

STORIES OF ANIMAL LIFE.

WELL-DRILLED ANTS.

Ants appear to have for their motto, "In union there is strength." They set the best regulated human committees a model in this respect, maintaining a wonderful degree of drill and discipline, by means of which they are enabled to accomplish tasks which beforehand would seem quite out of the question. A traveller in Central America witnessed the following instance of this trait.

The ants, which were of a very minute size, carried a dead, full-grown scorpion up the wall of our room from the floor to the ceiling, and thence along the under surface of a beam to a considerable distance, where, at last, they brought it safely into their nest in the interior of the wood.

During the latter part of this achievement, they had to bear the whole weight of the scorpion, together with their own in their inverted position, and in this way to move along the beam. The order was so perfect that we could not detect the slightest deviation from an absolute symmetry, either in the arrangement of the little army of workers, or in their movements.

No corps of engineers could be drilled to a more absolute perfection in the performance of a mechanical task. According to a rough calculation, there must have been five or six hundred of these intelligent little creatures at work.

Besides those engaged in the transportation, no others were seen. A single one was sitting on the sting at the end of the scorpion's tail, as if stationed there to overlook and direct the whole proceeding; all the rest, without an exception, were at work.

FOND OF THE PIGS.

Not long ago a French steamer, the *Arctic*, trading from Havre, was wrecked in the Straits of Magellan, but the passengers were saved. A monkey named Felix was rescued and taken possession of, by a farmer who lived near Punta Arenas, and was carried to his rescuer's farm.

Almost the only other animals that he found here were the farmer's pigs, about forty in number, great and small, and to these pigs Felix took a very strong liking. He played and slept with them, and followed them wherever they went, riding on the back of one or another of them.

The herd of pigs travelled at their will about the farm, and whether it rained or shone, whether it was hot or cold,—and even in summer there are some very cold winds at the Straits of Magellan,—Felix always set out in the morning on the back of one of his favorites.

At evening he drove the pigs home, performing this duty much better and more swiftly than a man could have done it. If any one attempted to catch one of the pigs, Felix flew into a violent rage. No offers of cakes and sweetmeats would tempt him to leave the herd and enter his master's house.

Winter came at last, and as, at this season, the primitive farmers of the region make no provision for their swine, the pigs left the buildings, and lived in a perfectly wild state. Felix went away with them, but when they were brought up in the spring he had disappeared. He had, without a doubt, died of cold.

A POLITE MONKEY.

The following pretty incidents related in the *Irish Times* about a monkey and a dog, again illustrating the advantages of politeness, even among animals.

A brave, active, intelligent terrier, belonging to a lady friend, one day discovered a monkey, belonging to an itinerant organ-grinder, seated upon a bank within the grounds, and at once made a dash for him. The monkey, who was attired in jacket and hat, awaited the onset in such undisturbed tranquillity that the dog halted within a few feet of him to reconnoitre.

Both animals took a long, steady stare at each other, but the dog evidently was recovering from his surprise, and about to make a spring for the intruder.

At this critical juncture, the monkey, who had remained perfectly quiet hitherto, raised his paw and gracefully saluted by lifting his hat.

The effect was magical. The dog's head and tail dropped, and he sneaked off into the house, refusing to leave it until his polite but mysterious guest had departed.

ACUTE PERCEPTION.

An English writer observes that the sense of hearing in some birds seems as wonderful and discriminating as that of smell in dogs.

A thrush has been seen to listen for worms, and very evidently to hear them, too, though within two yards of a noisy lawn mower; while robins appear to be able to distinguish the voices of their own offspring and parents from a number of others, and at a great distance. It is suggested that such cases indicate the "exclusive direction of the attention of a sense" rather than mere keenness.

A DOG STORY.

An exchange says: The other day our Newfoundland dog was playing on the porch with our little girl, four years old, when she opened the gate and went out. The dog did not follow her. Sometime afterward the child's mother came out, discovered her absence, and said to the dog:

"Where is Nellie?" The dog looked as if he knew, and wagged his tail furiously. "Go this instant," said the mother, "and find Nellie and bring her home."

Out over the gate flew the dog and started down the street to a neighbor's house not far off. Nellie was playing there, inside the house, and saw the dog come and scratch at a verandah window.

"I know what he wants," said the little girl; "he wants me to go home, but I'm not going to do it!"

The dog was not admitted, but he lingered near, like Mary's little lamb, and when two ladies called presently he brushed in past them through the door. Then, rushing up to Nellie, he seized her dress with his teeth and began dragging her to the door. An attempt was made to drive him off, but he growled and held his place. The little girl, beginning to be frightened, gave up all resistance and trotted home by his side, and he delivered her with an air of triumph into her mother's hands. What "instinct" would lead a dog to do that?

HE SUICIDED.

The St. Paul Pioneer Press furnishes evidence of a pathetic character, showing that dogs, like human beings, can get the blues and come to the rash resolution of ending their troubles in death:

That a dog tired of the carking cares of life and the rattle-bang of tin cans can deliberately commit suicide is no longer to be doubted. A yellow cur with a watery eye and a tail at half-mast walked on the Minnesota & Northwestern motor line tracks the other day with an air of calm despair. His muzzle was thin and nearly clothless; through his flanks the shadows of ribs could be seen; his hair was coarse and dirty. No trains were in sight as he looked up and down the track, but he heard afar off the rumbling of one approaching. Looking up to the blue sky, glowing with the first warm tints of approaching summer, catching from the distant woods the scent of columbine and violets, feeling the thrill of soft spring through his whiskers, he deliberately lay down on the roadway, with his head across one rail, and closed his eyes. Apparently he was sleeping. The train drew nearer and nearer, but he did not waver. The rails trembled beneath him, the ground was shaken, there was a roaring in his ears, and he could almost feel the hot breath of his destroyer; but he was determined. Feebly raising his tail and wagging it slowly as a last farewell to earth, he commended his body to the scavengers and met his death like a Trojan. He unmistakably wanted to die.

School Dress.

No doubt the faculty and trustees of any girls' school would do service to universal womankind by insisting upon a plain, sensible costume to be worn by all pupils during the school years. Many points can be urged in favor—regard for physiological needs of developing girls, the sisterhood, which would at once put all young ladies, rich and poor alike, on the footing of equality in dress during the years they are intimately associated beneath the same roof and in the same work, ending foolish and oftentimes bitter rivalry between those who cannot afford to dress richly; and, perhaps, no less important point than the others, reserve the pleasures of beautiful costuming for the entrance upon social life, which is really the beginning of the necessity for individuality in dress.

While girls are in the school-room their minds should be occupied with its work and the simple, healthful pleasures incidental to harmonious development of the bodily and mental powers which are to make the grand women later, and a simple costume, varied in color to save monotony, would conduce greatly to the benefits of a school or college course. Make this regulation dress pretty and attractive, light in weight, refined and graceful, always bearing in mind the freedom for development of good, sound limbs and muscles; but keep rich fabrics and fine jewels for the social debut.

Keep the girls young, and with something always in anticipation, for nothing is more disgusting and disheartening to thoughtful people than the *blase* miss of sixteen who knows everything and doesn't see much in life anyhow.

Rheumatic.

The drafted farmer, of whom an army surgeon relates this anecdote, must have been in general a reasonably honest man. If he had been accustomed to lying, he would most likely have been less easily trapped. I was up at Camp Denison, examining conscripts, and had refused many heart-rending pleas for exemption. One day a farmer, a German, who thought more of his turnips and cabbage than he did of military glory, was brought in to me.

"Doctor," he said, "I am not fit to go to the war; I am all crippled up with the rheumatism."

"Where?" said I. "In my right arm; I can only raise it 'yoost so high'" lifting his hand about two inches from his body, with great apparent effort.

"Well, you have got it pretty bad," said I; "you certainly can't go to war in that condition. How high could you raise your arm before you got rheumatism?"

"Oh, so high," said he, raising his arm high above his head.

That was just what I expected, and I sent him along to the front.

Clothes That Kill.

The advice to women to promote their health by outdoor exercise is never wanting. But no amount of fresh air exercise can save women from the evil effects of their present style of dress. It is their clothes that kill them.

Every step a woman takes her foot contends with her skirts. She lifts it on the instep, and she lifts it on the heel. The weight may be ounces or pounds, but it is taken up at every step. The heavy skirts, with flounces, overskirts, and other trimmings, hang their many pounds, flapping around the feet and legs of the wearer. The corset does not allow space to take a full breath, and the tight sleeves cause the muscles to cry for room. Dressed in this fashion, the wearer returns from her walk for "fresh air and exercise" tired through, and through, and is the worse for it, because she has lifted and carried hundreds of pounds.

Stand on any city street corner, and watch the women as they pass. How tired they look! How their dresses flap around them! Contrast them with men. Men's feet lift but one weight of clothes. Men's steps contend with nothing. Every muscle has its natural exercise. Outdoor air and exercise are good for them.

How to be a "Nobody."

It is easy to be nobody, and the *Wachman* tells how to do it. Go to the drinking saloon to spend your leisure time. You need not drink much now, just a little beer or some other drink. In the meantime, play dominoes, checkers, or something else to kill time, so that you will be sure not to read any useful books. If you read anything, let it be the dime novel of the day. Thus go on keeping your stomach full and your head empty, and yourself playing time-killing games, and in a few years you will be a first class nobody, unless you should turn out a drunkard or a professional gambler, either of which is worse than nobody. There are any number of young men hanging about saloons just ready to graduate and be nobodies.

If creases have been formed in a silk garment which has been laid by, a remedy may be found in hanging the silk where the damp night air will reach it. It will never do to put a hot iron upon silk, as it "takes all the life out of it."

A Cleveland man fell from a scaffold a distance of 72 feet at 5 o'clock in the afternoon and was married at 8 in the evening. Ohio people come from a tough old stock.

STORIES FOR BUSINESS MEN.

HOW JACOB BARKER RETALIATED.

Many years ago the eccentric Jacob Barker offered some good business paper for discount at one of the Wall street banks, and when the Board of Directors met they threw the paper out. That displeased friend Jacob, and in a few days he presented \$40,000 in bills of that same bank at the counter and demanded the specie from the astonished officers. It was rolled out to him in kegs of \$1,000 each—the teller of the bank informing him that they were obliged to give him five and ten cent pieces.

Here was a dilemma for even so bright and redoubtable a man as Jacob, but he was equal to the emergency. He ordered the porter to unhead the casks, which, being done, Jacob took a handful of coin from each and requested the teller to place the remainder—which they were obliged to count—to his credit. It required the whole available force of the institution to count that money, and many late hours were made.

WHAT IS BANKING?

Old Mr. Le Fevre, the principal founder of the great English banking house of Curries & Co., illustrated the simple theory of banking to a customer one day in a manner rivaling the best treatises on that subject. The customer in question was one of those men who find it convenient to have bad memories and tantalizing at times to have good ones. His account was usually overdrawn, and when spoken to on the hitch thus occasioned, his answer was invariably the same: he really had forgotten how it stood. At last Mr. Le Fevre caught him one day at the counter, and said to him:

"Mr. Y—, you and I must understand each other something better than we now seem to. I am afraid you don't know what banking really is; give me leave to tell you what it is. It's my business to take care of your money, but I find you are always taking care of mine. Now that is not banking; it must be the other way. I'm the banker, not you."

WEIGHT OF BURDETT-COUTTS' INHERITANCE.

The late Duchess of St. Albans left Miss Burdett-Coutts the regal sum of £1,800,000, or some \$9,000,000. The weight of this prodigious sum in gold, reckoning sixty sovereigns to the pound, is thirteen tons, seven cwt., three qrs., twelve lbs., and would require 107 men to carry it, supposing that each of them carried the solid weight of 298 pounds. This large sum may also be partially guessed by considering that counting at the rate of sixty sovereigns a minute for eight hours a day and six days in the week, it would take ten weeks, two days and four hours to accomplish the task. In sovereigns, by the most exact computation, each measuring in diameter seven-twentieths of an inch, and placed to touch each other, it would reach 24 miles and 250 yards; and in crown pieces, 113½ miles 280 yards.

ROTHSCHILD'S TERRIBLE REVENGE.

An amusing adventure is related as having happened to the Bank of England, which had committed the unpardonable sin of refusing to discount a large bill drawn by Anselm Rothschild, of Frankfurt, on Nathan Rothschild, of London. The Bank had haughtily replied that they discounted only their own bills, not those of private persons; but they had to do with one stronger than the bank.

"Private persons!" exclaimed Nathan when the fact was reported to him. "I will make these gentlemen see what kind of private persons we are."

Three weeks later Nathan Rothschild—who had employed the interval in gathering all the five-pound notes he could procure in England and on the continent—presented himself at the bank. He drew from his pocketbook a five-pound note, and they naturally counted out five sovereigns, at the same time looking quite astonished that the Baron Rothschild should have personally troubled himself for such a trifle. The Baron examined one by one the coins, and put them in a little canvas bag, then drawing out another note—a third—a tenth—a hundredth—he never put the pieces of gold into the bag without scrupulously examining them, and in some instances trying them in the balance, as the law gave him the right to do.

The first pocketbook being emptied and the first bag full, he passed them to his clerk and received a second, and thus continued till the bank closed. The Baron had employed seven hours to change £21,000, but as he had also nine employes of his house engaged in the same manner, it resulted that the house of Rothschild had drawn £210,000 in gold from the Bank of England, and that he had so occupied the tellers that no other person could change a single note.

Everything which bears the stamp of eccentricity has always pleased the English. They were, therefore, the first day, very much amused at the little pique of Baron Rothschild. They laughed less when they saw him return the next day, at the opening of the bank, flanked by his nine clerks, and followed this time by drays to carry away the specie. They laughed not at all when the king of bankers said with ironic simplicity:

"These gentlemen have refused to pay my bills, I have sworn not to keep theirs. At their leisure—only I notify them that I have enough to employ them for two months—"

"For two months!"

"Eleven millions in gold drawn from the Bank of England which they have never possessed."

A MODEST CHECK.

In the negotiations made some years ago by the English Government for a loan of eighty million dollars the successful contractors were the Messrs. Rothschild. In paying the first deposit toward this amount to the government the check they drew was for the sum of six million dollars. This was probably the largest check ever drawn by a private banking house.

A REAL HIBERNIANISM.

A good-natured Hibernian wanted a friend to discount a note.

"If I advance the money, asked the lender, 'will you pay your note punctually?'"

"I will, on my honor," replied the other, "the expenses of the protest all 'em."

FOUR MONEY-MAKING RULES.

Rothschild commonly ascribed his early success, in a great degree, to the following rules:

First—I combined three profits, I made the manufacturer my customer—that is: I supplied the manufacturer with raw material and dyes, on each of which I made a profit, and took his manufactured goods, which I sold at a profit.

Second—Make a bargain at once. Be an off-hand man.

Third—Never have anything to do with an unlucky man or place. I have seen many clever men who had not shoes to their feet. I never act with them; their advice sounds very well, but fate is against them. They cannot get on themselves; how can they do good to me?

Fourth—Be cautious and bold. It requires a great deal of boldness and a great deal of caution to make a great fortune; and when you have got it, it requires ten times as much wit to keep it.

A Caller Baffled.

An Englishman of the last century, Sir Thomas Robinson by name, was famous for nothing but being a great bore. He made a great many visits, and sometimes many public men had to resort to all sorts of expedients to avoid him. At the house of a certain high official where he called, the servant's announcement, "My master and mistress are out," often had no effect on him.

"Oh, well," he would say, "I will just drop in and have a chat with the children." Sometimes he said he "would have a talk with the parrot," or "I'll just take the opportunity of setting my watch by the great clock on the staircase."

One morning, when it was really impossible to admit him, Sir Thomas appeared bright and smiling, at the door. The servant looked down from an upper window.

"My master and mistress are out," said the servant, as soon as he saw Sir Thomas.

"Ah? Well, I'll just step in and"—

"The children are all asleep, sir!"

"Indeed? Well, I'll"—

"The parrot is dead, Sir Thomas!"

"Ah, that's bad! At any rate, I'll"—

"The clock is stopped, sir! It's not going since last night."

Completely baffled, the tiresome gentleman was compelled to withdraw without getting in.

Mono Lake.

Mono Lake is another sheet of water that is full of soda, borax, and other minerals in solution, says a Nevada paper. The waters of both Owens and Mono lakes are a natural detergent. The dirtiest and greasiest of clothing is made clean in half a minute by simply rinsing the article in the lakes. It lathers naturally when agitated. When there is a high wind a wall of suds 3 or 4 feet in height is seen along that shore upon which the waves beat. This quivering wall—in which are seen all the colors of the rainbow and as many beauties as are shown by the kaleidoscope—would grow to a height of ten or twelve feet before toppling over, but when it attains a certain height the wind catches it up and wafts great balls of it far inland. Some of these floating balloons of lather are as big as a flour barrel. As the prevailing winds are from the west all vegetation on the eastern shore of the lakes is killed for a distance of many rods. When there are unusually high winds the balls of suds are blown so far inland as to reach clumps of willows and other bushes, the leaves of which are then seen to be scorched as though by fire. The water, just as it comes from the lakes, would make an excellent shampoo for the use of barbers; and the solid matter, resulting from evaporation would make a fine washing powder for laundry use.

A Poser.

The following story is told of a Virginia gentleman, rather advanced in life, who was about to be united in marriage to a lady very much his junior. Going to make her a visit just before their wedding, her old colored mamma came courtesying into the parlor, eager to make the acquaintance of the future lord and master of her young lady.

"Well, Aunt Chloe," said the gentleman in question, after the preliminary greeting, "what do you think of Miss Lucy's choice, now you've seen him?"

"I likes you mighty well, Mars' John, fur as I've seen you," replied Aunt Chloe, after a moment's deliberation; "but you's too old for Miss Lucy."

"Too old, Aunt Chloe!" exclaimed the gentleman, somewhat discomfited by Aunt Chloe's unexpected candour. "You don't know what you're talking about" (straightening himself up). "Why I'm just in my prime."

"Yes, sir, I sees you is," replied the still unconvinced Aunt Chloe; "but when Miss Lucy gits in her prime, whar you gwine be den?"

The New Eastern Route.

The following table shows the distance in thousands of miles between Great Britain and points in the east, over the several routes:

	Via Canada	Via Suez	Via the Cape	Via Horn.
To Japan.....	9½	13½	15½	15½
To Shanghai....	10½	12½	14½	16
To Hong Kong..	11	11	13	16
To Brisbane....	11½	12½	14½	13½
To Sydney.....	12	12	13½	12½
To Auckland... 12	12	14	11½	

Allowing for two days occupied at Halifax and Vancouver in transhipment, the Canadian Pacific has a great advantage in point of time over the Cape route to the objectives named. Other advantages of the new route over any other, mentioned by the *Times'* correspondent are that it follows a great circle, or in other words, "travels at latitudes where degrees of longitude are "shortest"; that the seas crossed are cool—a matter of immense advantage to marine engineers as well as passengers—and for the most part free from monsoons and tropical cyclones; that 2,500 miles of it consist of a comparatively direct and easily-worked line of railway; and that the sea-courses are direct, the sinuosities of coast lines and the dangers of coastwise navigation being thus avoided. Moreover, the route, except where it crosses the high seas, lies wholly within portions of the British Empire, for which reason it has been termed the "Empire" route."

Among revivals in medieval style of dress those for children, reproducing the garments worn by little people in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, are very picturesque and also very comfortable.

A Boston man who was accused of selling cigars on the Lord's Day pleaded that he had the right to sell them because tobacco is a drug. He was fined \$10, and he appealed to the Superior Court.

The Position in Corea.

The King of Corea has appointed five Ministers Plenipotentiary to represent his Government in European courts, and this China regards as hostile to her interests, and as incompatible with the sovereignty which she claims over this unfortunate peninsula. Mr. Yuen, China's representative in Corea, has there left the country, and the latest news from Corea is that a serious crisis is impending.

When Yuen was sent to Corea several years ago an English diplomatist asked Li Hung Chang what his title and position were. The reply of the Viceroy clearly indicates the attitude of China toward her neighbor on the east. "When," asked Li Hung, "is the title of the agents of the British Government who live at the capitals of the native States in India?" They are called Residents," replied the diplomatist. "Then," said the Viceroy, "we will call Yuen a Resident." Whatever his title may be, if reports are true, Yuen has been a fearless and faithful servant of his Government.

It was he who two years ago imprisoned or forced into exile the Anti-Chinese Ministers of the King and filled their places with men who were loyal to China. It was he who last year nipped in the bud the projects of the Russian Minister at Seoul, who sought to induce the Korean King to accept a Russian protectorate. In the letter that Yuen wrote to the King thirteen months ago he informed his Majesty that he was listening to the counsels of "selfish and cunning flatterers" who led him astray. It must be that the flatterers have again gained the King's ear, for the rumor is that Yuen had fled from Seoul during the night in fear for his life.

Corea's position is certainly not happy. Nonnally an absolute monarch, her King is forced to send an embassy with presents annually to Peking as an act of vassalage. While Japan yearned for possessions on the mainland, Corea was the land she coveted, and the battle ground of the Japanese and Chinese forces. Corea has suffered many ills, too, from China's vacillating policy. At one time advising Corea to make treaties with the west, China now regards her authority as menaced because Corea wishes to send Ministers to foreign powers. We hear Li Hung Chang assert at one time that China is in no way responsible for the acts of Corea, and at another we see an army in possession of Seoul and sternly enforcing the sovereignty of China.

The Marquis Tseng recently declared that China was about to make "better arrangements for the government of her vassal States." It is certain that Corea sadly needs these better arrangements, if China is to continue in control of the peninsula.

Weddings in Aristocratic London.

The weddings in London are certainly totally different from like festivities in America, and a marriage in high life is a long ceremony. If there be any pretensions to "Swellness" there is a certain amount of music and two hymns are invariably sung. These are printed on gilt-edged white satin and placed in the pews, and not only the guests but the bridal party are all expected to take part in singing them. Some time before the ceremony is to take place the families and honored guests form in a line on either side of the aisle through which the bride is to pass, and the bridesmaid's stand in the aisle in couples behind the bride until the marriage is finished, when immediately all the wedding party, including the guests of highest rank, repair to the vestry and witness the signing of the parish register by the newly wedded pair, and themselves sign also.

After a very smart wedding the other day I went into the vestry room, and, through the courtesy of the curate, I saw the recently signed register with "Albert Edward," "Victor" and a host of other "swells" as witnesses. The curate, who had evidently a very keen sense of the ridiculous, called my attention to the age of the various brides as registered for years past. The oldest proved to be 27, the majority 19.

"I assure you," said the good-looking curate, "plenty of them are much over 40, but where is the woman, even on a solemn occasion, who will tell the truth about her own age?"

It is a pretty and usual custom to have a page and maid of honor, generally children, strew flowers before the bride upon her entrance and distribute marriage favors among the guests, such as orange blossoms tied up with white satin ribbon. An immense number of weddings take place each year before 3 o'clock in the day in St. George's, since this is the latest hour fixed by the law as proper and legal and this is the parish church of Belgrave and, in fact, of the dwellers of the court end of aristocratic London.

The Discovery of America.

Columbus will no doubt get all the credit at the proposed quadri-centennial celebration in 1892, of having discovered America; but the fact is now almost undisputed that Leif Erickson, the Norseman, had nearly 500 years start of him. "There is no historical fact in the world better established than that America was discovered by the Icelanders in the year A. D. 1001," writes Prof. Majunssen of Cambridge University Library, in England, and he adds: "There is not a learned body in Europe that ever breathes a doubt about it. The saga of the discovery is no legend; it is a sober historical narrative. It can be read in the 'Antiquitates Americane,' published by the Royal Society of Antiquaries of Copenhagen, a copy of which, no doubt, adorns the shelves of the Massachusetts Historical Society." It is also a well-authenticated historic fact that Columbus visited Iceland in 1477 and learned of Erickson's discovery, the records of which had been preserved. Nevertheless, he deserves a celebration for having had the courage to satisfy himself of the actual existence of this great continent. Had it not been for him it might have been another 500 years before any practical use was made of Erickson's discovery, and, if so, where would we be now?

A bonnet and trimmings may be worn a much longer time if the dust be brushed well off after walking.

A big bow of ribbon, with long loops, placed on the crown, with the loops falling downward in front, is the latest fancy in hat trimming.

The original Bartlett pear trees, named after Enoch Bartlett, still stand on his grounds near Boston and are over 50 years old. Twenty years ago a new top was grafted upon these old trees and they still bear fine fruit.