters and club addresses for indolent women of leisure is followed by many ex-school teachers and college alumnae.—Evening Post.

A good word is an easy obligation. Johnny—It's funny how ignorant women are about such things, ain't it, pa?

## Bidding Off of Maria Fairchild.

There'd got to be an auction, Loretty Smith Wilkinson, best way I could fix it. I turned over more 'n a million plans in my mind, till my head felt like a wind-mill in a stiff breeze, and therewa'n't nothin' that seemed to kinder stand out before my dizzy eyes, cept an auction, and I just thought the sooner I had it, the better. Pa's been dead nigh onto a year, and there's all them farm tools goin' to waste for want of bein' used. I shan't never undertake to hire my farm run ag'in, and I can't run it alone. Yes, sir, I'll jest sell all but the house, and garden patch, and one cow, and my bay horse, and have an auction of the farm tools and lots of old furniture and stuff I don't need. Then, Loretty Smith Wilkinson, I shall begin to feel as though I was livin' and had room to breathe, and opportunity to breathe, without bein' all cluttered up with that mess of stuff all the time.

"You don't mean to say that you're goin' to keep right on livin' here all alone, Maria Fairchild! What'll you do in tramp time, a quarter of a mile away from the nearest house, and them big dark woods 't'other side of you? You're flyin' in the face of Providence!"

"How can I be flyin' if I'm jest stayin', Loretty? Now don't you go to work and worry 'bout me, for after the auction, I've no doubt, I'll be jest as comfortably fixed as you be, and probably a great deal better."

"Well, don't get huffy, Maria. I didn't intend to hurt your feelin's any, but I couldn't bear to think of you livin' all alone where nobody'd know if you was took sick or wanted anythin'. Have you decided when your auction's goin' to be?"

"Yes, I'm goin' to have it the sixteenth of February, and that'll be two weeks from next Friday. Ebenezer Fisher's jest taken notices to the village, for me, and his brother Abe's goin' to be auctioneer. I'm powerful sorry I can't ask you to stay this afternoon, but I've got such an awful lot of work ahead of me to git my house in order for folks as probably will be comin' in to warm themselves if it's so cold to stand outside all day, that I'm too drove to spend many minutes visitin' jest now. Then I've got to kinder break up a good share of the stuff, so's it'll bring as big a price as possible, and altogether, I've got my hands full. But I hope to see you at the auction, even if I ain't got nothin' you're likely to want to bid off, and say—I've jest thought! If 'tain't too much trouble, I'd be real obliged to you if you could stay all day on the sixteenth, and help me make coffee for them as wants it. I'm goin' to make a lot of doughnuts too, for there ain't nobody goin' to say Maria Fairchild's stingy, if she is an old maid, and I guess there's lots will be thankful for somethin' hot, and somethin' to stay their stomachs, after standin' around in the cold."

"I'll be more'n glad to come and help you, Maria, and I got as well as not. If there's anythin' else I can do for you beforehand, you let me know."

"Yes, I will, thankye, Loretty; goodbye."

After the departure of her visitor, Maria Fairchild went back into the kitchen of the large, old home, and began her task of re-varnishing a massive table that until lately had adorned the parlor.

In Squire Fairchild's prime, the house had been considered little less than a mansion in those parts, and his extensive farm lands were the pride of the country. Ethan Fairchild had managed well, and, therefore, must be a rich man, concluded his neighbors; but after the death of his wife, the squire took little interest in anything. He rarely left the doorway during his latter years, and under the slack attentions of his farm hands, his crops ceased to yield so abundantly as in former times, and showed plainly the want of the efforts of the master of the place. Even the house, and the well kept barns and stables began to look forlorn and dilapidated, and the general appearance of shabbiness extended to the animals as well. With rough, unkempt coats, the once sleek horses ambled along with downcast heads, meekly giving up to the spirit of gradual decline, which seemed to prevail. When Maria remonstrated, calling her father's attention to some new evidence of neglect on the part of the hired men, the squire would say, merely:

"There, there, Maria, I'll speak to 'em about it. Don't go to fussin' over nothin'. Things will come out straight in the end."

But the result was that things became crooked rather than straight. The fences sagged, posts leaned, scraggly branches drooped—in fact, everything seemed to have become tired and to have settled down for a rest. This feeling likewise seized the squire himself, and one day he too sank into a peaceful slumber from which he never woke.

People said that now Maria Fairchild would likely spunk up and marry Jed Tompkins, whom the squire had disliked for no apparent reason than that Jed would deprive him of the daughter who, to the best of her ability, made her father comfortable. But Jed had left the town some years before, and if he had heard of the squire's death, he made no sign.

Then the popular opinion was that anyhow Maria would fix up the place, but when it became known that there really was no money, and that Maria was, indeed, a poor woman, speculations changed to expressions of wonderment as to what she would do, anyway. Then came the announcement of the auction.

"Dear me, Sus!" exclaimed one good soul. "Jest to think! Maria ain't

more'n thirty-five if she's that, and to think she's come to this!"

"Well," said another, "I don't see what on earth she's goin' to do when she's sold her furniture. I should 'a' thought she'd kept it and took summer boarders from the city. That furniture's real good if 'tis old. My land! Age ain't nothin' ag'in't stuff like that in the squire's house. That's the kind that gits better instead of worse. Ain't no imitation 'bout it neither! Every stick of it's the real genuine wood!"

Maria worked industriously. Before the afternoon had gone, several handsome, old-fashioned pieces had received shining coats of varnish, and gleamed anew with restored beauty.

Loretta Wilkinson arrived bright and early on the eventful day, and if she noticed the closed up appearance of certain portions of the house, she said nothing, but had her thoughts.

"Why, Maria, where'd you git that stove?" said she, as she caught sight of a peculiar object in the wood-shed. "That ain't never your show-off parlor stove, is it?"

"Yes, Loretty, it is," answered Maria. "I've got one in there, you know, and this one ain't nothin' but a relic, you might say. I'm 'most in hopes nobody'll buy it, for that's the one thing I can't bear to part with; but I ain't thinkin' 'bout it any more'n I can help."

It was a curious article. On top was a mirror mounted like any chifonier mirror, and at each side was a blue glass vase.

"Them held grasses most of the time," explained Maria, "and how many times I've seen pa shave himself in front of that glass, with his shavin' cup set there to keep warm on the side. But that was 'fore we had the stove in the parlor; after the stove was moved in only on some occasions, and ma used to joke me about my sparks; but 'tain't a subject I can talk about to nobody."

"Yes, I know," said Loretta. "You was thinkin' 'bout Jed, if I was you, I wouldn't sell it 'thout I'd got to."

"Maybe I can't let it go, Loretty, but we'll see. There! There's some folks come already, and Abe Fisher's leadin' 'em the way to the barns."

The day was clear and cold. Notices of the auction had been circulated far and wide, and many farmers and their wives had driven in from the surrounding towns, bent on procuring something from the squire's place. The kitchen and sitting-room were well filled during the greater part of the day, and the steaming coffee and the new doughnuts found ready consumers. Curiosity had brought many, not only to the grounds, but into the house itself, for the reputation of the squire's possessions had led many to see for themselves if the house was stripped from cellar to garret, or whether, as some affirmed, Miss Maria had loads of much better stuff she wouldn't think of selling. The closed doors quenched the ardor of those intending a general survey of the house, but the fact that the coffee was served in Mrs. Fairchild's best old-fashioned sprigged china cups, conveyed the idea that there must be lots of valuable articles retained by the present owner.

The afternoon was half gone, and most of the things were sold. Dishes, substantial milk-cans bearing the squire's name, sleighs, carriages, and many articles besides the farm-tools and the furniture had been purchased, and yet the stove remained in its corner of the wood-shed. Maria saw it as she passed through on errands, and thought she would say nothing about it if Abe Fisher did not see it. She had fully decided she could not let it go.

A little later, as she was getting a cup of coffee for a neighbor, her glance fell on the group outside the window, and she saw with dismay her stove dragged up for display. With a cry she darted through the door and up to the auctioneer.

"Oh, don't sell that, Abe, I can't let it go! It's jest the only part of my life I can't get away from. You musn't put it up!"

"It's on the list, Maria," said Abe, "and I'll sell all right."

"I know it, Abe, but it's like sellin' part of me. It is part of me, you know," she cried wildly. "Oh, no. If you sell that, I go with it!"

"Then I'll bid my hull stock of worldly goods for it!" said a loud voice, and elbowing his way through the crowd, a stranger took Maria Fairchild in his arms.

"It's Jed Tompkins!" gasped the members of the group.

"Yes, sir," laughed Jed, "and he's here jest in time to buy up the most valuable thing in the lot. And see here, you folks, anythin' Maria wants back, I'll buy from you, for my money's hers and she's got a fortune of her own, too. I may as well say, to cut matters short, that her father privately made over his property to some years ago, on condition that I'd keep away and not marry Maria till he was dead, as he couldn't spare her. I've only jest heard of his death, bein' on a long trip out West, and catchin' wind of this auction, I've rode all night and all day to git here. Now you jest leave Maria to me, and tomorrow we'll straighten up the auction business."

"What you goin' to do, Jed?" queried Maria later, as she heard him struggling with something in the shed.

"I'm jest gittin' in the parlor stove ag'in. If I'm goin' to spend the evenin', seems as though a little fire would be good in the parlor. Stove-pipe's all right, I see."

"But there ain't no furniture in the parlor," laughed Maria happily. "I believe I ketches sight of a chair or two as you unlocked the door, Maria, and anyway, all we need's that stove with them blue vases branchin' out at the sides, to make the room look real homelike—and say, we can't git that fire started up any too soon to suit me!"—Ledger Monthly.

## THE SASKATOON DISTRICT.

ONE OF THE NEW WESTERN CANADA DISTRICTS.

The Great Advantages of Settlement Where the Soil Is of Unexampled Fertility.

During the past year or two a large number of American settlers (those going from the United States to Canada), have made homes in the Saskatoon district in Western Canada. They have found the climate all that could be desired and their prospects are of the brightest. In writing of it a correspondent says:

The lands for sale are choice selections from a large area, and every farm is within easy distance of a railway station. Experience has shown that this district enjoys immunity from summer frost, from cyclones and blizzards. The South Saskatchewan, flowing through the tract, is one of the finest rivers in the country, being navigable and having an average width of stream of 1,000 feet.

The agents of the Canadian government, whose advertisement appears elsewhere in your paper and who will be pleased to furnish full information, tell me that within the limits of the tract there are two distinct varieties of soil. One is a rich black loam, and the other is a somewhat lighter loam, containing a small admixture of sand. There appears to be no appreciable difference between the fertility of these two kinds of soil. Both are alluvial in their characteristics, both are marvelously productive, and both rest upon a subsoil of clay. The advantage of this formation is that it retains the heat of the day during the night, and is favorable to the early maturity of crops. Every kind of crop will here attain the highest perfection of quality. The land is admirably adapted for stock-raising and dairy farming, as well as growing grain. Some idea of the richness of the natural grasses of the prairie may be formed from the fact that more than 200 tons of hay were gathered within a short distance of Saskatoon.

Water and fuel—these two prime necessities of life are plentiful throughout the district.

Progress in Aerial Navigation.

M. Santon Dumont, who more nearly than any other aeronaut has approached a solution of the problem set by the founder of the Deutsch prize of £4,000 for the most successful navigable airship, has been awarded £160 by the Aero club in recognition of his efforts during 1900 to fulfill the condition of the competition, writes a Paris correspondent. The contest during the coming summer promises to be especially interesting.

## "It Seems as Though my Back Would Break."



Is it not true? Women suffer, feel the very life crushed out of them, grow old before their time. Each morning wake up determined to do so much before the day ends, and yet—

Before the morning is very old the dreadful BACKACHE attacks them, the brave spirit sinks back in affliction; no matter how hard they struggle, the "clutch" is upon them and they fall upon the couch crying:

"Why should I suffer so? What can I do?"

The answer is ready, your cry has been heard, and a woman is able to restore you to health and happiness.

Backache is only a symptom of more fatal trouble—heed its warning in time.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will stop your torture and restore your courage. Your pains come from unnatural menstruation or some derangement of the womb. Let those who are suffering read Mrs. Morton's letter and be guided by her experience.

**AN OPEN LETTER TO WOMEN.**

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I have been so delighted with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I thought I would write and thank you. My system was entirely run down. I suffered with terrible backache in the small of my back and could hardly stand upright; was more tired in the morning than on retiring at night. I had no appetite. Since taking your Compound I have gained fifteen pounds, and am gaining every week. My appetite has improved, have no backache, and I look better than I ever looked before.

"I shall recommend it to all my friends, as it certainly is a wonderful medicine."—MRS. E. F. MORTON, 826 York St., Cincinnati, O.

When a medicine has been successful in restoring to health more than a million women, you cannot well say, without trying it, "I do not believe it will help me." If you are ill, don't hesitate to get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once, and write Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for special advice—it is free.

**\$5000 REWARD** Owing to the fact that some skeptical people have from time to time questioned the genuineness of the testimonial letters we are constantly publishing, we have deposited with the National City Bank, of Lynn, Mass., \$5,000, which will be paid to any person who can show that the above testimonial is not genuine, or was published before obtaining the writer's special permission.—LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO.