

INTELLIGENT ANIMALS.

Incidents Which Would Almost Lead to the Opinion That Beasts Deliberate.

"While on a moose-hunting trip in the wilds of Northern Canada," says an American naturalist, "I visited a trapper's camp. Among other things, that of a large gray wolf attracted my attention. He said they were quite plentiful in that section, an assertion we could verify by the howling of the brutes that night. The story he related respecting the capture of this wolf demonstrated considerable strategy and sound reasoning practised by the denizens of the forest. He said that one day he and his boys were in their canoe on a small lake when a pack of wolves drove a large buck into the lake, and after remaining a short time on the shore, apparently holding a consultation with one another, one of the number plunged into the water and swam after the deer. Then they immediately ran swiftly round the shore of the lake and secreted themselves on the opposite side of the lake, ready to pounce on the unsuspecting deer and pull him down when he reached shore, but their well-planned scheme was thwarted by the trapper paddling out and shooting both wolf and deer.

"The domestic dog is undoubtedly the most intelligent of all the lower animals. He has been the companion of man since the remotest period of antiquity and possesses many traits in common with the human race. There are few human passions not shared in by the dog. He is, like man, subject to anger, jealousy, envy, love, hatred and grief, and, like human beings, there are both good and bad individuals. A bad dog, one who kills sheep, for instance, usually has

A COMPANION IN CRIME,

and when they go on one of their murderous expeditions they almost invariably go after dark, that they may not be seen. It is said they have never been known to kill their master's sheep, but often pass through the very pasture where the flock is kept without molesting them and go several miles from home. After murdering scores of sheep, they return by a circuitous route, that they may not be detected.

"We have a small black-and-tan dog that we think a very remarkable animal. He certainly understands portions of the English language, and I think I can prove that he reasons in many ways. He is fond of playing ball, and when told to go and blind, he goes into the adjoining room and lies down in the corner, placing his nose between his paws until he hears the word ready, which is spoken after the ball has been hidden, when he runs rapidly into the room and hunts until he finds it. One day after dinner he came suddenly into the library, making a peculiar, barking noise, running excitedly to me and then to the hall door, repeating this until at last I consented to go and see what he desired. On reaching the dining-room he ran to the servant-girl, and then to me, looking me in the face and whining. The girl informed me that, previous to coming to me, he had been coaxing her for some of the roast lamb left from dinner. Having been refused by her, he evidently decided to appeal to a higher authority, and now anxiously awaited my decision. On hearing me tell the girl that if he wanted it as badly as all that, she must give it to him, he immediately ran to her and paid no more attention to me, but succeeded in obtaining his roast lamb. He is now becoming troublesome, as he goes through the same performance whenever he cannot obtain whatever he desires. He is fond of sleeping in front of the grate when lighted. Not long since he went up-stairs to my daughter, and in

HIS FRANTIC MANNER

coaxed her down to the library, and, going directly to the grate, looked with imploring eyes first at her and then at the grate. After the gas was lighted he immediately laid down, apparently satisfied, and went to sleep, having obtained the end which he had in view.

"It is said that no animal dreams which does not think, and we all know that dogs dream. Fox-hounds will dream that they are on the chase and will bark in an excited manner.

"A fox also uses reason, I conclude, when he outwits the trapper by digging beneath and springing the trap which has been set for him and then deliberately devouring the bait placed there to allure him.

"I have been amazed at the work performed by beavers in northern Canada. They certainly use reason, and must possess, it seems to me, a certain amount of topographical knowledge of the country, in selecting a proper location for building a dam. Their object is to be built as short a dam as possible, which will cause the greatest number of acres of land to become overflowed, constituting what is known as a beaver meadow. Much reason as well as skill is used in constructing a dam. If the stream is sluggish, the dam is built in a straight line from bank to bank, but if the current is swift, they invariably build it in the form of a crescent, with the convexity up stream, the reason being to give it more strength to withstand the current. They also seem to use good judgment in building their houses, which are constructed with the same material as the dam. Their living apartments are above high-water mark, with a kind of thatched roof; domeshaped and covered with a thick layer of mud, which, when frozen, resists the attacks of wolves and other animals which would otherwise molest them.

"There is no doubt in my mind that animals, birds and even insects have some means of communication between those of the same species. Many newspaper jokes have been perpetrated at the expense to Prof. Garner, who went to Africa to try to learn the language of the monkeys. Paul du Chaillu, who spent many years in Africa, says he believes Garner is right, and that the monkeys have a language. Anyone who has watched a hen and her brood, it seems to me, cannot doubt that

THEY HAVE A LANGUAGE.

Whenever a grasshopper is caught or a worm is found, she calls her children by repeating short, clucking words, when every chick comes running as fast as his little legs will carry him. When she sees a hawk approaching, she at once speaks to them, using different words than before. Then every member of the brood runs for dear life for cover, and in a few seconds not one can be seen. After the danger is past, she again addresses them with pleasant words, and with an assuring tone, when at

once they all come forth from their hiding place to again enjoy the society of their cherished mother.

The warning note given by some snakes to their young causes the latter to take refuge down their mother's throat. Many other instances prove the existence of an animal language, so it seems to me.

"When a flock of crows is about to invade the farmer's corn-field for the purpose of pulling up the green corn, they have a language of their own, which is not in other words talk crow-talk in the adjoining woods. Then one of the number takes his position on the limb of a dead tree near by and acts as sentinel, while the others enter the corn-field and begin operations. If no one disturbs them, after a while one of them in the field changes places with the faithful sentinel, while he regales himself upon the tender corn. If any one approaches, the note of warning is at once given, when all go for the woods as fast as they can fly. Would not intelligent boys who were going to rob a melon patch do just the same thing? In that case it would be reason and a very reasonable thing to do. Now, if these crows did not reason, but acted alone from instinct, according to the definition of

THIS MYSTERIOUS WORD,

they must have acted without experience, without deliberation and without any end in view. But they did deliberate, talk the matter over in the woods, owing probably to their past experience in having been fired upon while in the farmer's corn-field, and they took the precaution to elect, select or appoint a sentinel to keep watch while they stole the farmer's corn. Their object in view was to obtain the corn. If they have no language, by what method do they select their sentinel? Did they shake dice, pull straws or flip pennies? And how did the one elected to this high position know he had been elected? He evidently did know as he did not attempt to enter the field, but at once took his position upon the tree.

"These are indeed hard questions to answer. In Ceylon crows are protected as scavengers. A gentleman told me that one day a small dog was eating a piece of meat by the road-side. A crow offered to assist him in devouring it, but the dog objected. The crow flew away and soon returned, bringing another crow with him. One of them pulled the dog's tail with his bill, and when the dog turned to defend his tail the other captured the meat and flew away. These crows seem to each have an end in view. In one case, it was the end of the dog's tail, in the other, it was to capture the piece of meat, success crowning both efforts."

Dr. Green is at work on a paper relating many incidents about the wonderful bees and other insects, which he will read at a meeting of the Society of Natural Sciences.

A Spring Fashion Hint.

We notice, says the Toronto Ladies' Journal for March, ulsters are again in popular favor. If you wish to have a comfortable, stylish one make it up according to the model shown here. Ulsters are better



FASHIONABLE ULSTER.

suitable to this very changeable season than the usual heavy cloaks and capes. The tailor made costume has a comfortable well-fitting look, and is made of tweed with a cross bar princess front with circular skirt, buttoned down waist to full length. Coat shape corage with deep skirt, back cut, with fullness let in at seams. Wide revers collars of cross bar, with velvet revers over, and forming deep collar at back. Very large sleeves laid in deep plaits at top, with narrow effect showing at top. Sleeves fitting below elbow, finished with narrow turn back cuff, with velvet cuff over. Velvet hat, with large bow in front, and feathers on top and back of crown. Material required, 50 inches wide, 12 yards.

The Indebtedness of Europe.

The statistics relative to the expenditures of the chief European countries upon their armies and navies become more significant when it is remembered that the money thus spent is borrowed money. Of all the European Governments, that of England is the only one which, so to speak, is paying its way. The remainder are living on loans. As a consequence they are all augmenting their national debts. Between 1870 and 1887 the national debt of France was increased by 12,000,000,000 fr., that of Russia by 11,000,000,000, that of Italy by 3,132,000,000, that of Austria-Hungary 4,019,000,000, that of Germany by something like the same sum, that of Spain by 1,300,000,000, and so on. Even the smallest States are heavy borrowers, Belgium having added almost as much to her obligations as Spain; while the Roumanian debt has been augmented to the extent of 701,000,000, that of Servia to the extent of 244,000,000, and that of Greece to the extent of 270,000,000.

The system of numbering the hours of the day from one to twenty-four has been adopted by the Italian railroads, and is in use for all time schedules.

YOUNG FOLKS.

The Seven-Bladed Knife.

"Whew!" said Jack as he eyed with hunger and longing the handsome pocket-knife which his uncle was just replacing in his pocket, "ain't that stunning? Wouldn't I like to have one like it, though? Quite a difference." And as he spoke the words of comparison, he drew from his pocket his much-abused, nicked, single-bladed knife, which had been a Christmas present to him only a few months ago.

"I should say there is quite a difference," responded Harry, with a sniff towards Jack's knife. "Maybe when you get to be as old as uncle Raymond, Jack, you can have such a knife as that yourself."

"You'd better believe I will," was Jack's positive assurance.

"Yes," said uncle Raymond, who had been quietly rubbing the blade with his silk handkerchief, and apparently not noticing what the boys were saying, "and you can get it in the same way I got mine, if you choose."

"Why, how was that?" asked both boys in concert.

"Well, I don't mind telling you. It was on the principle that quality is better than quantity. Look there, Jack, your knife is almost as large as mine."

The boys looked perplexed, as though they did not understand their uncle Raymond's remark. Seeing their looks, he proceeded to explain.

"You see," said he, "it was this way when I was a boy. For a long time I thought the most desirable thing in a pocket-knife was size, and when I saw a boy at school with a knife larger than mine, I envied him and did not rest satisfied until I had in some way traded for that knife. Then I was satisfied for a little while, until I saw a larger one, when I wanted to get that; and so kept on until I became the proud owner of the largest knife in the whole neighborhood—an immense hunting knife, which was almost too heavy for my pocket."

"Ho, ho!" laughed Jack, "that reminds me of what father said about Mr. Brown buying land. He first owned a small farm, then bought a larger one, then another adjoining that, another adjoining that, and so kept on buying farm after farm until he owned more land than any other man in the country, but still he was not satisfied."

"No; nor do I suppose I should have been with my pocket-knife. If some one had told me that in another town there was a pocket-knife as large as a butcher's cleaver, I should have wanted to go straight and trade for that."

"And," broke in Harry, "he says Mr. Brown is going to leave all his land to Frank. Frank was bragging to the boys the other day about what a fine time he would have in devouring it. What need would he have for so much education, when he was going to be rich? He guessed he wouldn't have to earn his living by teaching school or keeping books, or anything of that sort. I'd like to be as rich as Frank will be."

"It's the same mistake," said uncle Raymond with a quiet smile. "Quantity can never take the place of quality. The man who looks upon his time and opportunities as mere tools with which he can carve out success in a given time, that is, getting ahead of his fellows, makes the same mistake I did about the pocket-knife."

"That isn't telling us, uncle Raymond," suggested Jack, "how you came to get the seven-bladed knife. You've forgotten your story."

"I'm coming to that," said uncle Raymond, "as fast as I can. Now you see that the largest blade in my knife is not more than a fourth as large as Jack's, yet it is plenty large enough for all my uses. There is no use in carrying around a lot of metal in one's pocket merely for the sake of having a larger knife than any one else. Now that's a good deal like Mr. Brown's land, and a great deal like some men's minds. For the sake of having more wealth than somebody else, they load themselves with riches far beyond their wants or uses, and it does nothing but wear them out. There is just about as much real glory in it as there is in lugging around the biggest knife in the school, when one a fourth as large would whittle just as well. The time is coming when a man will be as much ashamed to overload himself with wealth while many of his fellow creatures suffer with want as he ought to be to overload his stomach with food for which he had neither appetite nor digestion."

"But you're not telling us how you got the knife," insisted Jack, who had been looking straight at his uncle during all this conversation, and wondering if it had anything to do with the way he had heard to openly express himself that he wished to be as rich some day as Frank Brown.

"Yes, I am coming to that," said uncle Raymond. "Now here is another blade," he continued, opening a slender, polished part of the knife not much bigger than a darning needle, "that is a nut pick; I often find it very handy."

"Why?" exclaimed Jack, "I thought a knife was intended to cut, and not to eat nuts with."

"Some people make the same mistake," said uncle Raymond, "in reference to success in life. They think it means just one thing—getting rich—and they narrow it down to that; but my knife, you see, means more than cutting. Here, for instance, is a little gimlet; I found it very handy last winter when I wanted to screw on my skates for the first time. This blade is an awl. I used it the other day to prepare the way for driving a screw without splitting a piece of board, and here is a screw-driver with which I drove it home. You see, I can amuse myself or make myself useful with my knife, even where whittling is forbidden by lack of a stick of the right sort, or the litter the shavings make. Now that is one of the differences between the man whose chief aim in life is getting rich, and the man whose chief aim in life is to be useful and to get knowledge by which he may be of service to himself and others. Stop the first man from the one thing of getting money, and he has nothing with which to employ himself, but the other man has a much wider and higher range of enjoyment. Do you begin to see the difference now between Frank Brown, without an education, and with all his father's money, and Jack Somers, with a knowledge of history and literature and science and medicine or law or some other useful profession, but having to earn what money he

Jack nodded his head. "I suppose you mean to say, Uncle Raymond," he suggested "that Frank Brown would only be a one-bladed knife, no matter how large the blade was, while Jack Somers would have just as many different blades as he had useful accomplishments, and when one failed him, he could try another."

"Exactly," said Uncle Raymond. "Now I must finish telling you how I got the knife. One day I was showing my rude hunting knife to my grandfather, who, after he had turned it over and looked at it all around, said: 'Very good, very good; my boy, provided you are going to make a business of cutting kindlings or brushwood or skinning deer; but none of those things take very much skill. It is better to be a man of many tools than of one, and I promise you that every new tool of which you learn the name and use so as to handle it with care and skill I will get for you.'

"After that I went to work learning something else besides whittling. I learned to bore, drill, saw, file and do half a dozen other things, and when the time came for fulfilling the promise, my grandfather, who had recently made a trip to the city, handed me out this beautiful knife with its complete set of tools."

"And can't do anything but whittle with mine?" said Jack, looking ruefully at his big one-bladed "toad stabber," as Harry called it; "while you can do a dozen things with yours."

"And don't forget, boys, there is as much difference in men as there is in knives," said Uncle Raymond. "A boy may get the idea that money can take the place of character and culture; but it shows he doesn't know the difference between a single bladed knife and one with a set of tools."

"Well," said Jack, speaking half to himself, and as though his mind was fully made up on the subject. "I tell you what; I mean to be a seven-bladed knife, and Frank Brown may be a one-bladed knife if he chooses. I don't believe there is so much in money after all."

"Not half so much in the way of contributing to one's happiness," said Uncle Raymond, by way of a parting remark, "as there is in that cultivation of mind and heart, which brings into play the higher faculties of the nature, such as sympathy, benevolence, faith, courage, self-denial and virtue, each of which is a blade in itself, giving employment and enjoyment when the possession and gratification of mere wealth utterly fails to satisfy."—[New York Observer.

On a Hand-Car.

A correspondent of Forest and Stream went up the Oroya Railroad in the Andes, a wonderful piece of railway engineering. The sharp ascent began at noon, over terraces, through tunnels drilled in the solid rock, and over bridges spanning awful chasms. At three o'clock they reached their destination, some ten thousand feet above the level of the sea. After a substantial dinner, which the mountain air rendered doubly acceptable, the party began making preparations for the descent, which was to be accomplished in a hand-car by the force of gravity alone.

The hand-car had been brought up with us on the train, and when the men came to put it together it was discovered that the fastenings of two of the wheels were broken. After a hurried consultation, as it was growing late, some telegraph wire was found, and the broken portions were tied together. The men in charge of the descent hoped this would answer, they said.

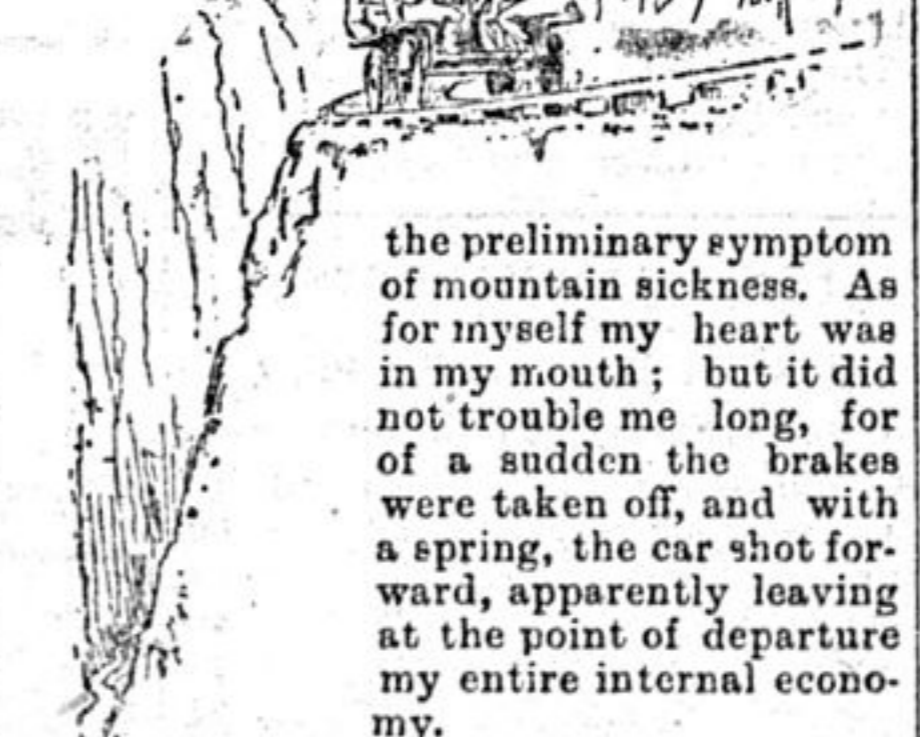
"And if it doesn't?" I asked. They shrugged their shoulders.

I looked askance at my companions, but they stood by in silence. Probably, like myself, they would willingly have seconded a proposition to return by the regular train, but were too proud to make it.

Without a word we took our seats on the car. Silently one of the employes opened a bag and took out three revolvers, handing one to each of his companions. They cocked these weapons in a matter-of-fact way and placed them between their feet.

"This car is used by the paymaster," one of them thoughtfully explained, "and it isn't uncommon for desperadoes to throw it off the track. I got a tumble and a bullet myself not so very long ago."

Again I looked at my companions. It was perhaps owing to the altitude that they seemed to exhibit



the preliminary symptom of mountain sickness. As for myself my heart was in my mouth; but it did not trouble me long, for of a sudden the brakes were taken off, and with a spring, the car shot forward, apparently leaving at the point of departure my entire internal economy.

Down we rushed with ever increasing speed, the car swaying from side to side, on one hand the mountain wall, on the other a drop of perhaps a thousand feet, through tunnels of midnight darkness, round sharp curves where the broken wheels fairly creaked with the strain.

The starless night closed in around us. It was now simply a question of chance as we plunged into the darkness.

"We ought to have started sooner," muttered one of the men; "a stick or a stone, or even a dog on the track, would throw us in to the valley."

Nobody answered him. All talk, difficult enough before on account of the rushing wind, now ceased, and in silence we watched the sparks fly from the wheels.

Thoughts of armed outlaws and of broken fastenings kept running through my mind, and the journey seemed almost endless. At last the sudden twists around the sharp curves ceased. We were in the valley. Presently a big light burst upon us. "Down brakes!" cried one of the men. The station was before us. Thank God!

Mrs. H. Gupta, a dressmaker, was a witness in the Barth case at Grand Rapids, and she refused to go on with her testimony until one of the lawyers removed the gum he was chewing.

ROYALTY GOSSIP.

The Queen's Lenten Fare—Death of an Interesting Old English Baroness—An Ancient Palace To Be Turned Into a Museum.

There is an old woman up at Perth, in Scotland, who communicates with Queen Victoria every day in the year. Her Majesty is fond of most things Scotch, among others shortbread. Now, for some reason or other, shortbread cannot be made in England as it should be. But a few years ago her Majesty discovered at Perth an old woman who could make it as no one else, even in Scotland, could make it. Since which time the same aged dame has every day baked with her own hands a cake of shortbread, packed it herself and dispatched it to her sovereign. Her Majesty makes little or no difference with her dinner menu during Lent. Queen Victoria spent her honeymoon in Lent, while the Prince of Wales and his sister, Princess Louise, were both married in Lent. Her Majesty has fish put upon the table at all meals on Fridays for those who wish to partake of it, as she never dictates to anyone about his or her religious customs; but one sacred habit in the royal household is daily morning prayer, which is rigorously insisted upon.

A PATRICIAN OLD BARONET.

Sir Harry Verney, the second oldest baronet in England, who died a few days ago at the ripe old age of 93, retired from the army as far back as 1827. Sir Harry will be much missed in Buckinghamshire, and the more so on account of the very regrettable circumstances which have embittered his declining years, and have necessarily obscured the social prospects of his eldest son and successor, who is now 55 years of age and the father of two grown-up daughters. The late baronet, who succeeded to his father's brand new title in 1826, was, as Captain Calvert, of the Grenadiers, some time private secretary to the great Duke of Wellington. He obtained permission by royal sign manual to change his name to Verney in 1827, since, though entirely unrelated to that family, he had then succeeded to their property.

A certain Miss Nicholson married the son and heir presumptive of Lord Farmanagh; by this husband, who predeceased his father, she had a daughter, Mary Verney, who was created Baroness Farmanagh in 1782. Her ladyship's mother married secondly Richard Calvert, the far-away kinsman of a London brewer, called Felix Calvert, immortalized under another name by Thackeray. Lady Farmanagh left her estates to her half-sister by the latter marriage, Catherine Calvert, who in her turn bequeathed them to the late Sir Harry, then Captain Calvert, who was a grandson of the aforesaid Felix, the brewer, and proprietor of "Foker's entire," a well-known brand of British porter. Sir Harry Verney was not the oldest baronet, for Rev. Sir J. W. Hayes is now in his 95th year, having been born Aug. 12, 1799.

THE OLD RED PALACE AT KEW.

The quaint old red Palace of Kew, in the suburbs of London, which looks like the money box which always stood on the nursery mantel-shelf and into which cents went and never came out, is doomed either to be turned into a supplementary museum or to come down altogether. It has not been occupied for nearly a hundred years and has no furniture in it. Being a royal palace it has a staff of servants, the chief of which is the housekeeper, who has a pretty little house close by. There was some talk of this palace being made a residence for the Duke and Duchess of York, but the project fell through. Few people are aware that buried among the woods between Kew and Richmond is a very charming old cottage called "The Queen's Tea-house." It was built for Queen Charlotte, who used to come there often during her most weary years of waiting to drink a dish of tea. There is still in it some rare old blue delft tea ware, pretty chintzes and valuable pictures. This little house, which has only two rooms and a kitchen, is also weighted with retainers and the "keeper of the queen's cottage," has a house and salary from the lord chamberlain's department. All round the green at Kew are a number of small and large houses, the property of Queen Victoria. They were originally built to hold George III.'s suite during his insanity. The largest belongs to the Duke of Cambridge and another her Majesty lately gave to the dowager Lady Erroll; in a third resides old Lord Perth, who bears also the ancient title of Duke of Melfort; with him lives his only daughter, Lady Edith Drummond, to whom the dukedom descends on her father's death.

LORDS WHO REMAIN COVERED BEFORE ROYALTY.

Lord Forester, as the descendant and representative of John Forester, of Watling street, County Salop, to whom the still extant grant was made by Henry VIII., enjoys the privilege, if it is one, of remaining covered in the presence of royal kings of England, his first obeisance having been made. Lord Kingsdale inherits a similar doubtful distinction, but in the former case the grant was made for some mysterious and unexplained reason to a commoner; in the latter to the Irish Earl of Ulster, John de Courcy, as far back as the reign of King John, while the Forester peerage is hardly more than seventy years old.

The King of England and Philip II. of France agreed to settle some dispute as to that very fruitful subject of contention, the Norman duchy, by single combat. The Earl of Ulster represented England, and no sooner put in an appearance than the French knight selected to oppose him put spurs to his horse and bolted. King John then made the usual imprudent promise of the period to grant the earl anything he might choose to ask, and the good earl, who had good reasons for despising Lackland, declared that he simply wished to be saved the trouble of removing his head covering in future out of courtly instinct. The Lords Kingsdale have occasionally claimed their "privilege," once for obvious reasons, after the abdication of James II., when Dutch William commented on the apparent disrespect to his royal dignity, and then gloomily assented, and at a much later period one of them is said to have kept his hat on in the presence of George III.

One of the oldest families in Virginia, a branch of which resides in Brooklyn, have for generations spelled their surname Enroutly, but they pronounce it Darby. Another family name in Virginia is that of Tallaferro, which is pronounced Tolver.