

SUNDAY, APRIL 17, 1898.

EARLY SPRING BIRDS.

MANY SPECIES ALREADY SINGING IN THE WOODS AND FIELDS.

THE MIGRANTS FROM THE SOUTH ARE ARRIVING RAPIDLY, AT THEIR USUAL TIMES—THOSE WHICH HAVE ALREADY BEEN SEEN IN THE PARK AND IN THE SURROUNDING COUNTRY.

Judging from the migratory birds which have already arrived in this neighborhood, and are arriving daily from the South, it must be concluded that the feathered travellers govern their movements pretty strictly by the almanac. Neither the unseasonably warm weather in March nor the sudden change to cold winds and snow in early April were able to deceive the birds and induce

them to hasten or retard to any appreciable extent their northward journey. It is remarkable to note with what regularity the different varieties appear in this latitude each season. From many years' observations bird-lovers have been able to make out a schedule showing at what dates the several species are due, and seldom is there any reason to alter this, no matter what tricks the weather may play. A woman in this city who has studied birds carefully for several years has a theory that the power of the sun's rays, as the warm season advances, guides the birds and advises them as to the time of their annual pilgrimage northward.

"I do not mean the sun's heat," she said, "for of course it is warm all winter in the South where they are, but I think that as the sun gets higher in the spring its actinic rays have a certain effect upon the birds' skins, and they realize that the migrating season has come."

The first arrivals from the South get here late in February or early in March. With these very early birds there is a certain amount of variation, but as the weather becomes more settled the flocks arrive almost exactly on time. Central Park is the only place in the built-up portion of the city where the migratory birds stop in their course. Some of them become summer residents here, and some proceed northward into New-England after making a few days' visit. The purple grackle is one of the earliest comers. Some of these birds have been in the Park for about a month now. The robins have been here almost if not quite as long, and they seem to be in a particularly fat and thriving condition this spring. One lone robin courageously spent the winter here, sheltering himself as

well as he could on the coldest days, and coming out for food when the sun shone bright. The year before, a pair of robins wintered in the Park, making their home in and about the old Swiss Cottage. The song sparrows, a few of which stay all winter, are here, and so are the fox sparrows and the phoebe birds. Among the species which habitually winter in the Park, not seeming to mind the cold, are the whitethroats, which are now in song; the downy woodpeckers, the nuthatches, the chickadees, the brown creepers, the flickers or yellowhammers, the juncos or snowbirds, a few starlings and European goldfinches, lately imported, and two cardinal birds.

All these have been seen this spring, very active after their winter rest.

In the country around New-York—Westchester County, Long Island and Northern New-Jersey—the variety of newly arrived migratory birds is much larger than in Central Park. The bluebirds, which come North at about the same time as the robins, do not like the city, but are numerous now in the country hereabouts. The red-winged and rusty blackbirds are flitting about the fields and roadsides, and so are the crested bluejays, most of which stay all winter. The swamp sparrows, the field sparrows and the meadow-larks have come, and, although it is early for him, the catbird's note has been heard in the country. The hermit thrush, whose sweet voice is heard in June in New-England, where he nests, passes through this region at about this time, but does not stay here long.

It is early yet for the nesting-time of most

day, as the spring advances, it is impossible to keep a record absolutely up to date.

Most of the Eastern birds which go South spend their winters in the West Indies or Central America, but there are some which go as far as the Argentine Republic. In returning they come by way of Florida, guiding their flight thereafter, it is supposed, by the coast lines and river valleys and the generally prominent features of the country, which are easily distinguishable in clear weather. The birds of strong flight, such as the swallows, travel by day, but the weaker kinds, which must be constantly on their guard against larger birds of prey, fly only at night. From the fact that many of the migratory birds pass through the air at a height of from one to three miles, their acuteness of vision may be appreciated. The sense of hearing is also believed to aid in guiding them on their journeys.

presented to the officers and crew on June 17, 1897, as a gift from the citizens of the Bay State. It is five feet six inches in height and measures seven feet from tip to tip of the wings.

"THE INVIOLEATE CITY."

SOME OF THE SIGHTS OF PEKING—TO SAY NOTHING OF THE SMELLS.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

The fur market covers several acres, and here in the early morning one may see a thousand almond-eyed merchants in gorgeous silks moving about among masses of furs of all kinds brought in by nomads on their camels and dromedaries from the wild and cold regions of Mongolia. It is one of the most interesting of all the novel spectacles which Peking has to offer to watch the caravans of these nomads and their odd-looking animals with hair nine or twelve inches long passing in single file through

the gate. They bring in furs, and carry back black tea, silk and coal to the Tartars and Russians of the interior. In a perambulation of the city one comes across strange spectacles, and makes acquaintance with strange businesses. Here is a butcher killing a sheep in front of his shop and leaving the blood on the ground before you. Next door, perhaps, is one who sells fish, which he extracts all alive from a tank. In case you wish for less than a whole fish, the dealer will pull one out of the water, lay it on the block and cut a piece of quivering flesh out of the side while you wait, throw the remnant back into a separate pail of water, and wait for another customer to take it. One of the chief meats sold is pork, and you see pigs trotting about through the streets. Close to the pork-shop is a place where they sell nothing but collins, which the dutiful son invests in as a present for his father long before the old gentleman is dead; and on the opposite side are places whose speciality is incense and joss-sticks, or gold and silver paper to be burned at a funeral to provide the fare from this world into the next, or birds and goldfishes, or coaldust mixed up with mud and made up into balls. If you are very hard up and in want of a meal, there is a little place round the corner where you can get camel's-meat soup, roast mule and similar luxuries at low prices. There are places for gambling and "dime museum" shows. There are restaurants of every description and opium joints without number. And the streets meanwhile are filled with a stream of yellow individuals of all classes and ages and both sexes. You pass striking-looking officials on Mongolian ponies, the backs of some of which are decorated with arrows, and you know they are on their way to the shooting matches outside of Peking. The Tartar city is in many respects different from the rest of Peking. In it dwell the thousands of Manchu officials, the foreign legations, the Government departments, and all the paraphernalia of this queer Chinese Court. It is the most interesting city on the face of the globe, and its sights really beggar description. From the walls, this portion of Peking looks like an immense orchard, with here and there one-story buildings shining out through the trees. In its centre there is a walled-off inclosure filled with massive buildings, roofed with yellow tiles. This is the Purple Forbidden City, where the Emperor and his Court reside. Closer acquaintance fails to fulfil the promise afforded by a view from the wall. The streets are wider, but they are quite as filthy and foul as in the Chinese section. The roads have no sidewalks, and the rude Chinese carts sink up to their hubs as they move along. The streets are the sewers, and it would be hard to find anywhere a savage with less regard for the exposure of his person than have these pig-tailed, silk-dressed, gaudy, fat Pekingese.



BRONZE VICTORY ON THE FORWARD TURRET OF THE BATTLE-SHIP MASSACHUSETTS.

THE MASSACHUSETTS'S VICTORY.

A MODIFICATION IN THE MODERN NAVY OF THE OLD-TIME FIGUREHEAD.

Those who regret, from aesthetic considerations, the disappearance of the imposing figureheads of the old Navy may take some comfort in the thought that one of this country's modern warships is graced with a substitute for the older form of naval adornment.

The bronze figure of Victory which stands between the two 13-inch guns of the forward turret of the United States battle-ship Massachusetts was modelled by Bela L. Pratt, and was

birds, but a few have already built their homes. Among them are the great horned owl, the barred owl, the red-shouldered hawk and the red-tailed hawk, the woodcock and the bluebird. The robins will be nesting in a few days. The owls, the hawks and the woodcock live in this neighborhood the year round.

It is safe to say that the varieties mentioned include most of the birds which are now to be found in the city and in the woods and fields within a radius of a few miles. Of course, persons with exceptionally favorable opportunities for observation may have noted a few others, and as the list is swelling rapidly from day to