

signs of the shy ones. This was of course discouraging, to say the least, but we had to put up with it and leave it at that. Our hunt gave us three chickens and we never saw feather again of the rest of them, nor did Farmer Brown, nor yet Daniel.

"I can't for the life of me understand it," uttered Fred as we trudged bravely homeward close on evening of that day. "There they were, right at our feet, you might say. We saw them rise, and we thought we saw them come to earth, and yet when we hunted there we could not see them, hide nor feather."

"There is only one reasonable answer to the proposition, Fred," I said, having weighed my conclusions carefully. "The birds might have stayed here had they been unmolested, but they know what chilled shot is. It is safe to believe, isn't it, that they have continued their migration to whatever point they had in view before they lit here."

The night settled down very chilly, and when the last rays of light were going out in the far west, a wind arose that swept the land with a forbidding tone that sent a thrill tingling through me. The storm winds! How the tall trees around our cabin swayed and sighed that night; and how the moan went down the chimney, but the fire held its warmth and we smoked on, still talking and thinking of our success and failure with the chickens. But best of all I now let my thoughts run to the days to come—the winter days at Wood Hollow. As I sat there by the fire I could see myself saying good bye to the marts of men. I could see myself again entering Wood Hollow cabin. I could see a roaring fire, while without the land lay overspread with a crystal white blanket. I could see tracks in the snow, and could hear again the trees swaying out their old tunes. I could see—but my pipe had gone cold!

More About The Kentucky Reel

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I read with much interest the authentic and truthful account of the "History of the Kentucky Reel," in the January number of *Forest and Stream*. The facts and data were obtained by the writer of the article during an interview with my old friend, J. L. Sage, of Lexington, Kentucky. The account agrees exactly, so far as it goes, with the history of the Kentucky reel as given in my "Book of the Black Bass."

During my residence in Cynthiana, Kentucky, many years ago, I became quite familiar with the origin and evolution of the Kentucky reel from information derived from many old anglers of the "Blue Grass" region. Years afterward, when soliciting exhibits for the Angling Building of the Chicago World's Fair, I called on all of the makers of the Kentucky reel, among others, Mr. J. L. Sage, who gave me, in almost the exact words, the account as given in the article referred to.

In this connection I might add that I bought and borrowed a large and complete series of Kentucky reels, which was exhibited in the *Forest and Stream* booth in the Angling Building.

This exhibit was composed of reels of the several makers, in various sizes, in brass, silver and German silver. It is a pity that the collection could not have been kept intact, and deposited in the United States National Museum. Owners of some of the borrowed reels, however, would not have parted with them under any consideration, regarding them as precious heirlooms.

As stated in the article cited, George Snyder (not Snoder), made the first reel, and I might add, the first multiplying reel in the world, as

all English reels at that time, and down to the present day, were, and are, single-action reels.

George Snyder was born in Bucks County, Pennsylvania (not in Switzerland as Mr. Sage imagined), and went to Kentucky in 1803. His son, David M. Snyder, was a druggist in Cynthiana when I resided there. He often talked with me about his father, and the invention of the reel. He owned his father's favorite reel, a jeweled one, which I had in my possession until his death. I sent it to his nephew, also a druggist, in Louisville, Kentucky, after the Chicago Fair.

George Snyder was an ardent angler, and was President of the Bourbon County Angling Club, in 1810. After his death, his two sons continued making reels occasionally, one of which is now in my collection. I beg to refer any one interested, to the account in the "Book of the Black Bass," wherein is shown correct and careful drawings of the different reels, together with the gearing and working parts. Also portraits of several of the oldest reel makers. I might add that in my collection is a brass reel made by Mr. Sage, the smallest that I have seen, being classed as No. 1, just the reel for a lady, or any one preferring a very light rod. It is perfect in every respect. I have also probably the first reel Mr. Sage made, a brass click reel, marked 1848, which he used in fly-fishing for black bass, in which art he was an adept. Mr. Sage was not a watch-maker like the other reel makers, but he was a good mechanic, and often made reels for his friends.

JAMES A. HENSHALL.

New Bird Sanctuary at Fairfield, Conn.

Fairfield, Conn., has 10 acres of hilly country, set apart for birds and entirely given over to them.

This bird reservation has been placed under the friendly care and protection of Mrs. Mabel Osgood Wright, author, for it was through her fondness for birds and her labor for them that the place came into existence. It has been named "Birdcraft Sanctuary."

The first precaution necessary to safeguarding was the building of a cat-proof fence about the whole place. The strong wire meshes extend below the ground, where it is firmly anchored, five feet up into the air, where the top is turned back away from the grounds, preventing any animal from surmounting it. The gateway is of granite, representing an old English cathedral tower in miniature. In the top of one post of the gateway are to be found eight complete and separate apartment houses for the birds. The other post is much lower and its top is hollowed out, forming a high and safe drinking basin and bathing place for the birds.

Just within this gateway is an artistic low structure, or bungalow, fitting so perfectly into its surroundings that it may seem to have grown

there. This bungalow is the home of the caretaker, whose province it is to keep all birdland well guarded and well supplied with food. There are many little birdhouses on or near the bungalow, and lunch counters, too, all ready to serve meals of corn, crumbs, suet, seeds or nuts at any hour.

On going through the wire fence, one finds the nesting places of cat-birds and thrushes hidden in the low bushes near the ground. Suddenly a peabody bird darts out from a bush at one side and flies to a nearby tree, where he can watch the callers as they follow the winding trail down to the pond, where the water birds may build in the rushes or the tall tangles. There are birdhouses of all sizes and kinds fastened to the trees, from one small enough for the tiny house wren to one large enough for an owl or a duck. There is food everywhere. Suet is tied to the branches and there are large lunch counters on the ground, sheltered from the weather by a thick shield of cornstalks. These enclosures resemble a tent with the front thrown open to the warm sun. On this snug floor are to be found sand, cracked corn and nuts. There are berry-bearing trees and shrubs in large variety which furnish the birds with many a favorite meal.

Besides the pond of running water provided by the city of Bridgeport, there are rocks hollowed out and kept filled with water.

Although part of the mission of the "Birdcraft Sanctuary" is to interest and to instruct the people of the surrounding country in regard to its bird life, its primary object is the preservation of native birds, both for the sake of their beauty and their song and because of their economic value. In order that the feathered tenants of the sanctuary homes may be left in perfect quiet during the nesting season, the grounds will be closed to the public in the spring and early summer.

Undoubtedly the most beautiful and ingenious and one of the most useful applications of nitro-cellulose was that developed in 1889 by Count de Chardonnet in the manufacture of artificial silk which far surpasses the product of the silk worm in brilliancy and luster. In the Charonnet process cotton or purified wood fiber is nitrated, dissolved, forced under heavy pressure into filaments by extrusion through fine orifices into a setting bath and finally treated to remove the nitric acid and restore it to the condition of cellulose. Dyed and woven into tissues and fabrics of surpassing beauty it has become one of the chief adornments of Everywoman.—The Little Journal.