

AN ODD CITY OF THE BIRDS.

A New and Perilous Industry On the Farallon Islands.

EGG GATHERING ON THE CRAGS.

One Hundred and Sixty Thousand Dozen Murres' Eggs from San Francisco - Beard Illustrates Wild Scenes.

The Greek and Italian eggers are themselves half pirates, trespassing on Uncle Sam's islands, and the United States authorities have on a number of occasions, forcibly removed them...

Day or night, in the summer time the Farallons are ever animated; the myriads of birds fly to and fro with wild cries unceasingly, till at night the petrels come forth the squalls of the auklet are heard, and over the beating surf and weird, castle rocks, the gulls hover with quavering cries...

MYSTERIOUS TIMBUCTOO. Commerce and Prospects of the Great City in the Desert.

Most of the supplement of a recent number of the Paris Figaro is given up to the Niger valley and Timbuctoo. Situated at the gate of the desert, and being the point to which all the ways of the eastern Sahara converge, the city has been the great mart of the desert and of Central Africa. It has slowly decayed by reason of wars throughout a large part of the territory of which it has been the metropolis. Other things which this mysterious city has undergone in this mysterious city, so long closed to Europeans. The security of transactions disappeared in the city itself, and Foulahs and Touaregs fought one another for the possession of the city...

"Uncle Tom," His Old Servant, Worships His Memory. Mr. C. A. Fonerden, of Baltimore, writes to the Sun as follows: "Having spent two days recently in Lexington, Va., among the hallowed memorials of that ancient town, it then occurred to me how strange it must appear to our Northern brethren that the rough and unpolished recumbent statue of Gen. R. E. Lee should be kept and sacredly guarded, as it is, by a colored man...

"On one occasion in showing the statue to a party of seventeen Northern gentlemen he told them, as usual, that his old master was the greatest general in the world and the best man. "What! Do you, a colored man, say that of this man here in our presence?" asked one of the number...

Baroness Purbeck-Coutts gave a garden party recently for the members of the International Geographical Congress at her residence, Holly Lodge, and after receiving her guests on the lawn she entered a tiny chaise drawn by a pony and made the tour of the grounds. The baroness is a very old woman, but she begins to feel the hand of time, and copies this original mode of conveyance to relieve her of the fatigue of standing close to the Queen, who has a similar pony chaise to go about in. A tall footman holds the pony's bridle and guides the little beast wherever his mistress desires to go. It is said on one occasion the entire equine mounted the steps of the lodge and landed the baroness within her own hall door.

In the days of King George a gentleman might ask a lady to be his partner without any previous presentation and they might continue to dance together the whole evening without such behavior being looked on as peculiar. We read that at the ball the ladies threw down their fans on a table; the gentlemen then approached, each selected a fan and, bowing to its fair owner, led her out as his partner.

In a description of a ball at Paris in 1893 at which Mme. Recamier was present a visitor expressed his surprise at "the decency with which that very indecent dance the waltz was danced by the young Parisians."

Extremes will, in the Land of Shades, Where Nappy got there with his head, For Nappy got there with his head, And Tribby with her feet.



THE FALL OF AN EGG GATHERER.

wine, they are a contented and jolly crew. Of course they may have eggs in any style, and fish are very plentiful. Besides, though the island has no trees and hardly any vegetation, it fairly swarms with rabbits. Among them are many beautiful silk-haired ones, said to have been placed there by the Russians, many years ago, during their entrenchment on the mainland.

Two of the eggers have lost their lives on this rock. One of them fell into the sea and his body was never found. He had unwisely put too many eggs into his shirt, and while crossing the aperture, while the eggs actually crowded him off.

Several had taken place there, and the four or five light-house keepers who, with their families, make the island their home, have to be eternally vigilant. Besides the first class light, two improved "sirens," or steam fog whistles are used. Years ago, before these were secured, a curious natural siren was utilized in one place the waves wash into a cavern and rush through a narrow passage in the rock with such force that a strange moaning sound is caused by the escaping air. A large horn was placed over the aperture, making undoubtedly the strangest fog horn ever in use. It could be heard far out at sea.

The light-house keepers live in substantial residences on the light-house. A track winds around through the rocks from the landing place in Fisherman's Bay, a car being used to carry the oil and government supplies. "Jerry," the island's government mule, is the propelling power, and he enjoys the distinction of being the only quadruped, aside from the rabbits, on the island. A diet of sea gulls' eggs and scraps, making thousands of pounds, has made him wondrously wise. When he hears the whistle of the government steamer, "Jerry" knows his services will be demanded; he beats a retreat and hides in some cave until he thinks the danger is over.

THE EGG GATHERER.



Among the curious features of the island the sea-lions, must not be overlooked. For these immense, roaring creatures cover the rocks by thousands, while others disport themselves in the water. Huge bull sea-lions, weighing about three to five thousand pounds, lol about on the rocks indifferently, or with a few preliminary roars amble to the edge of a cliff and shoot into the sea. If they have calves, one or two of the

chiasm, they find a place for their eggs on the shelving rocks. Here, where it would seem to be suicide to follow them to the landing, if overtaken by night, the eggers dump the eggs into a pile, sometimes containing one thousand dozen, until the next day. Great care is used to cover the baskets or baskets with old sackings, or weeds, weighted with rocks to prevent the rapacious gulls from getting at the eggs. These persistent thieves invariably sag about, and if an egg is spotted through an opening, they will tug at it until it is secured, when the lucky bird flies away with the booty, followed by its screeching comrades, who soon attract a great flight of gulls, and often in an incredibly short space of time they have taken every egg.

The egg picking usually begins on

The eggers usually consist of twelve to fifteen men, who inspect the great rookeries early in the season to see if the birds have begun laying. When the time is ready to begin work, a curious, but necessary performance takes place. The whole island is gone over and all the murre's eggs within reach are broken or thrown into the sea. This is to insure fresh eggs, for the eggers maintain that an egg that has been sat upon for a day is unfit for market. This is a time of rejoicing for the sea gulls, who love to feed upon the murre's eggs, and are relentless pirates, robbing the poor murre at every opportunity, of the one egg she so zealously guards.

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The Great Arch, a wonder of the island, forming a natural bridge where the surf churns in from the sea below, and the surf covered with murre, and even far down on the dizzy sides of the

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OR three months every year hen eggs in the markets of San Francisco have to take a back seat, giving precedence to the cheaper, larger and handsomer eggs of the "California murre, or guillemot, a sea-bird related to the auk, which breeds in countless thousands upon the Farallon Islands. A new and singular industry has been developed in the gathering of these eggs for the market by Italian and Greek fishermen, who peril their lives in frail fishing boats and in scaling the rocky islets for the eggs of the murre.

Three clusters of rocky islands of volcanic origin, thirty miles from San Francisco in the Pacific ocean, form the Farallons, South Farallon being the largest and the only one inhabited. Although of surpassing interest on account of their wild picturesqueness and the myriads of birds which there find a summer home, the Farallons are seldom, if ever, visited by the tourists. They are difficult of access, small fishing boats or an occasional out-going tug being the only means of transport.

South Farallon is about a mile in length, and half a mile wide, everywhere cut up by jagged bridges, precipitous bluffs, pinnacles, and rocky points, the highest, where the light-house is situated, being 300 feet above the sea. The whole island may be said to be a veritable city of the birds, covering their eggs in dense colonies, swimming and diving or wading by thousands through the air with shrill, incessant cries. The bird census there never has been taken.

Besides the murre, which lays the marketable eggs, Luffed gulls, sea-ters, gulls, three species of cormorants, Cassin's auklet, the aly petrel and the pigeon guillemot breed in large numbers. The murre lays one large, pear-shaped egg, having about twice the capacity of a hen's egg. This is curious and beautifully marked in many shades of red, brown, green, in surprising variation. The eggs sell readily at twenty cents a dozen in the market, and that they are considered valuable as a food supply, is evidenced by the fact that one hundred and sixty thousand dozen are consumed annually.

In spite of this enormous product the birds seem to be almost as prolific as ever although near the close of a season's collecting, many "true" eggs are found. Two men who were left on Sugar Loaf, an isolated rock 150 feet high, collected one hundred and eight thousand murre's eggs in one season.

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THE ONLY BIG CIRCUS MENAGERIE COMING THIS SEASON. RICHMOND, THURSDAY AFTERNOON, SEPT. 26. EVENING. SELLS BROTHERS' ENORMOUS, UNITED BIG SHOW of the WORLD. America's Greatest, Grandest Tented Exhibitions; the Premier Event of all Combined Circus Seasons; the Largest, Oldest and Most Complete Arente and Zoological Exhibit of the Univers.

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- Electric Paste Stove Polish, 4c. Jap brand Roasted Coffee, Java and Laguayra, in pound papers, best you ever drank. Try it once and you will use no other—20c lb. Pride of Kitchen Soap, for cleaning, 5c a cake. One-half pound this La Favorita Baking Powder, 3c, best you ever used. Fine Gunpowder Tea, 40c per lb. This is from a 60c Tea. Imported Macaroni, 8c per lb. Good Mixed Tea, 25c per lb. Pork Shoulders, 6c, per pound. Large California Prunes, 3 lbs. for 25c. 3 lbs. Fruit Crackers for 25c. California Hams, 8c per lb. Ship Stuff and Brown Stuff, 90c per hundred. Pound box Best Baking Powder, 10c. Patent Tongue or Ham, 5c can. Best City Meal, 6c, per bushel. Old Rye Whisky, 4 years old, \$2 gal. Sweet Catawba Wine, 60c per gal. Good Rye Whisky, \$1.25 per gal. Snow Flake Patent Family Flour, \$4.00 per bbl, or 25c per sack. Silver Pickle, Minnesota, Patent Family, the best sold, \$4.35 per barrel, or 37c per sack. XXX Fancy Family Flour, \$3.50 a barrel, or 25c a sack. Best North Carolina Cut Herrings; 7c or \$2.50 for one half bbl. 3 Cakes Butttermilk Toilet Soap for 8c. 1 lb. Canned Beef, 12c. Boneless Hams, 11c per lb. Gross Herring, 22.75 per bbl. 4 lb Jar Preserves, 25c. Whole Grain Carolina Rice, 5c per lb. French Mustard, 18c qt. 2 lb Can Corned Beef, 20c. 2-hoop Buckets, 9c. Pure Sugar Syrup, 15c gallon. New Dates, 4c per lb. Can Salmon, 10c. Home-Made Stick Candy, 7c per lb. Nice French Candy, 7c per lb. Roasted Peanuts, 4c qt. Large Box Lye 5c. Large package Stove Polish, 3c. Sweet Mixed Pickles, 15c, qt. Mason's Baking, 2c box. Rough and Ready Chewing Tobacco, 3c per plug. Canned Lobsters, 18c per can.

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