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# The Chatham Record.

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RATES

# ADVERTISING

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NO. 51

# The Wild Rose.

WHILLIA DEA VOICA LEUND Fair me the flowers the tank spring, At fall fulfilling all our hope With largess late, is wont to flux Along our Northern slope

For us the conslip sheds its gold, For us the May flower breathes, perfame And in our meadows, low and cold, White violets bloom

Dit some resplendent more of June When southenns thrill with fervil power And sea waves chant a much Come, see our perfect flowers

From smoot skies of molten sed Her deeply glowing bases were wrought; From pearly shell in occur's bed

Her poles truts were consist. Her tender greenery gently fills For confine of the rigged hills All round our Cape

Star flish win the deepest woods We trace her by the brooklet's edge: Br. most where billows harsh no brief Best on the casel bilge.

II a dimedess soule we love to greet; Life eventral reducers through her done Her frequence makes the cast wind acces-

ear toy our duty's sol or down set rought to bride and them -

to markest price of genelous youth, . With light of torse, with small second, With short prices and roots,

somes, on Aglanta El za Souther in Interprets Montesia

# THE MAJOR'S ESCAPE.

Major Authory Hartletop was a very good match indeed, as Miss Angerona Dilworth and the go-sips very well knew.

To-be-sure, he was rather bald and had a wart on his nose, but, then, he was the owner of many acres of rich land; he possessed herds of fat, shorthorn cattle and flocks of long-wooled Merino sheep; he raise I untold quanti- over and over again. ties of amber cane, to be made up into sugar; and was, all told, the richest farmer in the neighborhood of Sugar

As for Miss Angerona, she was not very young, but neither was she old She was not remarkably plain, nor could she be called pretty. For the rest, she was rather sharp-featured and very sharp tongued, so the neighbors declared, though the major had not discovered this fact.

Miss Dilworth was not a benevolent person, yet she had taken her orphan niece, Avis, to raise,

Avis Dilworth was a hearty, merry girl, in spite of her aunt's crabbed temper, with a round face, deep dimples in her cheeks, a pair of laughing. blue-gray eyes, and plenty of vim and life about her, though demure and quiet as a nun under Miss Angerona's

Indeed, many people asserted that if Av.s were only decently dressed, get nobody to take her place an' do all and allowed the advantages she deserved, she would be quite a belle.

But Miss Dilworth's old garments. however neatly made over, were not sufficient to set off even a good figure | slowly and carefully te much advantage.

ed, however, and she sighed in vain you. white muslins, the fluted ruffles and fresh, plumed hats of her more fortunate acquaintances.

At last Major Hartletop had propos ed to Miss Angerona, in a good, sub stantial, plainly-expressed letter; and Miss Angerona had determined to accept the proposal.

"If he is bald and ugly," she remarked to herself, "he's rich, and money covers a multitude of bad looks. Beardes, it'll snite that stuck-up Widder Flokes, that's been a-setting her cap at him this month or more; an' as long as she wants him I'd have him, if statement, he had not slept a wink. he was bald as an egg an' ten times as ugly as he is!"

But, in spite of his defects, Major Hartletop was good-hearted, and as romantic as many a man with a glossy

head of hair and no wart on his nose. He was really in love with Miss Angerona, and after sending his proposal, the moments seemed weighted with lead until he could receive her

At last his impatience grew unbear-

"I won't wait no longer," he declar ed. "I just call around and get her answer right away, or I shan't sleep : wink to-night, I know."

And popping his hat on his head, he set off on the winding, country road which led to Miss Angerona's dwelling, his mind busy with pleasant fancies of what the future might have in

"How nice it'll be to have my wife a-setting at the head of the table, or stepping around the house, overseein' the butter and cheese-makin'," he

"An' that pretty Avia, too. She shall have better clothes than she afford to dress her any better; but I'll ed the cause of such behavior,

see to that. She shall have a white dress, with lace flounces, an' one o' them crimpy things girls wear around

their necks, to stand up with us in." And so, his mind busy with cheerful pictures of the happy future, he reached Miss Angerona's house, ascended the steps, and was about to knock on the open door, when a shrill, highpitched voice reached his ear.

"A new dress! No, Avis Dilworth. you can't have it! A pretty question to ask, when I've got my own clothes to buy, if I marry that bald-headed scare-crow, as I s'pose I shill ! A fine thing for you to come asking for duds,

"But, aunt," returned Avis. pleadingly. "I haven't anything lit to wear to church."

"Oh, indeed! So you go to church to show your clothes, hey? You better stay at home if that's what you go fur. An' when I marry old Hartletop

why he couldn't have had a decent name I don't see- you won't be no better off than you are now, if he is rich. I shill be as savin' of his money as I kin, so when he dies I'll have something for myself. An' now go 'long an' milk that cow; she's been abawlin' this half-hour."

The poor major, half-stupeded by this astonishing revelation, stumbled off the steps and got out of the gate he scarcely knew how.

And now here was a predicament How was he to marry such a a virago? he reasoned, mopping his head with a huge red handkerchief. And yet, how was he to get out of marrying her, if she chose to accept him?

He had serious doubts whether being called a "bald-headed scare-crow" would exonerate a man, in the eyes of the law and public opinion, in refusing to fulfill his offer of marriage.

And yet, marry her he couldn't-he wouldn't. Thus he assured himself

Miss Angerona, meanwhile, proceeded to write her letter, accepting Major Hartletop's proposal. Having written it, she laid it on a corner of the cold, gray eyes, she drew another letter from her pocket, and opening it,

"My Divis Avis: I have called twice to see you, but your aunt refus-ed me admittance to the house. I am therefore compelled to write what I therefore compelled to write what I had meant to tell you personally. You must know plready that I love you, Avis, and I want you for my wife. Will you marry me? Please answer as soon as possible, as I shall be in great suspense until I hear from you. Yours forever, REBEMOND ALDER."

"Hum!" muttered Miss Angerona, with a smile of grim satisfaction. "It's well I didn't give her the letter. I shan't allow her to marry very soon. She's too much help to me. I couldn't she does fur love nor money. And now fur your answer, Mr. Richmond

And taking up her pen, she wrote,

"I have received your letter, and They were all poor Avis was allow- my answer is No. I can never marry A. DILWORTH.

> "An' 'tain't no forgery, either, seein' 'A' stands for Angerona as well as

And inclosing the two letters in envelopes, she directed them, slipped them in her pocket, and carried them to the post office herself.

"Now I know they're safe," she commented, with a sigh of relief, as she retraced her steps toward home.

Major Hartletop had passed wretched night. According to his own

When Ja', e Soper, the hired hand, brought in the morning's mail, as usual, he felt a nervous tingle down to his tinger-ends.

With a quaking hand he opened Miss Angerona's letter, and, much to

"I have received your letter, and my answer is No. 1 can never marry you. A. Du.women."

To say the major was delighted would hardly express his feelings. He almost felt as if he could forgive Miss Angerona for calling him a "baldheaded scare-crow," in consideration of her having refused him.

Tucking the letter in his pocket, he went whistling about the house, like a school-boy.

After dinner, he saddled his ridingmare and rode down to the village, to the same words again, and the deg see a trader about buying some of his fat cattle for beef.

Tying his "nag" under a shady tree, he proceeded toward the village store. and met Miss Angerona face to face. She simpered, smiled and tried to blush. The major bowed coldly and passed on.

Astonished and chagrined, Miss wears now. I s'pose Angerony can't | Angerona detained him, and demand-

"What behavior?" asked the major, oldly.

"To pass me without speaking, when when we are engaged to be married! "Engaged" cried the major. "Why, ou have refused me!"

"I didn't; I accepted you!" contradicted the lady, flatly. "I have your refusal in black and

white; here it is!" he retorted. And taking a crumpled note from

his pocket, he read it out to her. "I-I-it's a mistake!" gasped Miss Angerona. "I never meant it!" "But you wrote it, and that's enough

for me. Good morning, ma'am?" And the major trotted on to see about selling his beeves, while Miss Angerona stood angrily berating her-

self for her own blunder. "I must have sent the wrong letter, Thinking that Willie might have and now that Alder will, get the other, What a fool I was!"

And she hastened, her steps homeward to prevent further mischief from the unlucky mistake. But she was too late. The house

was shut up; no signs of life about,

no Avis to be seen. On the diningtable lay a note, which said: "Drag Ar vr: Since you have accepted Mr. Alder's proposal for me, you cannot blame me for marrying him. We are going to the minister's now, and will be happy to see you at our home whenever you choose to come. As ever, your more, Avi."

come. As ever, your nicce, Avis." Miss Angerona's feelings were not greatly improved when, a few weeks later, she read the marriage-notice of old mother. Intrait Free Press,

Major Authory Hartletop and Mrs. Candace Finkes, And so Miss Angerona Dilworth had lost both her lover and her niece she made it hard for herself and for all through her own treachery, and the family. She burned her fingers in Major Hartletop never repented the stirring hot apple sauce for Bridget

## Blind Tom.

The people of this country are familiar with Blind Tom, the musical prodigy, but all of them have not marked the wonderful incidents in his career. Born a slave, and deprived of table to dry, and with compressed lips almost every sense but that of sound, and a look of determination in her the has astonished and delighted the people of this country by his wonderful power as a pianist. He is a Georgian, and must now be over 40 years of age. His musical gifts began to attract attention before the war. At its close it is not wonderful that it was supposed that he could be played as a great eard. The custody of Blind Tom was given to Gen. Bettune, his tormer owner. He traveled with him for some time, and then turned him over to the care of one of his sons, who contracted an unfoctunate marriage and was killed by a railread train mething more than a year since, The widow is now trying to get possession of Tom, and is using his mother to effect this purpose, who must now be quite aged. Tom's parents entered into an agreement as to his custody with Gen. Bethune, and this will play an important part in the litigation that must ensue. Without the care and attention of his old master and mistress and their children. Tom would never have had an opportunity of developing his wonderful power of "That'll settle him." she decided I musical imitation. He has just sufficient intellect to know them, and to entertain for them the affection exhibited by a domestic animal. He is utterly unable to care for himself, and it is more than questionable if his mother is any better prepared to look after him. The writer can recall him crawling about the house like a puppy, attracted by the sound of a piano, and although long since past the age of surprises, we never expected to see Blind Tom a party litigant before the Supreme Court of the United States. -

Not to Be Fooled Again,

Maron (tin.) Telegraph.

A shepherd once, to prove the quickness of his dog, who was lying before the fire in the house where we were tulking, said to me in the middle of a sentence concerning something else: "I am thinking, sir, the cow is in the potatoes. Though he purposely laid no stress on these words, and said them in a quiet, unconcerned tone of voice, the dog who appeared to be asleep. immediately jumped up, and, leaping through an open window scrambled up the turf roof of the house, from which he could see the potato field, He then (not seeing the cow there) ran and looked into the farmyard, where she was, and, finding that all was right, came tack to the house. After a short time the shepherd said repeated the mitlook, but, on the false alarm being a third time given, the dog got up, and wagging his tail, looked his master in the face with so comical an expression of interrogation that he could not help laughing at him. On which, with a slight growl, he taid himself down in his warm corner with an offended air, as if determined not to be made a fool of again. - Baptist

## CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

### A Cobwell

A spider span his slanteg web, Where tall given graves grew He darted, with the filmy threed, Like \* shottle, throng and through.

A child sopied the collects where It plattered in the sur;

The spicer's wash is lone! "Tis Monday morn yea know, Behold, Two tiny fly-wings, green and gold,

# Marie Le Bason, in Yosth's Companion.

The Mon e's Stanket. One day Willic's mamma missed a bank note which she was very certain she had put in a particular place. taken it for a plaything, not knowing its value, she asked him if he had seen it. But Willie knew nothing

about it, neither did the nurse, nor anyb dy in the house. By and by papa came home. He pointed to a mouse hole in the aursery floor, and said the mice must have stolen it. A carpenter came and took up the floor, and, sure enough, there was a pest of little mice all enddled down on the bank note, which Mother Meuse had spread out as a lining for the nest. Other pieces of paper were found, all torn and nib blist, but this being nice and soft had been saved for a blanket by the wise

#### Hickory, Dekary, Dock.

Weezy was so anxious to help that lucky escape he had made. Helen She woke up the baby in trying to earl the few bairs on his little bald head. She meddled with mamma's knitting work till she had lost every needle, Papa Haynes laughed at these things; but when Weezy learnest to open his writing desk he looked grave

> "This'll never do," said be to manning. The child will be tearing my papers

So he looked the dosk, and hung the key above the tall clock beside it.

"There, my young squirrel, you won't reach that in a burry," he said to himself, kissing his litte daughter

After he was gone mamma stepped into the kitchen to tell. Bridget about dinner. Weezy stayed in the sittingroom to sing Sambo to sleep. Every time she rocked back in her small chair she could see the key shining over the clock. It looked very much out of place. She womdered why her papa had put it there. She wanted to whistle with it. Oh hum' if she was a little speck of a bird she would fly against it and brush it down with her wings. Or if Sambo was only an angel' She danced across the floor, and threw him up as high as she could. Instead of knocking down the key she knocked poor Sambo's stocking yarn head against the waii, and he fell that

upon the top of the clock. "Lie still, Sambo," cried Weezy, she easily climbed to the broad shelf ment, leaning her chin on the top of far above hung the key. She had set her little heart on getting it.

What do you think the little sprite did next? All by herself she scram bled to the very top of that big desk Stanling on tiptoe she tried to reach over the clock! Even then she was not quite tall enough to grasp the key with her chubby little fingers; but by perching upon Sambo she got it at

By the the time mamma came back Weezy had opened the desk and cut one of papa's deeds into paper dolls Papa was vexed enough at noon when he saw them.

"The loss of that deed will give me a great deal of trouble," said he to manima. "How did Weezy come by the key of my desk?"

> " Thekery, dickery, dock, The mouse run up the early?

answered mamma, laughing. "Why, why, is it possible," said papa, turning pale. "I'm thankful she didn't break her neck our little mouse of a Weezy," -our Little ones,

# The Depth Divers Go.

There is no record of the distance from shore at which divers have gone down in the Atlantic ocean. They can go down to certain depths at any part of the ocean. As long ago as 1856, E. P. Harrington of Westfield, N. Y., went down 170 feet and recovcred the iron safe of the steamer At antic, sunk in Lake Erie the year pefore. He was dressed in a commor diver's suit, and remained down eleven minutes. A recent French invention enables men to descend over 800 feet.

# The "City of the Gods," where has been made, and if the four-handed

Apes are Sacred.

Twenty Thousand of Them Allowed to Roam at Will Through the Town

A railroad company in India has declined to carry ten thousand monkeys. Most railroad companies probably would. That such an undertaking, however, should ever have been suggested to a Board of Directors is a curious incident in railroad history, yet it is a fact. The Brahmans of Benares, anxious to get rid of several thousand superfluous monkeys, asked the company to carry them away for them to a distant spot, but the railroad authorities showed no enthusiasm Oriental or perhaps any literature, in closing with the offer of such a whereby we are taught that no human 1, man, and mined into blood multitude of singular passengers. It creature is exempt from afflection and is a matter of common knowledge sorrow, is told in the life of Gautama, that in Benares, the "City of the the founder of the Buildist religion, Gods," there is a very large, at 1 very have they a temple, properly furnished with shrines and priests, specially dedicated to them, but they are free of all the others besides. In Benares too outrageously, the monkeys are virdwellings and public buildings. Thus said to her. circumstanced, with every favorable condition for longevity in individuals and fecundity in the species, it is no think I know of one who has: wonder that the four-handed felk have become redundant. Even the the girl Brahmans themselves have at last confessed that there are too many monkeys in Benares, and are now try ing to rid themselves of a portion of the intolerable burden of the sauctity which such a host of reverend quadruidlers has its unsatisfactory side, and, grain or fruit as an average Hindu re-

peds imposes upon them. The common people, in spite of the sacrelness of the creatures, have long ago begun teacher. to think that so large a population of when we recollect that a monkey will every day eat and waste as much she asked what herbs he would want. quires for his weekly sustenance, and said, and when the noor got eagerly that the mischief in which these creat promised to bring some of so common tures pass their time -- baving nothing else, poor bored divinities, to do -must from some house where entail a substantial appreciable loss son, or husband, or parent, or layer are the ones who leave them lying upon their human fellow-citizens, it is has ded." not difficult to sympathize with the "Very good," she said, and went to sills, etc. ape-ridden men and women of the ask for it, still carrying her dead child . A little four year old girl remarked Holy City. Without contributing in with her. The people said: "Here is to her to amount on going to bed, "I'm any way to the material welfare of amountal seed take it;" but when she not afraid of the dark," "No, of course the sacred place, these animals, twen asked: "In my friend's house has you are not," replied for comman eforty thousand or so, constitute a very any son died, or a husband, or a partition to the furty on." - But, mannes, I serious tax upon the working pobula reat, or slave?" they answered, "Ludy," was a little afraid once when I went tion and divert from other charaties a what is this that you say? The by annothe pantry in the dark to get a vast quantity of good food. Each ing are few, but the dead are many," handful of grain which a monkey. Then she went to other houses, but, and asked the mamma. "I was wastes would suffice for the meal of a one said, "I have lost a sen," another, afraid I contin't and the easters," mendicant fakir. At last, therefore, "I have lost my slave." At last not it has been decided to take steps to bring able to find a single house reduce the tailed population. The where no one had died, her mind bemonkey, however, is at all times an gan to clear, and surrounding up resoluintelligent person. He knows as well tion, she left the dead bedy of her as any body else when he is well off, could in a forest, and returning to the In Benares he is especially contented. Buildha, paid him bounge. Plenty of good water, unlimited voge. He said to her, "Have you the new mounting a chair. From the chair tables, fruit and grain, delightfully tard seed?" shady nooks, verandas, temple corris "My Lord," she died, "I have not as a combination of attractions not to tew, but the dead are many." the desk and patting sampo. But she be easily matched elsewhere, so that Then be talked to her on the imper-beauty. The prevailing color of its did not take him to her arms, for not he scouts all suggestions of emigra manency of all thangs, pointing out its planage is green, the wings and take tion. Once or twice the pions and the poorgirl bow the affection from being tinged with a beautiful shade or benevolent old Rajah has invited the which she was suffering was tod per blue; a sable tuft, edged with blue,

> being brought back again in the evening. Boats ply in large numbers upon the river, and, without asking for permission or offering to pay any thing. they used to ship themselves as passengers and return to sleep in the city. On another occasion certain lands a short distance off were specially set apart by the princely Rajah for their maintenance, and an immense number of the animals were respectfully conducted to their new quarters and invited to settle there. But no: the monkeys found there were no sweetmeat stalls in the fields, no cake shops in the groves, and they courteously, yet firmly, declined the Rajah's proffered hospitality, and came strolling back into the city at their leisure. They had tasted the pleasures of a rural life, and deliberately arrived at the conclusion that they preferred those of the town; so they gave up the "Do you know," said Georgie, warnand the baznars where follipops were always to be had for the stealing. The

load from one bank of the Ganges to

the other. But the monkeys pretend-

ed to misunderstand the arrangment.

They affected to think the trip a mere

outing a day's pienic. So, though

they allowed themselves to be taken

over in the morning with the utmost

A MONKEY-INFESTED CITY- [arunpors such a large number as 10,000, is by far the most serious that Aleadore of gold. ones submit to be deported this time, they must make up their minds for permanent exile. Railway companies have no superstitions about Hanuman; they do not worship monkeys. Thus, unless the animals are prepared to pay their own return fare, and to travel back in a respectable and honest manner, they will have to bid farewell to the beautiful old city where they spent such happy years, and where their lones will now have no chance of sucredly reposing after death. There is no chance of their ever unling their . Morehaus of gold, way back. - Landon Telegraph.

#### The Common Lot.

One of the most beautiful stories in

There was a young woman, the sto sacred colony of monkeys. Not only by runs, who had been married early, as is the custom in the List, and hala child while she was stid agirl time is it?" When the beautiful log-could run alone he died. Her sorrow for a time the mustard pet they can go where they like, and, deprived her of her reason, and in her although this liberty is qualified by a love for her dead child she carried it certain measure of respectful opposit from house to house of her putying tion when they abuse their privileges triends, asking them to give her medicine for it. A Buddinst convert, property that has the greatest will tually free of the whole city, private thinking "she does not understand,"

> "My good girl, I myself have no uch medicine as you ask for, but I plete a faith cure as anything he has eOh, tell me who that is?" cried

go to him," was the answer.

She went to Gautama, and, doing homage to him said: "Lord and master, do you know any

"Yes, I know of some," said the

Now, it was the custom for the pa-Hents or their triends to provide the

"I want some mostard seed," for

four-handed hosts to come across the culiar to her, but was common to all adorns its breast, and a blue-edged river from the city to his Palace of her fellow creatures, till her doubts black triangle surrounds the eye and Ramnuggar, and the priests have were cleared away. She accepted her extends to the ear. In addition to this actually ferried boat lond after boat. lot, and becams a disciple.

# She Sat Down on Him.

There is a pushing young painter effect at will. who loves to wear long hair, and who is not apparently an enthusiastic sap, aftempt to beautify it, the motimot esporter of Pears' scap; and this young says an inprovement. It selects the painter has a very protound belief in two middle feathers of its tall, those hinself, and his own charms, and his two being usually the longest and omplacency, they always insisted on own genius, and above all, in his most conspicuous, as the objects of its power of captivating the hearts of the decorative design. About an incr. fair. The other evening our young from the tip of each feather it cuts painter found bimself dining at a away with its serrated bill about an friend's house, next to a very attractinch of the web on each side of the tive young lady, whom he promptly endeavored to impress as much as pearance of a lawn tennis bat. Nor possible. After telling her all about himself, and his picture, and his talent, he finally informed her that he should never marry. "Why not?" inquire," his fair companion. "If I did marry." the young painter replied, "I should ers, thus disliguring itself even in mot make so many women unhappy." "I should have thought you would only make one women unhappy," was the young lady's prompt comment, which reduced that long-haired egotist to now, and avoids her when they meet, ears,

# Taking the Chances,

- Whitehall Review, London,

cornfields and the mango trees for the ingly, "that in this extremely hot when Waterton explained the real ood courts of the many-templed city, weather two or three dishes of this ice reason for the condition of the feathcream might prove fatal?"

present effort, however, this of deporting to the distance as Sah to die."—New York Sun, C. Beard in Harper's.

# Meadows of G bl.

Reactions and tunning and shod with the mod And removed with the light of the day! Ye are the chemists of earth, The a cards who waken to birth

Window and wonling along,

Ine emilety blue, and butteroups: too.

Amy to behold, And merce and mellow with son," As not for posts whose chimes Are rangles the respect, whose carmes Are written in what care of graves

the mount of the lates that pures-

Longitud and temporator, Cast in view into

Lower the beautiful are-And the term the loan to the tip

## RUMOROUS.

Motto for a dude - "There's room a

The question of the hour - What

Opening of the season. Uncovering

The butcher should always be placed on joint committees. It is the mon who has the most

A man who sometime ago, married "an angel" says it is about as comlineard of.

man in a thousand can whistle a tune. "The Bushina can give you medicine. And yet there are people who think there is nothing to be thankful for. "Why are those things on your dress called hugh trimmingsy" George

A musical expert says that only one

wanted to know, "O," Early replied medicine that will be good for my lightly, decause par blocks over the "I can't afford more than one flower on tay bat," she said to the milliner, "Well, where will you have it?" As I sit next to the wall in church, you

comput it on the side next to the congregation," was the soft reply. A New York dentist says that wome en who gossip a great deal lose their a drug, he added: "You must get it teeth soonest. We don't it. The ne wemen who less their teeth sconest around in wash basins, or window

> "What were you miraid "eustant"

The most striking example of abordecoration is found in the case of the motmot, South American bird, which su veeds in paralleling some of the most absurd of humanity's decorative freaks, netably of filing the teeth to

The motinot is by Nature endowed with more than an ordinary degree of and to a long and graceful tail, it has upon its head a crest which it can

But, as if dissatistic I with Nature's shaft, thus giving each feather the aptive way, for sometimes a too anxious motmot will begin too soon and before its tail has reached its full growth, and will clip away on the wrong feathmot estimation, in this respect being not unlike the young males of the human family who, rather than not shave at all, will sometimes use the razor on that much of the hair of the silence. He does not like that girl head as wanders down in front of the

It was formerly supposed that the motunot wore away the web from its tail feathers by constantly turning around while sitting on its nest, and ers he was laughed at. Recently, "I haven't a doubt of it," replied however, captive birds have been seen