THE WONDER BOOK
By William Edward Shepard

Alternate Title:
"Remarkable Stories And Curiosities From The Animal World"

Embracing Stories Of Animal Devotion,
Sagacity, Instinct, Habits, Industry, And
Many Curiosities Connected Therewith

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PREFACE

This book, with its several hundred remarkable stories and curious things from the animal world, deals with animals from the tiny insect to the great mammoth. While it is especially adapted to the juveniles, yet it will be found very helpful to the adult as well. It will furnish a fund of illustration for the preacher and other public speakers. It is intended not only to give pleasure in reading, but it is a book of education, high morals, and frequent applications to the Christian life. No boy nor girl can read it without being moved to great kindness to dumb animals.

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001 -- THE BROKEN HEARTED DOG

During the French Revolution M. des R____, an ancient magistrate and most estimable man, was condemned to death on the charge of conspiracy and thrown into prison. M. des R____ had a water spaniel, which had been brought up by him, and had never quitted him. Refused admission to the prison, he returned to his. master's house, and finding it shut, he took refuge with a neighbor. Every day at the same hour the dog left the house, and went to the door of the prison. He was refused admittance, but he constantly passed an hour before it, and then returned. His fidelity at length won over the porter, and he was allowed one day to enter. The dog saw his master and clung to him. The jailor with difficulty forced him away. He came back the next morning, and every day; once each day he was admitted. He licked the hand of his friend, looked him in the face, again licked his hand, and went away of himself.

After the execution, at which the dog was present, he walked by the side of the corpse to its burial-place, and after the ceremony laid himself upon the grave. There he passed the first night, the next day, and the second night. The neighbor in the meantime, unhappy at not seeing him, goes in search of his friend, finds him by his master's grave, caresses him, and makes him eat. An hour afterwards the dog escaped, and regained his favorite place. Three months passed away, each morning of which he came to seek his food, and then returned to the grave of his master, but each

day he was more sad, more meager, more languishing. He was chained up, but broke his fetters, escaped, returned to the grave, and never quitted it more. It was in vain that they tried to bring him back. They carried him food, but he ate no longer.

For hours he was seen employing his weakened limbs in digging up the earth that separated him from his master. Passion gave him strength, and he gradually approached the body. At last his faithful heart gave way, and he breathed out his last gasp, as if he knew that he had found his master. -- (From "A Hundred Anecdotes of Animals," by Percy J. Billinghurst. John Lane Company, Publishers. New York.)

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002 -- THE CAT WHICH DIED OF GRIEF

A lady in France possessed a cat which exhibited great affection for her. She accompanied her everywhere, and when she sat down always lay at her feet. From no other hands than those of her mistress would she take food, nor would she allow any one else to fondle her.

The lady kept a number of tame birds; but the cat, though she would willingly have caught and eaten strange birds, never injured one of them.

At last the lady fell ill, when nothing could induce the cat to leave her chamber; and on her death, the attendants had to carry away the poor animal by force. The next morning, however, she was found in the room of death, creeping slowly about, and mewing piteously. After the funeral, the faithful cat made her escape from the house, and was at length discovered stretched out lifeless above the grave of her mistress, having evidently died of a broken heart. -- (From "Stories of the Sagacity of Animals," by W. H. G. Kingston. T. Nelson & Sons, Publishers. New York.)

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003 -- THE HORSE AT THE CROSSING

"Babe," a black horse connected with the Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, mounted police force, is the guardian of the children of the Third Ward school of that city. The parents of the 1375 boys and girls in this school no longer fear the dangerous crossing in front of the building for the children, since the advent of Babe.

Before Babe and Patrolman Gallagher were stationed on the crossing near the school, there were on an average three fatalities a year, but during the two years of their service at that point, there has not been a single accident.

If any child lingers in the middle of the car tracks, Babe's first warning is to poke his muzzle in its face: If no attention is paid to this, he gently picks up the child by its loose clothing, and carefully takes it to safety. If a child attempts to cross the street when a trolley car is coming, Babe will stand across the track in front of the car and will not move until the child is safely over. The children all know and love the big gentle creature, and usually heed his first warning.

One day last winter a little boy attempted to cross the street in front of an oil wagon. The street was slippery, and the driver could not stop his team. Babe dashed in front of the heavy wagon, seized the boy in his teeth, and tossed him aside. The pole of the wagon struck the brave horse, however, and inflicted a severe wound, the result being that he spent six weeks in the hospital. Another time Babe intercepted a little boy who was chasing a swiftly moving car. This time the horse's rider was injured.

When the Third Ward school has its picnic, Babe and Patrolman Gallagher are to go with the pupils, to avoid accidents. For this skillful care of the children the officer gives all the credit to his horse. In speaking of Babe, not long ago, he said: "He thinks and acts just as quick, whether I am in the saddle or not. Since he first joined the force he has been the guardian of the children, and many of the things he does he has worked out himself." (Our Dumb Animals.)

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004 -- THE STONE THAT REBOUNDED

"O, boys, boys, don't throw stones at that poor bird," said an old, grey-headed man; "I am afraid the stone will rebound, and hurt you as long as you liver

"Fifty years ago I was a boy like you. I used to throw stones, and, as I had no other boy very near me to play with, I threw them till I became very accurate in my aim. One day I went to work for an aged couple of the name of Hamilton. They seemed very old people then. They were very kind to everybody and everything. Few had so many swallows making their nests under the roofs of their barns; few had so many pets that seemed to love them as they. For seven years a bird had come, after the long winter was over, and built her nest in the same place, and there reared her young ones. She had just returned on the day that I went there to work, and they welcomed her back. She hopped about, as if glad to get back. In the course of the day I thought I would try my skill upon her. She sat upon a post near a spot where she was to build her nest, and looked at me with all confidence, as much as to say, 'You won't hurt me?' I found a nice stone, and, poising my arm, I threw it with my utmost skill. It struck the bird on the head, and she dropped dead l I was sorry the moment I saw her fall; but the deed was done. All day long her mate flew about, and chirped in tones so sad that it made my heart ache. Why had I taken a life So innocent, and made the poor mate grieve so? I said nothing to the old people about it, but through a grandchild they found it out; and, though they never mentioned it to me, I knew that they mourned for the bird, and were deeply grieved at my cruelty. I could never look them in the face afterwards as I had done before. They have been dead many, many years, and so has the poor bird; but don't you see how that stone rebounded and hit me" How deep a wound it made upon my memory l How deep upon my conscience! Why, my dear boys, I would make great sacrifices today if I could undo that one deed! For fifty years I have carried it in my memory, and if what I have now said shall prevent you from throwing a stone at a poor bird, that may rebound and deeply wound your conscience, I shall rejoice."

The boys thanked the aged man, dropped their stones, and the bird had no more trouble from them. -- (Tract Association of Friends.)

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005 -- THE FORGIVING OX

There was once a well-to-do farmer who was in the habit of ridiculing Christianity. He seemed disgusted with all he saw and heard in that direction. One time, in a very irritable mood, he undertook to plow a field. One of his oxen stepped over the chain, whereupon he flew at it in a rage and beat it mercilessly. After this, while passing in front of the abused ox, the noble animal looked up in the face of his master and licked his arm. This text at once came into his mind: "The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib: but Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider." He felt his own baseness, unyoked his oxen and gave up work, that he might get out of his trouble. He was led to a profession of Christianity, and over the stall of the abused ox, now his favorite, he placed the motto: "The ox knoweth his owner."

What an example this faithful and forgiving ox set for us of more intelligence! How often people fall out with their fellow man and hold revenge and hard feelings! Jesus taught us "If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses." Matthew 6:15. Hatred is a frightful thing to carry around in one's bosom. It is an injury to the health of soul and body. "Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer." 1 John 3:15.

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006 -- THE DOG BENEFACTOR

A number of rough boys in Liverpool had stoned a cat and dragged it through a pool of water, no one of the many passers-by attempting to stop them, when a dog coming up was moved with pity and indignation at the brutal proceedings, which ought to have induced the human beings who witnessed it to interfere. Barking furiously, he rushed in among the boys, and then carried off the ill-used cat in his mouth, bleeding, and almost senseless, to his kennel at the Talbot Inn, to which he belonged. He there laid it on the straw, licked it till it was clean, and then stretched himself on it, as if to impart to it some of his own warmth. On its beginning to revive, he set out to obtain food for it, when the people of the inn, noticing his behavior, gave his patient some warm milk.

Some days passed before the cat recovered, and during the whole time the dog never remitted in his attentions to it. The cat, in return, exhibited the warmest gratitude to the dog, and for many years afterwards they were seen going about the streets of Liverpool together.

Do you not blush for human nature when you hear of boys exhibiting less compassion than a dog? Be watchful that you never have cause to blush for yourself. -- (From "A Hundred Anecdotes of Animals," by Percy J. Billinghurst. John Lane Company, Publishers. New York.)

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007 -- THE BEASTS KNOW

F. C. Bostock, the celebrated trainer of wild animals, says, "In some curious, incomprehensible way, wild animals know instinctively whether men are addicted to bad habits. It is one of the many problems that are beyond human understanding. For those who are in the least inclined to drink, or live a loose life, the wild animal has neither fear nor respect. He despises them with all the contempt of his nature and recognizes neither their authority nor their superiority. If a man has begun to take just a little, or has deviated somewhat from the straight road, the animals will discover it long before' his fellow-men. Absolute personal integrity seems to be the first requisite for the man who would get the confidence and control of animals. The quality in the trainer which dominates the animal nature within is precisely the quality which dominates the animal he trains. If he yields to the brute within him, no matter how little, his perfect poise and self-mastery are gone, and the keen instinct of the wild: beast recognizes this instantly. Beasts seem to understand man's degradation to their level, and his life is in danger every moment he is in their cage." (Our Dumb Animals.)

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008 -- OVER NIAGARA FALLS

There is a very touching story of an eagle floating down the rapids and over Niagara Falls. On a cake of ice lay a dead lamb. The keen eye of the eagle had spied it, and a fine dinner was in store. The proud bird swooped down upon the cake of ice as it floated down the stream, and was enjoying its feast. A little later the ice cake, lamb and eagle were observed nearing the rapids. What did the eagle care for rapids, when it had such wings? What did it care for the approach of the Falls when all it had to do was to raise its pinions and soar away at will. Finally, in the swiftness of the current the eagle saw that to remain on the ice any longer would be its destruction, so just as it was about to slip over the perpendicular, it raised its wings and began to flap them for its flight. What horror must have filled that bird's being, when it discovered that its feet were frozen fast to the ice! What unutterable anguish to feel that it had stayed there too long, and now it was too late. With an awful screech, bird, ice and lamb all went over together.

Reader, is not this a picture of many souls bound for Eternity? The great falls of perdition are just ahead, and many are trifling with time and holding on to sin as a sweet morsel. "There's plenty of time yet," says the procrastinator as he nears the rapids. Finally, when it is too late for repentance, he drifts over the falls into eternal night and despair. While you have the chance, escape and be saved, before it is too late.

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009 -- THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERD DOG

In South Dakota a farmer had a flock of sheep which were faithfully watched over by two very sagacious shepherd dogs. These dogs took care of the flock with the intelligence of human beings. Every day they took the sheep out a mile or so from home and guarded them all day as they fed in the pasture land. When the noon hour arrived, one of the dogs would come home for his midday meal, while the other would faithfully attend the flock. After dinner the dog would return to

his work and the other one would go for his dinner. One day neither one of the dogs came home for dinner. The farmer took note of this strange occurrence, and late in the afternoon he started out to discover the difficulty. On his way to the pasture he met one of the dogs bringing in the sheep. Proceeding further he found the other dog lying dead, killed by lightning. The faithful dog in charge of his flock saw no opportunity to come for his dinner, while his companion could not watch the flock, and so he had gone all day without his dinner. He was faithful to his charge.

What a lesson this ought to be to those boys and girls whose parents expect them to be faithful in the duties devolving upon them! There are some children so faithful in their duties at home and in all their work, that the parents can always depend upon them to carry out their commands and wishes. They will do their work just as well in their absence and when the parents are present. What about that professed follower of the Lord Jesus Christ who is unfaithful in his service to the Master! The eye of his Lord is always upon him, and he should study to please Him and serve Him to the best of his ability always. Some day we shall all come up before Him for reward of faithfulness, or else it will be everlasting punishment for neglect, and rejecting Him as the Savior of the world. Let us all learn a lesson from these faithful shepherd dogs.

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010 -- MARVELOUS INSTINCT

How does it come about, that if a salmon is taken when only a few months old from its native fjord on the coast of Norway, and marked and then sent into the sea again, it may, after traversing the ocean for thousands of miles, be found again the next year at that same fjord? It has returned without fail to its birthplace. The reason is, that God gave it a miraculous guide-book called instinct.

How comes it that when, in a beehive, the temperature rises so that the wax might melt, every tenth bee glues its feet down to the board, and fans with its wings at a tremendous velocity as long as may be necessary? It is because God gave this little creature the same infallible guide-book.

How is it that the same pairs of swallows return to rear a fresh family in the same old nests under the eaves? It is because that same miraculous instinct led them unerringly. -- (Cyclopedia of Illustrations for Public Speakers.)

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011 -- HOW WASPS PRESERVE FOOD

"The habit common to almost all of the Solitary Wasps," says Kellogg, "of so stinging the prey, caterpillars, spiders, beetles, flies, bugs, or whatever other insects are used to provision the nests, as not to kill, but only to paralyze it, is perhaps the most amazing part of all the interesting behavior of all these wasps. The advantage is obvious: killed, the prey would quickly decompose, and the hatching carnivorous wasp larva would have only a mass of, to it, inedible decaying flesh, instead of the fresh live animal substance it demands. But if stored unhurt, the prey would, if a

cricket or spider or similarly active animal, quickly escape from the burrow, or if a caterpillar or weak bug, at least succeed, albeit unwittingly, in crushing the tender wasp egg by wriggling about in the underground prison cell.

"More than that, unhurt, some insects could not live without food the many days that are necessary for the development of the wasp larva, especially in the face of the frantic and exhaustive efforts they would be impelled to in their attempts to escape. But paralyzed, there is no exertion; metabolism is slight, and life without food is capable of being prolonged many days. The paralysis is due to the stinging by the wasp of one or more of the ganglia (nerve centers) of the ventral nerve cord. The amazing expertness and accuracy displayed in plunging the sting into exactly those parts where injury will give rise to exactly that physiological phenomenon in the prey that will make it available for the special conditions attending the wasp larva's sustenance -- this adroitness and this seeming knowledge of the structure and the physiology of the prey have led some entomologists to credit the Solitary Wasp with anthropomorphic qualities that are quite unwarranted." (The Science-History of the Universe.)

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012 -- THE WOODPECKERS' COLD STORAGE

Some red-headed woodpeckers in South Dakota, preferring their meat fresh, evolved a way to keep it so which compares favorably with the "cold storage" of man. One bird stored nearly one hundred grasshoppers in a long crack in a post. All were living when discovered, but so tightly wedged that they could not escape, and during the long winter of the region it is to be presumed the prudent bird had his provision. The observer found other places of storage full of grasshoppers, and discovered that the red-heads lived upon them nearly all winter. -- (Cyclopedia of illustrations for Public Speakers.)

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013 -- THE AFFECTIONATE CAT AND PIGEON

Similar affection for one of the feathered race was shown by a cat which was rearing several kittens.

In another part of the loft a pigeon had built her nest; but her eggs and young having been frequently destroyed by rats, it seemed to occur to her that she should be in safer quarters near the cat. Pussy, pleased with the confidence placed in her, invited the pigeon to remain near her, and a strong friendship was established between the two. They fed out of the same dish; and when Pussy was absent, the pigeon, in return for the protection afforded her against the rats, constituted herself the defender of the kittens -- and on any person approaching nearer than she liked, she would fly out and attack them with beak and wings, in the hope of driving them away from her young charges. Frequently, too, after this, when neither the kittens nor her own brood required her care, and the cat went out about the garden or fields, the pigeon might be seen fluttering close by her, for the sake of her society.

Help and protect one another in all right things, as did the cat and the pigeon, whatever your respective ages or stations in life. The big boy or girl may be able to assist and protect the little ones, who may render many a service in return. -- (From "A Hundred Anecdotes of Animals," by Percy J. Billinghurst. John Lane Company, Publishers. New York.)

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014 -- THE DOG THAT ATE A TESTAMENT

In "Adventures with Four-Footed Folk," Belle M. Brain tells the following story:

One morning as Robert Moffat was leaving the mission station at Kuruman, in South Africa, he met a Bechuana man coming toward the house. The man's face was so sad that the great missionary stopped and held out his hand.

"You are in trouble, my friend," he said, "tell me what it is."

"O, sir," was the reply, "it's my dog. You remember my good dog that guarded the sheep? He was so fierce and so full of courage he could drive off any wild beast that might come. But now he is spoiled, I might as well have lost him."

"Why, what has happened to him?"

"Why, sire," replied the man, "he got hold of my New Testament and tore it to pieces, and then ate up most of the pieces."

"Well, never mind about that, my friend. You shall have another Testament at once."

"Thank you, sire; thank you. But what shall I do with my dog? He was such a fighter! But you know the New Testament makes people full of love and gentleness, and my dog has eaten so much of it I am sure there is no more fight in him."

So real was the man's distress that for a time it was impossible to comfort him. But by and by, after Mr. Moffatt patiently explained to him that eating the leaves of God's book could not change a man's nature, much less a dog's, he went away satisfied.

We smile at the anxiety of this simple minded African, but he after all had the right idea of the change that should naturally result from a thorough "digesting" of the truth of the scriptures.

There is real reason for anxiety if our Bible reading does not produce as marked a change in us, as the African expected in his dog.

May we not all pray with profit the simple prayer of Paxton Hood:

Savior and Master
These sayings of Thine--

Help me to make them
Doings of mine.

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015 -- SAVED BY A COLLIE

Mr. Robert Macdougall, one of the meteorologists at Ben Nevis Observatory, had once a most exciting experience when climbing that mountain, according to the "Christian Register." His only companion in the ascent was a collie dog, to whom, he says, he owes his life. When maneuvering on a snow-slide about one thousand feet above the halfway way-station, Mr. Macdougall lost his footing; and, as the surface of the snow was glazed and hard, he was soon being whirled down a gully at an alarming pace, sometimes head foremost, at others the reverse. It was at this juncture that the dog's sagacity came in. As soon as Mr. Macdougall began to slide, it caught his coat with its teeth, and greatly impeded the downward progress. The dog ultimately guided him to a place of safety, after the twain had slid down on the snow for nearly one thousand feet. Strange to say, neither observer nor dog was much hurt; and the former, breaking open the door of the halfway hut, lit a fire. Here he was found by a search party, half asleep, with the dog watching over him. -- (Our Dumb Animals.)

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016 -- A FOUR-FOOTED ALARM CLOCK

Jeff Clarke, a farmer of Wabash township, (Indiana), owns a mule that plays the part of an alarm clock every morning with such regularity, that Clarke has about discarded the little alarm clock that hangs on the bedpost, and firmly refuses to part with the animal.

Promptly at 4 o'clock, this mule kicks the side of the barn four times in succession. At first Clarke thought the animal was ill, and for several mornings he got up and investigated. He took note, however, that the gong of the alarm clock started buzzing when the mule started kicking.

He put two and two together, and reached the conclusion that the mule knows the hour when the Clarke household should arise and begin the day's work. -- (Cyclopedia of Illustrations for Public Speakers.)

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017 -- A UNIQUE PET AMONG THE LEPERS

Among the various pets possessed by the members of the Massachusetts leper colony on Penikese Island, the most unique and interesting of them is a bittern, the friend and comrade of Iwa Umezaki, a Japanese patient.

Prince, which is the high-sounding appellation bestowed upon this bird, was captured when young by Iwa, who saw him scrambling awkwardly about among the rocks, as he was

walking along the shore. Prince fought viciously against capture with beak and wings and claws, but was overcome and borne home by the triumphant Japanese.

At first he proved an uncomfortable pet, being very noisy and troublesome, and after several weeks Iwa concluded to give him his liberty. Again and again he took him to the far end of the island and released him; but Prince did not long for freedom, like his master, and would always return. If he did not reach home before Iwa he would surely follow and, establishing himself confidently upon the window-sill, call shrilly upon Iwa to let him in. This evident attachment to himself so pleased Iwa that he relinquished all idea of driving him away.

Prince is very exclusive in his likings, making friends with no one but Iwa, whom he follows about with a devotion almost dog-like. If one sees Iwa at work in his garden he may be sure that Prince is near-by, perched upon the fence or a rock. Iwa talks to him as to a comrade and he will respond by tipping his head to one side and turning his bright, restless eyes toward his master; or, perhaps, he will raise his wings, advancing and retreating a few steps, at the same time uttering a harsh note which seems to be well understood by Iwa, who regards him with great pride and dearly loves to show off his accomplishments.

He has been taught several tricks, one of which is to catch a chop-stick, thrown to him by Iwa, in his bill and, tossing it in the air (giving it a twist as he tosses it so that it comes down reversed) catching it again in his bill, side-stepping, or dancing, as Iwa calls it, as he does the trick. Sometimes he is perverse, like a naughty child, and will seize the stick and slat it away, scolding and rustling his wings.

He wanders at will about the island, never failing to return at meal-time or to respond quickly, if within call, to the "Come, Prince" of his beloved master. If, upon his return from his wandering, Iwa is not in sight to let him in, he will go to the window, and tap sharply upon the glass for admission. This obtained, he flies directly to his perch, which has been built over a broad shelf.

Iwa Umezaki is a very intelligent Japanese. He is a patient at the leper colony on Penikese Island, Massachusetts. The loneliness and bitter homesickness of this stranger in a strange land, with little hope of ever seeing his native country again, must appeal to many hearts. Mrs. Parker, who writes the story, is the wife of the Superintendent. -- (Marion King Parker in "Our Dumb Animals.")

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018 -- SABINUS AND HIS FAITHFUL DOG

After the execution of Sabinus, the Roman General, who suffered death for his attachment to the family of Germanicus, his body was exposed to the public upon the precipice of the Gemoniae, as a warning to all who should dare to befriend the house of Germanicus. No friend had courage to approach the body; only one remained true -- his faithful dog. For three days the animal continued to watch the body. His pathetic howlings awakened the sympathy of every heart. Food was brought him, which he was kindly encouraged to eat; but on taking the bread, instead of

obeying the impulse of hunger, he fondly laid it on his master's mouth, and renewed his lamentations. Days thus passed, nor did he for a moment quit the body.

The body was at length thrown into the Tiber, and the generous creature, still unwilling that it should perish, leaped into the water after it, and clasping the corpse between its paws, vainly endeavored to preserve it from sinking. -- (From "A Hundred Anecdotes of Animals," by Percy J. Billinghurst. John Lane Company, Publishers. New York.)

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019 -- A LEARNED CAT

Mr. Knight is a drayman at Howell, Michigan, who is very fond of his pets, among which are his horse and a big yellow tiger cat which is also a special pet of his wife. His barn stands but a few rods from his house. Between the two is a little open space whereon Mr. Knight is in the habit of throwing grain for the robins when he feeds his horse. The cat was at first somewhat of a trial at these feeding times, but in a little while she learned that the robins had rights there as sacred as her own, and she would let them alone when they came to eat. The birds ceased to fear her and would eat quietly and allow her to walk right in among them while they were doing so. The peculiar part is that puss knew the difference between robins and sparrows and if a sparrow alighted on the feeding-ground either with the robins or alone, puss very quickly drove him away or had him for her dinner.

Along last spring a hen belonging to Mrs. Knight died, leaving a family of little chicks which were transferred to a basket behind the kitchen stove, to grow up. One night they were all missing from the basket. As puss was the only living creature about while Mrs. Knight was out of her room, the cat was of course accused. In a few minutes the peeping of a chicken attracted attention. Investigation showed that puss had them all safe with her kitten and was doing her best to mother them. -- (A. Riley Crittenden in "Our Dumb Animals.")

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020 -- A SUNDAY SCHOOL DOG

Patsy is just a common little yellow dog, but he has a very uncommon habit for a dog. Every first day of the week he goes to Sunday school. He knows what day of the week it is when he sees the children all putting on their Sunday clothes. He never thinks of going with them to the public on a week-day, but when the church bell rings and the boys and girls start off to Sunday school, he is never missing. Dogs are not usually allowed to go to church, you know, but this little fellow behaved himself so well the first time he came that the superintendent let him stay, and he soon came to expect the dog as much as he did the children. So that now Patsy has his regular place, and he never has to be marked absent. His little master brings a penny for him to put in the collection, and when Christmas comes he receives a box of candy and an orange, along with the other members of the school, and he enjoys it too.

Nobody laughs or makes any ado over Patsy. He just comes in, curls down in his place or occasionally moves about a little in a perfectly orderly way. And the children would be ashamed not to be so good as he is. When the last song is sung and the going-home bell rings, they stand aside and let Patsy lead the way down the aisle and out into the street. Then he walks home with his master and mistresses just as a dog should.

Sometimes he doesn't go home quite so soon as his master and mistresses and sometimes his picture-lesson card is missing, and then the children are sure that he has stopped to tell some other dog who doesn't attend Sunday school all about the lesson, and has given him his card to study.

At any rate, Patsy is a pretty good dog all the week; he doesn't use up all his Sunday manners on Sunday. -- (Our Little Ones.)

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021 -- THE BEAR SUICIDE

The bear is not commonly credited with sentimentality, and yet if the following story, the source of which I cannot recall, be true, he is clearly capable of strong emotion: "From the time he was a baby bear, 'Dewey' was the pet of the gardens. But he was more especially attached to one resident -- a lady, and whenever she appeared he fairly capered with joy, and was inconsolable if a day passed without a visit from her. So keenly did he feel the separation when the lady left home for a short time, that he broke out of his cage, and, waddling to her house, scratched at the door, crying piteously. Getting no response, he next proceeded to break the window with his paw, and tried, but unsuccessfully, to enter the house this way. Finding all in vain, poor 'Dewey' crawled sadly away, and sitting down by the door deliberately severed an artery in his leg with his sharp teeth; and so died on the threshold of the house of one he loved so well." (From "1001 Animal Anecdotes," by Alfred H. Miles. Frederick A. Stokes Co., Publishers. New York.)

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022 -- THE CAMEL'S TANKS

How marvelous and wise are the provisions of the Creator as distributed throughout the animal world! If there were no other evidence of an all-wise God than what is seen in the different lines of accommodation in the various animals, that would be sufficient. The camel is the burden-bearer of the desert. It seems that nature has endowed it with certain characteristics which make it possible for its utilization for the desert journeys. The feet are so constructed that they do not sink easily into the sand. The whole construction of the animal is such that it seems to be made on purpose for such a life. The most curious of all is the provision for its water supply. The camel can go twelve to fourteen days without drinking, and travel forty miles per day. The reason for this lies in the fact that this beast is provided with an inside water tank which it fills up at the beginning of a journey, and then when no water is obtained on the trip, the camel just draws on this tank supply from day to day till the amount is consumed. Just as the cow will fill up on grass, stowing it away inside her body, and then goes and lies down, and at her leisure draws on this storehouse of

grass, and chews the cud, so the camel draws on its store of water from time to time till all is used. Travelers, when perishing for water, have been known to kill the faithful camel and drink the contents of water within.

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023 -- GETTING THE BEST OF THE BOY

The other day a small boy was playing with a dog, offering the animal a bone, but snatching it away repeatedly before it could be grasped. The fun for the boy continued for some time -- until he chanced to turn aside for an instant, when, presto! up sprang the dog from behind, nipped off his playmate's cap and ran away with it.

The boy's anger rose. "Here, bring back that cap!" he cried, giving chase. The fun for the dog ceased shortly, as he was too good-natured to do as he had been done by, and he readily relinquished his prize.

The wit of the yellow dog provoked great mirth, and gave one a better sense of fair play. (Our Dumb Animals.)

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024 -- HOW THE CAT TOLD ON THE BURGLARS

No stronger evidence of the sagacity of the cat is to be found than an instance narrated to me by my friend, Mrs. F____, and for which I can vouch.

A lady, Miss P____, who was a governess in her family, had previously held the same position in that of Lord _____, in Ireland. While there a cat became very strongly attached to her. Though allowed to enter the school-room and dining-room, where she was fed and petted, the animal never came into the lady's bed-room; nor was she, indeed, accustomed to go into that part of the house at any time.

One night, however, after retiring to rest, Miss P____ was disturbed by the gentle but incessant mewing of the cat at her bedroom door. At first she was not inclined to pay any attention to the cat's behavior, but the perseverance of the animal, and a peculiarity in the tones of her voice, at length induced her to open the door. The cat, on this, bounded forward, and circled round her rapidly, looking up in her face, mewing expressively. Miss P____, thinking that the cat had only taken a fancy to pay her a visit, refastened the door, intending to let her remain in the room; but this did not appear to please Pussy at all. She sprang back to the door, mewing more loudly than before; then she came again to the lady, and then went to the door, as if asking her to follow.

"What is it you want?" exclaimed Miss P____. "Well, go away, if you do not wish to stay!" and she opened the door; but the eat, instead of going, recommenced running to and fro between the door and her friend, continuing to mew as she looked up into her face.

Miss P____'s attention was now attracted by a peculiar noise, as if proceeding from the outside of one of the windows on the ground-floor. A few moments more convinced her that some persons were attempting to force an entrance.

Instantly throwing a shawl around her, she hurried along the passage, the cat gliding by her side, purring now in evident contentment, to Lord _____'s bed-room door, where her knock was quickly answered, and an explanation given.

The household was soon aroused; bells were rung, lights flitted about, servants hurried here and there; and persons watching from the windows distinctly saw several men making off with all speed, and scrambling over an adjacent wall.

It was undoubtedly owing to the sagacity of the cat that the mansion was preserved from midnight robbery, and the inmates probably from some fearful outrage. She must have reasoned that the intruders had no business there; whilst her reason and affection combined induced her to warn her best friend of the threatened danger. She may have feared, also, that any one else in the house would have driven her heedlessly away.

Let us, then, learn always to treat dumb animals with kindness and consideration, since they are so often given to us as companions for our benefit. Like the cat, you may by vigilance be of essential service to others more powerful than yourself. For the same reason, never despise the good-will or warnings of even the most humble. -- (From "Stories of the Sagacity of Animals," by W. H. G. Kingston. T. Nelson and Sons, Publishers. New York.)

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025 -- HOW THE ERMINE IS CAUGHT

"The Cruelties of Trapping," is a ten-page pamphlet, published by the American Humane Education Society, which tells the cost of furs in torture and death. As an illustration of how the white ermine is caught, the following conversation between a fur dealer and a prospective buyer is taken from the New York Tribune:

"'This stole of imperial ermine is worth $1000,' said the dealer. 'Just consider how the animals comprised in it were caught!

"'In the first place, they were caught in a winter of extreme cold, for it is only in such a winter that the weasel or ermine turns from tawny to snow white. In normal winters the ermine turns only to a greenish white -- like this $400 greenish-white stole here.

"'In the second place, the ermines were caught young, for when fully developed their coats are coarse and stiff -- as in this $250 stole -- and to catch them young the tongue trap must be used. Any other trap would tear the delicate fur.

"'The tongue trap is a knife -- an ordinary hunting knife -- smeared with grease, that the hunter lays in the snow. The little ermine sees the blade, which it mistakes for ice. Ice it loves to

lick -- and so it licks the knife-blade and is caught fast, its tongue in that zero weather frozen to the steel.

"'Yes, sir, when you see a stole like this, don't begrudge a good price for it, for every ermine in it was tongue-trapped in sub-zero weather -- mighty slow and painful hand process.'" (Our Dumb Animals.)

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026 -- HE SAVED THE GOVERNOR'S LIFE

In far-off Switzerland I saw the statue of a faithful friend. Long ago it was placed in this village church, and hundreds of years from today it will still be there to tell the truthful story.

The town of Zug is near the great St. Gothard, with its peaks all covered with shining ice and heavy banks of snow. Sometimes the sunshine melts them a little, and then great masses go sliding down that mountain side, covering everything in their path.

In the year 1628 the young governor of the province was riding over the St. Gothard, and with him were his favorite servant and pet dog. Right at the top of the pass a swift avalanche came crushing, pouring down, and governor, servant, and dog were in an instant buried beneath it.

The dog was the first to shake off the terrible load. He barked and howled and moaned, but could not find his master. After a while he seemed to understand that something had happened to his beloved master, and, with a loud bark, he turned and hurried back to the little inn that he had seen as they passed it in the morning. His whines and howls and nervous calls and scratching made the people know that some accident had occurred, and snatching up pickaxes and snow shovels, they followed him. When they reached the place, the faithful dog stopped suddenly, plunged his face in the snow, and began to scratch it up, all the while whining and barking. Then men set to work at once, found the poor governor, and dragged him out, and after more work they rescued the servant. The men were barely alive. They had heard the howling and barking of the dog, noticed his departure, and given up all hope. The faithful dog almost died from joy when he saw his master's face again, and the grateful master resolved that his dog should never be forgotten. He sent for a great artist and told him to make a beautiful statue, that all the world might know of the faithfulness of the dog and the gratitude of the man. There I saw it in the little church at Zug -- the marble tomb of the governor with his beloved dog resting at his feet. -- (The Olive Leaf.)

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027 -- HOW THE DOG DISCOVERED THE BURGLAR

Some years ago, a stranger arrived at the house of a shopkeeper in Deptford who let lodgings, stating that he had just arrived from the West Indies, and would take possession of rooms the next day, but would send his trunk that night. The trunk was brought late in the evening by two porters, who were desired, as it was heavy, to carry it to the bed-room.

As soon as the family had retired to rest, a little spaniel which usually slept in the shop, made his way to the door of the chamber where the chest was deposited, and putting his nose close to it, began to bark furiously. The people, thus aroused, opened the door, when the dog flew towards the trunk, and barked and scratched against it with the greatest vehemence. In vain they attempted to draw him away. A neighbor was called in, when, on moving the trunk, it was suspected that it must contain something alive. They accordingly forced it open, when out came the new lodger; who had caused himself to be thus brought into the house for the purpose of robbing it.

If you let lodgings in your heart to strangers, take care that your little spaniel Conscience keeps wide awake, lest some evening a chest may be brought in containing a thief who may rob you before you find out his character. The thief may be an evil thought, a bad feeling, shut up in a chest formed of self-indulgence, sloth, vanity, pride. At the first alarm, wake up, break open the chest, call in your faithful neighbor, and hand over the new lodger to justice. -- (From "Stories of the Sagacity of Animals," by W. H. G. Kingston. T. Nelson and Sons, Publishers. New York.)

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028 -- TESTIMONY OF A SHEEP

One of the occupations in Australia is sheep raising. There are large ranches upon which many sheep and lambs find food, and the shepherds guard their own.

One day a man was arrested for stealing a sheep. The man claimed that the sheep was his own; that it had been missing from his flock for some days, but as soon as he saw the animal he knew him.

The other man claimed the sheep, and said he had owned him since he was a lamb, and that he had never been away from the flock.

The judge was puzzled how to decide the matter. At last he sent for the sheep. He first took the man in whose possession the sheep was found to the courtyard, and told him to call the sheep. The animal made no response, only to raise his head and look frightened, as if in a strange place and among strangers.

Bidding the officers take the man back to the courtroom, he told them to bring down the defendant. The accused man did not wait until he entered the yard, but at the gate, and where the sheep could not see him, he began a peculiar call. At once the sheep bounded toward the gate, and by his actions showed that a familiar voice was calling.

"His own knows him," said the judge. -- (Cyclopedia of Illustrations for Public Speakers.)

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029 -- THE LONG LOST ELEPHANT

A female elephant belonging to a gentleman at Calcutta broke loose from her keeper, and was lost in the woods. The excuses which the keeper made were not admitted. It was supposed that he had sold the elephant; his wife and family therefore were sold for slaves, and he himself condemned to work upon the road. About twelve years after, this man was ordered into the country to assist in catching wild elephants. The keeper fancied he saw a long-lost elephant in a group that was before them. He was determined to go up to it; nor could the strongest representations of the danger dissuade him from his purpose. When he approached the creature, she knew him, and giving him three salutes, by waving her trunk in the air, knelt down and received him upon her back. She afterwards assisted in securing the other elephants and likewise brought him three young ones. The keeper recovered his character, and, as a recompense for his suffering and intrepidity, had an annuity settled on him for life. This elephant was afterwards in the possession of Governor Hastings. -- (From "A Hundred Anecdotes of Animals," by Percy J. Billinghurst. John Lane Company, Publishers. New York.)

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030 -- HOW THE HORSE PUNISHED THE THIEF

The Pittsburgh Dispatch tells a good story of a horse, which not only returned to his owner after having been stolen, but brought with him a substantial compensation for the annoyance which the owner has suffered. It says:

The horse has vindicated himself. One of that genus, the pet of a Chicago owner, was stolen the other day, and after the lapse of a few days turned up at his proper home, drawing a spic-and-span wagon and proudly wearing a brand-new harness. Inquiries by the owner of the horse for the proper owner of the wagon and harness have evoked no responses, which on reflection is not so inexplicable. This indicates the superiority of the horse to the modern inventions that assume to take his place. When did a stolen automobile ever come home with a new motor or set of tires? What stolen airplane has flown back to its legitimate hangar with a new set of planes?

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031 -- THE FAITHLESS WATCH-DOG

Faithful as dogs are in general, I am sorry to have to record an instance to the contrary.

A watch-dog, whose special duty was to remain at his post during the night, found that his collar was sufficiently loose to allow him to withdraw his head from it whenever he pleased. He acted as some human beings do whose right principles do not fit tightly to their necks -- slipping out of them at the very time they ought to keep them on. The dog was, however, sagacious to know that if he did so during the day he would be seen by his master, when to a certainty the collar would be tightened. But no sooner did night arrive, and the lights begin to disappear from the windows, than he used to slip his head out of his collar, and roam about the neighboring fields, sometimes picking up a hare or rabbit for his supper.

Knowing also that the blood on his mouth Would betray him, he would, after his banquet, go to a stream and wash it off. This done, he would return before daybreak to his kennel, and slipping his head into the collar, lie down in his bed, as though he had remained there on the watch all the night.

Now I must beg my young readers to remember, should they be tempted to do what is wrong, that however well-behaved they may contrive to appear before their friends and acquaintances, in their own mind there will always be the unpleasant feeling arising from the consciousness of doing a guilty action. -- (From "Stories of the Sagacity of Animals," by W. H. G. Kingston. T. Nelson & Sons, Publishers. New York.)

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032 -- THE CROW MAKING SURE

During the war between Augustus Caesar and Marc Antony, when all the world stood wondering and uncertain which way Fortune would incline herself, a poor man at Rome, in order to be prepared for making, in either event, a bold hit for his own advancement, had recourse to the following ingenious expedient: He applied himself to the training of two crows with such diligence, that he brought them the length of pronouncing with great distinctness, the one a salutation to Caesar, and the other a salutation to Antony. When Augustus returned conqueror, the man went out to meet him with the crow suited to the occasion perched on his fist, and every now and then it kept exclaiming, "Salve, Caesar, Victor Imperator!" "Hail, Caesar, Conqueror and Emperor!" Augustus, greatly struck and delighted with so novel a circumstance, purchased the bird of the man for a sum which immediately raised him into opulence. -- (From "A Hundred Anecdotes of Animals," by Percy J. Billinghurst. John Lane Company, Publishers. New York.)

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033 -- MARVELOUS SPIDERS

People of learning are pretty well agreed that the spider is the cleverest worker of all the insect world. What human weaver ever produced a fabric equal to the gossamer web of these clever little spinners?

Did any carpenter ever build a house so complete, so comfortable and so perfectly suited to the needs of its occupants as the dwelling-place of the common spider? Did ever an engineer, after years of scientific training, construct a bridge, a trestle, or a skyscraper that could so successfully defy storm, wind, water and the strain of constant use for which it was intended as the web or snare of the little spider?

This little creature, with no school in which to learn his trade, builds his web strictly along geometrical lines. He knows nothing about the laws of expansion and contraction from heat and cold, but he makes ample provision against their ravages. Swaying limbs, straining winds, or beating rains seldom find his work incapable of resisting their force.

Their traps, when undisturbed by man, seldom fail to catch and hold the prey for which they were intended.

There are various sorts of spiders in our own country, and in fact every country in the world has its variety of spiders. They play a very large part in the destruction of harmful insects for farmers the world over. Even in the homes of the city dwellers they help in ridding the place of damaging insects which would otherwise annoy the careful housekeeper. Spiders destroy no fabric by eating holes into the cloth. They harm no plants that are raised for the benefit of man. They harm no fruit.

The trap-door spider is a sort of tube-weaver. He burrows beneath the ground and spins his silken net inside the hole. The tarantula is of this sort also, but he does not make a trap-door. He relies upon his venomous bite to protect himself from invaders, while the trapdoor spider being harmless and timid, makes himself a trap-door for defense.

The tube of the trap-door spider is first lined with a papery substance similar to a hornet's nest, then the silk lining comes inside this. Sometimes he builds a trap-door with one edge thicker than the other so that it shuts by its own weight. But mostly it is of even thickness and hangs on silken hinges that stretch when it is opened and shut with a snap when he goes in or out. Sometimes this spider builds a second tube, underneath or to one side of the first with a trap-door. When any enemy breaks into the first he finds an empty nest. The spider has gone into the inner chamber and shut the door which is covered over with silk and not easily to be detected.

When anyone attempts to open the trap-door of a nest, the spider grabs hold of the silken lining and embraces his powerful legs in the meshes lining the sides of the tube. He will not let go until his legs are pulled from his body. -- (Jennie E. Stewart in "Our Dumb Animals.")

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034 -- HOW MONKEYS ARE CAUGHT

In Africa they have a very novel way of capturing monkeys. These wary little animals are wide awake, and it takes some ingenuity to get ahead of them. They are very fond of rice, and the people put rice in a gourd having a hole in the top just large enough for a monkey to slip in his hand provided his hand is opened. Seeing the rice in the gourd, the monkey manages to slip in his opened hand and grasps a handful of rice. Now, with his hand full he is unable to extricate it. His captors seeing him struggling in the tree where the gourd is hanging, make for their prey. If he would let go the rice, he would be enabled to get away from the trap set for him, but he likes the rice too well to give it up. While he is hesitating and struggling and yet holding on, he is captured.

Is not this somewhat the way the enemy of our souls captures individuals. He holds out the enticing bait of worldly pleasures and gets one to take hold. The enemy stands ready to drag his prey down to destruction, and will surely do it if he does not give up the world and its charms. Christ stands ready to liberate and save, if he will only look to Him and give up all that stands in the way; otherwise Satan is sure to capture him forever in the end.

The Bible says, "If thine hand offend thee, cut it off." This means whatever stands in one's way of being a Christian. No matter how dear it is, it must be put away. We might learn a good lesson from the muskrat. A gentleman had set a trap for a muskrat, and observed that he had captured it, as it could be plainly seen by the tremendous splashing of the water. The hunter was so sure of his game, that he took plenty of time as he sauntered along. Finally the water became quiet. As the hunter pulled out the trap, he found only the foot of the muskrat. The creature had literally gnawed off his foot and thus liberated himself. Rather than allow the devil to capture our souls, we should separate from anything, no matter how near and dear it is to us.

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035 -- THE MISER DOG

Dandie, a Newfoundland dog belonging to Mr. McIntyre of Edinburgh, stands unrivaled for his cleverness and the peculiarity of his habits. Dandie would bring any article he was sent for by his master, selecting it from a heap of others of the same description.

One evening, when a party was assembled, one of them dropped a shilling. After a diligent search, it could nowhere be found. Mr. McIntyre then called to Dandle, who had been crouching in a corner of the room, and said to him, "Find the shilling, Dandie, and you shall have a biscuit." On this Dandle rose, and placed the coin, which he had picked up unperceived by those present, upon the table.

Dandie, who had many friends, was accustomed to receive a penny from them every day, which he took to a baker's and exchanged for a loaf of bread for himself. It happened that one of them was accosted by Dandle for his usual present, when he had no money in his pocket. "I have not a penny with me today, but I have one at home," said the gentleman, scarcely believing that Dandle understood him. On returning to his house, however, he met Dandle at the door, demanding admittance, evidently come for his penny. The gentleman, happening to have a bad penny, gave it him; but the baker refused to give him a loaf for it. Dandle, receiving it back, returned to the door of the donor, and when a servant had opened it, laid the false coin at her feet, and walked away with an indignant air.

Dandle, however, frequently received more money than he required for his necessities, and took to hoarding it up. This was discovered by his master, in consequence of his appearing one Sunday morning with a loaf in his mouth, when it was not likely he would have received a present. Suspecting this, Mr. McIntyre told a servant to search his room -- in which Dandle slept -- for money. The dog watched her, apparently unconcerned, till she approached his bed, when, seizing her gown, he drew her from it. On her persisting, he growled, and struggled so violently that his master was obliged to hold him, when the woman discovered sevenpence-halfpenny. From that time forward he exhibited a strong dislike to the woman, and used to hide his money under a heap of dust at the back of the premises.

People thought Dandie a very clever dogmas he was -- but there are many things far better than cleverness. It strikes me that he was a very selfish fellow, and therefore, like selfish boys and girls, unamiable. He was an arrant beggar too. I'll say no more about him. Pray do not imitate

Dandie. -- (From "Stories of the Sagacity of Animals," by W. H. G. Kingston. T. Nelson & Sons, Publishers. New York,)

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036 -- PAT REMARKS OF PARROTS

Sometimes a parrot's remarks are so appropriate to the occasion that they are not only startling, but unique and humorous. It is related that a farmer who owned a most intelligent parrot had planted a large field in corn. But crows made sad havoc in his field, pulling up the young corn and eating the sprouted grains from the roots. The farmer, unwilling that his future crop should be destroyed, loaded his gun, with the intention of giving them a warm reception upon their next visit.

Now the farmer's parrot was about as talkative and mischievous as these birds usually are, and being quite tame, it was allowed to come and go at pleasure. Strolling around some time after the farmer's declaration of war against the crows, whom should it see but a number of these black robbers very busy pulling up corn. "Pretty Poll" being a lover of company, without caring much whether it was good or bad, hopped into their midst and was soon engaged in an animated conversation about something or other which seemed to be of considerable interest to all of them. This friendly talk might have gone on indefinitely had not the gentle breeze wafted it to the ears of the farmer at the house, who seized his gun and sallied forth. Reaching the cornfield, he saw the bunch of crows, but did not notice the parrot among them. Leveling his gun, he fired, and with the report he heard the death scream of three crows and a shriek from poor Polly as the uninjured crows fluttered up and sailed away, cawing triumphantly.

As the farmer advanced to see what execution he had made, he found three dying crows and was surprised to see, stretched upon the ground, his mischievous parrot, with feathers sadly ruffled, and a broken leg.

"You foolish bird!" cried the farmer. "This comes of keeping bad company."

The guilty parrot did not reply, probably because it didn't know exactly what to say; but it looked very solemn; which answered just as well.

On carrying it to the house, the children, seeing its wounded leg, exclaimed: "What did it, father? What hurt our pretty Poll?"

"Bad company! Bad company!" answered the parrot in a solemn voice.

"Ay, that it was," said the farmer. "Polly was with those crows when I fired, and received a shot instead of them. Remember the parrot's fate, children, and beware of bad company."

With these words the farmer, with the aid of his wife, set about bandaging the broken leg, and in a few days the parrot was as lively as ever. But it never forgot its adventure in the cornfield, and if ever the farmer's children engaged in play with quarrelsome companions, it warned them with its cry, "Bad company! Bad company!"

Besides having a well-developed "gift of gab," the parrot also has a wonderful memory: A story is told of a New Jersey sailor who about eighteen years ago, while stopping over at one of the South American ports, ran across a parrot that especially appealed to him. From that day the parrot and the sailor, whose name was Bob Turner, were shipmates of the most congenial kind, and during a period of eleven years the parrot accompanied him on all his voyages.

Seven years ago Turner's ship landed in the New York port, and while the unloading of the cargo was going on he became separated from the parrot. During several long weeks of search in the various bird stores of New York City he prayed that he might recover the lost friend of his travels, but the ransacking was unavailing. Of course, Jim the parrot was given up for a goner, and Turner again settled down to his sea life, never expecting to sec Jim again on this side. Only recently, however, the sailor, who had been at his home in New Jersey, was walking past a roadhouse singing merrily at the top of his voice, when the parrot, which happened to be within, recognized Turner's voice and screeched, "There goes Bob! Hello, Bob!" When the amazed sailor recovered his senses sufficiently, he called back, "Hello, shipmate!" and the two old friends were united again.

There is no end of stories about parrots. You doubtless remember the pert, cheeky bird at the parrot show, which, uncovered last of all among the competitors, placed his head knowingly on one side and exclaimed, "My eye! what a lot of parrots!" -- of course securing the prize. A Boston man has a parrot that puts its claws before its face and shyly croaks, "Polly had a letter this morning -- an offer of marriage for Polly," and a Philadelphia parrot earnestly urges the children to "Hurry up to school -- last bell is ringing -- you'll be late."

Another parrot was owned by a young man who tried to teach it to welcome a rich relative with the words, "Good morning, uncle!" The bird was slow to learn, so the young man lost his temper one day, took the bird by the neck and shook it, exclaiming, "Say, 'Good morning, uncle,' you fool!" The next day the young man heard a terrible noise in his hen-house. On making his way there, he found three hens dead on the floor, while on a perch in the corner was the parrot, holding a hen by the throat and shrieking, "Say, 'Good morning, uncle,' you fool!"

One of Uncle Sam's most faithful servants is a big gray parrot, which ought to draw a salary, but doesn't. It lives at the Portland Head Lighthouse. It was brought from Africa some time ago and presented to the keeper of the light. The bird soon noticed that when the fog began to blow in from the ocean some one would cry out, "Fog coming in; blow the horn." One day the fog suddenly began to come in thick, and the men did not notice it. But Polly did, and croaked out, "Fog coming in; blow the horn!" Ever since then, whenever fog is perceptible, Polly never fails to give warning.

Another instance is recorded of a very "pat" remark of a parrot, as well as a very fortunate one for its owner. A nervous maiden lady has a parrot, an excellent talker, and his cage hangs in her bedroom. One night a burglar got into the house, and after ransacking the lower rooms ascended to the lady's sleeping apartment and proceeded to collect all the jewelry and valuables he could find.

While thus engaged the parrot, which had been watching him all the time, suddenly cried out, "Hello! What do you want?" The burglar was so startled by the voice that he dropped his lantern, and in stopping to recover it, fell over a chair. This awoke the lady, and she began to scream at the top of her voice. The thief, now thoroughly alarmed and excited, took a flying leap for the stairway, and in his haste slipped and went heels over head to the bottom. There he lay, insensible, until the servants came running to the scene and easily captured him. -- (Isaac H. Motes, in "Classmate.")

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037 -- A BOOTBLACK'S BUSINESS AGENT

Dogs have been frequently trained to act roguish parts. An English officer visiting Paris, was annoyed one day by having a little poodle run up to him and rub his muddy paws over his boots. Near at hand was seated a shoe-black, to whom he went to have his boots repolished. Having been annoyed in a similar manner by the same dog, several times in succession, he watched the animal, when he observed him dip his paws in the mud on the banks of the Seine, and then go and rub them on the boots of the best-dressed people passing at the time.

Discovering at length that the dog belonged to the shoe-black, the gentleman questioned the man, who confessed that he had taught the dog the trick in order to bring business to himself. "And will you part with your clever dog?" asked the gentleman. The shoe-black consented, and a price was fixed upon and paid. The dog accompanied his new master to London, and was shut up for some time, till it was believed that he would remain contentedly in the house. No sooner, however, did he obtain his liberty, than he decamped; and a fortnight afterwards he was found with his former master, pursuing his old occupation.

This story shows the difficulty of getting rid of bad habits, and proves that as dogs have been trained, so will they -- as well as children -- continue to act. The poor poodle, however, knew no better. He was faithful to his former master, and thought that he was doing his duty. But boys and girls do know perfectly well when they are acting right or wrong, and should strive unceasingly to overcome their bad habits. -- (From "Stories of the Sagacity of Animals," by W. H. B. Kingston. T. Nelson & Sons, Publishers. New York.)

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038 -- CURIOUS CONTENTS OF SOME FISH'S STOMACHS

Many sea-fish are omnivorous, while all are extremely voracious. Mr. Day, in his work on "British Fishes," gives sufficiently striking examples of their gastronomic powers. A guillemot, partridge, hare, turnip, a bunch of keys, and a book, have been taken at different times from the stomach of a cod. Mr. Reid, of Wick, took out of another cod, in May, 1878, no fewer than thirty-two herrings, all of them nearly entire. This same observer took a salmon twenty-seven inches in length out of a ling six feet long.

The ling, like the cod, appears to swallow the most miscellaneous material. Thus, one captured off Brandon Head, Kerry, in 1881, which weighed twenty-five pounds, was found to have in its stomach a three-gill bottle, some herrings, and a young cod. "There were also," says Mr. Day, "several pieces of parchment and bits of sealing-wax, which induce the supposition that the fish swallowed one of those mournful messages of shipwreck. -- (From "Science Gleanings in Animal Life," by John Gibson. Thomas Nelson and Sons, Publishers. New York.)

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039 -- A GOLD MINE IN A CHICKEN

H. D. Fisher of Omaha, purchased a dressed chicken for seventy-eight cents. As it was being prepared for cooking, forty-one small gold nuggets were found in its crop. The gold is valued at thirty dollars. Efforts are being made to trace the man who grew the chicken. -- (Woman's National Weekly.)

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040 -- GOLD IN A CROCODILE

The stomach of a crocodile which was killed lately in South Africa was found to contain twenty-five English sovereigns, worth about $125. It is thought that the gold may have been in the pocket of some man whom the reptile swallowed.

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041 -- THE DOG AS A DETECTIVE

At St. Germain an Englishman visited the public gardens, but was obliged to leave his dog, a fine mastiff, outside in care of the guard. During his visit he was robbed of his watch, and, upon informing the guard, he was permitted to take in his dog to help discover the thief. He then carefully informed the dog of his loss, and told him to seek the watch. The dog seemed to comprehend at once, and set out on a tour through the crowd. He ran in and out in all directions, and at last seized hold of a man. The guard, upon searching him, found not only the Englishman's watch, but six others which the industrious pickpocket had secured. -- (Reprinted from Johonnot's "A Natural History Reader," by permission of D. Appleton and Company.)

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042 -- THE TRICK ANIMAL

In almost every instance we believe he is trained by methods that are cruel. No dog nor horse nor cat ever finds it according to his nature to jump through flaming hoops, roll barrels, walk a tight rope, or do the score of other things he is forced to do by his trainers. The lump of sugar, or the bit of meat given, deceives no one who knows anything about animals.

Will not all humane people discourage performances of this nature at theaters and similar places? Refusal to applaud, persuading children not to attend these exhibitions because of the cruelty that is behind them, influencing one's friends against the whole scheme of making money through trick animals -- these are some of the ways in which we may help. It is only because in every case investigated cruel treatment has been found that we are against the exploitation of trained animals. -- (Our Dumb Animals.)

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043 -- THE DOG TRAVELING ALONE BY RAILWAY

A Preston paper gave some time ago an account of a dog which traveled alone by railway in search of his master. In this instance the animal acted much as any human being would have done.

The dog, which was well known to the railway officials from frequently traveling with his master, presented himself at one of the stations on the Fleetwood, Preston, and Longridge line. After looking round for some length of time among the passengers and in the carriages, just as the train was about to start he leaped into one of the compartments of a carriage, and lay down under a seat.

Arrived at Longridge, he made another survey of the passengers, and after waiting till the station had been cleared, he went into the Railway Station Hotel, searched all the places on the ground-floor, then went and made a tour of inspection over the adjoining grounds; but being apparently unsuccessful, trotted back to the train, and took his late position just as it was moving off. On reaching the station from which he had first started, he again looked round as before, then took his departure.

It seems that he now proceeded to the General Railway Station at Preston, and after repeating the looking round performance, placed himself under one of the seats in a train which he had singled out of the many that are constantly popping in and out, and in due time arrived in Liverpool. He now visited a few places where he had before been with his master. He remained over-night in Liverpool, and visited Preston early again the following morning.

Still not finding his missing master, he for the fourth time took the train; on this occasion, however, to Lancaster and Carlisle, at which latter place, his sagacity, as well as the persevering tact he had displayed in prosecuting his search, were rewarded by finding his master. Their joy at meeting was mutual.

I cannot too often repeat it: let duty be your master. Be not less persevering in pursuing it, than was the dog I have told you about in seeking his master. -- (From "Stories of the Sagacity of Animals," by W. H. G. Kingston. T. Nelson & Sons, Publishers. New York.)

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044 -- ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS REWARD

One of the most pitiful cases of suffering that has come to our attention is that of the horse stolen from its owner, driven no one knows how far, then taken into the woods near Marlboro and left tied to a tree. All search for the missing team was unavailing. At last a man passing through the woods found the dead body of the horse. The bark had been eaten from the tree, even the wood gnawed deep into the tree. One can only picture to himself the long, weary torturing death from thirst and starvation. We have offered a reward of a hundred dollars for any evidence that will lead to the discovery of those responsible for this. -- (Our Dumb Animals.)

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045 -- BIBLE PROOF FROM INSIDE OF CROCODILE

Critics and Crocodiles

This is rather strange company for these distinguished gentry usually denominated higher critics, but it is a proper association now, in view of some recent facts of archaeology. There is no telling what may come forth next. God has been long insulted by the destructive critics, and now He is vindicating Himself and His revelation, by archaeological discoveries, and in this instance in so doing throws the higher critics into some very unenviable company for their humiliation. The "Presbyterian Standard" says:

A crocodile is not a thing of beauty, and whether lying in the water or in a glass case, he is not an attractive reptile, and no one would ever associate him with Biblical criticism, or turn to him for help in establishing Scripture facts.

Everything is said to have its use, and we find that the lowly crocodile is no exception to this rule. According to recent reports, the reverent student of the Bible has found in him an ally not to be despised, and for that reason our respect for him has increased considerably.

Those of our readers who took New Testament Exegesis under Dr. Henry Alexander, will recall the endless discussion about Cyrenius being governor of Syria at the time the census was taken. The Bible states that he was governor of Syria, at the time of the birth of Christ, while Roman history says that he was governor of Syria many years after this event.

The critics have ruled out Luke's statement about Cyrenius upon these grounds: First, it was not a Roman custom to require the inhabitants of a province to return to their native place to be taxed; second, there was no census for the purpose of taxation at the time mentioned in Luke; and lastly, Cyrenius was not governor at that time.

Professor J. Hope Moulton, an eminent archaeologist of England, has been lecturing this summer in Northfield on what the world has learned from "Egyptian Rubbish Heaps." Within the past year some workmen have opened a tomb in Egypt in which they found some mummies, which were found to be crocodiles stuffed with tightly wrapped papyri. These stuffings proved to be valuable, and from them four volumes have been written which throw a flood of light upon the Bible, and throw into confusion some of our Biblical critics. For example, they make it probable

that about the time mentioned in Luke, there was a census ordered both in Syria and Egypt; that each man was required to go to his own native town to be enrolled; and that Cyrenius was sent to Syria first and then to Egypt for the same purpose.

The defenders of the accuracy of the Bible owe thanks,' first to the crocodiles for so carefully preserving their valuable stuffing. Of course these stuffings knock the stuffings out of other anti-Biblical theories, and show that the sacred writers were wide awake, and wrote as they were inspired by the Holy Ghost, and therefore could not have erred. -- (Herald of Holiness.)

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046 -- JOHN WOOLMAN AND THE ROBIN

"A thing remarkable in my childhood was, that once going to a neighbor's house, I saw on the way, a robin sitting on her nest, and as I came near, she went off, but, having young ones, flew about, and with many cries expressed her concern for them. I stood and threw stones at her, till one striking her, she fell down dead; at first I was pleased with the exploit, but after a few minutes was seized with horror, for having, in a sportive way, killed an innocent creature while she was careful for her young. I beheld her lying dead, and thought those young ones, for which she was so careful, must now perish for want of their dam to nourish them: and after some painful consideration on the subject, I climbed the tree, took all the young birds and killed them, supposing that better than to leave them to pine away and die miserably; and believed, in this case, that Scripture proverb was fulfilled, 'The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel.'

"I then went on my errand, but, for some hours could think of little else but the cruelties I had committed, and was much troubled. Thus He, whose tender mercies are over all his works, hath placed a principle in the human mind, which incites to goodness towards every living creature; and this being singly attended to, people become tender-hearted and sympathizing; but being frequently and totally rejected, the mind becomes shut up to a contrary direction." -- (Tract Association of Friends.)

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047 -- HOW THE SHEPHERD DOG FOUND AND FED THE LOST CHILD

I am sorry that I do not know the name of a certain shepherd's dog', but which deserves to be recorded in letters of gold.

His master, who had charge of a flock which fed among the Grampian Hills, set out from home one day accompanied by his little boy, scarcely more than four years old. The children of Scottish shepherds begin learning their future duties at an early age. The day, bright at first, passed on, when a thick mist began to rise, shrouding the surrounding country. The shepherd, seeing this, hurried onward to collect his scattered flock, calling his dog to his assistance, and leaving his little boy at a spot where he believed that he should easily find him again. The fog grew thicker and thicker; and so far had the flock rambled, that some time passed before they could be collected together.

On his return to look for his child, the darkness had increased so much that he could not discover him. The anxious father wandered on, calling on his child -- but no answer came; his dog, too, had disappeared. He had himself lost his way. At length the moon rose, when he discovered that he was not far from his own cottage. He hastened towards it, hoping that the child had reached it before him; but the little boy had not appeared, nor had the dog been seen. The agony of the parents can be better imagined than described. No torches were to be procured, and the shepherd had to wait till daylight ere he could set out with a companion or two to assist him in his search. All day he searched in vain. On his return, sick at heart, at nightfall, he heard that his dog had appeared during the day, received his accustomed meal of a bannock, and then scampered off at full speed across the moor, being out of sight before any one could follow him.

All night long the father waited, expecting the dog to return; but the animal not appearing, he again, as soon as it was daylight, set off on his search. During his absence, the dog hurried up to the cottage, as on the previous day, and went off again immediately he had received his bannock.

At last, after this had occurred on two more successive days, the shepherd resolved to remain at home till his dog should appear, and then to follow him.

The sagacious animal appearing as before, at once understood his master's purpose, and instead of scampering off at full speed, kept in sight as he led the way across the moor. It was then seen that he held in his mouth the larger portion of the cake which had been given him. The dog conducted the shepherd to a cataract which fell roaring and foaming amid rocks into a ravine far down below. Descending an almost perpendicular cliff, the dog entered a cavern, close in front of which the seething torrent passed. The shepherd with great difficulty made his way to it, when, as he reached the entrance, he saw his child, unhurt, seated on the ground eating the cake brought by the dog, who stood watching his young charge thus occupied, with a proud consciousness of the important duty he had undertaken.

The father, embracing his child, carried him up the steep ascent, down which it appeared he had scrambled in the dark, happily reaching the cave. This he had been afraid to quit on account of the torrent; and here the dog by his scent had traced him, remaining with him night and day, till, conscious that food was as necessary for the child as for himself, he had gone home to procure some of his own allowance.

Thus the faithful animal had, by a wonderful exercise of his reasoning power, preserved the child's life. -- (From "Stories of the Sagacity of Animals," by W. H. G. Kingston. T. Nelson & Sons, Publishers. New York.)

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048 -- THE COST OF CRUELTY

According to a recent statement by Dr. William R. Callicotte, the Colorado state superintendent of moral and humane education, the United States loses annually, through cruelty to

dumb beasts, $2,000,000,000. He declares that such cruelty not only causes this immense economic loss to the country, but is also one of the chief causes of crime.

"Unless children learn to feel for the sufferings of 'animals, we may be sure that they will never lead helpful, upright lives when they become older. They must be sensitized to suffering, and the best way to arouse the best in them is to appeal to them to aid animals which cannot aid themselves.

Dr. Callicotte goes on to say that we lose, annually, $200,000,000 from mistreatment of cattle, the same amount for not caring for horses, $150,000,000 from giving dairy cows unsanitary quarters and poor food, and $800,000,000 because of the destruction of birds. If proper treatment were accorded these creatures, he claims, the cost of living would be reduced 25 per cent. and we would also be able to prevent 50 per cent. of the diseases which ravage the country. -- (Our Dumb Animals.)

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049 -- THE ELEPHANT AS A NURSE

A military officer in the East India service says: "I have seen the wife of a Mayhout give a baby in charge to an elephant while she went on some business, and have been highly amused in observing the maneuvers of the unwieldy nurse. The child began crawling about, and would soon get under the feet of the elephant or entangled in the branches of the tree on which he was feeding. The elephant in the most tender manner would lift it out of the way, or remove the obstacle to his progress. If the child reached the limits of the elephant's chain, he would pull it back as gently as possible. When the child fell asleep, he broke off a branch and kept away the flies, although he was himself greatly annoyed by the same pests. -- (Reprinted from Johonnot's "A Natural History Reader," by permission of D. Appleton and Company.)

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050 -- A DOG OF ETIQUETTE

I must introduce to you a canine friend, called Master Rough, belonging to my next-door neighbors.

Master Rough is very small, and his name describes his appearance. As I hear his voice, I might suppose him to be somewhat ill-natured, did I not know that his bark is worse than his bite. He is only indignant at being told by his mistress to do something he dislikes; but he does it notwithstanding, though he has, it must be confessed, a will of his own, like some young folks. He does not often soil his dainty feet by going out into the muddy road; but when he does, on his return he carefully wipes them on the door-mat.

At meal-times he goes to a cupboard, in which is kept a bowl and napkin for his especial use. The napkin he first spreads on the carpet, and then placing the bowl in the center, barks to give notice that his table is ready. After this, he sits down and waits patiently till his dinner is put into

the bowl, on which he falls to and gobbles it up, -- the table-cloth preventing any of the bits which tumble over from soiling the carpet. It has been asserted that he wipes his mouth afterwards in the napkin; but I suspect that he is merely picking up the bits outside. I am sorry to say that he forgets to fold up his tablecloth neatly and to put it away, which he certainly should do; nor can he be persuaded to wash out his bowl, though he does not object to lick it clean. People and dogs, however, have different ways of doing things, and Master Rough chooses to follow his way, and is perfectly satisfied with himself -- like some young folks, who may not, however, be right for all that.

His principal other accomplishment is to carry up the newspaper, after it has been read by the gentleman downstairs, to his mistress in the drawing-room, when he receives a cake as his reward. He also may be seen carrying a basket after his mistress, with a biscuit in it, which he knows will be his in due time; but that if he misbehaves himself by gobbling it greedily up -- as he has sometimes done, I hear -- he will have to carry the basket without the biscuit; so having learned wisdom from experience, he now patiently waits until it is given to him. -- (From "Stories of the Sagacity of Animals," by W. H. G. Kingston. T. Nelson & Sons, Publishers. New York.)

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051 -- ONE HUNDRED EIGHTY THOUSAND CATS SOLD AT AUCTION

We have heard of cats bringing fabulous prices in certain countries where cats did not exist, but we had never heard before of them being so plentiful and so much in demand as to be sold at auction.

But the marvel of this auction sale of cats was not so much that the sale was under the hammer of the auctioneer, but that the number of cats assumed such prodigious proportions. Had it been fifty or a hundred, it might have passed by unnoticed, but when it reached the number of one hundred eighty thousand, then our eyes began to open.

But all the marvel was not found to be in the vast number of cats sold at that auction, for more strange still, these cats were all dead. One hundred eighty thousand dead cats sold at auction in 1890 at Liverpool. When we consider that a live cat is of very little importance, we certainly wonder what the people wanted of dead cats, and so many of them.

But as this is a true cat story and full of marvels, we will proceed to say that the marvel was not all in the fact of cats being sold at auction, and that there were one hundred eighty thousand of them, and that they were all of them real, dead cats; but marvel of marvels, they had been dead thousands of years. Now, please do not close this book in disgust and say this beats any fish story you ever read. Wait till we are through.

Here was an auctioneer selling cats by the carload, or ton; cats which had been dead for thousands of years, and he knocked them down under the hammer, which hammer was at that particular occasion, a dead cat.

The story is simply this: About one hundred miles from Cairo, Egypt, a man in wandering around fell into a pit. In this pit, the man saw an opening which he followed. It developed into a subterranean chamber, which was followed by other subterranean chambers. Here in this strange, silent cavern were laid away great piles of yellow bundles piled up shelf upon shelf. Multiplied thousands of these bundles in many halls were found. It was discovered that these bundles were all mummified cats, after the Egyptian custom of embalming. It was a eat cemetery.

This man who made the discovery told his master. This master in turn held a conference with a speculator of Alexandria. The result was, that these mummified eats finally found their way to Liverpool. Evidently, failing in the plan of investment, rather than lose too much, the plan of selling them at auction was adopted, and they were sold in ton lots. It is said that they brought only 3 pounds 13s 9d per ton, or about one-tenth of a penny per cat.

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052 -- THE PRICE OF A PLUME

The feathered woman craved the crown
Of the mother-bird on its nest,
And decreed the death of the little ones
That lay 'neath the warm soft breast.

The feathered woman wears the crown,
Nor heeds the crimson stain
Of the mother's blood -- shed on its nest--
On her spirit will remain.

For she heeds not the nestlings' starving cry,
She has caused the nestling to starve and die
For the sake of her cruel vanity.

-- (Frances Levvy, in "Band of Mercy.")

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053 -- HOW THE LION ADOPTED THE DOG

One of the artisan class of Manchester was the owner of a very pretty black spaniel dog. The little thing followed him and nestled to his side as a child might, and by many endearing ways evinced the winsomeness of its disposition. It happened that the man was worse for drink, became irritated by the affectionate attentions of his dog, and vowed he would throw her into the lion's den in Manchester; went there for the purpose, and reaching out, took up the little, fawning thing and flung her through the bars of the cage. The spectators expected that the lion with one muscular movement of its paws would stun and kill it, but the dog fawned up to the lion and the lion turned and licked her. They became good friends, and when presently the lion's food was brought, the dog even snarled at her new protector and began to partake first, keeping the lord of creation waiting.

So it went on for some weeks. The papers were full of it; crowds came to see. The news came to the man; he repented of his rash act. He went to the gardens and said to the keeper, "I want my dog." The keeper said, "I don't dare to attempt to bring your dog out of the den." "Oh," the man said, "of course I must have it." "Well," said the keeper, "if you want it, you must get it yourself." But when he called to the dog, the dog slunk closer to her new protector, and when presently he tried to exert force, the lion gave such an ominous growl, that the man shrank back. From that moment the lion and the dog lived together, and any attempt made to extricate the dog was met instantly by the low growl of the lion.

"You have been too long the slave of lusts, of passion, of pride, of sin. I want you to get under the covert of the Lion of the tribe of Judah, and then if your old enemy shall endeavor to induce you and get you back, remember that the Lion of the tribe of Judah is going to interpose between you and your old master." -- (Cyclopedia of Illustrations for Public Speakers.)

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054 -- THE NEWFOUNDLAND DUCKING THE CUR

On my list of canine favorites stands a noble Newfoundland dog named Byron, which belonged to the father of my friend, Mrs. F____. On one occasion he accompanied the family to Dawlish, on the coast of Devonshire. His kennel was at the back of the house. Whenever his master was going out, the servant loosened Byron, who immediately ran round, never entering the house, and joined him, accompanying him in his walk.

One day, after getting some way from home, his master found that he had forgotten his walking-stick. He showed the dog his empty hands, and pointed towards the house. Byron, instantly comprehending what was wanted, set off, and made his way into the house by the front door, through which he had never before passed. In the hall was a hat-stand with several walking-sticks in it. Byron, in his eagerness, seized the first he could reach, and carried it joyfully to his master. It was not the right one, however. Mr. _____ on this patted him on the head, gave him back the stick, and again pointed towards the house. The dog, apparently considering for a few moments what mistake he could have made, ran home again, and exchanged the stick for the one his master usually carried. After this, he had the walking-stick given him to carry, an office of which he seemed very proud.

One day while thus employed, following his master with stately gravity, he was annoyed during the whole time by a little yelping cur jumping up at his ears. Byron shook his head, and growled a little from time to time, but took no further notice, and never offered to lay down the stick to punish the offender.

On reaching the beach, Mr. _____ threw the stick into the waves for the dog to bring it out. Then, to the amusement of a crowd of bystanders, Byron, seizing his troublesome and pertinacious tormentor by the back of the neck, plunged with him into the foaming water, where he ducked him well several times, and then allowed him to find his way out as best he could; while he himself,

mindful of his duty, swam onward in search of the now somewhat distant walking-stick, which he brought to his master's feet with his usual calm demeanor. The little cur never again troubled him.

Be not less magnanimous than Byron, when troublesome boys try to annoy you whilst you are performing your duties; but employ gentle words instead of duckings to silence them. Drown the yelping curs -- bad thoughts, unamiable tempers, temptations, and such like -- which assault from within. -- (From "Stories of the Sagacity of Animals," by W. H. G. Kingston. T. Nelson & Sons, Publishers. New York.)

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055 -- HOW A DOG RESCUED THE SAILORS

How often has the noble Newfoundland dog been the means of saving the lives of those perishing in the water! A heavy gale was blowing, when a vessel was seen driving toward the coast of Kent. She struck, and the surf rolled furiously round her. Eight human beings were observed clinging to the wreck, but no ordinary boat could be launched to their aid; and in those days, I believe, no lifeboats existed, -- at all events, not as they do now, on all parts of the coast. It was feared every moment that the unfortunate seamen would perish, when a gentleman came down to the beach, accompanied by a Newfoundland dog. He saw that, if a line could be stretched between the wreck and the shore, the people might be saved; but it could only be carried from the vessel to the shore. He knew how it must be done.

Putting a short stick in the mouth of the animal, he pointed to the vessel. The courageous dog understood his meaning, and springing into the sea, fought his way through the waves. In vain, however, he strove to get up the vessel's side; but he was seen by the crew, who, making fast a rope to another piece of wood, hove it toward him. The sagacious animal understood the object, and seizing the piece of wood, dragged it through the surf, and delivered it to his master. A line of communication was thus formed between the vessel and the shore, and every man on board was rescued from a watery grave. -- (From "Stories of the Sagacity of Animals," by W. H. G. Kingston. T. Nelson & Sons, Publishers. New York.)

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056 -- ANIMALS CHARMED BY MUSIC

Cresco, Iowa, January 26, 1913. Editor "Our Dumb Animals":

I have been much interested in reading in "Our Dumb Animals" of the effect of music on dogs. I am a music teacher and a great lover of dumb animals and always have some kind of pet. I will give you my observations of music on different animals in our family.

A certain movement from one of Beethoven's sonatas would always bring the horse my father owned from the pasture to the house where, at the open window, he would remain till the music stopped. A black cocker spaniel would stay in another room, contented while I was teaching, but when I sat down to the piano and played, he would coax to be let into the room to lie

by the piano perfectly quiet, while I played. Can any one tell me how the dog knew the difference between my playing and that of my pupils? An albino rabbit I owned was very fond of soft music. When the zither and guitar club of four instruments met at my home, the rabbit would whirl round and round until it was let into the room where the members of the club were. Then it would sit in a rocking-chair and listen. It took great delight in music played on the harmonic positions on the guitar. I believe that an animal treated kindly will take kindly to music, at least in the home where the animal belongs. You are at liberty to use anything I have written you and I assure you it's no fairy tale. -- (Lauraine Mead.)

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057 -- HORSE JOINS IN DUET

It is well known that horses love music, and our old Jim is the star in equestrian music.

Only yesterday, as he stood tied to the rack in front of the house where Madame was practicing, he became as excited as a matinee girl.

When the singer began to try the scales, old Jim began to look around. Presently she gave a bit of vocal gymnastics, and the horse shook his head, looked wild, and pawed the ground.

Next, the lovely soprano voice filled the air with clear full strains; old Jim neighed, and champed his bits, and moved the cart back and forth with rapid plunges.

Then the singer tried a song with marked time. The horse became quiet, and stood there with ears erect and trembling. The music drifted into a sweet old melody, a touching and tender little cadence, when all at once Jim whinnied, gave a responsive neigh, and commenced a duet, the like of which none of us ever heard before.

More than a hundred people collected there, drawn by the strange spectacle, and still larger sounds of voice and piano, accompanied by the gentle neighing and head-shaking, all in perfect time and unison. And when the song ended, there was a whirlwind of applause that delighted the singer, but frightened old Jim almost to death. -- (Our Dumb Animals.)

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058 -- MUSIC AND SPIDERS

While a gentleman was watching some spiders it occurred to him to try what effect a tuning-fork would have on the insects. He suspected that they would regard the sound just as they were in the habit of regarding the sound made by a fly. And sure enough they did. He selected a large, ugly spider that had been feasting on flies for two months. The spider was at one edge of its web. Sounding the fork, he touched a thread at the other side of the web and watched the result. Mr. Spider had the buzzing sound conveyed to him over his telephone wires, but how was he to know on which particular wire the sound was traveling? He ran to the center of the web very quickly, and felt all around until he touched the thread against the other end of which the fork was

sounding; and taking another thread along, just as a man would take an extra piece of rope, he ran out to the fork and sprang upon it. Then he retreated a little way and looked at the fork. He was puzzled. He had expected to find a buzzing fly. He got on the fork again and danced with delight. He had caught the sound of the fly, and it was music to him.

It is said that spiders are so fond of music, that they will stop their spinning to listen, and a man once said that when he retired to his room for quiet before dinner and played the flute, large spiders would come onto the table and remain quite still, "running away as fast as their legs could carry them" directly he had finished. -- (Cyclopedia of Illustrations for Public Speakers.)

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059 -- MUSIC AND THE HARE

One Sunday evening, five choristers were walking on the banks of a river. After some time, being tired with walking, they sat down on the grass, and began to sing an anthem. The field on which they sat was terminated at one extremity by a wood, out of which, as they were singing, they observed a hare to pass with great swiftness towards the place where they were sitting, and to stop at about twenty yards' distance from them. She appeared highly delighted with the harmony of the music, often turning up the side of her head to listen with more facility. As soon as the harmonious sound was over, the hare returned slowly towards the wood. When she had nearly reached the end of the field, the choristers began the same piece again; at which the hare stopped, turned round, and came swiftly back to about the same distance as before, where she seemed to listen with rapture and delight, till they had finished the anthem, when she returned again by a slow pace up the field, and entered the wood. -- (From "A Hundred Anecdotes of Animals," by Percy J. Billinghurst. John Lane, Publisher. New York.)

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060 -- A MUSIC LOVING MOUSE

"One rainy winter evening, as I was alone in my Chamber," relates an American gentleman, "I took up my flute and commenced playing. In a few minutes my attention was directed to a mouse that I saw creeping from a hole, and advancing to the chair in which I was sitting. I ceased playing, and it ran precipitately back to its hole. I began again shortly afterwards, and was much surprised to see it reappear, and take its old position. The appearance of the little animal was truly delightful. It couched itself on the floor, shut its eyes, and appeared in ecstasy. I ceased playing, and it instantly disappeared again. This experiment I repeated frequently with the same success, observing that it was always differently affected, as the music varied from the slow and plaintive, to the brisk or lively. It finally went off, and all my art could not entice it to return." -- (From "A Hundred Anecdotes of Animals," by Percy J. Billinghurst. John Lane Company, Publishers. New York.)

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061 -- SINGING OLD HUNDRED TO HIS OXEN

In Foster's "New Cyclopedia of Prose Illustrations" is the story of a man who became deacon in the church. He had a naturally high temper, and like his neighbors, he was accustomed to beating his oxen over the head when they did not suit him. It was noticeable that when he became a Christian, that his cattle became remarkable docile. When a friend asked him the secret of this docility, he replied: "Why, formerly, when my oxen were a little contrary, I flew into a passion, and beat them unmercifully. This made the matter worse. Now, when they do not behave well, I go behind the load and sit down and sing Old Hundred. I don't know how it is, but the psalm tune has a surprising effect on my cattle."

It is doubtless a fact, that much of the meanness of working beasts, their balkiness and general ugliness, are augmented if not actually caused by the meanness of their owners. Many a time there would be less balkiness in the horse if there were less in the man.

We know of an evangelist who had sought many times for the experience of holiness before he became a preacher. At times he thought he certainly had prayed through and received the blessing, but every time he would go to milk, his cow would assure him that he did not have the desired gift. The ugly beast would invariably kick the milk over, and something within would spring up and thus prove to him that he did not have what he supposed. At last the man finally dug down to bottom rock and prayed through, and by faith in the cleansing blood of the Savior received the blessing of which he so much felt the need. The first time after this that he went to milk, the old kicker was ready for him. After a nice lot of the milk was in the bucket, a sudden "bim," "biff" and the contents were on him and the ground. What happened to the man, and to the cow? He got up quietly without feeling the usual tide of anger surging within, and he began stroking the trembling, dumb beast in a gentle and loving manner. When he walked up the path towards the house with the milk streaming down his clothes, and with a face all smiles and radiant with the glory of the upper world, his wife saw him, and said, "John's got the blessing." And John had the blessing, and strange to say, the old, kicking cow from that day on never kicked him again. Don't tell me that a dumb beast does not appreciate kindness.

A wicked coal miner in Illinois was accustomed to pay his hard-hearted respects to the poor mules employed in the dark, underground service. This wicked, pugilistic, prize-fighting miner got under awful conviction on account of his sins and began to seek the Lord for pardon which he received. The effect was immediately noticed on the mules and the other miners declared that the mules had been converted too.

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062 -- WRENS LEARNING TO SING

A wren built her nest in a box, so situated that a family had an opportunity of observing the mother bird instructing the young ones in the art of singing peculiar to the species. She fixed herself on one side of the opening in the box, directly before her young, and began by singing over her whole song very distinctly. One of the young then attempted to imitate her. After proceeding through a few notes, its voice broke, and it lost the tune. The mother immediately recommenced where the young one had failed, and went very distinctly through the remainder. The young bird

made a second attempt, commencing where it had ceased before, and continuing the song as long as it was able; and when the note was again lost, the mother began anew where it stopped, and completed it. Then the young one resumed the tune and finished it. This done, the mother sang over the whole series of notes a second time with great precision; and a second of the young attempted to follow her. The wren pursued the same course with this as with the first; and so with the third and fourth. It sometimes happened that the young one would lose the tune three, four, or more times in the same attempt; in which case the mother uniformly began where they ceased, and sung the remaining notes, and when each had completed the trial, she repeated the whole strain. Sometimes two of the young commenced together. The mother observed the same conduct towards them as when one sang alone. This was repeated day after day, and several times in the day. -- (From "A Hundred Anecdotes of Animals," by Percy J. Billlnghurst. John Lane Company, Publishers. New York.)

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063 -- CURIOUS CONCERT OF PIGS

An abbot, a man of wit, and skilled in the construction of new musical instruments, was ordered by Louis XI, King of France, more in jest than in earnest, to procure him a concert of swines' voices. The abbot said that the thing could doubtless be done, but that it would take a great deal of money. The king ordered that he should have whatever he required for the purpose. The abbot then wrought a thing as singular as ever was seen; for out of a great number of hogs of several ages which he got together, and placed under a tent, or pavilion, covered with velvet, before which he had a table of wood painted, with a certain number of keys, he made an organical instrument, and as he played upon the said keys with little spikes, which pricked the hogs, he made them cry in such order and consonance, he highly delighted the king and all his company. -- (From "A Hundred Anecdotes of Animals," by Percy J. Billlnghurst. John Lane Company, Publishers. New York.)

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064 -- HOW A MONKEY CONVICTED A MAN

The Boston "Herald" is the authority for this story from Baton Rouge, La.:

Because their conviction for murder was based almost entirely on the animosity displayed against them by a trained monkey, Christopher Starr, and his wife, Mamie, circus performers, are serving life sentences in State prison.

A movement has been started to obtain a new trial for them. During the circus season, James Ackerman, proprietor of a one-ring circus, was murdered while his show was playing at Devall's Landing, La.

Mr. and Mrs. Starr, who had had a troupe of trained animals with the show, were arrested soon afterward, but there was little evidence against them, and they would have been released but for the actions of Scamp, a pet Himalayan ape, belonging to Mr. Ackerman.

Ackerman had been feeding the ape when he was slain, and when the animal, which was the only living witness of the crime, saw Starr, he flew into a terrible rage.

This action was repeated whenever Starr appeared, despite the fact that he formerly had been a friend of Scamp, and it was repeated when Mrs. Starr was seen.

The monkey's actions caused husband and wife to be indicted, and when placed on trial the monkey was brought into court, and so impressed the jury, that although the evidence was not over-strong, they were found guilty. -- (Cyclopedia of Illustrations for Public Speakers.)

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065 -- A GIANT CUTTLE-FISH

In 1873, three fishermen, when plying their vocation off the Newfoundland coast, saw a shapeless mass floating on the water near them, and thinking it might prove part of the cargo of a shipwrecked vessel, they rowed up to and struck it with their boat-hook. "In an instant," says the Rev. Mr. Harvey, to whom science is indebted for the story, "the dark mass became animated, and, opening out like a huge umbrella, displayed to view a pair of prominent ghastly green eyes of enormous size, which glared at them with apparent ferocity, its huge parrot-like beak at the same time opening in a savage and threatening manner."

Before the men had sufficiently recovered their presence of mind to think of endeavoring to escape, the creature shot out several of its long fleshy arms towards their boat, and two of these had already laid firm hold of it, when one of the fishermen, seizing a hatchet succeeded in lopping them off. Finding itself wounded, the monster withdrew, blackening the water as it went, by the emission of its inky fluid, while the fishermen made for the harbor with the two trophies of their encounter. One of these was destroyed before Mr. Harvey reached the scene; the other measured nineteen feet in length; six feet of it, however, had been previously cut off, while the fishermen calculated that about ten feet more had been left on the monster. The entire arm must therefore have measured nearly forty feet in length; and if twenty feet be added for the body, we have this gigantic mollusk -- for it belongs to the same class of animals as the oyster and the whelk, and is no fish -- rivaling in length an ordinary whale.

Cuttle-fishes have ten arms, two of them much longer than the others, arranged in a circle round the head, with the mouth -- which is provided with a parrot-like beak lying in the center. It was one of the two long arms which Mr. Harvey rescued; and this he found studded over with no fewer than one hundred and eighty cup-like suckers, some of them an inch and a quarter in diameter. Beneath each of these suckers a vacuum is formed when the animal grasps an object -- a fact which sufficiently explains the invincible tenacity of its hold. -- (From "Science Gleanings in Animal Life," by John Gibson. Thomas Nelson and Sons, Publishers. New York.)

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066 -- SEXTUPLETS BORN IN MAINE

A cow owned by Thomas Williams of Weld, Maine, recently gave birth to six calves at one time. This is declared to be the first instance of the kind ever known. The mother of the little animals was a grade of Durham and Hereford, while their sire was a full-blooded Holstein. Their combined weight at birth was 146 pounds, and they averaged about twenty-five pounds each. The calves lived only a few days. Later they were mounted and are now owned by W. E. Parlin, of Weld. Mr. Parlin has numerous affidavits of the circumstances attending the birth of the calves, as he knew that such an event would at first be considered incredible.

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067 -- HOW A STORK RESCUED A CAPTIVE SLAVE

"In a little house in far-off Norway there lived a poor widow and her only child, Conrad. Every spring a stork came and built her nest on the roof of the tiny home. There she laid her eggs and raised her young, and when the chilly winds of autumn came she flew away to the sunny south, returning the next spring. From the time Conrad was a little boy he had watched every year for the coming of the big bird, which he fed daily. Both he and his mother grew very fond of their feathered guest. Conrad would whistle in a peculiar way, and the stork would fly to him for food. Thus, the bird and the boy became fast friends.

"When Conrad was old enough he went to be a sailor. On his first voyage, when the ship touched Africa, he and all the crew were taken prisoners by pirates and sold as slaves. Weeks went by; months and years passed. The poor, lonely widow in her northern home mourned for her sailor boy as dead. But poor Conrad was working in chains under a cruel task-master, away in Africa. How often he thought of dear Norway, of his beloved mother, and of the little cottage! Should he ever see them again? There seemed no hope.

"One day a stork circled above his head, and Conrad, thinking of his old-time pet, whistled the bird-call of the olden days. To his surprise and joy the bird came to him. He saw that it was his old friend. What joy it was for Conrad to find his pet! Why, it was like seeing one from his own land, from his very home. Now a plan came to the lonely, discouraged slave. 'When the stork is ready to fly homeward in the spring I'll tie a message to its leg. It will go to my dear old home, and perhaps mother will see the note,' he said. This he did, hoping that all would go well with his friend on its long northern journey.

"When spring came to the little Norway village the old stork came as usual to the roof" of the tiny house that had been its home so long. Conrad's mother welcomed it and fed it for the sake of her boy who had loved it. Then she spied the paper wound around its leg, and taking it off she read the message her boy had sent. Quickly the wonderful news spread through the village that Conrad was living, but a slave. Then the minister said: 'We must save Conrad.' Someone went around and collected money, and everyone gladly gave what he could and the matter was laid before the king, and he was asked to help. When the king heard the story his eyes filled with tears, and before many days a great warship, fully manned, sailed away to the African coast to rescue the young slave. Before the summer closed it returned, bringing Conrad back to his mother's cottage.

How merrily the church bells of the little village pealed a welcome! How the people rejoiced and gave thanks together on the day of Conrad's return!

"On the top of the church and on his own house Conrad placed the figure of a great stork, to show all who came to the village that God had saved his life by means of a bird. But the neighbors all said that if Conrad had not been kind to the stork when it first came it might have gone to some other roof, and thus his chance of rescue would have gone."

"Oh, Aunt Bess, is it a true story?" asked Ruth, whose eyes shone big and round as she listened.

"Yes, dear, the best of it all is that it is a true story. On the quaint village church the stork may still be seen, as well as on many houses. And often in the long twilight hour do the boys and girls gather about some dear old lady to hear the story of Conrad and the stork who once lived in that village." -- (Christian Guardian.)

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068 -- HOW THE SHEEP SAVED HER LAMB

A gentleman traveling in the lonely part of the highlands of Scotland was attracted by the bleating of a ewe, as the animal came from the roadside, as if to meet him. When nearer she redoubled her cries and looked up into his face as if to ask for assistance. He alighted from his gig and followed her to a considerable distance from the road, where he found a lamb completely wedged in betwixt two large stones, and struggling with its legs uppermost. He took out the sufferer and placed it on the green sward, when the mother, seemingly overjoyed, poured forth her thanks in a long-continued bleat. -- (Cyclopedia of Illustrations for Public Speakers.)

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069 -- A FAITHFUL TOAD

A gardener, in removing some rubbish, discovered two ground toads of an uncommon size. On finding them, he was surprised to see that one of them got upon the back of the other, and both proceeded to move slowly on the grounds towards a place of retreat. Upon further examination he found that the one on the back of the other had received a severe contusion from the spade, and was rendered unable to get away, without the assistance of its companion. -- (From "A Hundred Anecdotes of Animals," by Percy J. Billinghurst. John Lane Company, Publishers. New York.)

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070 -- A BEAR THAT FASTED FORTY DAYS

Up in the Sierra Madre mountains back of the city of Pasadena is the Alpine Tavern. This beautiful spot is reached by a trolley line from Los Angeles and Pasadena to the base of the mountains, and then by a very steep cable ascent to Echo Mountain. From here another trolley line

winds in and out, and up the mountains to the beautiful resort called Alpine Tavern, several thousand feet above the sea level. Somewhere near this mountain resort, two bears were captured and kept in captivity at the Tavern. In the course of time one of these bears died and the other showed such grief, that all appetite for food was gone, and there seemed to be no comfort for Bruin. Day after day this bear refused to be comforted and refused to eat. For forty days the poor bereaved animal endured its suffering and refused its daily rations. Finally it broke its fast and ate. It was positive proof that animals as well as human beings have love, and suffer the pangs of bereavement.

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071 -- A MARVELOUS MONKEY

The chimpanzee, of all monkey tribes, exhibits the most intelligence. Upon the authority of a French traveler we have the following story: "A chimpanzee, captured on the coast of Africa, became quite domesticated upon a vessel, and rendered herself very useful. She learned to heat the oven, taking care that none of the coals fell out, and, when sufficiently heated, she apprised the baker, who came to rely with perfect confidence upon her judgment. She learned to splice ropes and assist in furling sails. The brutal mate assaulted her one day, and beat her severely without provocation. She made no resistance, but in a piteous manner held out her hands to break the force of the blows. After this she seemed to take no interest in anything; refused all food, and on the fifth day died." -- (Reprinted from Johonnot's "A Natural History Reader," by permission of D. Appleton and Company.)

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072 -- PROSECUTION, THE SALVATION ARMY DOG

An evangelist was conducting revival services in an opera house in the city of Colusa, California. A shaggy, homely-looking cur attended the meeting from time to time, and would take his place on the platform, lying down by the side of the pulpit stand. This attracted the attention of the evangelist, and he learned the following story of this remarkable dog: Prosecution was his name. He had no home. He lived on the town, butchers and whoever would feeding him from time to time. He was a great lover of the Salvation Army which was holding forth in that little city. Invariably he was on hand at their street meetings and indoor services. His name was given him at a time when the Army was undergoing considerable persecution, and an old lady attendant, a beautiful Christian character, and a woman much given to prayer, would often pray for the persecuted Army, but lacking in a well-rounded vocabulary, she used the word "prosecution" instead of the word "persecution." Hence, according to her petition, the Army was undergoing prosecution instead of persecution. In this way the dog began to be called Prosecution, which name attached to him till his death.

No matter in what part of the city Prosecution was in, when he heard the beat of the Salvation Army drum on the street, he made for the accustomed corner. One time the Army happened to station themselves at a different corner than usual, and when the drum was heard,

Prosecution ran to his usual place, and hearing the drum. but seeing no one, he hastened to another corner and seemed much put out to see that he could not find them.

Prosecution would not attend quiet meetings. Any place of religious worship that gained his attention and attendance had to be full of life and religious fervor. It was for this reason that he attended the meetings in the opera house when the evangelist came to town. The meetings in the opera house lasted one week and then the evangelist was gone and never was in that city since. Some two years or so following, the evangelist chanced to run across a resident of Colusa, the home of this remarkable cur, and inquired after the welfare of his revival attendant, whereupon he was apprised of the sad fact that Prosecution had died. Some one had poisoned him. But the saddest part was, that the poor dog had lapsed in his love for warm and lively meetings. He had so far fallen from his former state that he would attend any meeting no matter how little fire and fervor were manifested. He even went so far as to attend the lodge. Thus, with this gad about spirit he ran foul of some poison which resulted in his death. Poor Prosecution! It would have been better to have kept thy first love.

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073 -- A SPITEFUL CAT

This strange cat was owned by Rev. U. E. Ramsey at Cucamonga, California. It was a Persian cat, and they called it Fluff. It loved to sit in the window, and perchance the window blind was down so that it could not get at the window, it would give the blind a proper pull and thus raise it. It had a great aversion to being called Kitty Puss, and if one had the audacity to call it such a name, it would get mad and scratch and fight. One night a young man teased the cat calling it Kitty Puss. It had its round with the young man, getting mad and scratching him, and evidently was still angered the next morning. Later on Mr. Ramsey let it in at the door. In seeming great glee the cat came into the room where Mrs. Ramsey was still in bed. She said, "Good morning, Kitty Puss." He did not show that he was mad, hiding his feelings, and deliberately went up to the bed, took his paw and scratched her face till it took off some of the skin.

We have seen children like this cat. They had a spirit of revenge. If they were called names or made fun of, they wanted to get even with the party and do them some hurt. How much better it would be to take it all good-naturedly and let it quietly pass by! Try it that way next time.

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074 -- HOW THE DOG FOUND THE SHILLING

I must now tell you a story which many believe, but which others consider "too good to be true."

A gentleman who owned a fine Newfoundland dog, of which he was very proud, was one warm summer's evening riding out with a friend, when he asserted that his dog would find and bring to him any article he might leave behind him. Accordingly it was agreed that a shilling should be marked and placed under a stone, and that after they had proceeded three or four miles

on their road, the dog should be sent back for it. This was done -- the dog, which was with them, observing them place the coin under the stone, a somewhat heavy one. They then rode forward the distance proposed, when the dog was dispatched by his master for the shilling. He seemed fully to understand what was required of him; and the two gentlemen reached home, expecting the dog to follow immediately. They waited, however, in vain. The dog did not make his appearance, and they began to fear that some accident had happened to the animal.

The faithful dog was, however, obedient to his master's orders. On reaching the stone he found it too heavy to lift, and while scraping and working away, barking every now and then in his eagerness, two horsemen came by. Observing the dog thus employed, one of them dismounted and turned over the stone, fancying that some creature had taken refuge beneath it. As he did so, his eye fell on the coin, which -- not suspecting that it was the object sought for -- he put into his breeches pocket before the animal could get hold of it. Still wondering what the dog wanted, he remounted his steed, and with his companion rode rapidly on to an inn nearly twenty miles off, where they proposed to pass the night.

The dog, which had caught sight of the shilling as it was transferred to the stranger's pocket, followed them closely, and watched the sleeping room into which they were shown. He must have observed them take off their clothes, and seen the man who had taken possession of the shilling hang his breeches over the back of a chair. Waiting till the travelers were wrapped in slumber, he seized the garment in his mouth -- being unable to extract the shilling -- and bounded out of the window, nor stopped till he reached home. His master was awakened early in the morning by hearing the dog barking and scratching at his door. He was greatly surprised to find what he had brought, and more so to find not only the marked shilling, but a watch and purse besides. As he had no wish that his dog should act the thief, or that he himself should become the receiver of stolen goods, he advertised the articles which had been carried off; and after some time the owner appeared, when all that occurred was explained.

The only way to account for the dog not at first seizing the shilling is, that grateful for the assistance afforded him in removing the stone, he supposed that the stranger was about to give him the coin, and that he only discovered his mistake when it was too late. His natural gentleness and generosity may have prevented him from attacking the man and trying to obtain it by force.

Patiently and persevering follow up the line of duty which has been set you. When I see a boy studying hard at his lessons, or doing his duty in any other way, I can say, "Ah, he is searching for the marked shilling; and I am sure he will find it." -- (From "Stories of the Sagacity of Animals," by W. H. G. Kingston. T. Nelson & Sons, Publishers. New York.)

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075 -- THE DRUNKEN HOGS

How much the following sounds like the description of what some human "pigs" call "a good time!" In Grass Valley, Cal., the hogs of a ranch recently drank of the contents of a wine cask which ran out into a pool. An account of the "spree" is given as follows: "Some were frisky and full of play, others belligerent and swaggering around hunting up fights; some maundering around

in an imbecile way, walking in corkscrew style and tumbling over the least obstructions that lay in their path, while several of the larger hogs, that had managed to get in the heaviest loads, were incapable of motion. These drunken hogs, on recovering, it is said, solemnly adopted this pledge: "We have always been beasts until this unlucky slip, and we promise ourselves that we will never make men of ourselves again."

In a school in Illinois, the pastor asked his class, "Why is it that such as Adonijah will not learn from the example of such as Absalom?" The answer from a Norwegian brother was prompt: "You feed hot swill, and every pig is going to burn his nose and squeal and run; he won't learn nothing." When a printer, setting up an article for a very precise preacher on the fifteenth chapter of Luke, which contains the story of the lost sheep, the lost coin and the prodigal Son, made the summary of the chapter read, "The sheep, the cow, the sow," he unconsciously proclaimed the Bible truth that prodigals are self-made beasts. -- (From "Before the Lost Arts.")

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076 -- THE LAZY CUCKOO

There is a little wandering bird, known to many countries, called the European cuckoo. A sort of gypsy bird is he, never building himself a home.

We always suspect wandering people who never care to have a home of their own, and when we see Mrs. Cuckoo laying an egg in some other bird's nest, we naturally shake our heads and say: "Shame! Shame] Lazy Mother Cuckoo." These eggs have been found in the robin's nest, in the skylark's, and in the wagtail's nest, but more often they have been found in the nest of the humble hedge sparrow. Crafty old Mother Cuckoo, always on the watch, sees little Mother Sparrow building her nest. When the house is completed, and the little eggs are all laid, away she goes to call Father Sparrow to inspect their new home, or provide a breakfast. Down flies lazy old Mother Cuckoo, and lays an egg in the nest of Mrs. Sparrow. It seems strange that one big, brown cuckoo egg in with the little, delicate blue eggs does not attract the attention of Mother Sparrow.

She must be dull-witted. When Mother Sparrow returns, she sees that big, strange egg, but instead of turning it out, she sits upon them all. In due time, the eggs are all hatched, four or five little sparrows and one big stranger. The sparrow family and this alien grow up together, but soon, very soon, the cuckoo is not satisfied with his share of the tiny nest -- remember, he is a big fellow. Just as he wants all the nest room, so he wants all of the attention of Mother Sparrow.

So, as soon as he is big and strong enough, he drives out all the little sparrows, from their rightful home, and away from their mother's care. Sometimes their little wings or necks are broken as they fall to the ground. And then, alas! Mother Sparrow learns she has been imposed upon, and all she has left of her little family is not her genuine offspring, but a big foster child of the cuckoo family. But it is too late.

How many are like that old Mother Sparrow? Satan is ever alert to slip one of his evil thoughts into our hearts, and like the cuckoo's egg, it bears fruit. When you find one little evil thought that will surely mature later on, cast it out, or it will breed unhappiness and sin. The person

who tells white lies will soon be telling them as black as tar, for, like the links that bind together a chain, so one sin drags another after it.

Do you know how that wonderful bridge was built across Niagara river, below Niagara Falls? First they flew a kite across the river, with a fine string attached to it; with that string they pulled across a piece of cord, and with the cord a piece of wire; with the wire a rope, and with the rope a cable; and so the great bridge finally was built. So little sins are linked into a chain.

Of course, you can not help being tempted, but you can put the evil thoughts out of your heart as soon as they come, and not leave them there to be hatched into the habits that will spoil your life and grieve your beloved mother. Isn't that true? With a girl, it is often love of dress, vanity and admiration, that blights her young, precious life. With a boy, it may be a wrong idea of manliness, a dislike for the restraints of school, and a love for the brook and fishing rod. Remember, whatever it is, do not weld together the links of a chain that you would later gladly dispose of. Then again, you are much better off than the sparrow, because they have only their poor little wits and such tiny little strength.

Put your hearts into God's keeping, and pray: "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil." -- (Lola yon Diehl Barbour, in "Intelligencer.")

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077 -- STRANGE PERFUME

It might be of some interest to know that some of our choicest perfumes, used as a basis for various perfumes, come from animals. It was quite a surprise to learn that the high-priced musk did not come from the musk ox, but from a musk deer in China. It is derived from the male deer, from a sack or pouch on the abdomen. A certain secretion is found there, dried and decomposed, amounting to about a half teaspoonful. This very strong odorous substance is used in connection with flower perfume and forms our high-priced musk.

There is a substance taken from the beaver which is also of great value in the perfume market. Hunters in the great Northwest use this substance in catching deer. A small amount is placed along a deer path, and when the deer pass by, and are so taken up smelling the sweet odor, they are shot by the hunter.

Strange to say, one of the great perfumes is taken from a whale. It is called "ambergris," and comes from the sperm whale. Sometimes fifty pounds come from one whale, and when plentiful is worth ten dollars per ounce; but when scarce is worth thirty dollars an ounce. A whale, then, will yield from $8,000 to $25,000 in perfume, besides its oil and spermaceti. Sometimes this "ambergris" is found floating on the ocean. A man off the coast of Oregon was fishing in his motor boat and finding his machinery needed some oiling, not having any on board, he saw some of this ambergris floating around and tried it. Suspecting the nature of the substance, he gathered it up, sold it, and made a fortune.

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078 -- THE HORSE'S PRAYER TO ITS OWNER AND DRIVER

Issued by the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals Society.

To Thee, My Master, I offer my prayer: Feed me, water and care for me, and, when the day's work is done, provide me with shelter, a clean, dry bed, and a stall wide enough for me to lie down in comfort.

Always be kind to me. Talk to me. Your voice often means as much to me as the reins. Pet me sometimes, that I may serve you the more gladly and learn to love you. Do not jerk the reins, and do not whip me when going up hill. Never strike, beat or kick me when I do not understand what you want, but give me a chance to understand you. Watch me, and if I fail to do your bidding, see if something is not wrong with my harness or feet.

Do not check me so that I cannot have the free use of my head. If you insist that I wear blinders so that I cannot see behind me as it was intended I should, I pray you be careful that the blinders stand well out from my eyes.

Do not overload me, or hitch me where water will drip on me. Keep me well shod. Examine my teeth when I do not eat, I may have an ulcerated tooth, and that, you know, is very painful. Do not tie my head in an unnatural position, or take away my best defense against flies and mosquitoes by cutting off my tail.

I cannot tell you when I am thirsty, so give me clean cool water often. Save me, by all means in your power, from that fatal disease -- the glanders. I cannot tell you in words I am sick, so watch me, and by signs you may know my condition. Give me all possible shelter from the hot sun, and put a blanket on me, not when I am working, but when I am standing in the cold. Never put a frosty bit in my mouth, first warm it, by holding it a moment in your hands.

I try to carry you and your burdens without a murmur, and wait patiently for you long hours of the day or night. Without the power to choose my shoes or path I sometimes fall on the hard pavements, which I often pray might not be of wood; but of such a nature as to give me a safe and sure footing. Remember that I must be ready at any moment to lose my life in your service.

And finally, O My Master, when my useful strength is gone, do not turn me out to starve or freeze, or sell me to some human brute, to be slowly tortured and starved to death; but do Thou, My Master, take my life in the kindest way. You will not consider me irreverent if I ask this in the name of Him who was born in a stable. Amen.

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079 -- THE DISHONEST CAT

I am sorry to say that some cats are not always so amiable as others, but will occasionally play all sorts of tricks, like some dishonest boys and girls, to obtain what they want.

An Angora cat, which lived in a large establishment in France, had discovered that when a certain bell rang the cook always left the kitchen. Numerous niceties were scattered about, some on the tables and dressers, others before the fire. Pussy crept towards them, and tasted them; they exactly suited her palate. When she heard the cook's step returning, off she ran to a corner and pretended to be sleeping soundly. How she longed that the bell would ring again!

At last, like another cat I have mentioned, she thought that she would try to ring it herself, and get the cook out of the way; she could resist her longing for those sweet creams no longer. Off she crept, jumped up at the bell-rope, and succeeded in sounding the bell. Away hurried cook to answer it. The coast was now clear, and Pussy reveled in the delicacies left unguarded -- being out of the kitchen, or apparently asleep in her corner, before cook returned.

This trick continued to answer Pussy's object for some time, the cook wondering what had become of her tarts and creams, till a watch was wisely set to discover the thief, when the dishonest though sagacious cat was seen to pull the bell, and then, when cook went out, to steal into the kitchen and feast at her leisure.

There is a proverb -- which pray condemn as a bad one, because the motive offered is wrong -- that "honesty is the best policy." Rather say, "Be honest because it is right." Pussy, with her maneuvers to steal the creams, thought herself very clever, but she was found out. -- (From "Stories of the Sagacity of Animals," by W. H. G. Kingston. T. Nelson & Sons, Publishers. New York.)

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080 -- HOW THE DOG CONVICTED THE MURDERER

A Frenchman of family and fortune, traveling alone through a forest, was murdered and buried under a tree. His dog, an English bloodhound, would not quit his master's grave, till at length, compelled by hunger, he proceeded to a house of a friend of his master's, and by his melancholy howling seemed desirous of expressing the loss they had both sustained. He repeated his cries, ran to the door, looked back to see if any one followed him, returned to his master's friend, pulled him by the sleeve, and with dumb eloquence entreated him to go with him.

Struck by these actions, the company decided to follow the dog, who led them to a tree where he began scratching the earth and howling. On digging, the body of the unhappy man was found.

Sometime after, the dog accidentally met the assassin; when instantly seizing him by the throat, he was with great difficulty compelled to quit his prey. As the dog continued to pursue and attack his master's murderer, although docile to all others, his behavior began to attract notice and comment.

At length the affair reached the king's ear, who sent for the dog, who appeared extremely gentle till he saw the murderer, when he ran fiercely towards him, growling at and attacking him as usual.

The king, struck with such a collection of circumstantial evidence, determined to refer the decision to the chance of. battle; in other words, he gave orders for a combat between the assassin and the dog. The lists were appointed, and the man was allowed for his weapon a great cudgel.

An empty cask was given the dog as a place of retreat, to enable him to recover breath. The dog finding himself at liberty, ran around his adversary, avoiding his blows, and menacing him on every side, till his strength was exhausted; then springing forward, he gripped him by the throat, threw him on the ground, and obliged him to confess before the king and the whole court. The assassin was afterwards convicted and beheaded. -- (From "A Hundred Anecdotes of Animals," by Percy J. Billinghurst. John Lane Company, Publishers. New York.)

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081 -- THE DOGS THAT WOULD NOT BITE

In a Western city, when a few devoted women were praying on the sidewalk before a saloon, the proprietor, in a fit of anger, set two dogs on the leader of the meeting. With a quiet yet fearless spirit she laid her hands upon their heads and continued praying, while they crouched at her feet. It was the story of Daniel in the lion's den repeated in the nineteenth century. That man soon gave up the business, and, with his six brothers, embraced Christianity, and that saloon has been used for many years for Gospel meetings.

In the battle in the seventh of Romans between the flesh and the spirit within us, through what power shall our animal nature be destroyed? "I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord." -- (From "Before the Lost Arts.")

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082 -- LEAVING THE FAMILY CAT

The family went off today on a vacation trip, says the "Headlight" of Deming, New Mexico. They went for pleasure and rest and comfort. They left the family cat to shift for herself. In a story by Annie E. Fisher, a typical case is given:

"She is not long in taking fright at the strangeness of a deserted house. She grows impatient, then doubtful and unhappy, and by-and-by, as the hours go by, as night comes on and no door opens to her, she comes to know the worst, and her heart grows sore within her. In despair, knowing herself homeless and forsaken, she lifts up her voice and wails.

"I have known many a human being to weep bitterly at the loss of home for a few weeks or months only.

"I have known a cat thus deprived of home to stay about the place for weeks and months, each day coming back to ask why she is cruelly treated, each day growing dirtier and hungrier, more hopeless, unkempt and savage; until finally, with temper ruined, manners noisy and rude, coat all ugly with dirt and scratches, she becomes a wretched, unhappy street cat.

"If she is not torn to pieces by dogs, if she does not starve to death, she lives on -- a wretched, wretched creature.

"One of these poor creatures I found when I came home last autumn. She was ill, starving, half-blind from disease; but I put an end to her suffering with chloroform as soon as I could catch her. And oh, the pity of it! I found on making friends with her that she must have been somebody's pet, for she was tame and gentle and affectionate as soon as she heard a friendly voice and recognized a friendly hand. Poor little creature! she will never have to be cold or hungry or forsaken any more.

"Now, tell me, you who left this cat to starve, would it have been too much trouble to take her away with you into the country, or to have found another home for her, or, these things being impossible, could you not have sent to the Society to send and mercifully kill her before you left town? Or better still, would it not have been more just if you had never given yourself the pleasure of having a cat at all, since you were not prepared to hold yourself responsible for its life and happiness?

"My story is a true one. Year after year this thing happens; and it needs no prophecy to see that what has happened will repeat itself this year and every year to come, until we give thought and take pains that this thing shall not go on." -- (Our Dumb Animals.)

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083 -- THE LION AND THE SLAVE

In old Rome there were many slaves. Some of them had been taken in war. Their state was a very sad one, for at any time their masters might kill them. Often they had brands put on their foreheads. One day a slave ran away. He had a long way to go to get to his home. After many days he came to a wild place. Here he found a cave, in which he thought he might hide for a time. Just as he entered the cave, he heard a lion roar. This put him in great fear. But when the lion saw him, it came to him, and put up its paw on the man's knee. The lion was in much pain. The slave took hold of the paw, and on the other side he found a large thorn had run into the lion's foot. He drew out the thorn. The lion stood still till it was done. Then its paw was easy, and the lion licked the man's hand. The slave was very weak, and hid in the cave some days, but was in need of food, and went out to look for some. He was met in the wood by some one who knew he was a slave, by the brand on his forehead. By him he was sent back to Rome. His master gave orders that he should be sent to the circus and given to the wild beasts. He was put into the open space. In a den on one side was a lion Which had been caught a few days before. It had been kept without food to make it more savage. When the door of the den was opened, the lion sprang out with a loud roar; but when it saw the man, it crept up to him and licked his hand. It was the lion from whose foot he had taken

the thorn. People clapped their hands, and shouted to have the slave set free. This was done, and the lion was given to the man. It went about with him as a faithful dog would have done.

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084 -- THE CANINE DETECTIVE

The criminal classes of Moscow, Russia, are beginning to believe that the police dog, "Tref," is possessed of an evil spirit.

It was rumored recently, in the night shelters and criminal dens of Moscow, that "Tref" and his keeper were on the track of certain robbers, and were about to scour the town.

It transpired that a number of bank-notes and other valuables had been stolen from a Moscow gentleman by the name of Pokrofsky. "Tref's" services were immediately requisitioned. He was put on the scent of the thief, and, after taking a circuitous course, entered a night shelter and made straight for an old coat belonging to a house-painter who was known under the name of Alexander. The sum of five hundred rubles, which had been stolen from M. Pokrofsky, was found in one of the pockets of the coat.

"Tref" then left the night shelter, and, still hot on the scent, went to the shop of a second-hand dealer named Gussef, and here a number of silver articles stolen from M. Pokrofsky were discovered. A cabman drove up at this time, and complained that he had just been robbed of a fur coat and an ordinary overcoat. "Tref" was at once-taken to the scene of the theft, and within a few minutes found the clothing concealed in the courtyard of a neighboring house. -- (Cyclopedia of Illustrations for Public Speakers.)

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085 -- BOY'S ESSAY ON CATS

A schoolboy wrote an essay on cats. The chapter on different breeds supplied the following information: "Cats that's made for little boys to maul and tease is called Maltese cats. Some cats is known by their queer purrs; these are called Persian cats. Cats with very bad tempers is called Angorrie cats. Cats with deep feelin's is called Feline cats."

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086 -- THE MOURNING COW AND THE STUFFED CALF

Cows love their offspring, and suffer when they are separated from them. How often we have heard the mother cow mourning for the loss of her baby! It has always seemed cruel to the writer to have the calf taken ruthlessly away from its mother. In one of the books on psychology there is the statement of an experiment made upon a cow which was mourning the loss of her calf. The skin of a calf was taken and stuffed with straw so that it had the appearance of a calf. This stuffed calf was then placed alongside of the cow, and the mourning at once ceased, and the poor,

deceived animal went to licking the stuffed calf. The cow seemed perfectly satisfied with having the stuffed calf by her side, but to the dismay of the onlookers, she soon began to eat the hay from the inside of the calf. Some one has said, "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise," and so this poor, foolish animal, in her ignorance, had the blissful satisfaction of losing her sorrow over a miserable deception.

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087 -- WEAVER BIRD'S ELECTRIC LIGHTS

Mrs. Joseph Cook speaks of weaver birds in India who anticipated man in the use of electric lights by fastening up fireflies in their nests. -- (From "Before the Lost Arts.")

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088 -- HOW THE FOX FOOLED THE DOG

The fox is proverbial for cunning. He sees and thinks for himself. Ordinarily he is too sly for the average dog. Here is a delightful little story about a fox, told in Harper's Weekly:

A Virginian who is fond of studying wild animals in their natural surroundings once had an opportunity to see for himself the cunning of the fox.

As this amateur naturalist was standing near the bank of a river one winter day, he saw a fox run out upon the ice and make straight for a hole. At the edge of the opening in the ice he stopped, turned, followed his tracks back to the bank, then ran down the stream, paused, and awaited developments.

He only waited a little while until a dog came tearing out of the woods with his nose close to the ice and snow. He ran along the ice with his head down until he reached the opening. It was then too late to check his speed; he plunged into the water, and was lost under the ice..

The fox meanwhile had waited in plain sight to watch the effect of his little trick. After the dog came into view, he remained perfectly motionless until he saw his old enemy disappear. Then, with a look on his face which seemed to combine a good-natured grin with a mild content, he went off about his business.

Other animals sometimes display superior cunning. Two coyotes were stealing chickens from the friend of the writer. A dog was Watching. One coyote came near and attracted the attention of the dog, who immediately gave chase. While the dog was away, the other coyote nabbed a chicken and was off. The two coyotes seemed to have a perfect understanding. Their little trick worked to perfection.

These little stories are calculated to inspire boys and girls with a desire to know something; to be shrewd, wide-awake, not dull, ignorant and useless. -- (Rev. C. E. Cornell, in "The Youth's Comrade.")

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089 -- MARVELOUS PRE-HISTORIC TOOLS AND MACHINES

Modern explorations in the ruins of ancient cities have shown that many tools and implements that had been supposed to belong exclusively to modern times are in reality only re-inventions of "lost arts" that were in use thousands of years ago.

These ancient implements, which some of us have seen, and which have been certified to all others by unquestioned testimony, are to us all satisfactory proof that in the times and places to which they belong there existed minds like ours, intelligent and inventive.

But other, explorations have proved the existence of more numerous and more wonderful tools and even machines at a much more remote period.

It is well known that the beginnings of science were in the cells of the alchemists and astrologers. The most ancient implements and machines referred to are found in connection with more ancient cells, where they were wrought centuries before Venice worked in glass or Egypt built her pyramids.

The following is a partial list of these most ancient implements and machines and their products: needles, lances, scissors, scissors-lances, spears, picks, forks, hooks, swords, trowels, spades, self-sharpening chisels, pincers, forceps, augers, spoke-shaves, files, common saws, circular saws, band saws, bellows, pulleys, levers of the three kinds, hair brushes and combs, syringes, anchors, grapnels, goblets, thread, elastic fish lines, cables, nets, burlap, lace, paper, self-adjusting, self-cleansing opera glasses, lenses, microscopes, telescopes, photographic cameras, electric weapons, electric lights, beveled trap doors, folding doors, dovetailed boards, slate and tile roofs, grated windows, suction pumps, pot furnaces, radiators, covered heating pipes, filters, lifeboats (made with compartments like modern ships, which are also air chambers), balloons, air guns, drums, bugles, bells, whistles, trombones, flageolets, taborets, clarionets, trumpets, violins, pipe organs, self-dressing millstones, roller skates, submarine cement, glue, hollow pillars (so made to combine lightness and strength), buttresses, girders, arches, domes, telegraph lines and telephones.

I perceive in your faces two kinds of expression, which remind me of an incident. A Western man having told a story of even more than the usual Western dimensions, one of his hearers showed no amazement. The narrator turned on him sharply and said: "You don't seem surprised at that?" "No," said his calm auditor, "I am a liar myself." But when I shall have convinced this audience, as I have the many audiences to which this lecture has been delivered all over the United States and Canada and Great Britain, that I have not spoken in a Pickwickian, not even in a poetical sense, in giving you this partial list of ancient tools and machines, but rather have spoken historically and scientifically, then, by the same logic which you accepted a few moments since, these most ancient tools and machines will prove that at the times and places when and where they existed there was mind at work, intelligent and inventive, like ours in kind, however different in degree.

These implements and machines all existed before man made his first invention. The ancient "cells" in connection with which they are found are those which so wonderfully underlie all animal and vegetable life, sometimes so minute that half a million of them may be found in a single square inch of flesh.

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In this rout of materialism, as I have said, these microscopic cells have had a decisive part. They are not only the fortresses but also the workshops and laboratories of the invisible Wisdom, of the original mind, who manifests in his works, design, order and progress, as does the human mind, only the Divine Mind, being perfect in knowledge and skill, used in the very beginning many of the same mechanical devices that man, the son of God, thinking God's thoughts after him, has come to use less perfectly after six thousand years of experiment and study.

For instance, take that simplest of all mechanical appliances, a point. A Boston lecturer magnified the point of the finest cambric needle, and so made it appear on his stereopticon screen like a stub pen, four inches across the end. But a bee sting equally magnified retained its point, and the lecturer said, "Man cannot make a point, but God can." Man is also far behind in the making of fine thread. His hand is not able to make it as fine as his own mind requires. For the micrometer, a metal framework, crossed with threads, which is placed in the eyepiece of telescopes to measure astronomical distances, man has tried in vain to furnish a wire or thread of requisite fineness, and so has had to use the thread that the Creator makes in the spider's mill.

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In the Observatory clock at Cincinnati, a spider thread was used (all other wires and threads being too heavy) to carry an automatic telegram of every tick. Attached to the pendulum at one end, it was so delicate as not in the least to retard the clock, and yet this natural telegraph wire was strong enough to serve two years, with no sign of wear, being broken at that time because of changes to be made in the clock. These fine threads for scientific purposes are spun "to order" by the male spider, whose thread is finer than his mate's. A pencil is placed against the thread gland of the spider, and he is then lifted up. He at once begins to spin, falling from the pencil to which he has made fast the thread like a fire-escape rope. The thread is then wound round the pencil as if it were a spool. Fine as this thread is, it is a cable woven of a thousand finer threads.

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In the insect-eating birds the eyes form a double microscope, a new thing in art but old in nature, and in the case of vultures the eyes form a double telescope, which art has not yet copied.

That divine machines, though like man's, are more perfect will appear all through our study; but I will name here, at the threshold of our subject, one more example of this superiority, namely, the human hand. It is at once a hammer, a vice, a forceps, a hook, a spoon, a paddle, a club; it also includes nearly all the tools a sculptor requires in modeling; and besides being a whole chest of tools, it is a complete signal service for expressing the feelings of the heart and the

thought of the brain. Man's hand has never been skilled enough to make another machine as wonderful as itself in the variety of its power and the compactness of its arrangement.

Nature shows Mind, Mind like ours, but greater, as a father's skill excels that of a half-developed child.

That a Mind like ours but infinitely greater created and sustains the visible world, is also strikingly shown in the fact that not infrequently the machinery of nature has been directly and consciously copied by human machinists.

One of the most valuable lances used in surgery, the scissors-lance, was copied from the microscopic lance of the black fly of the Adirondacks. The scissors-lance of the surgeon pierces the skin with the scissors closed, and then, by a remarkable mechanical contrivance, the scissors are opened internally to cut away a tumor or some other intrusive matter. No one would say the copy did not represent a designing mind. What of the original? It was manifestly made for the purpose of supplying the insect with its food. Having pierced the skin, making but a tiny puncture, the scissors are opened to increase the flow of blood, which, because the external cut is very small, cannot escape, and then a suction pump draws it up, after which a brush resembling those used for kerosene lamp chimneys is used to clean the lance for future use.

The points of our modern augers were copied from the wonderful head of the locust borer, a little worm about an inch long and so soft, except its tiny head, that a child could crush it in its fingers, and yet so capable of boring the hardest wood that the one which I have was taken from a hickory log, in splitting which two strong men broke an iron wedge. Some years ago a man of inventive turn of mind bethought him that this living auger might teach man how to improve boring tools, and, having examined microscopically his little horns, transferred them to the bits we now use.

Boats have been built from the days of canoes on the pattern of ducks and fish. The swan is a beautiful propeller yacht with a lofty pilot house at the bow.

Pot furnaces were copied from certain eminences in the alimentary canal. So the ship-worm, which bores by means of a funnel-like projection on its head and enamels the sides of his tunnels, gave the famous engineer Brunel the successful method of boring and the idea of putting cast-iron linings into the treacherous tunnels he cut through the sand of the Thames, which had previously defeated him again and again.

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The band stands at the Crystal Palace and at Coney Island in the United States are copied from the human mouth, in recognition that God's sounding board is the best. The living phosphorescent lights of the sea, jellyfish, starfish, and luminous sharks, use an illuminant that man has not yet copied, while electric fish show that God finds no insuperable problem in storage electricity. Some of these lamp fish have been used by sailors for lamps. In one case a group of six pyrosomae were placed in a globe of glass and used as a cabin chandelier. Some luminous plants and insects have also been used as lamps. Professor D'Arsonval, of the College of France,

according to the "Scientific American," has lighted small electric lamps by applying them to the torpedo fish, which give out a shock of from twenty to one hundred and twenty volts -- a power usually employed for killing or paralyzing their prey. In one case the shock was so strong that it carbonized the lamps.

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Is there no Mind back of the 70,000 perfect lenses in the eye of the tortoise-shell beetle, or the 10,000 in the eye of the common fly, or the hexagonal cells of the wasp's beautiful paper palace? Making paper from wood pulp is a new art among men, but old as the world among wasps. The Japanese have learned in modern times the value of paper houses. The wasps were taught this ages ago. On the walls of African huts one may see the paper tents that spiders have woven and set up-paper made of their own threads, first one square piece, then a narrow strip to hold it down on all sides, fastened with glue from their own bodies. Under this the eggs are placed, and on it the spider keeps guard against foes. Speaking of threads, we ought to mention the cables by which the water snail and pinna shell anchor themselves -- the latter sometimes woven into garments.

One of the favorite specimens of microscopists is the synapta, a tiny creature of the sea, which has four anchors in place of hands and feet. As in the story of Paul's shipwreck, when danger threatens he "casts four anchors out of the ship and waits for the day." And the anchors are almost exactly like those used in the voyage of Paul, as we see them on ancient Roman coins. The lernentoma, a parasite, has a grapnel head with which he grapples, pirate fashion, the sprat on which he is to feed. There are sponges also that are live grapnels. The velella, a living raft, carries a living sail. The violet snail carries a pocket raft which it inflates with air, and so makes a life raft that cannot sink and by which it is transported. The water-snail and water-boatman each carry a boat in their journeys, like an Adirondack tourist, the former keeping his boat tucked under his armor when not in use, the other wearing his boat, keel upward, as a coat when not in the water. The water-snail depends on the wind, but the swifter water-boatman has a set of arms that are oars with a wonderful power to "feather" by contraction, as do natural oars in the fins of fishes, the tails of lobsters, and the webbed feet of aquatic fowls also. Here it will be suitable to mention that the tails of fish and of sea animals are at once rudders and propellers, like sculling oars, the fins being in various cases, oars, keels, and centerboards. Older than any human lifeboat is the egg-boat of the gnat, which no waves can sink because of its air-tight compartments, consisting of attached egg-shells, each with a trap door to let the gnat, when hatched, into water. The mother gnat protects her young as intelligently as the mother of Moses, who made watertight the wicker boat in which she laid him by the river's brink. Natural trap doors are found not only in gnat eggs, but also in beveled form at the entrance to the trap-door spider's hole. They are also found in the camel's nose, to protect him against the desert sands. As to the camel, the ship of the desert, he is in every part built for long desert voyages as surely as our common ships for the sea -- his nose, his feet, his hump, his stomach, in the last of which are water barrels of leather for his long voyage through the sand. As well say the barrels on ship board are "a fortuitous concourse of atoms" as to say there was no intelligent purpose in the camel's unusual water supply.

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But the filters or sieves of a duck's beak and a whale's mouth are each manifestly destined to sift out coarse substances from the water, whose minute life is used by these creatures for food. We have all seen a fly at his toilet, but not all have seen the two brushes with which the task is done. The toucan daintily combs himself with his notched beak, and effective bone comb. The spider has a softer comb. The glowworm larva's brush strikingly resembles a shaving brush.

There is scarcely a form of hook that is not found in some plant or insect or larger creature. A wonderful chest of tools the mosquito carries in his mouth -- two lances, two spears, two saws and a suction pump. The wasp and bee carry a smaller assortment of tools; and it is claimed for the bee that his sting is both sword and trowel; that while sometimes used for defense, it is commonly used for varnishing and sealing his honey cells and injecting formic acid into the honey. The common saw-fly carries a saw in its mouth with which it saws a crease in some soft branch as a nest for its eggs. More wonderful is the sawyer beetle, a living circular saw, with teeth on the inside, which swings itself round and round, like a gymnast on a trapeze, in order to get at the juices of the tree by sawing into the wood. Still more wonderful is the self-renewing band saw of mollusks, some of which -- in the whelk, for instance -- have 27,000 teeth. When some of the teeth are worn out they are rolled in to grow again and a fresh section of the band is rolled out for service. Another natural carpenter is the hoop-shave bee, which shaves the soft wood from twigs by a double plane on both sides the mouth, and uses the down thus obtained as a lincrusta-walton paper for its home. The mole vigorously wields a spade. The woodpecker uses not his head only but his whole body as a pick. It will be appropriate to name here the natural file, equisetum, known as the "Dutch rush," which is said to surpass, for certain purposes, all manufactured files and sandpapers. The beaver's tooth chisel excels in one respect all manufactured chisels, namely, in that it is self-dressing and self-renewing. The front being hard enamel and the back a softer bone, the latter wears out faster than the former, so keeping up the edge, and the growth of the tooth makes the chisel last a lifetime. Each of the elephant's molars is a self-dressing millstone, with three layers of bone, hard, harder, hardest, which, wearing out slow, slower, slowest, keep the ridges ever dressed for grinding. All molars are millstones, as the word implies.

Man has only recently invented submarine cement; but in nature it is as old as the terebella. The respirator used by certain mechanics to protect the mouth from metal dust was anticipated in the strong protection of the air tubes of flies. Portable electric lights, fed by the electricity in the body, which are for man a possible future invention, are anticipated in fireflies and glowworms. And the electric weapons of future warfare are foretokened in the torpedo fish and electric eel which disable their game by electric shocks. Almost every form of piercing weapon has been used for defense and for the hunt in nature. The so-called sawfish is as much a swordfish as the one who bears the latter name. Both use their swords to kill the game they feed on and for self-defense. Armor is anticipated in shell fish and the tough-skinned animals. The archer fish has in its body and mouth an air gun by which, with a skill no man ever equaled, it shoots a fly with a drop of water for a bullet. Somewhat similar in shape, but with a long syringe mouth, is the bellows fish, which draws water into its capacious body to absorb its minute forms of life, and then expels the water by a motion like that of a bellows. Yet more interesting is the squid, which ought to be called the rocket fish, since its progress is caused by reaction through the swift expulsion, not of fire, but of water. In capacious bags which hang like wings at its sides it gathers its "water power." The water is swiftly pressed out on both sides of its head, and away it shoots; rear end first. So swift is the expulsion of the water that the head would be in danger were it not that on the

sides of the head are little buttons and on the water-bags button-holes, by which, when the cataract power is about to work, the squid buttons on his head and all goes well. Here certainly is an invention that ought to be copied to prevent rockety people in trying moments from "losing their heads."

The angler fish has a live fish-pole and line and bait on its upper lip with which he successfully angles for fish.

The nemertes is a living elastic fish-line that lies on the beach as if a dead string until touched by the game it seeks, which it "plays" like a trout-fisher for a while and then devours.

As to nets, besides the spider's stationary net that is rendered more effective by putting glue on the cross threads to hold the game, the argus starfish and barnacle both use cast nets to entangle their prey.

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There are few, if any, musical instruments that are not in their main principles as old as nature. The funeral of cock robin, had the story been written in our day, would have been carried out by the birds themselves, bell ringing, funeral orchestra and all. In the scientific revision of the story the partridge beats the drum for a solemn march; the bell bird tolls the bell; larks, canaries, and surviving robins play the clarinet; the golden robin, the bugle; the blue bird, the flageolet; the hair bird, the octave flute; the crane and trumpeter, the trumpet; the swan, the trombone. If taboret is needed, the katydid is at hand, and the locust with the violin.

The hollow bones of birds are, first, a bone balloon, that is filled at will with warm air from the lungs to help them fly; and, second, organ pipes for music; and, third, hollow pillars, which give greatest strength with least weight, as men have only learned of late. Which reminds me that as pillars and iron yards for ships are strengthened by horizontal ribs, so stalks of wheat and corn and porcupine quills have always been thus strengthened. That double walls with air space between are less affected by external heat and cold is a new principle in human architecture; but the silk worms had been so taught divinely when they first built their cocoons. Slated and tiled roofs are found in nature, for instance, in butterfly's wings. And the little caddis in pupa state protects its grave with grated windows. The emperor moth's cocoon is protected by the reverse of the device that is found in crab and lobster pots and certain mouse traps, the cone of spines easily entered one way, but impassable spears against return. As the lobster can get in but not out, the moth, by an opposite arrangement, provides that the cocoon can in due time get out while nothing can get in. The entrances to birds' nests are often like those of the Eskimo, which, to secure their homes against polar bears, make a long narrow entrance through which they themselves must crawl, a Thermopylac pass easily defended against foes.

In the bones of our bodies are found arches, buttresses, girders; also levers of the three kinds in neck, foot, and arm; while the valves of the heart, as the name implies, are folding doors. The dome, the strongest form of roof, is found in the human skull, which is built on the same architectural principle as St. Peter's or the Capitol, and as sure to have great questions of Church and State agitated beneath it. The bones of the skull are dovetailed, and protected between and

below by rubber cushions of cartilage. The hair of our heads, though not "numbered" on the end of each one, as a certain colored preacher declared would be seen to be the case on microscopic examination, is marked yet more wonderfully at the other end. Each hair is sheathed like an officer's sword and provided with two sacs or bottles of hair oil, the only kind that ever should be used. In an average head of hair there are 150,000 such sheaths.

And the eye, besides being an opera glass, is a Kodak. Cut from white paper the figure of a bird and mark an X upon it to fix your eye. Lay it on your black coat or black dress and look intently at it while you count fifty, so making your eye a camera. Then look up to the white wall, and presently you will see the "negative" of the bird in black, seemingly on the wall, but really on your eye, where it has been photographed, and where it will remain as long as your portrait would remain on the plate if chemicals were not used to "fix" it.

The telephone of nature is the ear. The external ear is the speaking tube. The first drum corresponds to the vibrating carbon. Three bones constitute the wire which carries the vibrations to the second drum, the listening tube, where the brain receives the message.

Most wonderful of all the machinery of the human head is the telegraph office it contains. -- (From "Before the Lost Arts.")

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090 -- A DISGUSTED DOG

A family in Troy, N. Y., having a false grate in one of the rooms of the house, placed some red paper behind it to give it the effect of fire. One of the coldest days the dog belonging to the household came in from outdoors, and seeing the paper in the grate, deliberately walked up to it, lay down before it, and curled up in the best way to receive the glowing heat as it came from the fire. He remained motionless for a minute; feeling no warmth, he raised his head and looked over his shoulder at the grate; still feeling no heat, he went across and carefully applied his nose to the grate, and smelled it. It was as cold as ice. With a look of the most supreme disgust, his tail curled down between his legs, the dog trotted out of the room, not even deigning to cast a look at those in the room who had watched his actions and laughed heartily at his misfortunes. That dog had reason as well as instinct. -- (Troy Times.)

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091 -- WATCH YOUR HORSE

"The language of the horse is easily learned. If drivers would watch carefully the horses under their care they could readily detect the signs of uneasiness or suffering. It is a well-known fact that the ears of the horse express his emotion; when they have a backward slant it shows he is ill-treated or thinks he is going to be. Through the eye the horse expresses his feelings. When he is suffering his eye is contracted, it has a nervous restless expression easily recognized. When a horse is comfortable his eye seems large and full and has a serene look."

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092 -- THE WISDOM OF THE BEE

Faith bids us be of good cheer. Long ago, that old Greek studied the mental operations of a bee, with brain not as large as a pin-head. Here is a little bee, that organizes a city, that builds ten thousand cells for larvae, a holy of holies for mother queen; a little bee that observes the increasing heat, and when the wax may melt and the honey be lost, organizes the swarm into squads, puts sentinels at the entrances, glues the feet down, and then with flying wings, creates a system of ventilation to cool the honey, that makes an electric fan seem tawdry -- a little honey-bee that will include twenty square miles in the field over those flowers it has oversight. But if a tiny brain in a bee performs such wonders providential, who are you, that you should question the guidance of God? Lift up your eyes, and behold the hand that supports these stars, without pillars, the God who guides the planets without collision. Away with fear! -- (N. D. Hillis, in "Cyclopedia of Illustrations for Public Speakers.")

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093 -- MARY'S LITTLE LAMB: A REAL FACT

In Massachusetts over a hundred years ago the father of Mary Sawyer, owned a ewe on his place. One night two lambs were born and one of them was forsaken by its mother and nearly died. Mary begged hard to take it into the house and warm it. The father thought it would die anyway, but let Mary have it. She nursed it and took care of it till it got well and hearty. It would follow her anywhere when called. Its fleece was of the finest and whitest. One day it followed Mary to school and very much embarrassed the little mistress by the way it acted.

That morning a young man happened to be visiting the school and was much pleased with the lamb's antics, and the result was he wrote out the three original stanzas of "Mary Had a Little Lamb." Since then additional stanzas have been added.

From the fleece of the lamb, Mary's mother knit two pair of stockings, which Mary kept in memory of the pet. After many years, when the ladies were raising money for the preservation of Old South Church, Boston, Mary, then Mrs. Tyler, was asked to contribute one pair of these stockings for the benefit of the fund. She did so and the stockings were raveled out and pieces of yarn fastened to cards bearing her autograph. These cards were sold and realized it is said about one hundred dollars. After that the other pair was asked for and given. All that Mrs. Tyler kept were just two cards with a little yarn on each.

The death of the lamb occurred on a Thanksgiving morning. It was passing in front of some cows fastened in stanchions, when one of them lowered its horns and gored it terribly. The lamb gave an agonizing bleat and rushed toward Mary with the blood streaming from its side. She took it in her arms, placed its head in her lap, and then it bled to death. During its dying moments, it would turn its head and look up into Mary's face in a most appealing manner, as if it would ask if there was not something that Mary could do for it. It was a sorrowful moment when the companion of many romps and the playfellow of many long summer days gave up its life, and its place could

not be filled in her childish heart. Mrs. Tyler died December 11, 1889. A small book is written about the history of this lamb and copyrighted by Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

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094 -- FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH

The sheep had all been gathered into the fold from the storm, except three. Somewhere in the storm-swept mountains these three were lost. The shepherd, pointing towards the mountains in the distance, said to his faithful shepherd dog, "Go, three are missing." She at once started off to rescue the lost ones. Just as the shades of night were gathering, she returned bringing two of the sheep. Hard had she fought for their lives through torrents and briars, and in a weakened condition, she crawled into the kennel and lay down with her little ones for the night. But once more the master's stern voice was heard to call out, "Go, for one is missing." She glanced pitifully at her babies and then with a look into her master's face that seemed to say, "I love them, but I love you more," she went out through the darkness and storm to rescue the other sheep. The shepherd went to bed, but was awakened in the night by a scratching at the door step. Hastily dressing he lighted his candle and opened the door. There upon the step stood his faithful dog, and a few steps away lay the lost sheep. Now the sheep were all gathered safely into the fold, but the faithful dog, weak from her hard tramp, and from the loss of blood, went to her kennel to spend her last night with her little family. It was indeed her last night, for in the morning she was found cold in death. She loved her master more than she loved her own life.

What a lesson of real devotion and loyalty this is to any who profess to be followers of the "meek and lowly Nazarene!" How many there are who claim to be Christians and yet are living self-centered and selfish lives, knowing scarcely anything of self-denial and suffering for Jesus' sake! Christ gave His own life that we might not perish but have everlasting life, and ought not we live lives of devotion and self-sacrifice for Him? How can any one who is living for the pleasures and pursuits of this world lay claim to being a follower of Christ? It certainly means much to be a Christian.

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095 -- THE CAT'S ADOPTED CHILDREN

At Warsaw, Missouri, a very strange incident occurred at the Warsaw Produce Company. A rat was killed, and it was found that the creature was the mother of eight little ones that had not got their eyes open. These helpless little baby rats were all laid out on the floor. What shall be done to them? Shall they be thrown out for the cats to eat? Here comes a cat now. What is she going to do with these tiny rats? Instead of taking their lives, she kept them alive. She promptly adopted them as her own, and they went to nursing her as they did their own mother. We saw the picture of this mother with her little adopted children all nursing the mother cat.

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096 -- THE NEW FEED BAG

I've got a model feed bag,
It hangs beneath my nose;
A present from my master,
For Christmas, I suppose.
Just note the little window,
Where I can get the air
Between my spells of eating;--
It's welcome, I declare.

It used to be so stuffy
In my old canvas bag,
I often thought I'd smother;--
I couldn't even wag
My nose about, so tightly
'Twas fastened to my head.
No comfort it afforded
Whenever I was fed.

If men but knew how grateful
For thoughtful, loving care
We horses are, they'd oftener
A gift like this prepare.
If every horse, at Christmas,
Could have a gift like this,
I think he'd be delighted,
And eat his oats in bliss.

The work horse that has to eat his dinner from a tight, close-fitting nose-bag, advertises a cruel driver. -- (Helen M. Richardson, in "Our Dumb Animals.")

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097 -- THE SENSELESS MAN AND SENSIBLE DOG

"Two creatures started together to cross the Delaware River at Philadelphia. One was a Newfoundland dog, and he was sober and vigilant; the other was a drunken man, and he was as shaky of gait and uncertain of vision as it is the wont of drunken men to be. They came to an open space; the dog would have kept on the ice, like a sensible creature; the man, like a senseless creature, dragged them both into the river. The senseless creature could not save himself; the sensible creature helped to save them both. In its general outline the incident is a familiar one. It is not the first time the lower creature in the scale has proved nobler than the higher; it is, unfortunately, not likely to be the last time. But how ashamed that man must be when that dog looks at him!" -- (From "Before the Lost Arts.")

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098 -- CIGARETTES AND THE LEECHES

"You smoke thirty cigarettes a day?"

"Yes, on an average."

"You don't blame them for your run-down condition?"

"Not in the least. I blame my hard work."

The physician shook his head. He smiled in a vexed way. Then he took a leech out of a glass jar.

"Let me show you something," he said. "Bare your arm."

The cigarette smoker bared his pale arm, and the other laid the lean, black leech upon it. The leech fell to work busily. Its body began to swell. Then all of a sudden a kind of a shudder convulsed it, and it fell to the floor dead.

"That's what your blood did to that leech," said the physician. He took up the little corpse between his finger and thumb. "Look at it," he said. "Quite dead, you see. You poisoned it."

"I guess it wasn't a healthy leech in the first place," said the cigarette smoker sullenly.

"Wasn't healthy, eh? Well, we'll try again."

And the physician clapped two leeches on the young man's thin arm.

"If they both die," said the patient, "I'll swear of, or at least I'll cut down my daily allowance from thirty to ten."

Even as he spoke the smaller leech shivered and dropped on his knee dead, and a moment later the larger one fell beside it.

"This is ghastly," said the young man. "I am worse than the pestilence to these leeches."

"It is the empyreumatic oil in your blood," said the medical man. "All cigarette smokers have it."

"Doctor," said the young man, regarding the three dead leeches thoughtfully, "I half believe you're right." -- (New Zealand Outlook.)

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099 -- HOW AN OYSTER HELPED TO SAVE A MAN'S SOUL

A professional diver has in his home two oyster shells with a piece of printed paper between them. While diving one day, he observed at the bottom of the sea an oyster on a rock with this paper in its mouth. He detached the oyster and held the paper close to the goggles of his headdress, and in reading found it to be a little gospel tract earnestly calling upon whosoever should read it to repent at once and give his heart to God. It came upon him so unexpectedly, and so impressed his heart, that he said, "I cannot hold out against God's mercy in Christ any longer, since it pursues me thus." And down there at the bottom of the sea he repented, and breathed out his heart to God in prayer. -- (From "Sunday School Times.")

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100 -- SOME VALUABLE CATS

It is said that the first settlers in Brazil paid fifteen hundred dollars for a cat, and for kittens, their weight in gold. Twenty-five hundred dollars were offered for a Persian cat at a certain cat show in 1869, but the offer was refused.

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101 -- FILIAL DUTY OF RATS

A surgeon's mate on board a ship relates, that while lying one evening awake he saw a rat come into his berth, and after well surveying the place, retreat with the greatest caution and silence. Soon after, it returned, leading by the ear another rat, which it left at a small distance from the hole which they entered. A third rat joined this kind conductor. They then foraged about, and picked up all the small scraps of biscuit. These they carried to the second rat, which seemed blind, and remained in the spot where they had left it, nibbling such fare as its dutiful providers, whom the narrator supposes were its offspring, brought to it from the more remote parts of the floor. -- (From "A Hundred Anecdotes of Animals," by Percy J. Billinghurst. John Lane Company, Publishers. New York.)

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102 -- DO NOT LET THE FISH SUFFER

"Men have fished from time immemorial; fished for pleasure. This, men will continue to do for generations to come in all human probability. But to all fishermen we say this word in behalf of the fish, low in the order of life as its nervous organism is, grant it a speedy death once you take it from the water. A sharp blow on the back of the head and such suffering as it is capable of is over. This you owe it, even beyond the fact that for purposes of food its flesh will much better serve you."

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103 -- THE NEWFOUNDLAND SAVING THE MASTIFF

Two dogs -- one a Newfoundland, and the other a Mastiff -- were seen by several people in fierce and prolonged battle on the pier. They were both powerful dogs, and though good-natured when alone, were much in the habit of thus fighting whenever they met. At length they both fell into the sea, and as the pier was long and steep, they had no means of escape but by swimming a considerable distance. The cold bath brought the combat to an end, and each began to make for the land as best he could.

The Newfoundland dog speedily gained the shore, on which he stood shaking himself, at the same time watching the motions of his late antagonist, who, being no swimmer, began to struggle, and was just about to sink. On seeing this, in he dashed, took the other gently by the collar, kept his head above water, and brought him safely to land.

After this they became inseparable friends, and never fought again; and When the Newfoundland dog met his death by a stone wagon running over him, the mastiff languished, and evidently mourned for him for a long time.

Let this incident afford us great encouragement to love our enemies, and to return good for evil, since we find the feeling implanted in the breast of a dog to save the life of his antagonist, and to cherish him afterwards as a friend.

We may never be called on to save the life of a foe; but that would not be more difficult to our natural disposition than acting kindly and forgivingly towards those who daily annoy us -- who injure us or offer us petty insults. -- (From "Stories of the Sagacity of Animals," by W. H. G. Kingston. T. Nelson & Sons, Publishers. New York.)

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104 -- USEFUL INSECTS

The Sacramento Bee states that recently a hundred pounds of ladybugs were gathered in the Coast Range mountains and shipped to Imperial Valley to save the cantaloupe crop. These useful little workers devour the aphids which so often ruin the melon vines. There are 30,000 ladybugs to the pound.

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105 -- THE BLIND SPARROW

Last spring one of the old birds in Dr. Prime's collection -- a gray sparrow -- became blind. Straightway a little dark brown and white bird, known as a Japanese nun, and named Dick, became the sparrow's friend. The sparrow's home had a round hole as a doorway. Little Dick would sit down on a perch opposite the hole and chirp. The blind bird would come out, and, guided by Dick's chirps, would leap to the perch, and so on to the seed cup and water bottle. But the most curious part of the performance was when the blind sparrow would try to get back into the house. Dick would place the sparrow exactly opposite the hole by showing him along the perch.

When opposite Dick would chirp, and the blind bird would leap in, never failing. -- (Golden Days).

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106 -- THE MISSIONARY DOG

In the "New Cyclopedia of Prose Illustrations" by Foster, is the story of a little dog with a broken limb. A doctor found the cur, took him to his home, set the limb and took such fine care of him that he was in a little while all right once more. After the dog had left his kind benefactor, the doctor mused much upon the ingratitude of dogs and men. Some days after this a dog was heard whining outside the office door. The kind doctor opened the door and what did he see but this dog together with another dog with a broken limb which he had brought to be healed. He certainly had a true missionary spirit.

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107 -- MAN'S SUPERIORITY TO ANIMALS

There is no human tribe without intelligent speech and some form of worship, none without capacity for Christianity and self-improvement; while, on the other hand, there is no animal which worships, nor is there any species of animals capable of intelligent speech or of self-improvement. Lions are the same in every age. The human species alone is capable of self-advancement.

Almost everything else which we praise -- monogamy, affection, courage, self-sacrifice, pity, generosity, gratitude, sagacity -- man possesses in common with the noblest animals; but nowhere among animals is there self-improvement or intelligent speech or the slightest hint of worship -- that is, faith in the invisible God and the invisible world, which is nowhere absent from the tribes of men.

He who does not worship God, however noble in other respects, is living a life but little higher than the noblest animals. At most he only belongs to "The Aristocracy of Animalism." We should emulate the noblest beasts in courage, affection, and fidelity, but we ought also to excel them, by exercising our birthright privilege of prayerful communion with God. "Men ought always to pray." -- (From "Before the Lost Arts.")

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108 -- THE DOG WAS WATCHING HIM

That marvelous text of Scripture, "Be sure your sin will find you out," is verified in more ways than one. The story is told of a faithful Newfoundland dog which was owned by a grocer, and which had kept his keen, watchful eye on a certain porter who had stolen money and buried it back of a pile of rubbish in a stable. The thief had taken this money from the till, and doubtless little thought that some eye was on him all the while he was hiding it. This dog followed another

person into the stable on the first chance, and before the eyes of the person he scratched away the rubbish and brought the money to sight. The thief in this exposure was detected.

Let not the thief think that he can avoid the marvelous fact that his sin will surely find him out in some way, some time, somewhere. If there is no eye on earth that is watching, there is one above whose faithful vigil is on the whole world, and He sees all the evil as well as all the good. "Thou God seest me."

Another dog once upon a time refused to let a certain visitor leave a stable. A very strange thing this was, where a quiet dog utterly held back a visitor from leaving. It was ascertained that the man had secretly put a bridle in his pocket. This the dog saw and he knew there was stealing on hand.

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109 -- THE CAT WHICH STOLE THE PUPPIES

I have a story to tell, of a cat which undertook the nursing of some puppies while she already had some kittens of her own. It happened that her mistress possessed a valuable little black spaniel, which had a litter of five puppies. As these were too many for the spaniel to bring up, and the mistress was anxious to have them all preserved, it was proposed that they should be brought up by hand. The cook, to whom the proposal was made, suggested that this would be a difficult undertaking; but as the cat had lately kittened, some of the puppies might be given to her to bring up. Two of the kittens were accordingly taken away, and the same number of puppies substituted. What Puss thought of the matter has not transpired, or whether even she discovered the trick that had been played her; but be that as it may, she immediately began to bestow the same care on the little changelings that she had done on her own offspring, and in a fortnight they were as forward and playful as kittens would have been, gamboling about, and barking lustily -- while the three puppies nursed by their own mother were whining and rolling about in the most helpless fashion.

Puss had proved a better nurse than the little spaniel. She gave them her tail to play with, and kept them always in motion and amused, so that they ate meat, and were strong enough to be removed and to take care of themselves, long before their brothers and sisters.

On their being taken away from her their poor nurse showed her sorrow, and went prowling about the house, looking for them in every direction. At length she caught sight of the spaniel and the three remaining puppies. Instantly up went her back; her bristles stood erect, and her eyes glared fiercely at the little dog, which she supposed had carried off her young charges.

"Ho, ho! you vile thief, who have ventured to rob me of my young ones; I have found you at last!" she exclaims -- at least, she thought as much, if she did not say it. The spaniel barked defiance, answering -- "They are my own puppies; you know they are as unlike as possible to your little, tiresome, frisky mewlings." "I tell you I know them to be mine," cried Puss, spitting and hissing. "I mean to recover my own." And before the spaniel knew what was going to happen, Puss sprang forward, seized one of the puppies, and carried it off to her own bed in another part of the premises.

Not content with this success, as soon as she had safely deposited the puppy in her home, she returned to the abode of the spaniel. This time she simply dashed forward, as if she had made up her mind what to do, knocked over the spaniel with her paw, seized another puppy in her mouth, and carrying it off, placed it along side the first she had captured. She was now content. Two puppies she had lost, two she had obtained. Whether or not she thought them the same which had been taken from her, it is difficult to say. At all events, she nursed the two latter with the same tender care as the first.

Copy playful Pussy, when you have charge of little children. They enjoy games of romps as much as young puppies do, and will be far happier, and thrive better, than when compelled to loll about by themselves, while you sit at your book or work in silent dignity and indifference to their requirements, however fond you may be of them -- as was, I dare say, the mother spaniel of her pups. -- (From "Stories of the Sagacity of Animals," by W. H. G. Kingston. T. Nelson & Sons, Publishers. New York.)

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110 -- THE HORSE'S POINT OF VIEW IN SUMMER

If a horse could talk he would have many things to say when summer comes.

He would tell his driver that he feels the heat on a very warm day quite as much as if he could read a thermometer.

He would say, -- "Give me a little water many times a day, when the heat is intense, but not much at a time if I am warm; if you want me to keep well don't give me any grain when you bring me warm into the stable, just a half dozen swallows of water, and some hay to eat until I am cool.

"Don't water me too soon after I have eaten my grain, wait an hour. Especially I need watering between nine and ten at night. I am thirstier then than at almost any other time of day."

He would say, -- "When the sun is hot and I am working let me breathe once in a while in the shade of some house or tree; if you have to leave me on the street leave me in the shade if possible. Anything upon my head, between my ears, to keep off the sun, is bad for me if the air cannot circulate freely underneath it, unless it is a sponge kept cool and wet. If you do not clip off my foretop, but treat me as you would yourself, you need not have much fear of losing me by a sunstroke.

"If on an extremely warm day I give evidence by panting and signs of exhaustion that I am being overcome with the heat, unharness me, take me into the shade and apply cold water or even broken ice, wrapped up in a cloth or put in a bag, to my head, sponge out my mouth and go over my legs with a cool wet sponge."

He would talk of slippery streets, and the sensations of falling on cruel city cobblestones -- the pressure of the load pushing him to the fall, the bruised knees and wrenched joints, and the feel of the driver's lash.

He would tell of the luxury of a fly net when at work and of a fly blanket when standing still in fly season, and of the boon to him of screens in the stable to keep out the insects that bite and sting.

He would plead for as cool and comfortable a stable as possible in which to rest at night after a day's work under the hot sun.

He would suggest that living through a warm night in a narrow stall neither properly cleaned nor bedded is suffering for him and poor economy for the owner.

He would say that turning the hose on him is altogether too risky a thing to do unless you are looking for a sick horse. Spraying the legs and feet when he is not too warm on a hot day, he would find agreeable.

He would say, -- "Please sponge out my eyes and nose and dock when I come in tired and dusty at night, and also sponge me with clean cool water under the collar and saddle of the harness." -- (Our Dumb Animals.)

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111 -- CATS IN THE TOWER OF LONDON

Two stories of the intelligence and sympathy of our feline friends were told me during one of my numerous visits to the Tower of London, while I was living in England.

Southampton was a prisoner in the Tower with the Earl of Essex during Elizabeth's reign. In some strange way, or by some unrecognized faculty, a favorite cat of his found his abode and suddenly appeared to him, having made an entrance down the chimney. After his release by James I., Southampton had his picture painted with his faithful friend at his side. This portrait, I believe, can today be seen at Wilbeck Abbey.

The other tale is of Sir Henry Wyatt, who was committed to the Tower during the reign of Richard III, and suffered much from want of clothing and food. He would have perished if a cat had not come down into his room and warmed him by lying on his breast, and saved him from starvation by bringing him an occasional pigeon caught on the leads. Although the keeper was under orders not to improve his food, he agreed to cook anything which Sir Henry provided, and the pigeons which the cat brought saved his life. He also had a picture painted, showing the cat offering a pigeon through the bars of the cell. -- (By T. S. Nickerson in Our Dumb Animals.)

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112 -- CURIOUS FACTS ABOUT THE TOAD

The toad lives from ten to forty years, and it can lay over a thousand eggs a year. It has lived two years without food, but cannot live long under water. It never takes dead or motionless food. It takes its food by means of its tongue alone, and it operates this so rapidly that the eye cannot follow its motions. It captures and devours bees, wasps, yellow-jackets, ants, beetles, worms, spiders, snails, bugs, grasshoppers, crickets, weevils, caterpillars, moths, etc. The stomach that does not flinch at yellow-jackets, wasps, blister-beetles, and click-beetles or pinch-bugs would seem to be prepared for anything in the insect line, and doubtless is. In twenty-four hours the toad consumes enough food to fill its stomach four times. A single toad will in three months devour over 10,000 insects. If every ten of these would have done one cent damage the toad has saved ten dollars. Evidently the toad is a valuable friend to the farmer, gardener, and fruit-grower, and can be made especially useful in the greenhouse, garden, and berry patch.

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113 -- A DUCK TURNED TO SOAP

At the State University (Lincoln, Neb.) museum is the body of a duck that has turned largely into soap.

Dr. Wolcott found the bird up in the sand-hill region on a recent specimen hunting trip. This is the first known specimen of the kind.

Dr. Wolcott explains the phenomenon by saying that the duck was fat and the water alkali and the sun hot.

The action of the latter on the alkali and the fat simply made soap of that portion of the duck that was susceptible of being so transformed.

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114 -- A FLY AS BOOKKEEPER

For seven months an expert accountant searched the books of a certain grain company of St. Paul for an error of an even hundred dollars. There was that shortage in the cash. Whom to suspect, the firm did not know. It spent much more than a hundred dollars trying to trace the matter down.

Then, after having gone over the books time and again, the accountant's pencil chanced to stop on an item of one hundred and fifty dollars. The pencil point rested on the figure "one," when the figure suddenly broke in two and slid down the page!

Upon examination it proved that the supposed figure "1" was a fly's leg which had become pasted in front of the fifty, raising the item to all appearances a hundred dollars. The fly had undoubtedly been crushed in the book when it was closed. -- (The Cleveland Press.)

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115 -- AN ELEPHANT'S RETALIATION

A tame elephant kept by a merchant was suffered to go at large. The animal used to walk about the streets in as quiet and familiar a manner as any of the inhabitants, and delighted much in visiting the shops, particularly those that sold herbs and fruits, where he was well received, except by a couple of brutal cobblers, who, without any cause, took offense at the generous creature, and once or twice attempted to wound his proboscis with their awls. The noble animal, who knew it was beneath him to crush them, did not disdain to chastise them by other means. He filled his large trunk with a considerable quantity of water, not of the cleanest quality, and advancing to them as usual, covered them at once with dirty water. The fools were laughed at, and the punishment applauded. -- (From "A Hundred Anecdotes of Animals," by Percy J. Billinghurst. John Lane Company, Publishers. New York.)

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116 -- CURIOSITIES FROM THE ANT WORLD

Certain species of ants, as has been recently pointed out by that most indefatigable student both of men and of ants, Sir John Lubbock, resemble the lower races of mankind in living chiefly on the products of the chase. Others have reached the pastoral stage, having succeeded in domesticating such creatures as the aphids, commonly known as "Ants' Milk Cows," from which by means of their antennae they extract a sweet liquid in much the same way as milk is obtained from the cow. Professor Leidy of Philadelphia recently observed no fewer than three different kinds of domesticated insects belonging to a single community of ants, all of which were kept in separate herds and evidently tended with the greatest care. It was also lately stated, that in Canada they have succeeded in domesticating the caterpillar of a butterfly, doubtless for the sake of a clear saccharine fluid which exudes from a teat-like organ on its back. Although of no service to them during winter, the ants have been observed to keep their dairy stock alive all the year round.

Others again, such as the harvesting ants, may be said to have reach the agricultural stage. One or these, the agricultural ant of Texas, which has been specially studied by Dr. Lyncecum, is said to clear a plot of ground four or five feet in width around its city, removing all existing vegetation, and sowing it with a peculiar grass, during the growth of which the ants guard their farm from the attacks of other insects, and keep it free from weeds. When the seeds are ripe, the crop is reaped and the grain conveyed, after due winnowing, into their granaries.

These agricultural ants have also certain funeral regulations -- the dead bodies of comrades receiving decent sepulcher, and other tokens of respect denied to the corpses of aliens. Their intelligence, too, is shown by their quick avoidance of poisoned food.

Among other species, slavery is a recognized institution, and the ants appear to work that system much more satisfactorily than seems ever to have been done by man, as the slaves, which are all kidnapped while very young, seem quite contented with their lot, and in most cases fight eagerly for their masters, although Sir John Lubbock mentions a case in which from the absence of either affection or hatred in certain slaves, he was almost tempted to surmise that their warlike

spirit had been broken by slavery. To such an extent, however, has this institution been developed, that at least one species is known -- the Amazon ant -- which is totally dependent for its existence on the services of its slaves. It can neither make its own nest nor feed its own young, and it would rather starve than feed itself. Its members form simply a military aristocracy, whose sole occupation consists in the acquisition of slaves by war. Sir J. Lubbock succeeded in keeping some Amazonian ants alive for several months by allowing them a slave for an hour a day to feed and clean them. On the latter point all ants are scrupulously particular, -- the agricultural species, even in confinement, frequently and thoroughly cleansing themselves, especially after eating and sleeping. They also assist each other at their toilets, and are said to evince the liveliest satisfaction during the operation.

Communism, which has always signally failed when attempted among human societies, is an accomplished fact among ants. There is no such thing as private property in the formicary (ant-hill); and that the system of having all things in common works admirably is seen in the untiring industry of those creatures, and in the perfect harmony which reigns in the ant-hill. Ants of the same nest, according to Sir J. Lubbock, never quarrel; nor had he ever seen any evidence of ill-temper towards each other. The secret of their success in this, humanly-speaking, Utopian scheme lies in the absence of the family tie, due to the fact that the influential element in every ant community -- the workers and fighters -- are neuters, who neither marry nor are given in marriage, and who consequently have no attachments save those which bind them to the community. Like nations, also, ant communities have their times of growth followed by an apparently inevitable period of decay, and thus every ant-hill might, as a recent writer puts it, have its Gibbon.

Prominent among ant investigators is Dr. McCook of Philadelphia, who has recently given an account of his researches on a novel phase of ant-life, as exhibited in the honey-bearing ant. Its mode of storing honey for winter use has hitherto been regarded as the one feature in which the bee excelled the ant. The discovery of those honey-bearers in New Mexico, however, shows that the ants have hit upon a method of storing honey even more remarkable than that exemplified in the formation of wax cells -- namely, by transforming certain of their fellows into living honey-pots. Dr. McCook discovered those insects in Colorado, and there studied their habits. Suspended from the roof of their subterranean chambers he found those living honeycombs -- strange-looking creatures, with abdomen distended to the size of a marrow pea, while head and breast together were not much bigger than a pin's head. Towards evening the workers were seen to leave the nest and make their way to a species of oak tree, the galls of which, unlike galls in general, exude a sweet liquid. Gorged with this the ants returned to the nest and ejected their nectar from their own mouths into those of the suspended honey-bearers. When hungry ants wish to draw upon their store, a slight contraction of the abdomen causes the honey to exude from the mouth of the honey-bearer, when it is eagerly lapped by the workers. The digestive organs of those creatures are so driven into a corner and aborted, that Dr. McCook inclines to the opinion that the digestive function must be in abeyance; but as the "honey-pots" live and exert themselves to the extent of expelling their nectar when required, a certain amount of food assimilation would seem to be imperative. In New Mexico those honey ants are used by the inhabitants as an after dinner dessert. A plateful being placed on the table, they pick them up singly, nipping the honey-bag with the teeth and forcing its contents into the mouth.

The most extensive observations that have yet been made in this country (England) on ants, are undoubtedly those of Sir John Lubbock, who has kept no fewer than thirty-five species of ants in confinement, whose ways have been made the subject of daily and at times of hourly observation by himself and family. Many of the results of his observations and experiments on those creatures are equally curious and unexpected. It seems almost impossible that in an ant-hill, which often contains a population of over one hundred thousand individuals, each of these should be able to distinguish the members of their own community from (to our senses) the exactly similar individuals of a neighboring nest of the same species. It would appear, however, from these experiments, that not only can they at once tell a friend from a stranger, but that they can do this although the friend may have been absent from their midst for more than a year. When strangers and long-absent friends were thus introduced into a nest, the latter were amicably if not effusively received, while the former were at once attacked. How this recognition is effected has not yet been satisfactorily made out, although the theory that it was by means of a password or sign peculiar to each community is shown by those experiments to be untenable.

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In order to test both their affection and their intelligence, he put several ants of a particular nest, with an equal number of stranger ants, under chloroform, while others he intoxicated. The insensibility produced by chloroform was evidently regarded by the ants as death, and they treated the bodies of both friends and strangers alike, dropping them into the water surrounding their nest. The intoxicated ants were a great puzzle to their friends; as a rule however, they had the discrimination to convey their drunken comrades into the nest, while they drowned the inebriate strangers.

It is a well-known fact, that when an ant comes upon a store of food, it is soon joined by others of the same community. Some have supposed that the latter reach the store simply by following the ant after seeing it going and returning laden with food; others that it had some means of informing its friends of such an occurrence, and of directing them to the spot. With the view of throwing light on this point, Sir John determined to see what would be the result of "compelling the ant who found the treasure to return empty-handed." If in this case she returned bringing an auxiliary force, it would prove that some communication must have passed. He accordingly fixed down with a pin a dead blue-bottle which an ant had begun to drag homewards, when, finding all her efforts unavailing, she returned to the nest empty-handed. In about a minute, however, she emerged with seven others, whom she led to the prize. In another experiment of a similar kind, the ant succeeded in enduing twelve others thus to come to her assistance. These experiments put it beyond doubt that ants have a language of some sort by which they can make themselves intelligible to their neighbors.

One of Professor Gredler's colleagues at Botzen was in the habit of sprinkling pounded sugar on the sill of his window for a train of ants which passed in constant succession from the garden to the window. One day he put the sugar into a vessel and suspended it by a string to the transom of the window, putting a few of the ants into it, that they might afterwards communicate to their friends the knowledge of the sugar supply overhead. Those ants soon found their way down by means of the string, and shortly afterwards the old stream of ants was to be seen passing to and from the sugar vessel. After a day or two, however, the traffic suddenly ceased, and the ants were

observed occupying their old ground on the window-sill. This was not, says Kerner, because the store above had been exhausted, but because some dozen little fellows were working away vigorously and incessantly up aloft in the vessel, dragging the sugar crumbs to the edge and throwing them down to their comrades below on the sill -- a sill which, with their limited range of vision, they could not possibly see. -- (From "Science Gleanings in Animal Life," by John Gibson. Thomas Nelson and Sons, Publishers. New York.)

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117 -- A DOG THAT COULD COUNT TEN

At Bell's Mine, Ky., there was a Water Spaniel owned by a gentleman by the name of A. D. Bennett. This dog seemed to be endowed with a sort of mathematical mind. It was the custom of Mr. Bennett to feed his horse ten ears of corn regularly. This dog always followed his master to the barn and assisted in the work. A ladder led the way to the corn crib up which this intelligent dog would go and secure one ear in his mouth and come again and deliver it to his master. Again he would ascend the ladder and bring another ear. This he would repeat till nine ears, were brought, no more, nor no less. When the dog returned for the tenth and last ear he never turned that one over to his master, but always carried it himself to the horse. Thus, each time the dog would count out nine ears for the man and carry the tenth himself.

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118 -- PROFANITY AS CRUELTY

The finer feelings of horses must not be hurt by blasphemous and profane words, even if the animals do give their drivers great provocation, according to a ruling handed down recently in Huntington, West Virginia, by Magistrate Nuil in the case of A. J. West, who was charged with swearing at his horse when the animal balked in the middle of the car track. To make his ruling more effective Magistrate Null tacked a fine of $1 and costs on the defendant.

West said that his horse was used to hearing profane language and didn't understand any other method of persuasion. Magistrate Null, however, was adamant and refused to remit the fine or the costs. He declared that he is going to make a special effort hereafter to locate all men who swear at their horses and when he does so he will bring them into court, no matter what their social standing may be. When he gets them into court, the magistrate declares, he will fine them to the limit of the law. -- (Our Dumb Animals.)

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119 -- THE TERRIER'S ADOPTED DUCKLINGS

A terrier, which lived at Dunrobin Castle many years ago, had a family of puppies, which were taken from her and drowned. How she mourned for her offspring, and wondered why her owner had been so cruel as to allow them to be carried away! Her maternal feelings were as strong as those of other creatures, and she felt a longing to exercise them. At length she caught sight

of a brood of young ducklings. They were young, and required care just like her own dear little whelps; so, seizing them, she carried them off one by one to her kennel, and would allow no one to take them away. They seemed to understand that they had obtained a very good nurse, and she watched them with the most affectionate care. When, however, they made their way to the water and plunged in, she exhibited the greatest alarm, believing that they would be drowned, as her own puppies had been. No sooner had she reached the shore than she picked them up in her mouth, and carried them off to her kennel, resolving, probably, never to allow them to run into the same danger again.

After the ducklings grew up, and were no longer willing to submit to her canine style of nursing, she again became the mother of another litter. On this also being destroyed, she seized two cock chickens, which she reared with the same care that she had done the ducklings. When, however, the young cocks began to try their voices, their foster-mother was as much annoyed as she had been by the ducks going into the water, and invariably did her best to stop their crowing.

You will never want objects on which to exercise your kind feelings. "The poor you have always with you." You must not be disheartened or dissatisfied if they persist in following a different course from that which you think they ought to do. How often, when a baby, have you cried lustily when your mother or nurse heartily wished you to be silent; and as you grew older, perversely ran away into danger when they called after you! Through life remember that little terrier, and like her persevere in befriending those in need. -- (From "Stories of the Sagacity of Animals," by W. H. G. Kingston. T. Nelson & Sons, Publishers. New York.)

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120 -- ANIMAL EXCELLENCE

Animals excel man in many physical qualities. His ox is stronger, his horse is swifter, his dog has a keener scent, his cat has more sensitive ears and a more perfect sense of touch, and the very flies have more wonderful eyes -- strange facts in the theory of evolution, but suggesting that if a man is to excel animals it must be in mind and soul.

What is "manly" in distinction from animal? Not monogamy, for the lion and eagle are more true to their single wives than many men in this age of divorces. Not brave and tender care of the family, for birds and beasts often show a love strong as death for their mates and little ones. Not only will animals sacrifice their lives to save their mates and little ones, but how often dogs have bravely died in efforts to save their masters or other human beings! In Olean, N. Y., a few years since, when the St. Elmo Hotel took fire at night, the lives of all the guests were saved by the hotel dog, "Heck," who first roused the drunken porter and dragged him into the street and then ran barking through the smoke up the stairs of the hotel, scratching and howling at door after door until all were rescued. Then, when the hotel was wrapped in flame, seeing a frantic mother, who did not know that her child had been brought out, rush toward the building, the dog took it as a sign that some one remained to be saved and dashed into the flames only to die. How ashamed that ought to make a selfish man, who is less interested in saving others than his noble dog!

Mr. A. E. Brown describes from personal observation the almost uncontrollable grief of a chimpanzee in Philadelphia at the loss of his mate. The affection of oxen who have been driven in pairs is so great that when one dies the survivor often pines, and at last follows his old companion. George Sand was told by the peasant farmers in Berri that when one good beast died they knew they would have to purchase a new pair, as sorrow made the survivor useless. A pair of horses in an English stable, whose box-stalls adjoined each other, were firm friends. The one who finished his hay first invariably received from the other enough to keep him busy until both lots were consumed. One day one of the horses made its way out of its own loose box, the door of which was unfastened, and found out a bucket of mash which was standing at the entrance of the stable, and taking his. opportunity while the coachman was in the loft overhead, he was helping himself freely to its tempting contents. The other horse, who was fastened to his own loose box, caught sight of his friend's proceedings, and neighed loudly, evidently demanding a share for himself; and the servant was astonished to see the horse which was enjoying himself, fill his mouth with the mash, and poke his nose through the bars of the loose box for his friend to take it from his mouth. This was done several times. The incident suggests that "horse sense" is not so coarse a thing as is sometimes supposed, and that it is not so appropriate as has been supposed for the selfish to condemn philanthropists as lacking "horse sense." The sons of greed lack not only the spiritual sense which every man should have as his badge of superiority to beasts; they even lack the "horse sense" of which they boast, if we measure them by the horse just described. A farmer who had heard a sermon on the text "The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib, but Israel doth not know; my people doth not consider" (Isa. 1:3), went out to feed his oxen, when one of them licked his arm, apparently thankful for his care. He burst into tears, saying, "Yes, it is all true. This poor dumb brute has more gratitude than I ever rendered to God." And by the ox he was led to Christ.

Nor is pity for the sufferings of others and generosity in relieving them a quality above what is shown by noble animals. There are many well authenticated stories of orphan beasts or birds nourished by those unrelated to them with a charity which does not end "at home." The Virginia City "Enterprise," of Nevada, relates the following story:

"In this city notice was recently made of a robin that went to a house to feed one of its young that some boys had carried off and placed in a cage that was allowed to hang out of doors. Thomas Prince, who resides on Carson River, above Dayton, tells of a circumstance still more singular. He says a pair of robins had their nest on a fence near his house, while in a bush near by a pair of catbirds had built their nest. The two pairs of birds hatched out their young about the same time, and all went well for several days. Then the catbirds were seen no more, probably having been shot by some of the bee-keepers of Dayton. The young catbirds were evidently starving. When the robins came with a worm or other insect for their young, they always alighted on the top rail of the fence before hopping down to their nest. Each time when a robin so came the catbirds opened their mouth, thrust up their heads, and made a great outcry. They were begging to the best of their ability for food. The robins appeared to understand the appeal, and began feeding the hungry little catbirds. They did not do what they had undertaken by halves. Each evening the female robin sat on her own nest and warmed with her body her own young, while the male robin took to the nest of the catbirds. In this way both broods were reared, the little orphans growing up as strong and lively as though they had been cared for all through by their own parents. When both

broods were about to fly, the young robins and catbirds all flocked together for awhile. -- (From "Before the Lost Arts.")

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121 -- A HEN'S VICARIOUS DEATH

A farm had been destroyed by fire, when among the ruins the farmer discovered an old black hen apparently asleep. As she did not move at his approach he touched her with his stick, and as he did so her wing crumbled to ashes. Beneath the body of the dead bird who had stood the fiery ordeal were ten live chickens whom she had sheltered from the fire with her own life. Surely this is an instance of heroic devotion. -- (From "1001 Animal Anecdotes," by Alfred H. Miles. Frederick A. Stokes Co., Publishers. New York.)

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122 -- SPOT, A FINE-STRUNG CAT

Mrs. Walters' bright eat, Spot, one day brought her four kittens, expecting, of course, she would be .delighted with such a lively present. When the fiat went forth that these must be destroyed, Spot listened in respectful silence, but evidently understood, for as soon as her mistress left the room she took those kittens to a neighbor's barn where they were not discovered till well grown.

Spot already had two children at the house, and if any one troubled them, she would immediately punish the transgressors. One day a caller stepped on Bab's tail. Spot could not get a good chance to inflict punishment, so she went to the garden and perched on the gate-post, waiting patiently till the caller came. He had probably forgotten all about the kitten, but was reminded by some hard whacks from the avenging paw of Spot.

One cold day, Mrs. Waiters put a large quantity of coal on the fire, and at five o'clock, resting on the sofa, fell asleep. She was slowly aroused by Spot's frantic and long-continued efforts to awaken her by pulling the collar of her dress, rubbing and lapping her face. At last she staggered to her feet, blind and dizzy, and groped her way to the outside door. Spot would not go out, but the fresh air revealed that the room was full of gas, the stove covers being warped. When sight partly returned -- it was now ten o'clock -- Mrs. Waiters knew that her life had been saved by the faithful animal. Spot is ten years old, but age does not always bring as much wisdom to cats as Spot displays. No wonder a neighbor said, "Never did I see such a fine-strung cat." -- (Mrs. N. C. Alger, in "Our Dumb Animals.")

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123 -- HOW MANY CAN YOU GUESS?

1. What fish is astronomical in its taste? -- Starfish

2. What fish is the bad boy acquainted with? -- Whale

3. What shell fish completes a doily? -- Scallops

4. What fish would you serve as a dessert? -- Jellyfish.

5. What fish comes from the dairy? -- Butterfish.

6. What fish would you take on a hunting trip? -- Dogfish

7. What fish is the most valuable? -- Goldfish

8. What fish would arm a soldier? -- Swordfish

9. What fish is always under your foot? -- Sole

10. What fish is always in a bird cage? -- Perch -- (Woman's Home Companion.)

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124 -- THE DOG THAT KNEW WHEN FRIDAY CAME

When the writer was a young man teaching school in Carpenteria, California, he was told of a dog in the community that always followed the children to that same school four days in the week, but would remain at home every Friday. How did that dog know Friday from any other day? Did he sit down and count up the days and figure it out each week and thus know when Friday arrived. And why should he want to remain home on Friday any more than any other day of the week? Well, something occurred on Friday that was very delightful to this dog, and it occurred with such regularity that it became somewhat of a second nature to him. Has the reader yet guessed what was the delightful thing that this dog looked forward to each week? As much as he liked to follow the children to school he willingly gave it up for something he liked better. It was the piece of meat which the butcher always gave him in his weekly visit to that home.

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125 -- THE DOG THAT KNEW WHEN SUNDAY CAME

I am sorry to say that this dog did not know when Sunday came, because he went to Sunday-school. There are a great many people today like this dog, who look forward for Sunday for a day of fun and frolic.

It was in northeastern Iowa, in the earlier days of its settlement. There was a large family of boys, and they were not religious. The Sabbath day to them was a day of worldly pleasure. In those early days in the winter time, many rabbits lived in the woods and their tracks could plainly be seen in the snow. These boys would work on the farm during the week, but on Sundays they would go to the woods and hunt rabbits. They had a dog which seemed to take as much or more

pleasure in this sport than they, and he was always on hand for his share. Just as regularly as the Sunday came around this dog would know the day, and could be seen frisking and leaping and running about in great glee as the boys would be about, knowing that they were going soon to take their accustomed rabbit hunt.

Would it not be well for children today to take a lesson from this intelligent dog? Why not look forward now with fond hopes and gladsome anticipation for that holy day when you can meet in Sunday-school and there learn the way of eternal life? Many of our best men and women were reared in the Sunday-school. It is much better to be there than out playing somewhere in the street, or in bad company desecrating the Sabbath.

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126 -- SABBATH KEEPING ELEPHANTS

That elephants can reason and can count as far as seven, at least, is the opinion of Mr. Benjamin Le Fevre, formerly a member of Congress from Ohio, who has lately returned from a tour of the world. Furthermore, he believes that they have a moral sense as well, and to prove his contention he tells of a curious thing that happened in the city of Rangoon.

"From Rangoon," he says, "they ship the huge teak logs that float down from the interior. They are so heavy that they can be handled only by elephants trained for that purpose. One of the brutes will pick up a great log, and balancing it delicately on his tusks, will carry it to the proper pile, and push it carefully and neatly into place.

"Most of the elephants are owned by native Burmese, who hire them out to the lumber merchants. Several years ago, however, an English firm, finding the native whose elephants they hired careless about keeping his contracts, bought a herd of young elephants and trained them in the work of log-piling.

Now the native Burmese has no special day of rest, like the Jew, the Christian, or the Turk, but rest whenever he feels like it -- which is much more frequently than once in seven days. His elephants, therefore, are accustomed to work whenever they are called on. At the yard of the English firm, however, Sunday was strictly observed as a day of rest by man and elephant.

Now it happened that one Saturday afternoon the river began to rise rapidly, and early Sunday morning news from the interior told of still greater floods above. The firm had thousands of dollars' worth of logs piled on the river-bank, and it became necessary to move them early Sunday morning, if they were not to be swept out to sea. At daybreak the manager ordered out his own herd, and told his men to hire every available elephant from native owners. As the Burmese drivers came hurrying up with their animals, word was given the beasts in the firm's corrals to fall into line.

"But not an elephant moved! It was Sunday, and they didn't work on Sunday. The drivers coaxed and cajoled; the "hathis" stood blinking their little eyes in scorn at the hurrying native beasts. Then the drivers borrowed an old tusker from the Burmese, and tried to lead them with

him. Not an elephant moved. The frantic drivers dug the goads into the necks of their charges, whereupon, as if by preconcerted signal, each elephant swung up his trunk, seized his driver about the waist, and put him gently but firmly on the ground, as if to say, 'You mustn't do that, you know! We'll work faithfully on weekdays, but we don't work on Sunday.'

"At length the head driver, in desperation, seized the ear of his elephant with the 'ankus,' or hook, used to subdue ferocious beasts. Conscious of the indignity, the elephant picked him up in his trunk and flung him against the side of the corral, twenty feet away, and then resumed that clumsy swaying motion that marks the elephant well satisfied with himself. The man didn't get out of the hospital for six weeks!"

The English firm had to give it up, and the elephants had their Sunday rest. Several months afterward, Mr. LeFevre, on returning to Rangoon, asked about the Sabbath-keeping elephants. "It was no mere whim," replied the manager. "Twice since that we have tested them to see if they did actually keep an accurate account of work-days, and once again I got the Burmese to trot their beasts by. But my animals won't work on Sunday. There does not seem to be any conspiracy; each brute has figured out the situation for himself, They have arrived at a rudimentary conception of individual rights, and as they never dispute their employer's right to their services on week-days, they do not intend that he should dispute their right to a day of rest on Sunday." -- (Youth's Companion.)

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127 -- THE MULE OSTEOPATH

A certain man had been lame for some time. His crippled condition had baffled the skill of the physicians. In vain they applied their methods, but the poor man remained lame. One day a mule, that tricky animal called a mule, concluded to try his hand, no, his foot. on the man. He was not doing this for any surgical Operation, nor for any particular love and veneration for the man, but just thought he would kick. The foot of the mule happened to take a course directly towards the man's knee cap, where the lameness was located, when, lo and behold, a most beautiful case of osteopathy was performed, when the knee cap flew into place and the man was healed. Thanks to the kicking mule. "It is an ill wind that blows nobody good."

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128 -- RARE HONESTY OF A DOG

A mastiff dog, who owed more to the bounty of a neighbor than to his master, was once locked by mistake in the well-stored pantry of his benefactor for a whole day, where milk, bread, butter, and meat, within his reach, were in abundance. On the return of the servant to the pantry, seeing the dog come out, and knowing the time he had been confined, she trembled for the devastation which her negligence must have occasioned; but on close examination, it was found that the honest creature had not tasted of anything, although, on coming out, he fell on a bone that was given to him, with all the voraciousness of hunger. -- (From "A Hundred Anecdotes of Animals," by Percy J. Billinghurst. John Lane, Publisher. New York.)

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129 -- HOW DID THE DOG GET HOME?

A well-known minister of Austin, Texas, re-tells a story which was related to him by a friend living in Lawrence, Mass.

"He raised a dog, crossed with hound and pointer, and littered in Lawrence. When a year old he took the young dog to Boston, got on board of a sailing vessel, went by sea and river to Bangor, Maine, drove forty miles into the woods at Cleveland's Camp, and hunted there two weeks, the dog proving to be a great success for quick, fast runs and return to camp.

"After the hunting was over and while on his back trip to Bangor, the dog jumped from the wagon into the bushes, having heard or smelled a deer, and went off on a hot chase. The boats ran only once in two weeks, so that, much as he valued the dog, it was necessary to go. He took the boat at Bangor, returned by river and sea to Boston and back to Lawrence. About two weeks afterwards the dog crawled into his yard, footsore and half starved, but safe at home and glad to get back. -- (Cyclopedia of Illustrations for Public Speakers.)

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130 -- A HORSE THAT PUMPED WATER

A gentleman of Leeds had a horse of unusual sagacity and powers of observation. He was accustomed to drink from a trough supplied by a pump. Upon being turned into a field by himself, he made his way to the trough as usual, but finding no water, he seized the handle of the pump in his mouth and worked it until he had obtained water enough. This he continued to do as long as he remained in the field. -- (Reprinted from Johonnot's "A Natural History Reader," by permission of D. Appleton and Company.)

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131 -- ANIMALISM

This danger of sinking into animalism also colors the common speech, and gives point to much of the wit of every land and age. The beasts of prey who devour each other on boards of trade by tricks and lies are indeed "bulls and bears." The slanderers of the dead are rightly termed "hyenas," and other secret slanderers of the living are "snakes in the grass." "The man whose highest enjoyment is fighting an adversary is a gamecock. The man who dresses in the latest style and exhibits himself at the church door while the congregation files out is a peacock. The man who consecrates his life to hiving and hoarding is no more than a bee or an ant -- a better kind of animal than peacock or gamecock, but nothing but an animal." The man whose chief purpose in living is to swill his stomach with alcohol is fitly named "a hog." It is significant in this connection that a group of scientific men in Paris are making systematic experiments upon pigs with a view of ascertaining the precise action of alcohol upon the processes of digestion, respiration, and

secretion. The pig has been chosen for these experiments, it is said, because his digestive apparatus closely resembles in all essential particulars that of man, and also because he is almost the only animal besides man that will consent to be dosed with alcohol, which reminds us that Dr. Holland once said, "There is a good deal of human nature in the pig, or else there is a good deal of pig in human nature." -- (From "Before the Lost Arts.")

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132 -- HORSE FRIENDSHIP

Horses sometimes show great attachment to their own kind. An incident illustrative of this is related by a captain of French cavalry. An old horse belonging to the company became disabled by age, from eating his hay and grinding his oats. His companions on the right and left seemed to appreciate his condition, and for two months they chewed up the food and laid it before their aged companion, thus preserving his life. -- (Reprinted from Johonnot's "A Natural History Reader," by permission of D. Appleton and Company.)

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133 -- CURIOUS BIRD SURGERY

Some interesting observations concerning the surgical treatment of wounds by birds have been made by a Swiss naturalist. The most interesting example is that of a snipe, both of whose legs he had unfortunately broken by a misdirected shot. He only recovered it on the following day, when he found that the poor bird had contrived to apply dressings of down from other parts of its body, fastened by congealed blood, and a sort of splint of interwoven feathers to both limbs.

In a case recorded by another naturalist, a snipe which was observed to fly away with a broken leg was subsequently found to have forced the fragments into a parallel position -- the upper fragment reaching to the leg-joint -- and secured them by means of a strong band of feathers and moss intermingled. -- (From "1001 Animal Anecdotes," by Alfred H. Miles. Frederick A. Stokes Co., Publishers. New York.)

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134 -- THE INSECT SOLVING THE THAMES TUNNEL

Mark Isambard Brunel, the great engineer, was standing one day, about three-quarters of a century ago, in a ship-yard watching the movements of an animal known as the "Teredo novales" -- in English, the naval wood-worm -- when a brilliant thought suddenly occurred to him. He saw that this creature bored its way into the piece of wood upon which it was operating by means of a very extraordinary mechanical apparatus. Looking at the animal attentively through a microscope, he found that it was covered in front with a pair of valvular shells; that with its foot as a purchase, it communicated a rotary motion and a forward impulse to the valves, which, acting upon the wood like a gimlet, penetrated its substance; and that as the particles of wood were loosened, they passed through a fissure in the foot, and thence through the body of the borer to its mouth, where

they were expelled. "Here," said Brunel to himself, "is the sort of thing I want. Can I reproduce it in an artificial form?" He forthwith set to work, and the final result of his labors, after many failures, was the famous boring shield with which the Thames tunnel was excavated.

This story was told by Brunel himself, and there is no reason to doubt its truth. The keen observer can draw useful lessons from the humblest of the works of God. -- (Cyclopedia of Illustrations for Public Speakers.)

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135 -- THE BEAVERS AND THE RAILROAD

When the Grand Trunk railway ran a line across a swamp in a game preserve in the Alberta Rockies there was a fine beaver dam holding the water back to flood the swamp.

The game warden ordered the engineers to disturb the beavers as little as possible. They could have blown out the dam with dynamite and killed most of the little animals, but that would have been cruel.

So they cut an opening in the dam. The mud of the dam was almost as hard as concrete and it took the men three days to get the water to running out properly. Then they started work on the railroad through the swamp.

Soon the water began to rise and the work was stopped by water in a few hours. The engineers went down to the beaver dam and found the animals had repaired the cut and made it tight.

A new cut was made, but when the men were gone the beavers were busy and the damage repaired. Work on the railroad was stopped in a few hours.

Then a hole was made in the earth deep under the dam. That puzzled the beavers. They had never before seen water go down into the ground and come up far away. But they studied the problem and the work on the railroad was soon stopped by water and half the tools were covered.

Then followed a contest of cunning between the men and the beavers. But every time the men opened a way for water to run the beavers found out how to stop it.

The road was finally built by working a few hours at a time, and the loss to the contractors was about $5,000. The beavers lost their time. -- (Our Dumb Animals.)

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136 -- THE UNDERSTANDING DOG

In Caseyville, Kentucky, was a family who owned a very intelligent dog called Ring. One Saturday evening the little daughter of the family stubbed the toe of her shoe, injuring it so badly

that she was unable to wear the shoe to Sunday-school the following day. This caused the little girl to be deprived of the Sunday-school, also keeping the parents at home to be with the child. The little girl's grandfather visited the family during the week to inquire why none of them had been to Sunday-school. The explanation was readily given, and they stood around while the story was told how the girl had knocked the sole off her shoe, and having no other shoes to wear, they were all kept away. The shoe at this time was in another room in the closet. While the conversation was going on, the dog, Ring, stood by listening. Suddenly he left the company, went into the closet, produced the shoe and set it down for the grandfather to look at.

This same dog liked to have his own way, and sometimes when he was refused he would take out his spite by getting" into the spotless, spare bed. He would choose this bed instead of any other, knowing it was her spare bed.

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137 -- HOW A PIG OUTWITTED A DOG

A pig and a dog which were passengers on the same ship used to eat their food from the same plate, and but for one thing they would have had no trouble -- the dog had a kennel and the pig had none. The pig disputed the ownership of the kennel, and every night there was a race for it. If the dog won, the pig had to lie on the softest plank he could find. If the pig got in first, "Toby" could not drive him out. One rainy afternoon the pig found it rather unpleasant slipping about on deck, and made up his mind to retire early. But when he reached the kennel he found the dog snug and warm inside. Suddenly an idea flashed upon him, and, trudging off to the place where their dinner-plate was lying, he carried it to a part of the deck where the dog could see it, and began rattling the plate and munching as though he had a feast before him. This was too much for "Toby." A good dinner and he not there! The pig kept on until "Toby" had come round in front of him and pushed his nose into the empty plate. Then he turned, and was safe in the kennel before "Toby" knew whether there was any dinner in the plate or not. -- (From "1001 Animal Anecdotes," by Alfred H. Miles. Frederick A. Stokes Co., Publishers. New York.)

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138 -- REMARKABLE FLIGHTS OF BIRDS

Intensely interesting data on the emigration of American birds, drawing special attention to the golden plover, which makes 2,500 miles in a single flight, and to birds that fly from pole to pole to shun the darkness, are obtained from material compiled by Wells W. Cooke, of the U. S. Biological Survey, for the National Geographic magazine. The principal route used by the myriad of birds in their migrations between North and South America may be said to extend from northwestern Florida and western Louisiana across the Gulf of Mexico to the southern coast of the Gulf, and thence by land through Central America to South America. More birds Probably follow this route than all the other routes combined.

Long over-water flights do not take place without many casualities, and not the smallest of the perils arises from the lighthouses. "Last night I could have filled a mail-sack with the bodies of

little warblers which killed themselves striking against my light," wrote the keeper of Fowey Rocks lighthouse, in southern Florida. Every spring and fall the lights along the coast lure countless birds to destruction.

The flights of 500 and 700 miles across the Gulf of Mexico are short, however, as compared with the extraordinary 2,500-mile flight of the golden plover, which is the longest sustained flight ever recorded. These birds nest along the Arctic coast of North America, and, as soon as the young are old enough to care for themselves, fall migration is begun by a trip to the Labrador coast, where they fatten for several weeks on the abundant native fruits. A short trip across the Gulf of St. Lawrence brings them to Nova Scotia, which is the starting point for the wonderful ocean flight, due south to the coast of South America. If the weather is good, the birds make the entire trip without pause or rest, but, if a tempest arises, they may be blown out of the course to the New England coast, and start anew on the advent of fair weather. Having accomplished the ocean voyage, the golden plover passes across eastern South America to its winter home in Argentina, and after a sojourn of six months there, finds its way back to the Arctic again by an entirely different, and this time mostly land route.

The world's most extraordinary traveler is the Attic tern, which migrates from pole to pole, thus shunning the darkness of night. The tern nests as far north as land has been discovered; that is, as far north as it can find anything stable on which to construct its nest. Indeed, so arctic are the conditions under which it breeds, that a nest found only seven and a half degrees (about 500 miles) from the pole contained a downy chick surrounded by a wall of newly fallen snow which had been scooped out of the nest by the parent. When the young tern is fully grown, the entire family leaves the Arctic, and some months later the birds are found skirting the edges of the Antarctic continent. What their track is over 11,000 miles of intervening space no one knows. A few scattered birds have been seen along the United States coast of Long Island, but the great flock's of thousands and thousands which alternate from one pole to the other have never been observed by any trained ornithologists competent to learn their preferred path and time schedule. They arrive in the north early in June, and leave about August 25. They probably stay a few weeks longer in their winter home than in the summer home, which, if so, leaves them about twenty weeks for the round trip of 22,000 miles. But, by this migration, the Attic terns have more hours of daylight and sunlight than any other animals of the globe. At the most northern nesting site the midnight sun has already appeared before their arrival, and it never sets during their entire stay. During two months of the stay in the Antarctic they do not see a sunset, and for the rest of the time the sun dips only a very little below the horizon, and broad daylight continues all night. They have, therefore, twenty-four hours of daylight for at least eight months of the year, and during the other four months have considerable more daylight than darkness. -- (From "Popular Mechanics.")

In the above incidents we have a marvelous instinct implanted by an all-wise Creator. These birds carry out their instinctive nature and know when and where to go for their best good. In our own realm we are not guided by instinct, but by the light of God's Word and by His Holy Spirit. If we would follow such guides we would travel in the best channels of usefulness, occupy the sphere where God would be pleased to have us, and thus fulfill the object for which we are made. As the Arctic tern is bent on keeping in the sunlight, why not learn a lesson from it and never be satisfied unless we are constantly walking in all the light God sheds on our pathway?

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139 -- SWIFTNESS OF BIRDS

It is said that the vulture will fly at times at the rate of one hundred miles per hour. Wild geese and swallows in their migrations will fly ninety miles per hour. Carrier pigeons at long distances will fly from sixty to eighty miles an hour for many hours together.

In "Science Gleanings in Animal Life" by John Gibson, it speaks of an "Icelandic breed of carrier-pigeons of great docility and intelligence, which were said to fly at the almost incredible speed of a hundred and fifty miles an hour -- a pair of these, with their present home in Kent, within ten miles of London, having brought dispatches from Paris in an hour and a quarter."

The "Cyclopedia of Illustrations for Public Speakers," gives an account of the rapidity of birds as follows: The swallow can cover ninety-two miles an hour, and the eider-duck ninety miles. All birds of prey are necessarily rapid in their flight. The eagle can attain a speed of 140 miles per hour, and the hawk 150 miles. The flight of most migratory birds does not exceed fifty miles an hour, and the crow can accomplish but twenty-five.

A falcon belonging to Henry IV of France, escaped from Fontainebleau and was found at Malta twenty-four hours later, having covered a distance of at least 1,530 miles. Sir John Ross, on Oct. 6, 1850, dispatched from Assistance Bay two young carrier pigeons, one of which reached its dovecote in Ayrshire, Scotland, on the 13th. This was comparatively slow time for the distance, two thousand miles. It is probable that flights which have occasioned astonishment by greatly exceeding the average have been materially assisted by aerial currents moving in the same direction.

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140 -- REMARKABLE ANCIENT ANIMALS

On the flanks of the same mountains (Rocky Mountains), there is a narrow belt of ground traceable for several hundred miles, which contains in great abundance the remains of another group of reptiles known as dinosaurs and among these occur the largest land animals yet known to have anywhere existed. Some years ago the bones of one of these land monsters were found in Colorado, which must have belonged to an individual measuring sixty feet in length, and at least thirty feet in height. This Titanosaurus has, however, been eclipsed in size by the lately discovered Atlantosaurus of the Rocky Mountains, whose remains prove it to have been about eighty feet in length. Associated with those giants were found the remains of the most diminutive of dinosaurs -- the Nanosaurus -- .a creature not larger than a cat. -- (From "Science Gleanings in Animal Life," by John Gibson. Thomas Nelson and Sons, Publishers. New York.)

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141 -- PROTECTING MIGRATORY BIRDS

That was a beneficent donation of the Rockefeller foundation of two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars for the purchase of 85,000 acres of land on the Louisiana coast for a refuge for migratory birds, which gather there from all parts of North America. This will prevent the wholesale, wanton destruction of these innocent creatures, which are so useful in keeping down the insect pests, which, it is estimated, inflict a loss upon the country yearly of over $400,000,000. -- ("Herald of Holiness.")

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142 -- LONG-TAILED ROOSTERS OF JAPAN

The breeding of roosters with long tail feathers has long been the pastime of the natives of Shinewara, on the island of Shikoku, Japan. By patient selection of a breed of fowls, continued through one hundred years, the tail feathers of the ordinary barnyard cock have been lengthened until some of the roosters on the island now have tail feathers measuring eighteen feet. The hens of the same breed have tail feathers only eight inches long. In breeding the roosters, it is necessary to confine them in close quarters so that the feathers cannot wear out or be molted. Through a careful routine, the fowl lives his eight or nine years of life in a cage so narrow that he cannot turn around in it. When he is taken out for. exercise every day or so, he is carefully watched by an attendant, and from time to time his plumage is carefully washed and dried. -- (From "Popular Mechanics.") .

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143 -- DIED WITH A BROKEN HEART

It was near the city of Kokomo, Indiana. A gentleman owned a very fine shepherd dog, and leaving the country, he refused the sum of fifty dollars for him, for fear that he might be mistreated in a new home. An old neighbor by the name of Lehman, owned a farm near by, and this faithful dog was turned over to him for kind and safe keeping. Mr. Lehman, one day was in the barn, when he suddenly fell on the floor, stricken with apoplexy. He was carried into the house where he died shortly afterwards. This shepherd dog was' present when his master fell on the floor, and watched with interest the proceedings. His custom was always to sleep in the house, but since his good master fell on that barn floor and then died, this dog refused to sleep in the house, and took up his sleeping apartment in the barn and on the spot where Mr. Lehman fell. The dog utterly refused to eat after the sad death of the one he so much loved. He seemed broken-hearted at his loss. He kept pining away, failing more and more, till finally one day he went to the barn, lay down on the spot where his master fell, and there died, to-all appearances with a broken heart.

What love and devotion must be wrapped up in an animal like that! What a lesson we might draw from it in our love and devotion to Him who gave His live a ransom for us!

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144 -- A VERY SMART ELEPHANT

Elephants are capable of great intelligence, and sometimes almost display humor. An elephant was once chained to a tree, while its driver made an oven at a short distance, in which he put some rice cakes to bake and went away. When he was gone, the elephant unfastened the chain round his foot with his trunk, went to the oven, uncovered it, took out the cakes and ate them, covered up the oven again, and went back to his place. He could not refasten the chain round his foot, so he twisted it round in order to look the same; and when the driver returned stood with his back to the oven. -- (From "1001 Animal Anecdotes," by Alfred H. Miles. Frederick A Stokes Co., Publishers. New York.)

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145 -- HOW THE TOAD SHED ITS COAT

One day last spring my father, sister, and I were out in the garden watching a little toad. My father took a little stick and very, very gently scratched one side of the toad, and then the other. The toad seemed to like it, for he would roll from side to side and blink.

I was so interested that when they went in I took the stick and did as my father had done. I thought that if he rolls from side to side as I touch him, what would he do if I ran the stick down his back? I did so, and what do you think happened? His skin, which was thin and dirty, parted in a neat little seam. There was a bright, neat coat below. Then my quiet little toad gently and carefully pulled off his outer skin, rolled it into a ball, and swallowed it. -- ("Sunshine.")

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146 -- HOW WOLVES CATCH DEER

The manner adopted by the Indian wolf in securing its prey is another illustration of a well-thought-out plan. Mr. W. A. Wallinger, of the Forest Service, Bombay, says that these animals assemble in packs of about six, and knowing the deer they attack are much fleeter than they are, they post themselves singly at different points of a part frequented by deer, and remain secretly hidden until the deer are well within their track. One of the wolves then springs out and drives the deer towards the first point, when the next wolf takes up the chase; this is again and again repeated until the deer is finally captured, the entire pack coming in at the death. -- (From "1001 Animal Anecdotes," by Alfred H. Miles. Frederick A Stokes Co., Publishers. New York.)

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147 -- HOW THE MULE KILLED THE GRIZZLY

In a trip over the Sierra Nevadas a Californian took with him not only his favorite horse, but a mule named Billy, a large, iron-gray mule of pack variety. On the second day in the mountains the owner tethered Billy to a tree, allowing him about twenty feet range, where there was good feed, and then took a seat on a fallen tree not far away to eat his lunch. He had finished his meal, and was half dozing when the mule reared and snorted loudly. His owner sprang to his feet and looked about.

Not ten feet off stood a huge grizzly bear, evidently with designs on the owner of the mule. That individual rushed for the nearest tree and made good time in climbing it. He was safe for the time. But how about Billy?

To his owner's surprise, Billy dropped his head after a moment and resumed feeding, as if oblivious to the grizzly's proximity. As for the bear, he stood still for several minutes, his eyes wandering from the man in the tree to Billy. The mule's composure puzzled him.

By and by the grizzly started to make a circuit of the tree to which the mule was tethered. The bear emitted a series of deep growls, then opened his great mouth and disclosed two rows of ugly teeth. Slowly the great creature advanced upon the mule. Billy still continued to graze. Nearer came the grizzly and still nearer. The mule stopped feeding. From his perch the Californian watched the scene with breathless interest.

Finally the bear stopped, rose on his hind quarters and prepared to strike. At that moment the mule, at whose stupidity his owner had wondered, sprang forward, and the grizzly's paws struck empty air. Then the man in the tree saw a gray form double itself into a ball and bound forward. It was the mule's turn. Out of that ball flew two iron-shod hoofs, which shot back and forth with a thump, thump against the body of the grizzly, which was completely off its guard. He was hit all over -- -on his head, on his shoulder, on his side, on his back -- by those pile-driving hind feet. He fell in one direction, then in another, seeming utterly incapable of getting away; and when Billy stopped kicking, life was gone from the bear's body. The mule, after resting a bit, returned quietly to his feeding. -- (New York Tribune.)

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148 -- A HORSE HUNTING HELP

The affection and intelligence of the horse are well shown in the following story, related by Prof. Kruger of Halle: "A friend of mine, who was riding home one dark night through a wood, struck his head against the branch of a tree and fell from his horse stunned by the blow. The horse immediately returned to the house they had left a mile distant. Finding the door closed, he pawed upon it with his hoof until the inmates were aroused, and when the door opened he turned, and seemed to beckon them to follow. This they did, and the master was found and saved." -- (Reprinted from Johonnot's "A Natural History Reader," by permission of D, Appleton and Company.)

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149 -- SENATOR VEST'S FAMOUS TRIBUTE

One of the most eloquent tributes ever paid to the dog was delivered by Senator Vest of Missouri, some years ago, and although it has been published in "Our Dumb Animals" several times since, we are reprinting it once more, in response to many requests. The distinguished Senator was attending court in a country town, and while waiting for the trial of a case in which he

was interested, was urged by the attorneys in a dog case to help them. Voluminous evidence was introduced to show that the defendant had shot the dog in malice, while other evidence went to show that the dog had attacked defendant. Vest took no part in the trial, and was not disposed to speak. The attorneys, however, urged him to speak. Being thus urged he arose and said:

"Gentlemen of the jury: The best friend a man has in the world may turn against him and become his enemy. His son or daughter that he has reared with loving care may prove ungrateful. Those who are nearest and dearest to us, those whom we trust with our happiness and our good name, may become traitors to their faith. The money that a man has he may lose. It flies away from him, perhaps when he needs it most. A man's reputation may be sacrificed in a moment of ill-considered action. The people who are prone to fall on their knees to do us honor when success is with us, may be the first to throw the stone of malice when failure settles its cloud upon our heads. The one absolutely unselfish friend a man can have in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous, is his dog. A man's dog stands by him in prosperity and in poverty, in health and in sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground, when the wintry winds blow and the snow drives fiercely, if only he may be near his master's side. He will lick the wounds and sores that come in encounter with the roughness of the world. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince. When riches take wings and reputation falls to pieces he is as constant in his love as the sun in its journeys through the heavens. If fortune drives the master forth an outcast in the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him, to guard against danger, to fight against his enemies, and when the last scene of all comes, and death takes the master in its embrace, and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by the graveside will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad, but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even to death."

Then Vest sat down. He had spoken in a low voice, without a gesture. He made no reference to the evidence or the merits of the case. When he finished judge and jury were wiping their eyes. The jury filed out, but soon returned with a verdict of $500 for the plaintiff, whose dog was shot; and it was said that some of the jurors wanted to hang the defendant.

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150 -- HOW THE SEAGULL PUNISHED THE CAT

A country doctor once kept a tame seagull which was allowed the freedom of the garden, in which was placed a tub of water. One morning a piece of fish was brought out for the bird's breakfast. A passing cat seized the fish and made off with it. The gull, seeing its food stolen, flew at the cat, and seizing him by the back of the neck, carried him to the tub and immersed him, still clinging to the fish, and then withdrew him from the water, to find that he still held the fish. Again and again the seagull immersed the prisoner, until he yielded up his booty. -- (From "1001 Animal Anecdotes," by Alfred H. Miles. Frederick A Stokes Co., Publishers. New York.)

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151 -- MOTHER LOVE OF THE COW

A cow's melancholy over the loss of her calf led to a strange incident at the home of Josiah Brown, near Mount Carmel.

Brown owned a cow with a spotted calf which was so peculiarly marked that some time ago, when it was killed for veal, the skin was made into a rug. The mother cow was downcast and bellowed continually.

Mrs. Brown went into her front parlor, and there on the floor lay the cow, placidly licking the calfskin rug. It is supposed the cow approached the house, and by chance saw the calfskin through the window, then quietly pushed the doors open and walked in. One barred door had been forced open by the cow's horns. -- (Cyclopedia of Illustrations for Public Speakers.)

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152 -- LITTLE SHEPHERD DOGS

The best of these dogs are worth $200, or even more. One herder, whom we met at Cold Spring ranch, showed us a very pretty one that he said he would not sell for $500. She had at that time four young puppies. The night we arrived we visited his camp, and were greatly interested in the little mother and her nursing babies. Amid those wild, vast mountains, this little nest of motherly devotion and baby trust was very beautiful.

While we were exclaiming, the assistant herder came to say that there were more than twenty sheep missing. Two male dogs, both larger than the little mother, were standing about, with their hands in their pockets, doing nothing. But the herder said neither Tom nor Dick would find them. Flora must go. It was urged by the assistant that her foot was sore, she had been hard at work all day, was nearly worn out, and must suckle her puppies. The boss insisted that she must go. The sun was setting. There was no time to lose. Flora was called, and told to hunt for lost sheep, while her master pointed to a great forest, through the edge of which they had passed on their way up. She raised her head, but seemed loath to leave her babies. The boss called sharply to her. She rose, looking tired and low-spirited, with head and tail down, and trotted wearily off toward the forest. I said: "That is too bad."

"Oh, she'll be right back. She's lightning on stray sheep."

The next morning I went over to learn whether Flora had found the strays. While we were speaking, the sheep were returning, driven by the little dog, who did not raise her head nor wag her tail, even when spoken to, but crawled to her puppies and lay down by them, offering the little empty breasts. She had been out all night, and, while her hungry babies were tugging away, fell asleep. I have never seen anything so touching. So far as I was concerned, "there was not a dry eye in the house."

How often that scene comes back to me -- the vast, gloomy forest, and that little creature, with the sore foot and her heart crying for her babies, limping and creeping about in the wild canyons all through the long, dark hours, finding and gathering in the lost sheep!

I wonder if any preacher of the gospel ever searched for lost sheep under circumstances more hard and with more painful sacrifices. But, then, we must not expect too much from men. It is the dog that stands for fidelity and sacrifice. -- (Dio Lewis, in "Our Dumb Animals.")

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153 -- SOME SMART RATS

The sagacity and foresight of rats is very extraordinary, and the following anecdote, wonderful as it may appear, may be relied upon: -- "A box, containing some bottles of Florence oil, was placed in a store-room which was seldom opened, the lid of the box having been taken away. On going to the room for one of the bottles, the pieces of bladder and the cotton which were at the mouth of each bottle had disappeared, and a considerable quantity of the contents of the bottles had been consumed. This circumstance having excited surprise, a few bottles were filled with oil and the mouths of them secured as before. The next morning the coverings of the bottles had been removed, and some of the oil was gone. On watching, some rats were seen to get into the box, insert their tails into the necks of the bottles, withdraw them, and lick off the oil which adhered to them." -- (From "1001 Animal Anecdotes," by Alfred H. Miles. Frederick A Stokes Co., Publishers. New York.)

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154 -- BUY HIM A NET

As the fly season is upon us we say this additional word for the horse. The fly has the capacity, when he undertakes the job, to worry the life out of man and beast. A thin-skinned horse can be fretted into dangerous exasperation in a few minutes by even a single fly. Now and then some variety of this pest will fasten itself on a horse and sting like a red-hot needle. The net is a great protection. It saves the horse and makes driving far pleasanter for the driver. A net would have prevented many runaways where in fighting flies the tail has caught and held the rein. When driving through woods or places where flies and little insects attack the ears and face of your horse, break off a few small pieces of twigs with green leaves on them and fasten in the bridle so they will protect the face, ears and neck.

The old-fashioned straw hat setting down close to the head should be discarded. Either some sort of canopy cover, allowing free circulation of air underneath it, or a sponge kept wet, or else nothing at all. Leave on the foretop as nature designed you should, treat your horse when he is compelled to work in the hot sun as you would like to be treated were you in his place, and you needn't worry about his being sun-struck. -- (Our Dumb Animals.)

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155 -- A RIDDLE

There's a queer little house

That stands in the sun;
When the good mother calls,
The children all run.
While under her roof
It is cozy and warm,
Though the cold wind may whistle
And bluster and storm.

In the daytime this queer
Little house moves away,
And the children run after,
So happy and gay;
But it comes back at night,
And the children are fed,
And tucked up to sleep
In their warm, cozy bed.

This queer little house
Has no windows nor doors;
The roof has no shingles,
The rooms have no floors;
No fireplace, chimneys,
No stoves can you see,
Yet the children are as cozy
And warm as can be.

The story of this
Little house is quite true;
I have seen it myself,
And I'm sure you have, too.
You can see it tonight,
If you'll watch the old hen,
While her downy wings cover
Her children again.

-- (Author Unknown.)

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156 -- BABY SAVED FROM POISON

The intelligence and prompt action of a dog undoubtedly saved the life recently of James Bean, Jr., a Los Angeles boy of fourteen months. The little fellow was allowed to go into a vacant lot near his home under the guard of the family watch-dog, "Bow," while the mother sat on the verandah, feeling that no harm would come to her boy while the dog was with him. It was not long, however, before she was startled at seeing Bow suddenly spring upon the child, knock him down

and paw frantically at him. Thinking the dog had gone mad and attacked her baby, the mother, with a cry of terror, hurried to the rescue.

But Bow had better business on hand. He had understood that it was his duty to protect his playmate who was not supposed to know as much as he, and so he acted quickly and energetically. When the frightened mother rushed on the scene and grasped the baby in her arms, the dog was beside himself with joy. The reason for his "madness" was at once apparent and who can say that it was not good and timely? Tightly clenched in the baby fist the mother found a piece of poisonous toadstool, while on the ground close by lay the larger part. The knowing dog had scratched it out of the boy's hand and had very determinedly prevented him from stuffing any portion of it into his mouth.

It is safe to say that Bow will not be restrained, muzzled nor held for the purposes of observation, to determine whether he is a safe and sane companion for a small boy. -- (Our Dumb Animals.)

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157 -- FOR THE CAGED BIRD

A canary can sleep in any kind of light. A wild bird cannot sleep except in darkness. The shadows of furniture or any object in the room fills a wild bird with terror and he will spend the whole night falling off his perches or beating about his cage; when he sleeps it is from exhaustion. The bird stores are on streets where lights from the street come into windows. They should have blinds to be drawn down closely at night, and also be shaded from strong sunlight pouring in on the birds in window cases. If dealers want to exhibit birds in windows, soft open-work green sash curtains would let the light filter through much like the sun shining through leaves.

A small bird is so terrified in being placed near a large bird, which in their native forests would devour it, that it will dash about the cage, giving the appearance of animation, and screaming, which the uninitiated think is singing. Dealers place these birds in this way so as to attract would-be purchasers.

God speed the day when no wild bird -- foreign or domestic -- will be allowed to be caged. A canary bird sang to the last moment of its little life, and when I was asked to come and see it I found that its owner, who loved it devotedly (?), had put its seed in two days before and turned the cup so that the seed opened to the outside, so that birdie could see it but not get it to eat. It was singing from distress, but it seemed beautiful.

"And man, whose heaven erected face
The smiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity
Makes countless thousands mourn."

-- (Mrs. Joan H. Rone, in "Our Dumb Animals.")

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158 -- A DOG'S SENSIBILITY

A few years since, a nobleman, who had an estate upon the famous Loch Erne, in the north of Ireland, had a spaniel which on many occasions exhibited an uncommon intelligence. It seemed to have an instinct to fetch and carry, and would often exhibit this propensity without special training. Observing the gardener laying down his hatchet to adjust his stakes, the dog took the hatchet in his mouth, and, at the proper moment, presented it handle first. One day a frightened sheep broke away from the flock, plunged into the loch, and swam directly away from the shore. The dog followed and caught the sheep a mile and a half out, just as it was sinking from the weight of its water-soaked fleece, and held it up by the horns until a boat arrived which had been sent in pursuit.

The dog was a general favorite for the kindness of his disposition and great intelligence. One day, when about two years old, he came to his old friend, the gardener, gave two or three short yelps, and went away without paying any heed to the efforts of his friend to engage him in his customary plays. He went to each member of the household and saluted them in the same manner, reserving his last visit to his mistress, the lady of the house. From her presence he went immediately to the kitchen and lay down and died. The poor fellow, feeling his approaching end, had bade good-bye to each of his friends, and then, alone by himself, had yielded up his breath. He was mourned almost as a human being. -- (Reprinted from Johonnot's "A Natural History Reader," by permission of D. Appleton and Company.)

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159 -- SOME FAMOUS FIRE CATS

That cats learn tricks with difficulty and usually make very poor firemen, is the observation of a writer in the Brooklyn, New York, "Eagle," in the course of an interesting article about Brooklyn horses, dogs and cats as firemen.

The case of "Peter" the mascot of 252 Engine, Central avenue and Decatur street, affords a striking exception to the rule. Peter is a large, yellow cat that has been a pet at the fire-house for many years, and so perfect are his qualifications for a fireman's license that he has been adopted as a regular member of the department. At sliding the fireman's pole, Peter ranks first, making the descent from the third floor to the bottom of the pole in less than three seconds. The cat is perfectly familiar with the alarms, and, when sleeping with the men on the third floor during the night, is ever on the alert for the duty signal. At the first sound of the alarm, Peter makes a dash from his bunk to the pole, with a flying leap he throws his paws about it, his front feet and back legs wound about the shiny brass surface in the very same way in which the firemen descend. With a single leap he reaches the driver's seat, and seems to enjoy the honor of being the first member of the company ready for action.

Until recently, Peter never missed a fire, and on many occasions was known to have followed the firemen far up the ladders, until the smoke and flames drove him back. A bad fall,

however, received while in the performance of duty, during a recent trip, so affected the cat that of late he has availed himself of the sick-leave privilege. Despite the injury and the apparent regret at his inability to perform his duties, Peter never fails to report, when the gong sounds. He slides the pole, jumps to the engine seat, and then, at a nod of consent from the captain, jumps down and mournfully watches the apparatus depart.

So famous has Peter become as a pole-slider and rapid ladder-climber that scarcely a day elapses but many people avail themselves of the opportunity to witness the exhibition.

Peter's most formidable rival for feline fire honors, so far as is known, was "Dick," a large tortoise-shell cat of No. 107 truck, New Jersey avenue. Dick also took particular pleasure in sliding the pole, and always chose this method of descent, at all times, to walking downstairs. His record for attending fires was excellent, and he was happiest when perched on the driver's seat, responding to a call. Dick was also a warm favorite with the horses, and at the end of a run would be found on the horses' backs or purring contentedly at their feet. When Dick died, the mourning throughout the firehouse was general, for he had responded to every fire for years, and his knowledge of alarms and house routine, his friends declare was perfect. -- (Our Dumb Animals.)

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160 -- WISCONSIN'S FAMOUS WAR EAGLE

When "Old Abe," the Wisconsin war eagle, died at the Capitol in Madison, he was nineteen years old, the honored hero of thirty battles. The bird joined the Eighth Wisconsin Infantry in 1861. It was with the regiment four years in the army, and at the close of the war was presented to the state. In the years that followed "Old Abe" traveled all over the states of the Union. In 1865, at the great fair in Chicago, his exhibition netted $16,000, and at a Milwaukee fair the same year, $6,000. It was four months at the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia. At its death all the state officials, headed by the governor, visited and viewed the remains of the historic bird. The war veterans of Wisconsin mourned for the death of "Old Abe," who, since the close of the war, had been an honored pensioner of the state.

"Old Abe" was one of the family of white-headed eagles, and was taken from his nest when only four months old and sold to a farmer for a bushel of corn. He was a very intelligent bird, and attracted the attention of a gentleman, who purchased and presented him to the Eighth Regiment, then preparing to go to the front. He was gladly received, and given a place next to the regimental flag. For three years he followed the "Live Eagle Regiment," being near its flag in thirty battles. In January, 1879, he was exhibited in the Old South Church, in Boston, for the benefit of the preservation fund for that Massachusetts landmark. M. S. Porter, in one of the Boston papers, at that time said: "This majestic birds is always moved and most demonstrative at the sound of martial music. He shared all the battles of the regiment, but no drop of his blood was ever sacrificed. Vainly did rebel sharpshooters aim at his dark figure, conspicuously 'painted on the crimson sky'; he seemed to bear a charmed life; and his loyal comrades almost looked up to him as their leader, and with pride believed in him as a bird of good omen. He was named 'Old Abe,' sworn into the Service, and proved to be every inch a soldier, listening to and obeying orders; noting time most accurately; always after the first year giving heed to 'attention'; insisting upon

being in the thickest of the fight, and when his comrades, exposed to great danger from the terrible fire of the enemy, were ordered to lie down, he would flatten himself upon the ground with them, rising when they did, and with outspread pinions soar aloft over the carnage and smoke of the battle. When the cannon were pouring forth destruction and death, above the roar and thunder of the artillery rose his wild battle-cry of freedom. He was always restless before the march to the encounter, but after the smoke of the battlefield had cleared away he would doff his soldier-like bearing, and with wild screams of delight would manifest his joy at the victory; but if defeat was the result his discomfiture and deep sorrow were manifested by every movement of his stately figure but drooping head." -- (Our Dumb Animals.)

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161 -- AN OWNERLESS CAMPMEETING DOG

My last camp at Bloomington, Nebraska, was one of much interest in several respects, chief of which, certainly, was the fact that the two works of grace -- -conversion and sanctification -- went on together, and a number of souls got blessed savingly.

But early during the meeting there appeared a poor, tramp dog, whom nobody seemed to own, and one of the most pitiful things in the world is an ownerless dog. Such a creature seems most miserable, and, while suspicious of people generally, is gladdened when any one pays any serious and kind attention to him, and is delighted if any one lays claim to him.

This particular dog seemed to like the camp meeting atmosphere -- and I have noticed that this is the case with dogs generally; especially if it be a holiness camp -- and he tarried with us.

That night, while we were all at meeting, the poor, hungry fellow got into the cook house and helped himself to a roll of butter and some pies. When the discovery was made the next morning, the camp was up in arms against the innocent thief, and all seemed against him, and determined to drive him away, if not do something worse to him.

But I interceded in his behalf, and that morning, while preaching, I more than took his part; I praised him and presented him as a good example. I said, "the dog knew no better. He knew he was hungry, and he knew the butter and pies were good, well calculated to satisfy his longings. So he helped himself. He has not been trained against stealing. All this is evidenced by the fact that he tarries with us, and is wagging his tail. But some of you know you need salvation. You know you are hungry and thirsty for righteousness. And you know you ought to come to God and get saved and satisfied. Yet you do not behave as reasonably as this poor dog. You refuse what you most need," etc.

Thus I talked till some felt ashamed of themselves and all seemed to admire the dog.

They called him Pius -- not for a pope by that name; but because he had good sense for pie. He became the pet and ward of the camp. He was fed regularly and well. He seemed to regard me as his special benefactor. When I was in my personal tent he lay much at my door. Other dogs appeared to become jealous of him; but when they got after him, he would run to me for protection.

One night he came into the preaching tent and stood at my side, because a lot of other dogs were outside waiting for him, and he knew his friend.

When I last saw him it was the last day of the camp. Sleek and fat and happy, he was in a buggy between a young married couple who had been sanctified during the camp, had adopted Plus, and were giving him a ride to their and his home.

We should show kindness even to brutes, and may learn sense, even from an ownerless dog. -- (Rev. E. F. Walker, in "Herald of Holiness.")

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162 -- BEARS THAT WENT TO CHURCH

Whoever heard of a bear in church? Yes, these were real bears and a real church building, and it was in one of the most aristocratic cities in the United States. The First Baptist church of Pasadena, California, is located right near the heart of the city. One morning during the church service, two young bears, which had been kept in the rear of a garage broke loose from their captivity. The bears ambled aimlessly down the aisle, while the congregation concluded they would better leave through the side entrances. After awhile they ambled out again the way they had come and the services were resumed. In these days of non-church going and Sabbath desecration, it would seem like a rebuke to these to have some bears take their place in church going.

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163 -- DOG THAT TRAMPED 2000 MILES

Footsore and almost starved, Bonnie, a 3-year-old Scotch collie, returned to his old home in Olathe, Kansas, after a weary tramp of 2,000 miles. In October, 1912, the dog was given away to be taken to a home in Southern Florida. He stayed there with his new owner for two weeks, but seemed to be discontented and would eat only occasionally. He left one night and nothing more was heard from him until he walked into Olathe sixteen months afterwards. His feet were sore and bleeding and the toenails were worn off. -- (Our Dumb Animals.)

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164 -- THE PROUD HEN, AND HOW SHE TESTIFIED

The following story is given by Mrs. U. E. Ramsey of Cucamonga, Cal.

It was a Brown Leghorn. She had always been kept a pet. The time came when she laid her first egg, and like a small boy with his first pair of red-topped boots it seemed to make her proud. If she was not actually proud over the marvelous accomplishment, she was at least very much delighted. About the time the egg was laid, Mrs. Ramsey was returning from a visit to a neighbor's house, and as the little Leghorn lady saw her coming along the road she went out to meet her. While she could not talk and tell the wonderful story, yet she could cackle in good shape, which

she did, and as she cackled she would make toward the hen house. She made it perfectly plain that there was something of great importance at the hen house, and as the hen led the way the lady followed. Finally, the lady was towed on and on till she came to the nest, whereupon the little hen jumped up to the nest as if to say, "Here it is." And sure enough, there was a nice little egg, the first one laid. As there were no other chickens there, Mrs. Ramsey knew it was the Leghorn's egg. This we consider a marked degree of intelligence from a hen.

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165 -- INTELLIGENCE OF BEES

A hive of bees is a city of 80,000 inhabitants, and the wax houses of the city -- the cells of the honey-comb-have all been built by the swarm. The city has its laws and its customs, its queen, its royal family, its workers. Its people do different kinds of work, some make wax, some make the wax into cells, some form the cells into the correct shape, some gather honey from the flowers to serve as a store of food for the coming winter, some gather pollen to feed the young bees. Others go out early in the morning and return to tell the hive where the best flowers are. Others keep the hive clean. Others guard the door. Others feed the young and the queen.

There are more than 60,000 separate cells in a full hive. The wonderful thing about these cells is their shape. Look at a honey-comb and you will see that each cell has the shape of a six-sided lead pencil with a bluntly pointed end. Mathematicians can solve by mathematics now a problem like this: What is the shape of a cell that shall have the greatest possible contents and at the same time the smallest possible surface? You can see for yourself that it cannot be a sphere, it cannot be a cube. It is in fact exactly the shape of a bee's cell -- a six-sided prism with blunted ends. The bee has solved this problem all by itself -- not by mathematics, but by practice.

In these cells honey is stored, and the queen bee lays the eggs from which new swarms are to be born. When the city gets too full, and after a new queen bee has been born, the old queen leads more than half the inhabitants away in a flight that lasts until they find a new place to live, usually a new hive that the bee keeper provides for them, and a new city is built in the new hive.

Before they leave the old hive they have made about one hundred twenty pounds of honey; that is, more than twelve times the weight of the bees which made it (just as if a city of 80,000 men should make 60,000 tons of provisions). All of this they leave behind them to keep the old city supplied, and industriously make one hundred twenty more pounds for the new city they have founded. And so each hive goes on making new hives year after year. Each one of the new hives is governed like a city -- has its queen, its royal family, its drones or male bees (who do not work) its workers (who are female bees, but who lay no eggs -- all the eggs being laid by the queen). If too many queen bees are born, the workers kill the useless queens. If all the queens are dead and there is no queen to lay eggs for the new city, the workers feed one of the very young bees on a special kind of food that makes the young bee turn into a queen. If it had not been so fed, it would have grown up to be a mere worker. -- (From "Real Things in Nature," by Edward S. Holden. The Macmillan Company, Publishers. New York.)

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166 -- WORKERS WITHOUT WAGES

Birds live to eat. It is lucky for men they do. Some years ago a French scientist told the world, that if all the birds should suddenly die, man would have only a year's life left to him, and proved his point to the satisfaction of other scientists.

How much does a bird eat? Take the robin as an example. It eats at certain seasons of the year about double its weight in insects and worms every day.

The bird's dinner hour begins at sunrise and ends an hour after sunset. Any legislation looking to the shortening of its hours of labor, which are coincident with its hours of eating, would bring famine. All the song-birds and all the silent birds give their service to man and they ask no pay for it except to be let alone. -- (Our Dumb Animals.)

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167 -- LOST CHILD FOUND BY DOG

Lost in the woods of New Brunswick for five and a half days and exposed to the cold and rains of early winter, as well as to the danger of attack by wild animals, Jane Burabe, a little seven-year-old girl of St. Andre, owes her life to a spaniel dog. This story we have verified with great care, and we particularly desire to thank Postmaster A. D. MacKendrick of Campbellton for his assistance in the matter.

The child was returning home from a wood lot whither she had gone to carry her father's dinner. After losing her way she wandered for miles into a dense cedar swamp. Hundreds of people scoured 'the woods for the lost child but without success, and it was thought that she must have perished from exposure.

At 4 o'clock in the morning, five days after the child's disappearance, the dog which belonged to John Cyr, a neighbor of the Burabes, leaped upon his master's bed and refused to be quieted until the latter got up and dressed. After breakfast Cyr decided to follow the dog, which continued to be uneasy and eager to lead the way into the forest. For six hours they tramped through the woods in a straight line. Suddenly the dog barked loudly at their approach to a big tree and there the child was found. She was numb from the cold and too weak to walk, but alive and conscious.

The girl said the dog had found her the day before, but that she was too weak to follow him. He had gone for help and got it, and showed by his actions that he knew there must be no time lost, if the girl were to be saved. -- (Our Dumb Animals.)

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168 -- CURIOSITIES FROM THE DEEP SEA

The Albatross steamer has done some deep dredging in the depths of the sea. In its deepest haul it took seventeen hours in letting down the dredge and hauling it up again. When it was brought to the surface it was like opening a Christmas package. From its treasures were discovered strange fish carrying incandescent light in front of them to light their way in those marvelous depths of ocean. Other fish had phosphorescent spots which doubtless glowed like portholes in steamers at night. How marvelous the all-wise Creator is in His arrangement of the animal world! To think of a fish having its own electric light to carry around with it! When some of these fishes were released from the awful pressure of the ocean depths the eyes would pop from their heads, and the stomachs would turn wrong side out.

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169 -- ST. BERNARD COMES TO RESCUE

When all efforts to find her female pointer, "Fanny," had failed and she had about given up hope of ever seeing her again after four days of fruitless searching, Mrs. H. M. Reed of Malden, Massachusetts, was led by a big St. Bernard, which belonged to her neighbor, to the place where her own dog had become imprisoned.

On the fifth morning after the pointer's disappearance the St. Bernard came to Mrs. Reed's home and dropped a bone which she was carrying, upon the doorstep. The dog was driven away several times, but persisted in coming back with the bone in her mouth. Finally it dawned upon Mrs. Reed that the St. Bernard was trying to tell her something and she decided to follow whither the dog might lead. Together they went across the street to a house some distance away and around to the side piazza where the dog again dropped the bone. Under the floor of the piazza the lost pointer was found and, although weak from hunger, she was overjoyed to get out of her predicament and find her mistress.

It is believed that the pointer went under the piazza before the wooden winter walk had been put down and that this shut off her escape. Her St. Bernard companion must have understood the situation and realized that only human hands could extricate her friend. -- (Our Dumb Animals.)

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170 -- A CAMP MEETING HEN

At a camp meeting in Southern Illinois (if I remember correctly, it was Bonnie camp) I was conducting the opening service on an afternoon, and was speaking from Deut. 26:1-3, especially dwelling upon the necessity of the harmony of life and profession. Not testimony alone, but testimony and fruit; not fruit without testimony, but fruit and testimony. The two must go together. As I was pressing this point to the highest tension, suddenly a red pullet emerged from beneath one of the front seats, and, leaping to the back of the seat, began to cackle as if with full assurance.

Having some understanding of such language, and embracing my opportunity to illustrate and emphasize the point I was professing, I replied to the hen, "Amen! Where is it?" Rushing to the place whence she had just emerged I picked up the new-laid egg and held it aloft before the

people, with the remark, "Here is the fruit, and (pointing to the shouting bird) there is the testimony. They legitimately go together. A barren hen that cackles has no place among the laity; and a laying hen that steals her nest, lays her eggs, and says nothing about it, ought to enter the ministry!"

Of course the people understood and keenly appreciated.

Lesson: Whenever possible, catch your illustration on the fly.

Sequel: The keeper of the ground, whose bird it was, promised me that if I would agree to return to the camp the next year he would have a whole brood of chickens for me raised by that hen. Agreed.

But when I got back the following year I met disappointment. The brother told me that he could not any way get that hen to set, but that she kept right on laying and showed a continued disinclination to raise a brood for the preacher: just as if the illustration she had offered him was enough.

Moral: Men may propose, but even a chicken may dispose.

Furthermore that hen, who had been named by the people "Miss Walker," would not consort with the common fowl; would not even feed with them; but went alone and ate apart, like a person of "distinction."

Moral: Bearing a "distinguished" name and being much noticed may make a biped "eccentric." -- (Rev. E. F. Walker, in "Herald of Holiness.")

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171 -- NESTS

"Various attempts have been made to classify birds' nests, but none have been complete, and it would seem to be well-nigh impossible to make any classification that would include all of the many different kinds of nest construction. One authority has divided the birds into the following twelve classes, according to their mode of nest building: miners, ground builders, masons, carpenters, platform builders, basket makers, weavers, tailors, felt makers, cementers, dome builders and parasites. Many interesting facts may be learned from the study of birds' nests. Nearly all the feathered folk are clever architects and their plans are executed with wondrous skill."

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172 -- THE DOG AS POLICEMAN

We called attention some months ago to the service rendered in England and Europe by what are known as police dogs. The Boston "Transcript" of October 4, has an interesting article on "New York's Police Dogs." "It seems that the system was first introduced into New York some

four years ago, Lieutenant Wakefield (now Captain), having been sent abroad to study this feature of police patrol and instructed to bring back with him a few dogs if it seemed wise. He brought with him upon his return six Belgian sheep-dogs and Belgian wolf hounds. This Belgian dog, the writer says, is an instinctive police dog endowed with extraordinary intelligence and frequently with absolutely human understanding.

These dogs patrol the streets of the sparsely settled districts of Long Island from 11 P. M. to 7 A. M. The article says that during the first year crime was reduced in those sections more than fifty per cent., and that now after four years those crimes common to residential regions, burglary, hold-ups, etc., are practically ended. Mr. Durland who writes the story of these remarkable animals for the "Transcript" thus describes the way in which they do a part of their work:

When an officer with his dog reaches his district he removes the leash and the dog begins his night's work. As nearly all of the houses in this district are separate, with grass-plots, and frequently with gardens about them, it is the custom for the dogs to make sure that all is secure in each and every house every night. The officer pushes open the garden gate and in the dog bounces, scurrying under bushes and around trees, up the back steps, down the cellar entrance and clear around the house. If a window or door is open, the dog is sure to notice it, and stops and barks, whereupon the officer goes in to see what is the trouble. If anyone happens to be in seclusion, the dog secures the hider, giving him no chance to escape before the officer arrives. Not infrequently a servant-girl, new to the district, is found sitting on the back steps with her sweetheart, and many are the stories told by the officers of these amusing interruptions, and on more than one occasion the entire household has been aroused by Bridget's terrified shrieks and Patrick's scared efforts to silence both Bridget and the dog.

Another thing the dogs are trained to do is to hunt burglars. The dogs are taken into a house which has been selected for training purposes, and taught to go into every room occupied and unoccupied, and if the inmates are walking about, lying in bed, seated in chairs or otherwise openly occupied, the dog is taught that everything is all right. Dummies are then placed in hiding about the rooms, in closets, behind curtains, under beds and other pieces of furniture. When such a dummy is discovered the dog is taught to give warning. When suspicious noises are heard in a house and the police are called, the dog is taken to that house, unleashed and told to search the house. He races from attic to cellar, searches under every piece of furniture, smells at every closet door, and if the dog returns quietly it is an absolute certainty that no intruder is hid anywhere in that house.

There is no doubt that the police departments in all our larger cities will soon or late avail themselves of the services of these clever assistants. -- (Our Dumb Animals.)

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173 -- AN ELEPHANT'S STRANGE AFFECTION

Very quaint and touching is the story of the friendship between "Bolivar," a big circus elephant and a stray kitten. The kitten, chased by a dog, ran into the tent, and in its terror climbed the elephant's leg and took refuge on his back. The big animal saw at a glance how matters stood,

and, seizing the dog in his trunk, flung it to the end of the tent and then turned his attention to the kitten, which he reached down from its perch and held in front of him. The little creature began hissing and spitting after the manner of cats, but "Bolivar" paid not the slightest attention to these demonstrations, and after eyeing it attentively replaced it on his back. From that time the kitten and "Bolivar" became great friends, and the elephant, which had previously been a sullen and irritable beast, began to take a new pleasure in life. He showed the liveliest interest in the gambols of the kitten, which he fondled with his trunk, and sometimes lifted on to his back that it might amuse itself by biting and scratching at his great ears. When it wished to descend it would stand at the edge of his back and mew, whereupon the great trunk would ascend and lift it down. But one unlucky day the kitten met with an accident and, after lying on "Bolivar's" back for some hours, expired. "Bolivar" was puzzled at its stillness, and at last, growing uneasy, lifted it down with his trunk. Seeing that it was still motionless he replaced it on his back, taking it down at intervals to see if it had revived. After a time the keeper by stealth removed the dead kitten, and on discovering its absence "Bolivar" became nearly frantic. They got another kitten, but it was useless. "Bolivar" would have nothing to do with it, and at last became so morose and dangerous to the people around him that he had to be kept in chains. -- (From "1001 Animal Anecdotes," by Alfred H. Miles. Frederick A Stokes Co., Publishers. New York.)

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174 -- HOW COONS CATCH CRABS

In Brickell's "History of North Carolina" we find a record of the wonderful sagacity of this animal. He says it is fond of crabs, and when in search of them takes its station by the side of a swamp, and hanging its tail over into the water, the crab mistakes it for food, and laying hold of it, the raccoon soon perceives it pinching, pulls up its tail with a sudden jerk, and lands the crab on the soil, where it suddenly seizes it in its mouth and quickly devours it. He is careful which way he seizes the crab, which he does transversely, to prevent the animal from inflicting wounds on his face with his nippers. -- (From "1001 Animal Anecdotes," by Alfred H. Miles. Frederick A Stokes Co., Publishers. New York.)

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175 -- HOW THE MULE CALLED FOR HELP

Not long ago a singular incident occurred at the brickyard at Seabrook, illustrating a faculty in animals which closely approximates reason.

There are in the yard a horse and mule which are much attached to each other, the mule especially showing attachment to the horse.

After work hours they are turned loose on the high ground formed by the canal bank through the marsh, flanked on one side by marsh land which is not firm enough for them to walk over, and on the other by a deep canal with steep banks.

The other evening they were turned loose as usual. Not long afterward the hand who lodged in a little house by the brick kiln heard a most unearthly bray. At first he paid but little attention to it, recognizing that it was the mule's unmusical voice. Soon it was repeated even more startlingly than before. Leaving his supper, the colored man went to the door and looking up the bank saw the mule standing on the verge of the canal with every indication of intense alarm. He repeated the bray, and the man ran toward him. When he came near, the animal made a sound expressive of delight, but remained looking into the canal.

The cause was soon found. The horse, in grazing too near the canal, had slipped in, and with only his head out of water was vainly struggling to climb the steep bank. With difficulty he was finally brought to a place at the bridge where he could be helped out, the mule accompanying the process with every mark of delight. Without the mule's intelligent call for help, the horse, a valuable one, would have been lost. We have often heard of horse sense, but in this case the mule certainly exhibited a high degree of it. -- (Florida Commonwealth.)

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176 -- MARVELOUS WORKING ANIMALS

Some of the wasps are paper makers; the spiders are spinners and the worms are weavers.

The ants are indefatigable workers and have a well organized system of labor.

Certain species of East Indian ants are horticulturists; they raise mushrooms, upon which they feed their young.

The bees are expert builders; their cells are so constructed as, with the least quantity of material, to have the largest-size rooms and the least possible loss of wall spaces.

So also are the ant-lions, whose funnel-shaped traps are exactly correct in conformation, as if they had been made by the most skilled architects of our species with the aid of the best instruments.

The beaver is an architect, engineer and woodcutter; he builds houses and dams water-courses with the ingenuity and dispatch that would do credit to human hands and brains. We all know what it means to "work like a beaver."

The spiders are skillful spinners. Their webs of great variety and intricate pattern are in reality marvels of construction. Each is made to serve the combined purpose of a trap and a castle. -- (Our Dumb Animals.)

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177 -- SOME PROVIDENTIAL DUCKS

Many years ago I was privileged to be associated with David B. Updegraff in holding an arbor meeting at Glendolen, Pa., gotten up by the Presbyterians of that place, whose pastor had recently been blessed savingly, professedly sanctified.

At first the work went hard. The people turned out in crowds, but were very conservative and unresponsive. One day Brother Updegraff preached with tremendous power, and for a long time urged the altar call in vain. Not a soul responded.

Suddenly a procession of ducks -- two old ones in the van, and quite a contingency of half-grown ones following -- came marching down the aisle, and in perfect order ranged themselves along the front of the altar, with an old one at each end and the young ones in a straight line between, all looking Steadily up at the preacher, as if listening or waiting for something.

Spontaneously I cried: "The Lord bless the ducks! They are the only folks around here that seem to want anything from Thee!" Instantly every bird ducked its head, flapped its wings, and began to quack or whistle. Then all passed under the altar, beneath the platform, out into the open, with wings still waving, quacking and whistling, apparently in perfect delight.

I made diligent inquiry, but could not learn whose the birds were, whence they came, or whither they went. Think of it all!

Were they blessed of the Lord? I know not, but they acted like folks that are blessed.

This I know: they made their appearance at the "psychological moment," relieved the tension of the meeting, impressed the people, and from that time on the work was easy, the people came forward, and we had one of the most glorious of all the meetings I have ever been in. -- (Rev. E. F. Walker, in "Herald of Holiness.")

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178 -- A DOG'S MARVELOUS DEVOTION

For fidelity, sincerity, and whole-hearted devotion to his friends, the dog is superior to all other animals, man not excepted. "How could one get relief from the endless dissimulation, falsity, duplicity and malice of mankind," exclaimed Schopenhauer in one of his inspired moments, "if there were no dogs into whose honest faces he could look without distrust?"

The dog who stood over the lifeless body of his prostrate master, grieving for recognition and starting at every flutter of his garments till he himself died of grief, exposure and starvation, had in his faithful canine breast a truer, nobler heart than beats within the bosom of the average man.

History records no example of loyalty greater than that related of "Bobby" of Greyfriars, who for fourteen long and weary years, in all sorts of weather, slept every night on his master's grave. That remarkable exhibition of canine affection and lasting devotion was well worthy of the

marble shaft which today stands just outside the entrance to Greyfriars cemetery in Edinburgh to perpetuate the memory of a loving, loyal, unpretentious dog.

The other day I was hastily summoned by telephone to the rescue of a disabled horse which lay helpless upon the street, abandoned by the human wretch to whom he had given his last Strength. I at once hurried to the scene of the trouble and found the poor old derelict lying prostrate by the road-side groaning and struggling in great agony.

Near his head sat a sad-eyed, intelligent-looking shepherd dog who watched every movement of his suffering comrade.

When I started to examine the prostrate horse the dog looked inquiringly and barked anxiously into my face as if to ascertain what I intended to do for the relief of the sufferer.

A hasty examination revealed the fact that the poor old feeble wreck, galled, scarred and deformed by hard work and cruel treatment, was dying. I quickly decided to terminate the pain-racked creature's suffering by giving him a speedy and merciful death, and so I sent a bullet on its errand of mercy. Death ensued almost instantaneously, without a struggle or a groan. Scarcely had the report of my pistol died away and the blood begun to trickle from the bullet wound in the forehead when the shepherd dog, suddenly realizing what had happened to his friend, set up a most pitiful, heart-rending howling.

I learned that the horse and dog had been constant companions for several years and had become much attached to each other. The dog invariably accompanied the horse which was used daily about the city drawing a delivery wagon loaded with groceries.

Neighbors residing near told me that the horse had been lying where I found him during all the preceding night, and that the faithful dog had remained constantly with him. The human wretch who had worked the poor old horse's life away for his own selfish gain, had deserted his faithful servant in distress while the devoted dog remained with him to the last. -- (J. W. Hodge, M.D., in "Our Dumb Animals.")

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179 -- CULTIVATE KINDNESS

"Turn, turn thy hasty foot aside,
Nor crush that helpless worm,
The frame thy wayward looks deride,
Required a God to form!

"Let them enjoy their little day,
Their lowly bliss receive;
Oh! do not rashly take away
The life thou canst not give."

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180 -- A BIRD WITH FOUR LEGS

"British Guyana boasts of one of the few survivors of the many peculiar birds now known mostly as fossils. This is the crested hoactzin, and may be found only in very dense and unexplored forests. The hoactzin is noted chiefly for its peculiarity in possessing four well-developed legs. This would never be suspected in the adult bird, inasmuch as a certain modification begins while the bird is yet young whereby the claw-like legs or hands become shaped like wings, and feathers are grown, so that when this bird gets its full plumage there is nothing left from which one would suspect that these wings were once legs. The young birds, before this modification does take place, leave the nest and climb or scramble over the limbs not unlike tree-toads or young monkeys. They feed on the young arum leaves, and are in this young state the nearest approach to a quadruped of any bird."

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181 -- A TWO-LEGGED DOG

A French naturalist possesses a dog which, having been born without hind legs, has, of its own accord, learned to walk and even to run rapidly on its two front legs. It maintains itself in its upright position with perfect ease, turning, stopping, standing at rest, eating its food and performing all ordinary acts with its hind quarters poised above its head, as completely master of its equilibrium, says its owner, as a man is. Once in about fifteen minutes, on the average, it rests its hind quarters on the ground, or, by preference, on some slightly elevated object. It is not more fatigued by exercise than any ordinary dog. -- (From "1001 Animal Anecdotes," by Alfred H. Miles. Frederick A Stokes Co., Publishers. New York.)

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182 -- DOG LEARNS VALUE OF MONEY

A good dog story, the truth of which is vouched for by several eye-witnesses, is told as follows in the Paris (Missouri) "Mercury":

The ancient contention that dogs have no intelligence but are guided by instinct alone, must be abandoned following recent performances by Jumbo, a setter dog belonging to Will Rodes of this town. Since puppyhood Jumbo has been trained to take a basket with a nickel in it each day and go to the butcher shop and buy his own meat.

Recently, in wandering about, Jumbo ran across a basket which looked very much like his own and, being a trifle hungry at the time, picked it up in his mouth and trotted off to the butcher shop. It was a bright idea, for a dog, but the currency was lacking and he didn't, of course, get the meat. Puzzled, he ran back to his master's store with the basket and whined until the latter, at the time ignorant of the unconscious double-cross Jumbo had tried to work on him, placed a nickel in the basket.

The incident taught Jumbo money values immediately, made him realize that he was in a hard, cold world where only the cash goes, and a few days later, on dropping the basket and losing the nickel while resisting attack from another dog, he ignored the former and hunted about in the gutter until he found the lost coin. He finally recovered it; took it into his mouth and trotted off to the meat market, leaving the basket behind. This incident occurred in front of the Horn & Major hardware store and was witnessed by several people. -- (Our Dumb Animals.)

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183 -- HOW THE HORSE CROSSED THE BRIDGE

There is the true story of a man who crossed the river Usk, England, under circumstances where faith was far better than sight.

He had been absent from business for some time, and in the mean time the bridge had been washed away, and a new one was being constructed. While the buttresses were in place, he drove up in his gig one very dark night, and gave the reins to his horse, which he knew was well accustomed to the road. They crossed safely over what he took to be the bridge, and came to an inn near the river. The landlady asked him, being an old acquaintance, what part of the country he had come in from. "From Newport," he answered. "Then you must have crossed the river?" said the woman in astonishment. "Yes, of course. How else could I have come? .... But how did you manage it, and in the dark, too?" "The same as usual; there is no difficulty in driving over the bridge, even though it be dark." "Bless the man!" said the landlady, "there is no bridge to drive over. You must have come along the planks left there by the men." "Impossible," was the answer. And nothing could persuade the traveler that night that there was no bridge. But early next morning he went to the river side, and found, as he had been told, that the bridge was gone. His horse had taken him safely over three planks, left by the workmen, where one false step, to the right or to the left, would instantly have plunged him into the swollen river beneath. The man stood aghast at the dreadful danger he had gone through, and so marvelously escaped. -- (Cyclopedia of Illustrations for Public Speakers.)

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184 -- A GIANT SUNFISH

A sea sunfish, 10 ft. long and 11 ft. in vertical measurement, was caught with hook and line off the coast of Southern California, and is now mounted in the American Museum of Natural History. The sunfish is interesting chiefly because of its absurd shape, "all head" and the abnormal shortness of the spinal cord. Thus, a sunfish a yard long has a spinal cord less than half an inch in length. One larger specimen has been reported which measured 10 ft. in length and 14 ft. in vertical measurement, weighing 4,400 pounds. -- (Popular Mechanics.)

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185 -- A MARVELOUS FISH

We hand it over to the higher critics.

In Marshal Field's store in Chicago there has been on exhibition an enormous fish which, had it been related in the Bible that it was caught in the Red Sea, or the Mediterranean Sea, there would have been a large school of modern higher critics ready with fifteen hundred and seventy-six reasons why it was positively impossible for it to have been caught in any waters on the earth, or under the earth, or above the earth. This fish was caught by Captain Thompson, in June, 1912, or at least he began its capture on the first day of June, 1912; for it took thirty-nine hours to master the fish. It required five harpoons and 151 bullets to subdue it -- and five days longer to really kill it dead so it could be handled. The fish weighed thirty thousand pounds. Its mouth was thirty-eight inches wide, forty-three inches deep, and could open thirty-one inches. That mouth it seems would have admitted Jonah or even Anak.

In addition to this, an animal was found in the stomach of the fish weighing fifteen hundred pounds. Jonah certainly could not have weighed fifteen hundred pounds. Our higher critics are absolutely certain, by the irrefragable argument of speculation or assumption, that Jonah could not have lived in the stomach of the fish if he had ever got into it. It is a matter of fact, however, that this Florida monster had live animals in its stomach. One of them lived seven days after its removal. Now we are to remember that this animal inside the stomach of this sea fish had lived thirty-nine hours while it was being harpooned, and five days more while it was dying until it was dead, and only our omniscient higher critics can possibly tell us with absolute certainty how long it had been swallowed before the harpooning began. -- (Rev. B. F. Haynes, in "Herald of Holiness.")

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186 -- MORE ABOUT THE MARVELOUS FISH

As was not unnatural some of our readers were a little hard pressed to give full credence to the marvelous recital of the facts and measurements of the monster fish caught in June, 1912, in the vicinity of Knights Keys, Florida, as published in these columns. While in Washington City recently we took pains to seek to verify our facts and figures which we obtained from what we esteemed a perfectly reliable source in the first instance. We always seek to be perfectly accurate in such matters and had not a doubt of the correctness of our statements in this case, but felt we would be glad for corroborative proof from the great new Museum at Washington if it were possible to obtain it there. So we called at this institution and met Mr. Bean who was one of the official heads in charge. He showed us every courtesy and informed us the Washington authorities had not been able to secure the fish, but that the facts and figures generally published were correct. He gave us a card containing the figures, facts, and measurements of the monster, and they agree in every detail with those we gave in our first article. A few items this card supplies which we did not give. For instance the fish in the process of being killed smashed a boat into thousands of pieces and crushed the rudder and propeller of a 31-ton yacht. The exact measurements, as given on this card, are: Weight, 30,000 pounds; length, 45 feet; circumference, 23 feet 9 inches; diameter, 8 feet 3 inches; mouth (open), 31 inches; mouth, 38 inches wide; mouth, 43 inches deep; tongue, 40 inches long; several thousand teeth; had swallowed an animal weighing fifteen hundred pounds; the liver weighed 700 pounds; tail measured ten feet; pectoral fin, 5 feet long, 3 feet wide;

dorsal fin, 3 feet long, 2 feet 9 inches wide; gill, 4 feet long; hide, 3 inches thick, no scales; it was towed 110 miles by a tug:

On this card is a note from Secretary W. J. Bryan, dated Washington City, July 16, 1913, which reads as follows:

"Dear Captain Thompson:

"I had the pleasure of seeing the monster fish which you caught south of Miami and can recommend it as a most interesting curiosity, well worth examining.

"Yours truly,
"W. J. Bryan."

There is no sort of doubt about this monster fish having been caught and about it being a hard blow to higher criticism. Most of the leading religious papers have published the leading facts as we did some time ago and in some cases the publication brought forth incredulous queries from readers. In one case, that of the paper from which we first obtained our facts and figures, the editor detailed his assistant editor to make a personal investigation, who reported after a personal inspection of the fish, that the facts and figures were correct. -- (Rev. B. F. Haynes, in "Herald of Holiness.")

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187 -- WHEN ANIMALS SLEEP

Elephants sleep standing up. When in a herd a certain number will always watch while the others sleep, for the big, powerful beasts are timid and cautious at night and will not go to sleep unguarded.

Bats sleep head downward, hanging by their hind claws.

Birds, with few exceptions, sleep with their heads turned tailward over the back and the beak thrust beneath the wing.

Storks, gulls and other long-legged birds sleep standing on one leg.

Ducks sleep on open water. To avoid drifting ashore, they keep paddling with one foot, thus making them move in a circle.

Foxes and wolves sleep curled up, their noses and the soles of their feet close together and blanketed by their bushy tail.

Lions, tigers and cat animals stretch themselves out flat upon the side. Their muscles twitch and throb, indicating that they are light and restless sleepers.

Owls, in addition to their eyelids, have a screen that they draw sideways across their eyes to shut out the light, for they sleep in the daytime. -- (Our Dumb Animals.)

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188 -- DOG SEEKING A HOSPITAL

The almost human intelligence, so often displayed among the dumb animals, was amusingly and yet pathetically illustrated several months ago by our dear old setter -- Sport, writes a correspondent. Poor fellow, he has since left us for the happy hunting-grounds of his race!

We were automobiling one day, when a well-known physician of our town passed us with Sport lying on the back seat of his car. His young master who was with me, called my attention to him by saying, "Look, mama! Doctor H____ is taking our dog for a ride." We immediately gave chase. Catching up with them, we asked the doctor where he was taking the dog.

"Is this your dog?" he inquired. "I had not the slightest knowledge as to his ownership. Coming out of my house a few minutes ago, intending to go down to the hospital, I found him lying quietly on the back seat of my car and concluded not to disturb him, so drove off."

We coaxed and pleaded, but in vain. Finally my little boy went up and lifted Sport out, to find he could only walk on three legs. What do you think of a dog who, when he is hurt, goes to the doctor, quietly gets in his ear and waits for the doctor to carry him to the hospital? Pretty wise dog, you say. Yes, and pretty good advertisement for the doctor, too.

If Sport could only have reached this kind physician when some miscreant scattered poison in our town last week we would not now be mourning his untimely death. -- (Our Dumb Animals.)

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189 -- ANIMAL HYPOCRISY

However honest, or even religious, animals may sometimes be, it is too evident, alas! that there are hypocrites among them. In military stables horses are known to have pretended to be lame in order to avoid going to military exercise. A chimpanzee who had to be fed on cake when ill, often feigned coughing in order to procure dainties. Animals are conscious of their deceit, as is shown by the fact that they try to act secretly and noiselessly. They show a sense of guilt if detected, and take precautions in advance to avoid discovery. In some eases they manifest regret and repentance. Thus bees, which steal, hesitate often before and after their exploits, as if they feared punishment. A naturalist describes how his monkey committed a theft. While he pretended to sleep, the animal regarded him with hesitation, and stopped every time his master made a movement. -- (From "1001 Animal Anecdotes," by Alfred H. Miles. Frederick A Stokes Co., Publishers. New York.)

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190 -- FEATHERS IN THE HATS

The use of plumes in the adornment of headgear has been the cause of such wholesale slaughter of wild birds, that bird-lovers of various countries are strongly protesting against it. In America this has led to the passing of a law strictly prohibiting the importation into the United States of bird-plumage for commercial purpose. England has a like bill before Parliament, which is very likely to become a law soon.

The moral effect of this agitation has been to reduce greatly the demand for plumes both in England and in Germany, thus considerably lowering the price of plumage and leaving great quantities unsold. Germany has put the ban on importation from German New Guinea for a year, until a thorough investigation may be made. Holland also is awakening to the advisability of such a procedure, Indications are that it is only a matter of time until all civilized nations will have provided for the protection of birds from the plume hunters. (Gospel Herald.) If all the fairer sex would adhere closely to the inspired Word relative to dress and ornaments there never would be any slaughter of innocent birds to pamper their pride in headgear. Humility is a marvelous gift.

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191 -- DOGS, BRAVE AND WISE

One of the heroes recently to receive a medal is "Bum," a yellow dog at the Mulberry Street police station. Four years ago, on Fourth of July, a frightened little cur ran yelping into the station with a package of firecrackers tied to his tail. He was relieved of the burning crackers, his wounds were dressed,, and then he refused to leave, insisting on making his home with his new-found friends. Since then he has been regarded as one of the force, and has performed some noble deeds. Once he pulled a little girl out from a bonfire, tore off her burning clothing and saved her life. Again he discovered a fire in a tenement house and was the means of directing the patrolman to the place and giving the alarm which saved many lives. Now he wears a medal presented by the Bide-a-Wee Home, with his name inscribed on one side.

Many of the police stations and fire houses boast of faithful dogs. "Snowy," a great Saint Bernard, is a famous life-saver, who has rescued men and boys from drowning. "Rex," a bull dog, for four years guarded the quarters of the engine company which has adopted him. A little while ago he was honored by the gift of a fireman's helmet as a reward for detecting a blaze on a Ludlow street roof and calling the firemen by his barking and howling. "Gyp," a Dalmatian hound, was called the "mother dog" of the fire department, as she has given twelve puppies to do duty in fire houses. Even when her puppies were but a few hours old she deserted them to run with the engine. In the last three months of her life she responded to 226 alarms.

House dogs are quite as faithful in giving alarms and performing rescues. Not long ago a dog in Louisville, Ky., awakened his master by whining and scratching at the bedroom door until the man arose and followed the dog. A coal from an open grate had set the rug afire and the dog's paws showed their blistered condition that he had been fighting the blaze. A little gray woolly dog named Itzie gave alarm in a tenement house where something cooking on the stove had caught fire

and the blaze had spread to the woodwork and curtains. "Itzie's" barking and yelping and dashing in and out drew attention and the fire was extinguished.

Many children owe their lives or safety to the heroic acts of pet dogs. "Mike," a fox terrier, rushed out into the street and pushed Vernon, his seven-year-old master, from the path of a huge touring car. The boy's life was saved, but poor "Mike" was killed. Little four-year-old Nancy was lost, and "Fannie," the great Saint Bernard, who allows herself to be harnessed into a two-wheeled cart, which her young mistress drives, found the baby after searching for three-quarters of an hour, when everyone else had given her up.

The police squad of the Brooklyn Bridge has a pet dog called "Rags." He spends most of his time riding across the bridge on the trolley cars, and often accompanies Mayor Gaynor on his walks to and fro. -- (Christian Advocate.)

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192 -- SUCCESS WITH FISH

I knew a man who managed once a fine aquarium, And asked for hints on his success, and so he gave me some.

"I keep my shad in shadow, and my sunfish in the sun.
My trigger-fish most carefully I fix upon a gun.
The bass in baskets you will find, and carp in carpets rolled,
And jellyfish preserved in jars, will never, never mold.
I keep the skate on ice, of course; my perch on perches perch,
And when the day is fine, I send the angel-fish to church.
I file away my file-fish so I know just where they are;
My swordfish in a scabbard lies, and thus escapes a mar.
My sea-horse and my barnacle are always in the stable,
And signs like these I keep in sight as well as I am able:
"Please do not stir the sturgeon up, and do not poke the pike;
And kindly do not maim the limpet by a careless strike.
Pray, do not whale the gentle whale, nor rock the rockfish small,
And do not fly the flying-fish; it would not do at all.
Please do not muss the mussels up, nor saw the sawfish slim;
And do not smoke the pipe-fish -- it would make an end of him.
Please do not light my lamprey. These are just the hints you wish.
Because I follow them myself, I have success with fish."

-- By Blanche E. Wade

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193 -- ANIMALS' EARS

If you ever see a rabbit running, notice its ears, and you will see that they are laid back flat on its neck. That is not a chance position, nor is it due to the weight of the ears; it is a provision of nature for the little animal's protection. It is one of the hunted, you see, and not one of the hunters.

It is different with the fox and the wolf; their ears as they run are thrust sharply forward, for they are of the hunters. As the rabbit must run away to escape danger, its enemies are always behind it, and therefore nature has given it large ears to catch every sound and the habit of throwing them back, because its danger comes from that direction. As the fox and the wolf must run after their prey, nature has given them the habit of thrusting their ears forward.

Just how careful nature is in these matters and how she suits conditions to surroundings may be seen in the jackrabbit of western prairies. It is the natural prey of the wolf, and, as it is in more danger than our rabbits are, its ears have been made a good deal larger and longer, the better to hear the sounds made by its enemy.

You have seen a horse thrust his ears forward quickly when anything startles him; that is his instinctive movement to catch every sound of a threatening nature. A dog raises his ears in a similar way.

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194 -- THE FAITHFUL TRAMP DOG

In afire which consumed a livery stable in Kansas City recently three men were burned to death. Three men were saved by a bulldog. The dog, aroused by the smoke and heat, pulled vigorously at the trousers of one of the men who had befriended him as a tramp dog wandering about with no home. This man thus aroused by the dog awakened the other men and they escaped with their lives. -- (Herald of Holiness.)

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195 -- HOW DOGS OUTWIT CROCODILES

In Central Borneo, when dogs wish to cross a river they have considerable difficulty in doing so owing to the fact that crocodiles find them very toothsome morsels. They therefore collect on the bank and make a terrific noise by barking and yelping as loudly as they can. The crocodiles are attracted to the spot by the noise, and the dogs, as soon as they see that their bait is successful, set off up the bank at top speed and cross higher up. A Borneo traveler states that he has watched this maneuver times without number. -- (From "1001 Animal Anecdotes," by Alfred H. Miles. Frederick A. Stokes Co., Publishers. New York.)

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196 -- QUESTIONS TO ANSWER

Can you stand in the courts of conscience

And say to yourself "I did right,"
When for pleasure you shot at the bird on the wing,
And ceased the song of the blithe, feathered thing
As it fell to the earth in its flight?

Can you lay a just claim to mercy
And truthfully say "I'm humane,"
When you see the distress of a four-footed friend
And pass quickly by -- unwilling to lend
The aid that will lessen its pain?

Can you boast of a tender compassion,
Yet go your indifferent way,
When you witness a horse with too heavy a load,
Urged on with curses, the whip and the goad
In the sweltering heat of the day?

Can you maintain it is justice,
To countenance all of the wrong
Inflicted on creatures of earth, air and sea
By thoughtless man's inhumanity,
And go on your way with a song?

-- (Ray I. Hoppman, in "Our Dumb Animals.")

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197 -- THE INEBRIATE HEN

Mrs. U. E. Ramsey, wife of a minister of the gospel, furnishes this remarkable story of her little white bantam hen.

While living in Caseyville, Ky., she owned a little bantam hen, the place being just across the road from a saloon. This bantam hen was accustomed to being out in the road frequently, and one day the saloon men tolled her into the saloon and fed her with crackers soaked in whiskey. It of course made the chicken drunk, and the saloon men thought it great sport to see a drunken chicken. This was kept up till the poor thing had a craving appetite for the foul stuff, just the same as men do. Each morning just as soon as she was off the roost, she would make for the saloon in spite of all the owner could do to the contrary. Mrs. Ramsey would try to head her off with a broom, but all to no purpose. She was an inebriate and must have her toddy daily. It afforded much carnal pleasure to the saloon men to see Mrs. R____ endeavor to head off the little bantam and always fail. They enjoyed hugely to see it get drunk every time it came over. It would seem that she had more sense than most drunkards, for she never would leave the saloon intoxicated. When she sobered up, she came home. Another remarkable thing about this chicken was, she never laid an egg during this time, but finally, when she was moved away from the saloon she began to lay.

Whiskey seems to have the same effect on the animal world as on men. It is the same heinous, loathsome destroyer wherever it is found. It ruined this hen's usefulness while it drank the deadly stuff. She paid no attention to the methods adopted to hinder her in her downward course. She never amounted to anything again until she was weaned from the cup. Is not this the way with men? When the appetite gets hold of one, he will drink in spite of the entreaties of his loved ones, and his days of usefulness are gone, and he gets worse and worse unless in some way he is broken off from the influence.

There are many today who will go down to dissolute deaths unless they break with this demon. If they broke away from its clutches, they could once more be a blessing to home and friends and country. Some of our most useful men today, are those who once were in the clutches of strong drink, but they were delivered by the power of God, and by giving themselves to Him they were once more enabled to get on their feet. How much better it would have been had they never been contaminated with it! Reader, if you resist the first glass of liquor, you will never get under its control.

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198 -- MARVELOUS INTELLIGENCE OF ANIMALS

Beavers build dams and canals and cut down trees, making them fall the right way. All hunted and hunting animals show intelligence. A dog following a rabbit by scent comes to three paths; he smells at two of them and finds the rabbit has not gone in either of those ways, and so he dashes along the third path without wasting the time to smell it. Horses have been known to go of themselves to the smith to be shod when they have lost a shoe. Almost every human arrangement resembles some arrangement invented by animals. Monkeys and apes appoint chiefs, scouts, and so forth, like the tribes of Red Indians. Bees live in cities as we do. Army ants travel in bands like the Tartars. Bees have a kingdom; ants a republic. Bees send out colonies; ants have strictly defined classes or castes like the Hindus. -- (From "Real Things in Nature," by Edward S. Holden. The Macmillan Company, Publishers. New York.)

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199 -- CURIOUS ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE

In Central Park, New York, an elephant was observed, during a very hot day, taking up great trunks-full of new-mown hay and spreading them over its back until that part had become completely thatched. It then stood motionless, enjoying the coolness its own ingenuity had produced. Instinct would have prompted it to eat the grass; the utilizing it for the purpose of screening itself from the sun's rays looks altogether like a "reasonable" act.

To find the donkey among the number of reasoning animals is probably more surprising. The appearance, however, which it makes in the columns of "Nature" is highly creditable to it. A donkey, which, when not employed by its master's children, used to graze in a field with some cows, was in the habit, when milking-time arrived, of lifting the latch of the field gate and holding

it back until all the cows had passed out, when it allowed the gate to swing closed again, and went home with them. This bit of gallantry and intellect it owed entirely to nature's teaching.

Many of the fur-bearing animals of North America, however, have long been known for the cuteness in circumventing the trapper, and Dr. Rae testifies to this in the case of the Attic foxes. Wishing to capture some of these, he tried various traps, but as they were all familiar to the foxes they were of no use. He accordingly tried a form of trap new to that part of the country, consisting of a loaded gun, fixed on a stand, and pointing to the bait, which was connected with the trigger by a string thirty yards in length, and for most of its length concealed under the snow. The bait, on being seized, caused the gun to go off, and the fox committed involuntary suicide. By this new stratagem, Dr. Rae secured one fox, but no more. The survivors set themselves to unravel the mystery, and that they succeeded was soon shown by ,the methods they adopted to secure the bait without losing their lives. They either cut the string connecting the bait with the trigger, or, burrowing up to it beneath the snow at right angles to the string, they pulled it down beneath the line of fire. -- (From "Science Gleanings in Animal Life," by John Gibson. Thomas Nelson & Sons, Publishers. New York.)

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200 -- SHEEP THAT WOULD NOT FOLLOW A STRANGER

In the gospel of John, Jesus describes the shepherd leading forth his sheep. He says, "When he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them and the sheep follow him; for they know his voice. And a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him; for they know not the voice of strangers."

The story is told of a Christian traveler in the Old World, who observed some shepherds as they came together and ate their noonday meal, while their flocks mixed all together. After the shepherds had finished their meal, one of them arose, and walking off a little distance, he called out to his sheep -- "Mena, mena." Quickly a portion of the mixed flock looked up and immediately followed their leader. Then another shepherd walked off a little space and called in the same way -- "Mena, mena." Another portion of the flock looked up and went off with their shepherd. It appeared so strange and astonishing to the Christian traveler, and at the same time so in line with what Jesus had taught hundreds of years before, that he concluded to try an experiment and see if the sheep would follow a stranger. He accordingly asked the remaining shepherd if he would allow him to put on his garb and call the sheep himself and see if they would follow him. Having donned the shepherd's garb he started off calling "Mena, mena," but not a sheep raised its head or followed him. Every sheep kept right on eating as if nothing had been done. Finally, the traveler asked the shepherd if the sheep ever followed a stranger, and the answer was, "They never follow a stranger except one becomes sick. When one becomes sick it will follow anybody."

What a lesson there is in this incident I Christ is the Shepherd and His followers are the sheep. They know His gentle voice. They follow Him where He leads, But we see professed followers of the Good Shepherd following false prophets. Are they not sick? Are they not spiritually diseased? Is there not something wrong in their spiritual make-up?

It is said that in the Oriental country when a shepherd has lost a sheep, he will call to another shepherd as he watches his flock and ask him if he has a stray sheep in the midst; whereupon the shepherd will call out to his flock and everyone will immediately cease eating and look up. If, perchance, one does not look up, the answer is, that there is one stray sheep in his flock. The other shepherd then calls out, and if this one sheep alone looks up, it is proof that the sheep belongs to him. Reader, are you ready to follow the Good Shepherd wherever He leads? Do you know His voice from the voice of strangers?

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201 -- ANIMALS THEIR OWN DOCTORS

Nature provides ample remedies for the ailments with which animals are at times afflicted, and with unerring instinct they prescribe for themselves and search out that herb or plant or kind of soil which will quickly make them well.

We have been told how the mongoose cures himself when bitten by a cobra, by eating a certain plant, and many of us have seen a sick dog bury himself in the dirt, thereby to overcome some affection. Animals get rid of their parasites by using dust, mud, clay, etc. Those suffering from fever restrict their diet, keep quiet, seek darkness, and airy places, drink water, and sometimes even plunge into it. When a dog has lost his appetite he eats that species of grass known as dog-grass. Cats also eat grass, catnip, etc., when they feel the need of a tonic. Sheep and cows, when ill, seek out certain herbs. An animal suffering from chronic rheumatism always keeps as much as possible in the sun. If a chimpanzee be wounded, it stops the bleeding by placing its hand on the wound, or dressing it with leaves and grass. When an animal has a wounded leg or arm hanging on, it completes the amputation by means of its teeth.

It is known that a large number of animals regularly bathe themselves, as elephants, stags, birds, and ants. In fact, man may take a lesson in hygiene from the lower animals who instinctively administer the proper remedies to themselves when necessary. -- (Our Dumb Animals.)

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202 -- REMARKABLE PRICE FOR CURIOUS EGGS

If our forefathers have ruthlessly killed the auk, we are making what amends we can by preserving with scrupulous care its dead remains. Every skin, skeleton, and egg of the Great Auk which is known to exist has been duly chronicled, and its history, as far as possible, traced; while the appearance of any of those coveted objects in the market generally gives rise to a brisk competition between the two hemispheres for its possession. Skins which brought 15 pounds ($75.00) at Mr. Bullock's sale in 1819, are now worth ten times that amount; while eggs -- which are scarcer than skins -- bring many times their weight in gold. Four, which were sold in 1865, realized on an average 30 pounds ($150.00) each; while so rapidly did their value increase, that another, sold a few years later, brought 63 pounds ($315.00). In 1871 there were known to exist, according to Professor Newton, in public and private collections, nine skeletons, seventy-one skins, and sixty-five eggs of this bird, two of the eggs being in the Edinburgh Museum. The total

number of eggs has now been increased by the pair above referred to, which formed part of a miscellaneous collection of natural history specimens sold by auction in Edinburgh. As neither the owner in whose possession they had been for thirty years, nor any of those who saw them "on view," with the exception of their purchaser, seemed to have known what they really were, they realized an insignificant price. Those eggs have since been re-sold in London, when they realized the enormous and altogether unprecedented price of a hundred and a hundred and two guineas respectively. -- (From "Science Gleanings in Animal Life," by John Gibson. Thomas Nelson and Sons, Publishers. New York.)

The Great Auk each year laid only one egg, about five inches in length, and three in maximum breadth. It laid it on the bare rock, without any attempt at a nest. The eggs of the Great Auk are scarce and valuable curiosities; they have repeatedly brought more than 100 pounds, and in 1894 one was sold by auction for 315 pounds. At that date only sixty-eight auk's eggs were known to exist; and only some eighty skins (one sold in 1895 for 350 pounds) and forty bones are to be found in collections. -- (Chamber's Encyclopedia.)

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203 -- THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF DOGS

Many and marvelous have been the achievements which history has recorded to the credit of faithful, sagacious and courageous dogs of the past.

History chronicles that the wonderful dog, Xanthippus, heroically swam for miles by the side of his master's galley to Salamis when the Athenians were forced to abandon their city, and the body of that devoted and courageous canine hero was buried by his grateful master on the crest of a beautiful promontory, which to this day bears the name of "The Dog's Grave."

In ancient history it is recorded that the city of Corinth was saved from enemies who had planned to capture it, by fifty faithful war-dogs who attacked the invading foe that had landed under the cover of darkness whilst the garrison slept, and fought the invaders with unbounded courage until every dog but one of the fifty valiant canine warriors had been killed. That one surviving dog succeeded in rousing the garrison from their slumber in time to save the city.

Among the many pathetic incidents in the lives of famous dogs of history may be mentioned the touching incident in the life of the devoted dog, Hyrcanian, who, on beholding the dead body of his beloved master burning on a funeral pile, leaped into the flames and was consumed with it.

It is quite natural that the Switzers should venerate the memory of the Great St. Bernard, "Barry," over whose grave at Berne, Switzerland, a stately monument has been reared.

There is a large and beautiful kept cemetery for dogs near Asnieres, on the outskirts of Paris, France. When Consul-General Gowdy was lately conducting a party of friends through this canine cemetery, pointing to the tomb of the Great St. Bernard who had saved the lives of forty human beings, he asked "What man can boast of having done so much?"

The desperate combat, to the death, between the devoted dog of Aubry and his master's murderer was a notable event in the annals of history. In that deadly conflict Aubry's valiant dog proved himself the matchless hero of the hour. That dog's heroic act in his master's defense has never been excelled by any human soldier on the battlefield of war. -- (J. W. Hodge, M.D., in "Our Dumb Animals.")

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204 -- THE HORSE THAT BREATHES THROUGH A TUBE

Among the horses employed in the street-cleaning department of Cincinnati, is one upon which a surgical operation was performed to save its life. As a result this horse wears a brass tube of special design, penetrating the windpipe. All the air that the horse breathes now goes through this tube. -- (Popular Mechanics.)

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205 -- MAMMOTH EGG

The bogs of New Zealand have yielded the half-fossiled remains of the gigantic, but now extinct moss-huge wingless birds, some of them ten feet in height; while the surface deposits of Madagascar have yielded the remains of the still more massive Aepiornis, whose eggs have been found measuring over thirteen inches in diameter, and having a capacity equal to one hundred and forty-eight hens' eggs. -- (From "Science Gleanings in Animal Life," by John Gibson. Thomas Nelson and Sons, Publishers. New York.)

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206 -- A TRAINED DONKEY

In the 16th century a trained donkey at Cairo attracted much attention. He would dance in an exceedingly diverting manner, and apparently in high glee; but in the midst of his caperings his master would say, that the soldan intended to employ all donkeys to carry bricks and mortar to a new palace he was building, when the donkey would fall upon the floor, with closed eyes, and heels upward, as though dead. No efforts nor commands would make him stir, until his master proclaimed that the soldan had issued an edict that the best and comeliest donkeys were to be invited to the feast to-morrow, when he would start up and prance for joy. When his master informed him that he had been selected to carry an ugly and deformed woman through the city, he lowered his ears and limped as though he could scarcely stand. -- (Reprinted from Johonnot's "A Natural History Reader," by permission of D. Appleton and Company.)

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207 -- HOW THE CAT SAVED THE BIRD

A lady had a tame bird which she was in the habit of letting out of its cage every day. One morning as it was picking crumbs of bread off the carpet, her cat, who always before showed great kindness for the bird, seized it on a sudden, and jumped with it in her mouth upon a table. The lady was much alarmed for the fate of her favorite, but on turning about instantly discerned the cause. The door had been left open, and a strange eat had just come into the room. After turning it out, her own cat came down from her place of safety, and dropped the bird without having done it the smallest injury. -- (From "A Hundred Anecdotes of Animals," by Percy J. Billinghurst. John Lane, Publisher. New York.)

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208 -- THE PARROT WHICH DIED OF GRIEF

We called upon an old friend of our Societies, recently, who told us the following: Death came into his family a few months ago. The one who was taken left a parrot which had been devotedly attached to her. The parrot was apparently in excellent health when its beloved mistress was taken away. From the day of the funeral it refused to eat. Gradually it drooped as if broken-hearted, and in three days was dead. The gentleman who told us is a very conscientious, thoughtful man, whose word is above question. To be sure no one can prove that grief was the fatal cause of the death, but all the evidence points that way. -- (Our Dumb Animals.)

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209 -- IF CHILDREN ARE TAUGHT

If children at school can be made to understand how just and noble it is to be humane, even to what we term inferior animals, it will do much to give them a higher Character and tone through life. There is nothing meaner than barbarous and cruel treatment of the dumb creatures who cannot answer us or resent the misery which is so often needlessly inflicted upon them. -- (John Bright.)

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210 -- HOW THE SWALLOWS PUNISHED THE SPARROW

Some years ago a sparrow had early in the spring taken possession of an old swallow's nest, and had laid some eggs in it, when the original builder and owner of the castle made her appearance, and claimed possession. The sparrow, firmly seated, resisted the claim of the swallow. A smart battle ensued, in which the swallow was joined by its mate, and during the conflict by several of their comrades. All the efforts of the assembled swallows to dislodge the usurper were, however, unsuccessful. Finding themselves completely foiled in this object, it would seem that they held a council of war to consult on ulterior measures; and the resolution they came to shows that with no ordinary degree of ingenuity some very lofty considerations of right and justice were combined in their deliberations. Since the sparrow could not be dispossessed of the nest, the next question with them appears to have been, how she could be otherwise punished for her unlawful occupation of a property unquestionably belonging to its original constructor. The council were unanimous in thinking that nothing short of the death of the intruder could atone for so

heinous an offense; and having so decided, they proceeded to put their sentence into execution in the following extraordinary manner. Quitting the scene of the contest for a time, they returned with accumulated numbers, each bearing a beak full of building materials; and without any further attempt to beat out the sparrow, they instantly set to work and built up the entrance into the nest, enclosing the sparrow within the clay tenement, and leaving her to perish in the stronghold she had so bravely defended. -- (From "A Hundred Anecdotes of Animals," by Percy J. Billinghurst. John Lane, Publisher. New York.)

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211 -- BILL AND HIS BLIND MASTER

Bill is only a dog -- a great big, shaggy St. Bernard dog. He's but a dog, but he taught several of us a lesson in friendship on an Avondale (Cincinnati) car the other night. As the car rounded the corner onto Reading Road from Mitchell Avenue the motorman saw something dark on the track. Of course he stopped. Then Bill made his first impression on those on the car. He arose with a bound from the car track and rushed to the sidewalk, barking all the time. Every one watched and saw Bill take a man's hand in his mouth and lead him over to the car. When the man and dog came into the halo of light that surrounded the car, it could be plainly seen that his master was blind. Bill led him carefully to the open car and barked out his happiness when he saw his master comfortably seated. When the car started, Bill never let the seat in which his master was sitting get a foot ahead of his faithful nose. He ran like a deer alongside the car, barking to let his master know that he was still on duty. When they reached Shillito street, the car stopped, and Bill stood on guard while his master climbed out. The last seen of the pair was when they disappeared into the darkness, the man's hand resting gently on Bill's shaggy back and Bill leading him home. -- (Don Allen, in the "Times-Star.")

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212 -- THE ELEPHANT'S BATH

The elephant enjoys a bath in the streams and pools of his native habitat, but his lordly brother in captivity finds no such comfort in the bath that from time to time is given him. A trainer thus describes the expensive operation:

It takes a week to carry out the process in every detail. It requires the services of three men and costs $300. This treatment is necessary for a show elephant and, if the animal is a valuable one, the proprietor of the show does not consider the money wasted.

The first step consists of going over the immense body with the best soap procurable; 150 pounds of soap is used, and the elephant's ears are especially attended to. When the soaping and drying are completed, the elephant is well sand-papered, and after that rubbed all over with the purest Indian oil until the mouse-gray skin is supple and glistening.

This last finishing touch is the most expensive part of the whole bath, as it means the application of about $150 worth of olive-oil. -- (Our Dumb Animals.)

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213 -- TEACH IT IN SCHOOL

There should be a part of the day devoted to teaching kindness to animals in every school in the country. Humane societies should organize as state bodies and work for drastic legislation to punish offenders. Meanwhile the process of education would develop a generation in which cruelty and neglect would be unknown to any degree. It will take a long campaign, but it can be done. Some day, let us hope, animals will be treated with the same consideration for their comfort as is now extended to human beings. -- (New York Evening Telegram.)

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214 -- THE TALKATIVE PARROT

The story of this talkative parrot was furnished by Mrs. U. E. Ramsey of Cucamonga, California.

The parrot's name was Teddy and was owned by a Dr. Ward of San Bernardino, California. The Doctor kept Teddy in his office. One time the Doctor and his wife went on a vacation and left Teddy with a lady who had another parrot which had the habit that some men have, and that is, swearing. Poor Teddy falling in with bad company, took on the horrible habit of swearing. When the Doctor returned he found he had a profane parrot on his hands: When asked where he learned it, Teddy replied, "Polly." Mrs. Ward said Polly was a bad boy. She gave Teddy a good whipping and told him Teddy must be a good boy.

One day Mrs. Ramsey entered the office and said, "Hello, Polly," whereupon the parrot replied, "Polly bad boy; Teddy good boy."

Sometimes the Doctor would be out with patients, and if ladies would enter, Teddy would say, "How do, ladies. Have seat. Doctor's out, will be in in a minute." When they would leave, Teddy would say, "Good-bye, ladies." If it happened to be gentlemen, he would know the difference and would say, "Good-bye gentlemen." One time when Mr. and Mrs. Ramsey and the girl left, Teddy said, "Good-bye, children."

One day after returning from dinner, Mrs. Ramsey said, "What did you have for dinner, Teddy?" He replied, "Teddy had crackers, Teddy had coffee, Teddy had corn." And there was a corn cob in the bottom of the cage as evidence that he had told the truth.

If he liked the people he would talk with them, and if not he would not talk.

Another part of his training was in whistling, and in singing religious songs. Surely a trained parrot is a marvel.

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215 -- THE OFFICIAL DOG

A leading Paris paper devotes half a column to a description of an official dog's duties and privileges. The Bureau of Labor or employment offices of the Paris municipality are very large, containing many rooms, corridors, etc., which in winter are warm and comfortable. The municipality engages a care-keeper and night guardian, but evidently the most important of the employees is "Bob" the dog.

Bob figures on the municipal budget as the recipient of certain food supplies, the cost of which is in due form set out in the accounts. Bob also is given a bath once a week, and it is stipulated that the bath shall have a certain quantity of some disinfectant mixed therein. His duties require this, for he comes in contact with a large amount of malodorous humanity, poor waifs and strays who come for shelter and warmth. At night, when the hour of closing comes, Bob's duty is to search in every corner for possible hiders. Should he discover one or more he barks vigorously and invites the unwelcome guests to depart. Should difficulty arise he goes for reinforcements, and in the end Bob is victorious.

Bob will retire on reaching the age of eight years and live on his pension, and let us hope with many, many happy days when he can dream of his past importance, wondering whether his successor is fitted for the post. Shaking his wise old head he will perhaps mutter, "Dogs are not what they were when I was young!" -- By Edward Fox Sainsbury

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216 -- A DOG AT THE TELEPHONE

One morning, not long ago, my sister went to see a friend who lived a mile or so from the rectory, taking with her our little brown cocker spaniel. When she left she quite forgot the dog; and as soon as our friends discovered him, they did all they could to make him leave, but to no avail. Some hours passed, and he was still there. So they telephoned to let us know his whereabouts. "Bring him to the telephone," said my sister. One of the boys held him while another put the trumpet to the dog's ear. Then my sister whistled and called: "Come home at once, Paddy." Immediately he wriggled out of the boy's arms, rushed at the door, barking to get out, and shortly afterwards arrived, panting, at the rectory. -- (London Spectator.)

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217 -- DO NOT ABANDON THEM

Do not fail to provide for your cats and dogs during vacation or when moving. To knowingly desert one's animal is a criminal offense, punishable by law. Only last April the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. prosecuted and convicted a man for abandoning his cat.

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218 -- THE STORY OF THE EASTER RABBIT

"Why do we say that rabbits lay eggs at Easter and no other time, mother?" asked Jean, looking up from her book.

"If you will listen, I'll tell you the story of the Easter rabbit," said mother.

"It all happened a long, long time ago in Holland, the queer little country of dykes and windmills, where as far back as could be remembered it had been the custom to exchange gifts at Easter.

"But this year, of which I tell you, just a short time before Easter, a dreadful flood had swept the land, leaving destruction and want behind it, so that there was no money to provide the usual Easter gifts for the children.

"Now, those long-time-ago Dutch mothers were just like the mothers of today. They could not bear to have the children disappointed. They put their heads together to think and plan some possible way of making the children's Easter as joyous as ever:

"Finally, one of the mothers had an idea. She suggested that as all of them had at least a few hens, they might color some eggs, then hide them in nests under the bushes and let the children hunt for them on Easter morning, which they were very glad to do.

"It happened that, at the very moment some of the children discovered one of these nests of beautifully colored eggs, a snow-white rabbit jumped out of the bush. On seeing it, one of the children cried:

"'See, it was bunny that laid our pretty eggs for us!' And from that time on it has been said that rabbits lay eggs at Easter." -- (Katherine E. Megee, in "The Sunbeam.")

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219 -- THE RAVEN'S STRATAGEM

A gentleman in Perthshire had a tame raven named Jacob, which he kept in a stable. The bird proved of great use in destroying rats, and the methods which he took showed almost human intelligence. In the forenoon, while the servants were out airing the horses, Jacob took to provide himself with a bone on which was some meat. This he placed near the rat's hole in front of the crib, and then perched himself above, watching the bone with a keen and steady look. When a rat, attracted by the smell, made his appearance, Jacob pounced upon it at once, and dispatched it in an instant. He would then take his place as before and wait for another victim. After the horses returned, and there was no further opportunity for sport, he would leisurely feed upon the game he had captured. -- (Reprinted from Johonnot's "A Natural History Reader/' by permission of D. Appleton and Company.)

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220 -- A DOG'S MARVELOUS UNDERSTANDING

No dog-lover requires proof that his canine friends to some extent understand human speech; still, all are glad to hear new evidence in favor of a theory already held. Knowing this fact, a correspondent of the "Youth's Companion" narrates the exploits of a sailor dog, appropriately named "Jack." His master was the captain of a fishing vessel, sailing from Provincetown. "Jack" had often been his master's companion in his voyages, but on one occasion it was decided that the dog must be left at home.

The eve of the captain's departure had come. The dog lay dozing before the fire, and gave no sign of interest when his master said, in ordinary tones, "We must shut up 'Jack' in the barn to-night, or he will try to follow me in the morning." Presently "Jack" barked to be let out, and no one thought any more about him until bedtime, when he was to be made prisoner. Then no "Jack" was to be found. In vain were whistling, coaxing, and scolding, and at last the puzzled master gave up the search.

The next morning the captain started before dawn on his long tramp to the neighboring port. There his sailors were waiting to row him to his vessel, which was one of a large fleet lying in the harbor at some distance from the shore. As they drew near his own vessel the captain was astonished to see "Jack" watching his approach with evident interest, and probably with varied emotions. Shortly after midnight the sailors had been startled by a whining and scratching at the vessel's side, and had been astonished and delighted to find their friend "Jack" begging to be taken on deck.

There is no reason to doubt that the creature had fully understood his master's purpose, and determined to forestall it. How he accomplished his long tramp to the port, swam across the harbor, and, in the darkness, selected his master's vessel from the large fleet of similar craft, I leave to some master of canine psychology, to explain. I simply state the facts as I know them to have occurred. -- (From "1001 Animal Anecdotes," by Alfred H. Miles. Frederick A. Stokes Co., Publishers. New York.)

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221 -- LONG LIVED ANIMALS

It is said that whales live five hundred years, alligators three hundred, eagles two hundred, elephants one hundred, and camels forty.

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222 -- CRUELTY TO BIRDS

The following is reported by the "Daily Sentinel," of Fairmount, Minn.

A mother dove had been the target of some small boy. The bullet had passed through her breast, and had left her only strength enough to flutter homeward and reach the nest, where a half-grown fledgling awaited her coming.

Dying, she had snuggled up against her little one, her life-blood pulsing out over her own white breast and against that of her young. And there, with eyes staring wide, she breathed her last, and the fledgling starved, and then froze. The two were found with their heads pressed together as in a last embrace.

The owner of the dove-house brought them down town just as they rested in the nests and the sight and the suffering of which it spoke were enough to melt the hardest heart.

The boy with the rifle may cause a like tragedy again, and many times. -- (Cyclopedia of Illustrations for Public Speakers.)

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223 -- THE MARMOTS CURIOUS DIVISION OF LABOR

The Alpine marmots are said to act in concert in the collection of materials for the construction Of their habitations. Some of them, we are told, cut the herbage, others collect it into heaps, a third set serve as wagons to carry it to their holes; while others perform all the functions of draught horses. The manner of the latter part of the curious process is this: The animal which is to serve as the wagon lies down on his back, and, extending his four limbs as wide as he can, allows himself to be loaded with hay; and those who are to be draught horses trail him, thus loaded by the tail, taking care not to overset him. The task of thus serving as the vehicle being evidently the least enviable part of the business, is taken by every one of the party in turn. -- (From "A Hundred Anecdotes of Animals," by Percy J. Billinghurst. John Lane, Publisher. New York.)

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224 -- HOW THE CROWS OUTWITTED THE DOG

The following story illustrates the cunning or perhaps intelligence of the crow, this time an English one. A dog was once enjoying a bone, when two crows made an attempt to rob him of it. The dog showed his teeth; the birds retired. In a short time one of them flew down and gave the dog a peck at the end of his tail. Only one result could follow such a movement. The dog turned sharply round to see who was taking such a liberty with him, and the other crow at once pounced on the bone and bore it away. -- (From "1001 Animal Anecdotes," by Alfred H. Miles. Frederick A. Stokes Co., Publishers. New York.)

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225 -- A VERY JEALOUS DOG

That dogs are affectionate is universally allowed, and that they are jealous no observer can doubt; but that a dog may show true philosophy in accepting a hard situation is occasionally proved. Says the "Spectator": A young man had for some years owned a dog which was his constant companion. Recently, however, he married, and moved with his wife and dog into a house on the opposite side of the street from his father's house, his old home. The dog was not happy, for attentions which had once been his own were now given to the young wife. His master tried to reconcile him to the altered state of things, and the bride endeavored to win his affection, but he constantly showed his displeasure and misery.

One day the master came home and sat down, putting his arm about his wife. "Jack" was lying by the fire, and he at once rose, approached the two, and made the usual exhibition of his disapproval, "Why, Jack!'" said his master. "This is all right. She is a good girl," and as he spoke he patted his wife's arm. "Jack" looked up at him, turned away, and left the room. In a moment they heard a noise, and going into the hall, found him dragging his bed downstairs. He reached the front door, and whined to be let out. The door was opened, and he dragged the bed down the steps and across the street to his old home, where he scratched for admittance. Since then he has never returned to his master, and has refused all overtures towards reconciliation. -- (From "1001 Animal Anecdotes," by Alfred H. Miles. Frederick A. Stokes Co., Publishers. New York.)

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226 -- A RELIGIOUS DOG

There is more in a dog than is dreamt of by any philosophy of instinct. The father of the late Dr. Prime, editor of the New York "Observer," was a sternly orthodox Presbyterian minister, one of the "old school." He owned a small, beautiful dog named "Fidelity," about whom there was something mysterious; and though he never ventured to express the opinion that the dog had moral perceptions, his son believed that he thought so.

Dr. Prime said of his dog: "He differed from other dogs only in being better than others, and in manifesting something that seemed like religious sensibility, or a peculiar attachment to religious places, people and services. He attended family worship with a punctuality and regularity that other members of the household might well have imitated.

"If a stranger were present -- and much company visited our house -- the dog's attention to him was regulated by his taking the lead, or not, in the religious worship of the household. If the visitor at my father's request conducted the worship, the dog at once attached himself to his person, and when-he departed the dog escorted him out of the village, sometimes going home with him to a neighboring town and making him a visit of a few days. If the visitor did not perform any religious service in the house the dog took no notice of him while there, and Suffered him to depart unattended.

"Such a dog was, of course, an habitual attendant on the public services of the church on the Sabbath. It required extraordinary care to keep him at home. Shut up in a room he dashed through a window, and was at church before the family. He was once shut up in an outhouse that had no floor. He dug out under the sill of the door, and was at church before the first psalm.

"In church he occupied the upper step of the pulpit within which his master ministered. He lay quiet during the sermon unless other dogs below misbehaved, in which case he left his seat, and after quieting the disturbance, resumed it.

"He was equally devoted to the weekly prayermeeting which was held from house to house, the appointment being announced on the Sabbath. He remembered the evening and the place, and was always present. As it was not agreeable to have a dog at an evening meeting in a private house he was confined at home. The next week he went early, before the family had thought to shut him up, and waited for the hour and the people. He knew the names of the families where the meetings were held, and where they lived, and could have gone to any of them on an errand as easily and correctly as a child. The only knowledge he had of the place of meeting he got as others did, by hearing the notice on Sunday.

"These habits of the dog were not the fruit of education. On the contrary, pains were taken to prevent him from indulging his religious preferences. He did not manifest a fondness for other meetings or for any individuals out of the family circle, except those whom he recognized by their habit of praying, as the people in whom he was specially interested." -- (From "1001 Animal Anecdotes," by Alfred H. Frederick A. Stokes Co., Publishers. New York.)

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227 -- MOTHER LOVE OF THE LOON

The loon, or great northern diver, is reported to have displayed her mother love and anxiety to a sportsman fishing in Sebago Lake in Maine. He surprised the mother with one young one near his canoe. She was employing every artifice to call the little one away, but the infant swam so near the boat, that the fisherman took him aboard in his landing net, and, holding him on his knee, gently stroked his downy coat, to the evident satisfaction of the youngster. Meanwhile, the mother was in an agony of distress. At first, forgetting her native wildness and timidity in her mother love, she boldly approached the canoe, and, rising in the water till she appeared to stand upon it, furiously flapped her wings, uttering menacing cries. Finding this of no avail, she pretended that she was wounded, rolling over in the water and finally lying still as if dead, evidently to attract attention to herself and away from the young one. The fisherman, touched by these displays of motherly affection, put the young loon into the water, upon which the mother instantly came to life, and again tried to entice her little one to go with her. -- (Cyclopedia of Illustrations for Public Speakers.)

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228 -- HUGE FISH PILOTS SHIPS

One of the most world-famous individuals of the finny throe is s huge and remarkable fish of the grampus species known as "Pelorus Jack." He is the only fish in the world that has ever been protected by the government of New Zealand through a special act of parliament, and received this honor because he is a pilot of ships.

For more than a score of years he has met of/ Pelorus Sound all steamers bound for Wellington, New Zealand, and accompanied them in, whether they arrived by day or night, generally swimming just ahead of the ship. For years he has been one of the sights of the run, and became so popular with passengers that he was finally protected by act of parliament as a safeguard against possible destruction by fishermen.

A few months ago it was reported that "Pelorus Jack," also known as the "Lone Fish of the French Pass" and as the "Pilot Fish," was dead, but the statement that its body, half eaten by sharks, had been found on one of the islands, is disproved by the fact that he is still doing duty as a pilot.

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229 -- THE STUDYING MAGPIE

A magpie, belonging to a barber at Rome, could imitate to a nicety almost every word it heard. Some trumpets happened one day to be sounded before the shop, and for a day or two afterwards the magpie was quite mute, and seemed pensive and melancholy. All who knew it were greatly surprised that the sound of the trumpets had so stunned it, as to deprive it at once of both voice and hearing. It soon appeared, however, that this was far from being the case; for the bird had been all the time occupied in profound meditation, studying how to imitate the sound of the trumpets; and when at last master of it, the magpie, to the astonishment' of all its friends, suddenly broke its long silence, by a perfect imitation of the flourish of trumpets it had heard; observing with the greatest exactness all the repetitions, stops, and changes. The acquisition of this lesson had, however, exhausted the whole of the magpie's stock of intellect; for it made it forget everything it had learned before. -- (From "A Hundred Anecdotes of Animals," by Percy J. Billinghurst. John Lane, Publisher. New York.)

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230 -- THE TOAD IS VALUABLE

"What the birds are to the trees the toads are to the growing vegetables. The former work by day and the latter by night. The toad that makes his summer residence in your garden is indeed worth his weight in gold, He has an appetite that seems never to be appeased. The number of beetles, flies, cut-worms, caterpillars, etc., that he consumes every twenty-four hours is astonishing. He is quiet, industrious, always beneficial, never injurious. Let no harm befall him!"

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231 -- HOW THE FISH TOLD ON THE MOONSHINERS

A good many years ago, away up in the hills of Ohio some men made a business of manufacturing whisky -- "moonshine," they called it -- and they sold it on the sly to all the people for miles around, even sending it to distant places in casks marked "flour" or "sugar." It was all done secretly, for you see it was in disobedience to the laws of our country, and if Uncle Sam

knew of it, the men would be punished and their property taken. For many years these men had been doing this, not only cheating the Government, but hurting men and women and boys and girls by the sale of the drink. At last Uncle Sam's officers heard of it, and men were sent to hunt for the place. They searched all through the hills, but could not find it. The only place they could find was an old ramshackle cabin that looked as if it had not been used, for cobwebs hung on the walls and the rats and the bats made their nest in it. When the officers asked the people who lived near, they all said, "Oh no, nobody has made or sold whisky around here for a long time."

Beside this old cabin ran a little creek, and a path led down the hill along its course. Down this path rode the officers, very much disappointed that they had not found the lawbreakers.

"If brooks could talk, as the poets try to make us believe," said one of the men with a laugh, "that little stream might tell us the secret we want to know, for I'm sure many a cask of whisky has gone down this way on dark nights."

"At least, it shall give us a drink," said the other man, getting off his horse and going to the side of the creek. But instead of drinking, he looked curiously into the water.

"What have you found?" called the other man.

"Something queer," was the reply. "Come and look."

"Well, if these aren't the queerest acting fish!" exclaimed his companion. Near the surface of the water, hundreds of fish were to be seen flopping and wriggling and twisting in a most peculiar manner, some turned upon their backs and floating helplessly, others performing all sorts of unfishlike antics.

"These fish have had a dose of whisky," said one of the men, at the same time dipping up some of the water and tasting it. "Just as I thought -- alcohol. The secret's out and the fish have told it."

That night the two officers, accompanied by others of Uncle Sam's men, followed the creek path, found a room fitted up with two big copper boilers for making whisky, and arrested the owners. When the lawbreakers learned that morning that they were in danger of being caught, they had emptied all the whisky into the little creek, and the poor fish had been forced to drink it in with the water. -- (Union Signal.)

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232 -- HOW A COLLIE OUTWITTED A THIEF

Dogs that develop so much ingenuity in the cause of their masters may be expected to show some in their own interests, and the expectation need not be disappointed, as the following will show: A collie, having been annoyed by a neighbor's dog who was in the habit of digging up his buried treasures, hit upon the following method of frustrating the thief. One day, after dinner, his master saw him digging a hole unusually deep, and in it he put a large and highly-desirable bone.

Then he covered it well with earth, disappeared for a few minutes, and came back with a smaller one. This he carefully laid on the earth which concealed the big one, and then covered it up. Next morning the thief arrived, dug up the worthless bone, and ran off with it; later in the day "Don" came down leisurely and appropriated the larger one. -- (From "1001 Animal Anecdotes," by Alfred H. Miles. Frederick A. Stokes Co., Publishers. New York.)

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233 -- RETALIATION OF THE CAMEL

The camel has one very bad fault. He likes to "pay back," and if his driver has injured him in any way, he will not rest till he has got even.

The Arabs, people who wander about the desert, and so use the camel a great deal, know about this fault of his, and have a queer way of keeping themselves from getting hurt.

When a driver has made his camel angry, he first runs away out of sight. Then, choosing a place where the camel will soon pass, he throws down some of his clothes, and fixes them so that the heap will look like a sleeping man.

Pretty soon along comes the camel, and sees the heap. Thinking to himself, "Now I've got him," he pounces on the clothes, shakes them around, and tramples all over them. After he tires of this, and has turned away, the driver can appear and ride him away without harm.

Poor, silly camel! He has been in what we call a "blind rage," so angry that he can't tell the difference between a man and a heap of clothes. -- (Cyclopedia of Illustrations for Public Speakers.)

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234 -- DYNAMITING THE DOG

It was in a suburban settlement of Portland, Oregon. The poor dog, not having been endowed with a conscience like man, and not educated along ethical lines, had failed to measure up to the desired high ideal of morals, and as a result, it was settled that he must die. The mode of capital punishment was determined upon, and accordingly the poor offender was taken out into the woods and tied to a stump, and to the dog was tied a stick of dynamite with a long fuse.

A number of men went out to witness the tragedy, and when the fuse was set on fire, the men walked off to a proper distance to watch the result. They had not proceeded far, when, horror of horrors, here came the canine after them. He had broken the rope, and the flickering fuse indicated too well that death and destruction were on the heels of those men. Not one of them had the forethought to sever the fuse from the dynamite, but all took to their heels as if a band of Apaches were on their trail. They ran and so did the dog. They scattered in various directions, and the poor cur followed first one and then the other, giving each one that he followed, the fright of his

life. No pen need try to describe the frightful emotions that pulled at their heartstrings as the dog in all innocence tried to overtake them.

Finally, the dog left pursuing the men and broke for the house. Multiplied horrors struck the inmates as they saw dynamite and dog approaching. One woman fell in a faint. As the animal ran through the house, he knocked over more or less furniture. Finally, he made an exit, and when rounding the corner of the smoke house the fuse reached the explosive, when "bang" went the death-dealing dynamite. The dog was not, and the smoke-house was blown to smithereens. Fortunate for all concerned, only the dog lost his life.

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235 -- A DOG THAT BURIED THE MAIL

Miss Harvey-George, writing of her dog, says: "It had always been his habit to meet the postman and bring the letters to me, but on one occasion I went away for a week's end, and he was unable to find me. Not feeling justified in giving them to anyone else, what was he to do? A thought struck him. Digging a hole behind his kennel, he buried them, doing the same all three mornings. When I returned he promptly gave me the whole budget of letters, rather the worse for wear, perhaps, but quite whole." -- (From "1001 Animal Anecdotes," by Alfred H. Miles. Frederick A. Stokes Co., Publishers. New York.)

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236 -- THE UNSELFISH MOCKING-BIRD

Sidney Lanier tells of a mocking-bird six weeks of age being kept in a cage with another young bird who was so ill he could hardly move. One day food happened to be delayed in coming, and Bob got furiously hungry. He called and screamed and made a great row. At last it appeared, and he took in his beak the ball of egg and potato, snatching it out of the hand, and then, instead of eating it, ran across the cage and gave the whole of it to his sick friend. -- (Cyclopedia of Illustrations for Public Speakers.)

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237 -- THE GOOSE AND THE DOG

A goose was once observed to attach itself in the strongest and most affectionate manner to the house dog, but never presumed to go into the kennel except in rainy weather; whenever the dog barked, the goose would cackle, and run at the person she supposed the dog barked at, and try to bite him by the heels. Sometimes she would attempt to feed with the dog; but this the dog, who treated his faithful companion with indifference, would not suffer. This bird would not go to roost with the others at night, unless driven by main force; and when in the morning they were turned into the field, she would never stir from the yard gate, but sit there the whole day in sight of the dog. At length orders were given that she should no longer be molested. Being thus left to herself, she ran about the yard with him all night, and what is particularly remarkable, whenever the dog went out

of the yard and ran into the village, the goose always accompanied him, contriving to keep up with him by the assistance of her wings, and in this way of running and flying, followed him all over the parish. This extraordinary affection of the goose towards the dog, which continued' till his death, two years after it was first observed, is supposed to have originated in his having saved her from a fox, in the very moment of distress.

While the dog was ill, the goose never quitted him, day or night, not even to feed; and it was apprehended that she would have been starved to death had not a pan of corn been set every day close to the kennel, At this time the goose generally sat in the kennel, and would not suffer any one to approach it, except the person who brought the dog's or her own food. The end of this faithful bird was melancholy; for when the dog died, she would still keep possession of the kennel, and a new house-dog being introduced, which in size and color resembled that lately lost, the poor goose was unhappily deceived, and going into the kennel as usual, the new inhabitant seized her by the throat and killed her. -- (From "A Hundred Anecdotes of Animals," by Percy J. Billinghurst. John Lane, Publisher. New York.)

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238 -- HOW A DOG DECIDED A TRIAL

It appears that a hard-working knife-grinder came to the police authorities of the town and reported that a rag-picker had stolen his dog, and still had him. The matter was looked into, and it was found that the rag-picker had in his possession a splendid dog of the variety known as the Great Dane, of which he could give no satisfactory account. The case was brought into court, and the judge decided that the dog himself should settle the matter.

The two claimants were placed at each end of a long table. The dog was led in by a bailiff and held by a string at a point between the judge and the table, and exactly half-way between the two claimants. The judge then clapped his hands three times, and the two men began to whistle vigorously to the dog. At the same instant the bailiff loosed the animal. The Great Dane looked at the rag-picker, then at the knife-grinder; then at one bound cleared the table, rushed down an aisle of the court-room, and disappeared through the door, to the astonishment of the Court and the spectators. The fact was that the dog belonged to neither of the contestants, but to a gentleman to whose house he went straight from the court-room. He had been stolen successively by both the knife-grinder and the rag-picker. -- (From "1001 Animal Anecdotes," by Alfred H. Miles. Frederick A. Stokes Co., Publishers. Hew York.)

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239 -- A DOG'S MARVELOUS JOURNEY

A minister of Dumfries received by rail a fox terrier from a friend at Elgin. The clergyman shut the dog up for awhile, and after several days, during which the dog was well fed, he was released and allowed to run about the grounds. He disappeared almost instantly, and was seen no more in Dumfries. But seven days later the fox terrier arrived at Elgin, which is one hundred and eighty miles distant as the crow flies, and presented himself at his old master's door. Admitted, he

stretched himself out before the fire thoroughly exhausted and terribly draggled and dirty, and lay there several hours before he would take any of the food that was offered him. In a day or two, however, he was as lively as ever, and apparently none the worse for his long journey. As he had traveled from Elgin to Dumfries by rail, packed in a basket, he could have had no other guide on his return journey than the marvelous instinct of direction possessed by animals; but he had covered the distance at the rate of more than twenty-five miles a day. -- (From "1001 Animal Anecdotes," by Alfred H. Miles. Frederick A. Stokes Co., Publishers. New York.)

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240 -- KINDNESS TO KINE

"Speak to a cow as you would to a lady," is the motto of the successful dairyman.

There must be sympathy between the cow and the milker. Motherhood and milk production go together. Treat the cow like a mother and be gentle with the newborn calf. Be kind to both. It will pay and pay big.

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241 -- THE NEWFOUNDLAND PUNISHING THE LITTLE DOG

A Newfoundland dog, of a noble and generous disposition, was often assailed by noisy curs in the streets. He generally passed them with apparent unconcern, till one little brute ventured to bite him in the back of the leg. This was a degree of wanton insult which could not be patiently endured; so turning around, he ran after the offender, and seized him by the poll. In this manner he carried him to the quay, and holding him for some time over the water, at length dropped him into it. He did not, however, intend that the culprit should be drowned. Waiting till he was not only well ducked, but nearly sinking, he plunged in and brought him safely to land. -- (From "Stories of the Sagacity of Animals," by W. H. G. Kingston. T. Nelson & Sons, Publishers. New York.)

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242 -- A LESSON IN TENDERNESS

An inspector of the Sing-Sing prison, New York, was once asked how it was that one brought into sharp collision with the world had preserved so much tenderness of heart. "My mother was a pious woman," said he, "and a serious conversation she had with me, when I was four or five years old, has affected my whole life. I had joined some boys who were tormenting a kitten. We chased her and threw stones till we killed her. When I came into the house, I told my mother what I had done. She took me on her lap and talked to me in such a moving style about my cruelty to the poor, helpless little animal, that I sobbed as if my heart would break. Afterwards, if I were tempted to do anything unkind, she would tell me to remember how sorry I was for having hurt the little kitten. For a long time after I could not think of it without tears. It impressed me so deeply, when I became a man, I could never see a forlorn suffering wretch run down by his fellow-beings without thinking of that hunted and pelted little beast. Even now the remembrance of that kitten, and

the recollection of my dear mother's gentle lessons, come between me and the prisoners at Sing-Sing, and admonish me to be humane and forbearing." -- (Tract Association of Friends.)

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243 -- HOW THE DOG CARRIED TWO HATS

In sagacity, the Newfoundland surpasses dogs of a11 other breeds.

Two gentlemen, brothers, were out shooting wildfowl, attended by one of these noble animals. Having thrown down their hats on the grass, they together crept through some reeds to the river-bank, along which they proceeded some way, after firing at the birds. Wishing at length for their hats -- one of which was smaller than the other -- they sent the dog after them. The animal, believing it was his duty to bring both together, made several attempts to carry them in his mouth. Finding some difficulty in doing this, he placed the smaller hat within the large one, and pressed it down with his foot. He was thus, with ease, enabled to carry them both at the same time.

Perhaps he had seen old-clothes-men thus carrying hats; but I am inclined to think that he was guided by seeing that this was the best way to effect his object.

There are two ways of doing everything -- a wrong and a right one. Like the Newfoundland dog, try to find out the right way, and do what you have to do, in that way. -- (From "Stories of the Sagacity of Animals," by W. H. G. Kingston. T. Nelson and Sons, Publishers. New York.)

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244 -- KINDNESS TO THE BEAST

"A man of kindness, to his beast is kind,
But brutal actions show a brutal mind.
Remember He who made thee, made thy brute;
Who gave thee speech and reason, formed him mute.
He can't complain, but God's all-seeing eye
Beholds thy cruelty, and hears his cry.
He was designed thy servant -- not thy drudge.
Remember his Creator is thy Judge."

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245 -- HOW THE BIRDS GATHERED THE ALMOND CROP

Birds are sometimes a great nuisance to the farmer and fruit raiser. They have their advantages in destroying insects, but sometimes that falls far short in worth when they take the crop of fruit. A farmer once observed that the birds were taking his almond crop. It is certainly a great disappointment to work hard during the year and then find one's work in vain when the birds get the results. These birds were seen to be storing the almonds in the hollow of an old tree, lying them

up for future use. The following year the fruit raiser concluded to utilize these feathered visitors to his own advantage, and have them gather his crop for him. He went to the tree where the almonds were accustomed to being stored and so dug out the hollow place that an opening was made downward to the bottom of the tree. Here at the bottom he placed a receptacle to catch the almonds as the birds would store them in the tree. The poor birds thought they were filling up their storehouse for the future, but instead, the nuts were dropping clear down through into the bucket which the farmer placed there. This was rather hard on the birds, but doubtless the farmer thought it was evening up for what the birds had done in former times.

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246 -- HOW A DOG STOPPED THE TRAIN

Toots, a fox terrier, once saved a passenger train on the Lackawana Railroad from being wrecked near Bloomfield, N. J.

The crossing tender, in addition to raising and lowering the gates, was required to attend to the switch there being only a single track from Bloomfield to Montclair. On the day in question, a west-bound train was approaching, and the gateman dropped his red flag and ran to a switch. At the same time an east-bound passenger train was rounding the curve and coming down grade towards the crossing.

Toots, who had spent much time around the flag shanty and who was familiar with the duties, seized the flag in his teeth and ran up the track. The engineer saw the danger signal and stopped his train just in time to prevent a collision.

Toots died recently at the advanced age of fifteen and was buried with honors. -- (Our Dumb Animals.)

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247 -- THE DOG WHICH WASHED HIS FEET

A friend told me of a dog, which had been taught habits of cleanliness that some young gentlemen, accustomed to enter the drawing-room with dirty shoes, might advantageously imitate. A shallow tub of water was placed in the hall, near the front door. Whenever this well-behaved dog came into the house, if the roads were muddy from rain, or dusty from dry weather, he used to run to the tub and wash his feet -- drying them, it is to be presumed, on the door-mat -- before venturing into any of the sitting-rooms to which he had admission. -- (From "Stories of the Sagacity of Animals," by W. H. G. Kingston. T. Nelson and Sons, Publishers. New York.)

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248 -- POINTERS FOR FORETHOUGHT

"Make the load according to what the horse can pull, not what the cart will hold."

"Some animals suffer as much from a harsh, loud tone of voice as from a blow."

"What equipment has your stable in case of fire? A few buckets of water should always be kept hanging where they can be reached at a moment's notice."

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249 -- A USEFUL BLIND DOG

"Dash," says the "Youth's Companion," was not a full-blooded collie, but he was a fine dog and remarkably intelligent. He was early trained to drive the cows to and from pasture without assistance. This he did for several years; then he suddenly became blind from what seemed to be paralysis of the optic nerve. For a few weeks he was greatly depressed. He moped about in a disconsolate way, and for days together scarcely changed his position. Finally his master succeeded in coaxing "Dash" to go along with him one morning to drive the cows to pasture. That afternoon, of his own accord, the dog went after the cattle, and from that time onward he resumed his former habits, doing his work just as well, and as faithfully as when he could see.

One afternoon when the cows came home, "Old Brindle" was missing. "Dash" drove the cattle into the barnyard, and then was seen going toward the pasture on the run. A half-hour later he returned without the missing cow. "Where's Brindle, Dash?" his master inquired. The dog looked despondent; he hung his head and dropped his tail as if with shame. "Go, find Brindle," commanded his master. "Dash" turned and ran for a few steps in the direction of the pasture, and then trotted slowly back and sat down before his master as if to say, "It's no use. I've tried, but I can't get that cow." At his master's repeated command, he again ran off for a few steps, but returned as before, this time whining uneasily. "Something wrong, is there, old dog? Well, I'll go along and see," said the man, and he started in the direction of the pasture.

A wonderful change came over "Dash" at this move of his master. Wide awake and tail wagging, he led the way, with occasional sharp, expressive barks. Without a moment's hesitation he led his master straight to the spot where "Old Brindle" stood, and then began barking vociferously, as much as to say, "There you see how it is! I couldn't start her." The cow had caught her head in the crotch of an apple tree. She had been reaching for apples, and having put her head into the crotch from above, was unable to withdraw it, and there she hung, a picture of stupid misery, in imminent danger of choking to death. She was released, after considerable difficulty, and "Dash" drove her home. He had saved her life, his master thinks, for she could hardly have lived through the night in that position. -- (From "1001 Animal Anecdotes," by Alfred H. Miles. Frederick A. Stokes Co., Publishers. New York.)

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250 -- A VERY OLD GANDER

It is very well known that geese sometimes live to great age. A gander lately exhibited at a poultry show at Wichita, Kansas, was claimed to be 65 years old. This gander began life in

Pennsylvania "before the war," and a few years later traveled to Kansas in a coop tied to the back of a "prairie schooner."

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251 -- THE NEWSPAPER DOG

An Egyptian paper published in Egypt, the "Egyptian Gazette," tells a story of the kind with a circumstantially which entitles it to credence. One of its patrons in Cairo regularly sent his dog a large and very intelligent Russian hound, to get the "Gazette" on its arrival from Alexandria. The animal always carried a coin in its mouth with which to pay for the paper. One day the dog came back without the paper, and with the coin still in his mouth. The gentleman found that the "Egyptian Gazette" had all been sold, and the dealer had given the dog a copy of the "Bosphore Egyptien," a French paper, instead, but he absolutely refused to take it, so the dealer gave him back the coin. How did he differentiate? Probably by means of the sense of smell. -- (From "1001 Animal Anecdotes," by Alfred H. Miles. Frederick A. Stokes Co., Publishers. New York.)

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252 -- CHICKEN WITH TWO HEARTS

Chanute, April 8. While Mrs. L. M. Burke, of 13 South Forest avenue, was preparing a chicken for dinner today, she discovered that it had two hearts. They were of normal size, one being slightly larger than the other. Dissection showed that each was only half a heart, each having one auricle and one ventricle. The two hearts were separate, but the principal arteries were connected by a by-pass some distance from the two organs, which were thus able to operate together and perform the functions of a normal heart. -- (The Capital.)

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253 -- THE SHEPHERD AND HIS DOG

There is a recorded and credible case of a shepherd who, to prove the intelligence of his dog, which was lying by the fire, said, in the midst of a long sentence about something else, and without a change of tone, "I think the cow is in the potatoes." Immediately the dog, which appeared to be asleep, jumped up, leaped through the window, and clambered to the turf roof of the house, from which he could survey the potato field. Not seeing the cow he returned, and lay down by the fire. The same remark was repeated, and the dog went again to the roof. The third time, however, he went up to his master, wagging his tail and with a look on his face as if he understood the joke. The company laughed; whereupon the dog returned to his Owner and refused to be disturbed again. -- (From "1001 Animal Anecdotes," by Alfred H. Miles. Frederick A. Stokes Co., Publishers. New York.)

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254 -- FOSSIL REMAINS OF A BIG BIRD

Fossil remains of a bird of immense size have been discovered by Dr. R. W. Shufeldt, at the American Museum of Natural History. They were found in Wyoming. The bird must have been at least double the size of the largest ostrich. It was fifteen or sixteen feet in height. Probably it did not fly. -- (Current Events.)

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255 -- A ST. BERNARD'S SUSCEPTIBILITIES

A St. Bernard named "Leo" was once lying on a rug, apparently asleep, when a visitor was in the room. The visitor complimented the appearance of the dog when his mistress said, "Oh yes, Leo is a good dog." The dog thumped the floor with his tail and half opened his eyes. The mistress went on, "Leo takes very good care of the children." The dog thumped the floor violently and looked up lovingly at his mistress. "But," she said, "Leo isn't always good; he has faults." The tail stopped thumping, and the dog looked askance at his mistress. "He will track in mud on the floor, and sometimes I have to punish him for it." The dog rose, with his tail dropped very low, and slunk out of the room. All these remarks were clearly within the range of his comprehension. -- (From "1001 Animal Anecdotes," by Alfred H. Miles. Frederick A. Stokes Co., Publishers. New York.)

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256 -- THE DOG SUICIDE

An instance of jealousy known to the writer was shown by a black Sussex spaniel who belonged to a surgeon. This dog showed remarkable discrimination in carrying out his master's orders. The master had only to say "fetch my stethoscope," and the dog would fetch it from any ward in the infirmary in which he ,might have left it. He would also discriminate between the "Lancet," the "Daily Telegraph," and "Daily Mail," fetching either as ordered, and never failing to bring the right one. In due course the doctor married, and the dog accompanied the doctor and his wife on their honeymoon. The dog's jealousy was pitiable to see, and became so unbearable to himself that, while crossing the water in a steamer, he leapt overboard and drowned himself before the eyes of his master. -- (From "1001 Animal Anecdotes," by Alfred H. Miles. Frederick A. Stokes Co., Publishers. New York.)

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257 -- THE AFFECTIONATE CAT

My friend Mrs. F. gave me a very touching anecdote. A lady she knew, residing in Essex, once had two young daughters. They had a pet cat which they had reared from a kitten, and which was their constant companion. The sisters, however, were both seized with scarlet fever, and died. The cat seemed perfectly to understand what had taken place, and, refusing to leave the room, seated herself on the bed where they lay, in most evident sorrow. When the. bodies of the young girls were placed in their small coffins, she continued to move backwards and forwards from one

to the other, uttering low and melancholy sounds. Nothing could induce her at the time to take food, and soon after the interment of her fond playmates she lay down and passed away from life.

This account, given by the mother of the children, makes me quite ready to believe in the truth of similar anecdotes.

Tender affection is like a beautiful flower: it needs cultivation. As cold winds and pelting showers injure the fair blossoms, so passionate temper, sullen behavior, or misconduct, will destroy the love which should exist between brothers and sisters, and those whose lot is cast together. Cherish affectionate feelings in your hearts. Be kind and gentle to all around, and your friends will love you more even than the cat I have told you about loved her mistresses. -- (From "Stories of the Sagacity of Animals," by W. H. G. Kingston. T. Nelson and Sons, Publishers. New York.)

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258 -- THE AIGRETTE VOW

[American Heritage Dictionary definition: "AIGRETTE n. 1. An ornamental tuft of upright plumes, especially the tail feathers of an egret. 2. An ornament, such as a spray of gems, resembling a tuft of plumes. -- French, egret, from Old French."]

"Never to wear aigrettes is the vow recently taken by several thousand girls in the Girls' High School of Philadelphia. The movement started in the Nature Club of the school and seems to have been the result of a paper prepared by a member of the faculty which described the suffering of the herons from which the aigrette is taken. Over the platform, when the essay was read, hung the words, 'Remember that every aigrette means a dying heron and the death of her little birds.'"

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259 -- THE DOG THAT DROWNED OUT THE SQUIRREL

Mr. W. L. Mott, of Bolivar, Mo., has written to tell us of an extremely intelligent Newfoundland dog, of which he was the owner. In the presence of Mr. Mott and his brother-in-law, this dog chased a gray squirrel into a hollow wooden pump log lying on the bank of a creek. For a time he barked and worried the end of the tube without any satisfactory result.

He then desisted from chewing the log, sat down in front of it, and observed it attentively. Suddenly he sprang to his feet, seized the end of the pump log, dragged it over nearer the bank of the creek, and with his nose pushed it into the water. The squirrel, of course, came out as soon as the water reached him, and the dog, springing into the water, easily caught and killed its prey. Here is a course of action which has certainly most of the external indications of a reasoned process. -- (The Youth's Companion.)

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260 -- SUNDAY SCHOOL DOG BURIED WITH POMP

Ashtabula, Ohio, Jan. 26. -- In a casket covered with flowers, Fido, who had a record for attendance at St. Peter's Episcopal Sunday school, was buried in the lawn surrounding the home of his owner, Dr. W. C. Cross.

Fido, a mongrel, had attended St. Peter's Sunday school regularly for ten years and always took his cent for the collection plate, carrying it in his mouth. He would enter the church, walk down the aisle to the infant class seats and remain there throughout the session without a bark or a whine. Children wept at the burial.

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261 -- HOW A MOUSE SOLVED THEIR PROBLEM

A tiny mouse recently solved the problem of getting an electric wire through a pipe 197 feet long at the Vinery Building (Norfolk, Va.) There were several bends in the pipe, and modern methods, such as blowpipes, failed to produce results.

A mouse was caught and a thread was fled to its leg. A tape was tied to the thread, and the wire to the tape. The mouse was given a start, and went through the pipe in a hurry. Liberty was its reward. -- (Cyclopedia of Illustrations for Public Speakers.)

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262 -- FISHING BIRDS

Professor Moseley, when on board the "Challenger," states, that he "saw a cormorant rise to the surface of the water, and, lifting its head, make desperate efforts to gorge a small fish which it had caught, evidently knowing its danger, and in a fearful hurry to get it down. Before it could swallow its prey, down came a gull, snatched the fish after a slight struggle, and carried it off to the rocks on the shore. Here a lot of other gulls began to assert their right to a share, when down swooped a skua from aloft right on to the heap of gulls, seized the fish, and swallowed it at once."

Of all the piscatorial birds the cormorant is the most interesting, inasmuch as its fishing propensities have been turned to account by man. The visitor to the International Fisheries Exhibition was forcibly reminded of this method of "fishing by proxy" on seeing, as he entered the Chinese section, a boat manned by a model Celestial, and having about a score of stuffed cormorants perched about it.

Similar boats, thus manned and "feathered," may be commonly seen on the rivers and canals of China, where they are employed to supply the market with fish. When the fishing-ground is reached, the cormorants, at a signal from their master, enter the water, and, scattering themselves about, commence fishing operations. As soon as a fish is caught, the bird rises to the surface with it, and is at once called to the boat by the alert Chinaman. Obedient to the call, it approaches, and is taken into the boat, where it disgorges the fish, and is again ordered into the water.

Thoroughly trained as those fishing cormorants are, nature would no doubt assert itself, and the captured fish be swallowed, were the necks of the birds not bound with a strap, drawn sufficiently tight to prevent the passage of the fish. Sometimes the fish caught is too large for a single cormorant to "land," -- a dilemma from which the bird is naturally delivered by the arrival of one or more cormorants, which together haul the fish to the boat.

Should the birds get lazy or playful, and swim about without attending to their business, the Chinaman, according to Fortune ("Wanderings in Chiha"), with a long bamboo strikes the water near the bird, without, however, hurting it, calling to it at the same time in an angry tone. "Immediately," he says, "like the truant schoolboy, who neglects his lessons and is found out, the cormorant gives up his play and resumes his labors."

Fish are both abundant and cheap in China, due mainly to the universal practice of fish culture among the Celestials; yet it was recently stated that from twenty to thirty of these birds will catch six francs' ($1.16) worth of fish daily. It is not surprising, therefore, that a pair of well-trained cormorants should fetch a high price -- about one hundred and sixty francs ($830.80). Fishing with cormorants appears to have been practiced by the Chinese from very early times, and it was probably through intercourse with them that the art was introduced into Europe three centuries ago. -- (From "Science Gleanings in Animal Life," by John Gibson. T. Nelson & Sons, Publishers. New York.)

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263 -- A SHAGGY NEWSBOY

The railroad ran along one side of a beautiful valley in the central part of the great state of New York. I stood at the rear end of the train, looking out of the door, when the engineer gave two short, sharp blasts of the steam whistle. The conductor, who had been reading a newspaper in a seat at the end of the train, near the door, asked if I wanted to see a "real country newsboy." I, of course, answered "Yes." So he stepped out on the platform of the car.

The conductor had folded up his paper in a tight roll, which he held in his right hand, while he stood on a lower step of the car, holding on by his left.

I saw him begin to wave the paper just as we swung around a curve in the track, and a neat farmhouse came into view, way off across some open fields.

Suddenly the conductor flung the paper off toward the fence by the side of the railroad, and I saw a black, shaggy form leap over the fence from the meadow just beyond it, and alight just where the newspaper, after bounding along in the grass, had fallen beside a tall mullein stalk in an angle of the fence.

It was a big, black dog. He stood beside the paper, wagging his tail, and watching us as the train moved swiftly away from him, when he snatched the paper from the ground in his teeth, and, leaping over the fence again, away he went across the fields toward the farm-house.

When we last saw him he was a mere black speck moving over the meadows.

"What will he do with the paper?" I asked the tall, young conductor by my side..

"Carry it to the folks at the house," he answered. "Is that your home?" I inquired.

"Yes," he responded. "My father lives there, and I send him an afternoon paper by Carlo every day."

"Then they always send the dog when it is time for your train to pass?"

"No," he said, "they never send him. He knows when it is train time, and comes over here to meet it of his own accord, rain or shine, winter or summer."

"But does not Carlo go to the wrong train sometimes?" I asked with considerable curiosity.

"Never, sir. He pays no attention to any train but this."

"How can a dog tell what time it is, so as to know when to go to meet the train?" I asked again.

"That is more than I can tell," answered the conductor, "but he is always there, and the engineer whistles to call attention, for fear I should not get out on the platform till we had passed Carlo."

"So Carlo keeps watch on the time better than conductor himself," I remarked.

The conductor laughed, and I wondered as he walked away who of your friends would be as faithful and watchful all the year round as Carlo, who never missed the train, though he could not "tell time by the dock."

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264 -- A THANKFUL SEA-GULL

There often exists a comradeship between sailors and the sea-birds that neither time nor distance can separate. A gull dropped fluttering upon the deck of a transport sailing from San Francisco to Manila, apparently ill. A sailor picked it up, took it to his quarters, and fed and cared for it until it became strong again. Then he allowed it to fly away. But the bird did not forget him. Every day it alighted on the' deck and waited for this particular man to come and feed it. It followed the steamer to Manila, and back again to the harbor of San Francisco. -- (Our Dumb Animals.)

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265 -- THE CAT AND HER MANY GUESTS

Mrs. F. vouches for the following account, showing the hospitable disposition of cats. It was given to her by a clergyman, who had it direct from a friend.

A gentleman in Australia had a pet cat to which he daily gave a plate of viands with his own hands. The allowance was liberal, and there was always a remainder; but after some time the gentleman perceived that another cat came to share the repast. Finding that this occurred for several consecutive days, he increased the allowance, It was then found to be too much for two; there was again a residue for several days, when a third cat was brought in to share the feast. Amused at this proceeding, the gentleman now began to experiment, and again increased the daily dole of food. A fourth guest now appeared; and he continued adding gradually to the allowance of viands, and found that the number of feline guests also progressively increased, until about thirty were assembled; after which no further additions took place, so that he concluded that all those who lived within "visiting distance" were included; indeed, the wonder was that so many could assemble, as the district he lived in was far from populous.

The stranger cats always decorously departed after dinner was over, leaving their hospitable entertainer, no doubt, with such grateful demonstrations as might be dictated by the feline code of etiquette.

Ask yourselves if you are always so anxious as was the Australian cat to invite your companions to enjoy with you the good things you have given you by your kind friends. Ah! what an important lesson we may learn from this anecdote: always to think of others before ourselves. When young friends visit you, do you try your utmost to entertain them, thinking of their comfort before your own? Such is the lesson taught us by this cat, which gathered others of her kind to share the bounties provided by her kind master. -- (From "Stories of the Sagacity of Animals," by W. H. G. Kingston. T. Nelson & Sons, Publishers. New York.)

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266 -- HOW THE DOGS GUARDED THE HORSE

A little terrier, and another dog, equally faithful and sagacious, had attached themselves to their master's horse, which they always accompanied when it went out. If the master rode out on it to dinner, the two dogs used to remain contentedly in the stable with their friend, till it was required to carry its master home.

One night the gentleman had ordered his horse to be brought, but waited in vain for its appearance. At length the groom was summoned, when he declared that he dared not take the horse out of the stable, as one of the dogs was on its back, and the other by its side, threatening to attack every person who came up to the animal. The owner, observing that the groom was a stranger, suspected at once that the dogs would not trust him, and had himself to go round to the stable, when the faithful animals at once delivered their charge up to him. -- (From "Stories of the Sagacity of Animals," by W. It. G. Kingston. T. Nelson & Sons, Publishers. New York.)

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267 -- DICK, THE FIRE VETERAN

'Twas noon; along the city street
The hurrying throngs passed to and fro;
Hushed was the roar of industry;
Along the curb, in patient row.

The working-horses stood at rest,
Each tired beast well blanketed
The while he munched the contents of
The feed-bag tied about his head.

Hark! hark! the clang of fire-bells!
The fire trumpets' blatant blare!
"Stand back! Make way!" they seemed to say,
While shrieks of whistles filled the air!

Then past Old Dick the engine dashed--
Adown the street they wildly bore;
How these reminders served to rouse
The memories of days of yore!

'Twas duty's call! Away! Away!
To follow on he madly sped.
His blanket blowing in the breeze;
His feed-bag, settled o'er his heed.

Half blinding him; from side to side
He zigzagged on, poor faithful beast,
Till, bruised and spent, and winded quite
(For he had run a mile at least).

His captors brought him to a halt,
And in the crowd was not one man
Had ought but kindest words of praise
For Dick, the fire veteran.

Dear faithful Dick! What pride was his
When duty made its old appeal!
Sight dim, half dead, how swift to act,
Though misdirected was his zeal

More bountiful his oats that night,
More deeply strewn with straw his bed;

While Tom, his keeper, slyly pressed
His cheek against that rough gray head.

"Old Dick, my boy, you shame us all,"
So someone near by heard him say;
"You take the prize for faithfulness,--
I never shall forget this day."

-- By Louella C. Poole

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268 -- A COSTLY HUMANE ACT

About a year ago, when he gave up his farm, J. E. Howe of Flint, Michigan, sold a team of old work-horses, that he had raised from colts. He sold the horses for $100, with written agreements, signed by witnesses, that the purchaser should keep the animals in as fat and good-looking condition as he received them.

A clause in the contract gave Howe the privilege of buying back the animals at the same price as he sold them, in case there was any violation by the purchaser. Several days ago, Howe discovered that the man to whom he had sold the horses was working them so hard that they were getting very poor and had sores on their shoulders. He demanded the horses back, but the man who had them refused to give them up. Howe then went to Sheriff Parkurst and showed him the contract. After reading the document, the sheriff went out with Howe to the farmer's home and advised the man to sell them back. The man gave up the horses after Howe had paid him $1130. The purchaser then found a neighbor who agreed for $5 to shoot the animals and bury them.

Howe has two beautiful daughters who had grown fond of the team. The girls had taken pictures of the animals before they were sold, and then they took more pictures just before the animals were put to death. -- (Our Dumb Animals.)

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269 -- CURIOUS COLD STORAGE FOR CENTURIES

What length of time may have elapsed since the final disappearance of the mammoth, no one knows. The Samoyedes still, it is said, preserve traditions of its existence; while many of the northern tribes of Siberia are in the belief that it lives, but that it leads a subterranean life, death being the immediate result of its appearance on the surface. The origin of this curious belief is readily found in the fact that occasionally, after land-slips on the banks of the Lena and other Siberian rivers, entire carcasses of the mammoth have been disclosed as fresh as if they had been sides of beef brought from America in the refrigerating chamber of a steamship. How they got entombed in such numbers is matter for controversy, One thing, however, is certain, that having been entombed, the freezing process must have been immediate, and there can have been no thawing of the ground since, as otherwise putrefaction would have at once set in.

Mr. Howorth has given most of the known instances in which the soft parts of the mammoth have been thus found preserved, the most remarkable of these being probably that of the specimen visited by Mr. Adams in the present (nineteenth) century. It was first noticed by a native hunter projecting from a cliff of frozen soil on the banks of the Lena. It gradually became more conspicuous as summer after summer the ice about it continued to melt away, until at last it rolled out of its icy shroud and fell on a bank of sand, where the hunter getting at it removed its valuable tusks. Afterwards the natives in the neighborhood fed their dogs with its flesh, while it was visited for a like purpose by white bears and wolves.

When Mr. Adams saw the creature two years afterwards, little remained of it but the skeleton and about three-fourths of the skin -- the latter being covered with reddish wool and long coarse hair, while its weight when detached from the bones was such that ten persons had great difficulty in transporting it to the shore. The tusks, which had been sold as fossil ivory, were recovered, and measured nine and a half feet in length, and the whole specimen was conveyed to St. Petersburg, where it is now preserved in the Zoological Museum. Similar remains have frequently been found in strata of clear ice, and so well have the soft parts in many of these been preserved, that it has been found possible to prepare microscopic sections of many of the more delicate tissues. It need hardly be said, however, that this perfect preservation of the flesh is no proof whatever of the recentness of the mammoth, as, granting the persistency of similar glacial conditions, putrefaction would be arrested for an indefinite time. -- (From "Science Gleanings in Animal Life," by John Gibson. Thomas Nelson and Sons, Publishers. New York.)

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270 -- HAWK ATTACKS AUTOMOBILE

Swooping down out of a dark sky, a hawk attacked an automobile driven by Dr. C. A. Bohne, near New Orleans. The bird dashed at the brilliant headlights, and, missing them, fastened its talons in the arm of Mr. T. L. Rosa, who was riding with Dr. Bohne. It sank its claws into the flesh, through a raincoat and a coat. Then, with its beak, it struck repeatedly at Mr. Rosa's eyes. After a severe struggle the man managed, with his free hand, to tear the talons out of his arm. He threw the bird to the roadway. It rose and swooped again at the car, but the chauffeur put on a speed of fifty miles an hour and left the winged highwayman behind. -- (Current Events.)

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271 -- HOW SOME ANIMALS PROTECT THEMSELVES

That the struggle for existence throughout the animal kingdom represents a perfectly normal state of affairs, seems evident from a consideration of the number and the variety of weapons with which nature has armed her children for the battle of life. Horns and tusks, stings and fangs, pincers and claws, spines and spurs, each plays its part in the strife; some owing their efficiency, like the club of the savage, to the brute force with which they are wielded; others, like the guns of civilized man, to the material with which they are loaded.

These, however, by no means exhaust the animal armory; and attention has lately been directed to one of the most interesting of the other modes of defense exemplified in the case of the bombardier beetles, which, as will be shown, is widely prevalent under various modifications throughout the animal kingdom. Those beetles, when pursued, discharge from behind a highly volatile fluid, which no sooner reaches the atmosphere then it explodes, producing a puff of pungent smoke, which serves to cover their retreat, while momentarily disconcerting their pursuers. A single volley of this liquid explosive does not, however, nearly exhaust their ammunition, as they continue at short intervals during their retreat to frighten and mislead the advancing foe by the din and smoke of their tiny artillery. The vapor has a very pungent scent, exceedingly irritating to the delicate surface of the eye, while its action on the skin is said to resemble somewhat that produced by nitric acid.

A few other insects are believed to be similarly provided with explosive mixtures, while a very large number are known to be defensively armed with offensive odors. Others, again, as the female glow-worm, the fire-flies, and the lantern-fly, emit light instead of scent, and many naturalists believe that in the luminous phosphorescent halo with which they are surrounded at night, these insects have been provided by nature with a means of defense as effective as the circle of fire with which travelers scare away the beasts from their nocturnal encampments.

Among mollusks there are several examples of the use of this method of defense (emitting fluid). Thus, those soft-bodied forms known as sea-slugs and sea-hares, when irritated or alarmed emit a: reddish-purple fluid, which so colors the water for some distance around as effectually to conceal their whereabouts from their enemies. There are several shell-fish found in the Mediterranean which have this power, and it was from these that the celebrated purple dye of the ancients is supposed to have been obtained.

The best example, however, of the use of this weapon among mollusks is to be found in the cuttlefishes. These possess what is known as the ink-bag, the contents of which were formerly used for writing and in the preparation of sepia -- a substance named after one of those creatures. When the cuttle-fish is menaced with danger or otherwise irritated, it shoots out a quantity of its inky ammunition, and under cover of the dusky cloud thus produced it seeks a hiding place. "I had followed," said a recent observer, "one of these animals to a small hole in a rock. In vain I solicited him to come out by gentle pulls with a boat-hook. At last, when they were harder than he liked, he discharged the contents of his sepia bag all over me, and spoilt my waistcoat and trousers completely, that dye requiring no mordant, and being, as far as I know, indelible."

The most remarkable of all the defensive discharges of animals, however, remains to be noticed -- namely; that possessed by about a dozen species of fishes of communicating to other animals an electric shock. For this purpose they are armed with regular galvanic batteries, each of the pair in the torpedo fish consisting of about four hundred and seventy hexagonal prisms, supplied altogether with more than two hundred nerves. The electric currents generated in these natural batteries behave exactly like currents artificially produced -- Gunther stating that "they render the needle magnetic, decompose chemical compounds, and emit the spark." As in a galvanic battery, also, it is not sufficient to touch the fish at one point only in order to receive the shock; the circuit must be completed by contact at two points, either directly or through the medium of some

conducting body. Thus, according to the same authority, a painful sensation is said to be produced by a discharge conveyed through the medium of a stream of water.

The most powerful of those fishes is the electric eel of the marshes and rivers of Brazil and Guyana, which possesses an electric apparatus sufficient, it is said, when advantageously disposed to paralyze the largest animals. Most people are familiar with Humboldt's graphic description of the Indian method of capturing those creatures -- namely, by driving the wild horses of the surrounding plains into the streams, and keeping them there until the eels, by frequent shocks, have exhausted their stored-up electricity upon them, when, becoming even more helpless than other fishes, they are readily captured. Recently, however, considerable doubt has been thrown upon Humboldt's narrative, owing to the fact that subsequent travelers have failed to discover any trace of so unique a method of fishing. -- (From "Science Gleanings in Animal Life," by John Gibson. T. Nelson & Sons, Publishers. New York.)

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272 -- A HIGHWAYMAN'S HORSE

An eminent Scotch lawyer, having cause to visit London, decided to perform the journey on horseback in preference to posting, for this was before the days of railways. He therefore purchased a horse before starting, and on his arrival at the metropolis, following the usual custom, disposed of his nag, deciding to purchase another for the return journey. When he had completed his business, and had decided to set out for home, he went to Smithfield to purchase a horse. About dusk, a handsome horse was offered to him at so cheap a rate, that he was led to suspect the animal to be unsound; but as he could discover no blemish he became the purchaser.

Next morning he set out on his journey. His horse had excellent paces, and the first few miles, while the road was well frequented, our traveler spent in congratulating himself on his good fortune. On Finchley Common the traveler met a clergyman driving a one-horse chaise. There was nobody within sight, and the horse by his maneuver plainly intimated what had been the profession of his former master. Instead of passing the chaise, he laid his counter close up to it, and stopped it, having no doubt that his rider would embrace so fair an opportunity of exercising his vocation. The clergyman, under the same mistake, produced his purse unasked, and assured the inoffensive and surprised horseman that it was unnecessary to draw his pistol. The traveler rallied his horse, with apologies to the gentleman, whom he had unwillingly affrighted, and pursued his journey. The horse next made the same suspicious approach to a coach, from the windows of which a blunderbuss was leveled, with denunciations of death and destruction to the rider, who was innocent of all offense in deed or word. In short, after his life had been once or twice endangered by the suspicion to which his horse's conduct gave rise, and his liberty as often threatened by peace officers, who were disposed to apprehend him as a notorious highwayman, he found himself obliged to part with the animal for a mere trifle, and to purchase at a dearer rate a horse of less external figure and action, but of better moral habits. -- (From "A Hundred Anecdotes of Animals," by Percy J. Billinghurst. John Lane, Publishers. New York.)

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273 -- CURIOUS ANIMAL PARTNERSHIPS

In one of the Chicken Islands, of the New Zealand coast, a curious lizard, known as the tautara, and certain species of petrels, were found inhabiting the same burrows, apparently on the best of terms.

In certain parts of South America the rabbit-like viscacha has a messmate in a little burrowing owl, which is thus saved the labor of excavating a home for itself; but in Banda Oriental, where the viscacha does not occur, the owl has to do its own burrowing.

Among insects a few cases of commensalism (living with another for support or advantage) are on record, but the first known instance of its occurrence were two caterpillars in Brazil living on the leaves of the mulberry. The larger one was protected by a covering of long, stinging hairs or thorns; and, like most caterpillars similarly protected, its coloring was exceedingly bright and conspicuous. The other, a small blackish form, sat across the back of its gaudy partner, enjoying the protection afforded to both by the surrounding stinging hairs. On removing the smaller caterpillar from its retreat, Muller found that it made its way back again as quickly as it could. Under an anesthetic administered to it the larger caterpillar died, and its hitherto attached friend was then observed to leave it, and to make its way to the back of a living specimen,

It is among marine animals, however, that the phenomenon of commensalism has been most frequently observed. The remora is a feeble fish, little able to make its way alone in the world of waters, yet there are few fishes which have a wider distribution. It owes its success in life to the powerful alliances it forms. One of its fins has been transformed into a sucker, placed right on top of its head, by means of which it attaches itself firmly to any passing shark, whale, or even ship -- no doubt taking the vessel for some huge sea-monster. By these it is transported, without further exertion on its part, over great distances, meanwhile picking up such food as may come in its way. According to Beneden, the fishermen of Mozambique make use of the remora for fishing purposes. Passing a ring, to which a cord is attached, through the tail of the creature, they send it in pursuit of any passing fish or turtle; and so tenacious is its hold that the object of its attachment is usually secured.

Few fishes are better fitted to succeed in the struggle for existence than the angler or fishing frog, which, hiding itself for the most part in the mud of the sea-bottom, hangs out its fishing rod, with tempting bait, right over its capacious mouth. In the branchial sack of this fish, as found in the Mediterranean, an eel is said to reside, and to share in the abundant food supply of the lucky angler. Several small fishes have also been found habitually to lodge in the mouth capacity of a Brazilian cat-fish, sharing such food as the latter may succeed in capturing.

The marine enemies of the smaller fish are so numerous, that it is only by retreating to places inaccessible, or at least distasteful, to their foes that they have a chance of survival. A favorite shelter with many small fishes is the umbrella-like disk of the larger sea-jellies, the stinging properties of which probably cause them to be avoided by the other denizens of the deep. Among the species most commonly found in this position is the cod, which, according to Professor Sars of Christiania, passes One of the early stages of its existence under the friendly shelter of the medusa umbrella. Shortly after emerging from the egg, the young fry of the cod retire to deepish

water for awhile. When about an inch in length, however, they once more seek the shallow water of the coast, and in making this approach the coddlings are said to be guided by the medusac, beneath whose tentacles they shelter themselves. The partnership is believed in this case to be mutually advantageous, the fry sharing in the minute food which the jelly-fish is able to stupefy by its stinging tentacles, while they in turn relieve their host of certain parasites which infest it. As many as twenty fishes have, according to A. Agassiz, been counted swimming within the fringed margin of one of these pulsating umbrellas.

Dr. Collingwood discovered on a reef in the neighborhood of Labuan an anemone, which, when expanded measured fully two feet in diameter. Over this monster zoophyte there hovered a pretty little fish, which, when driven off invariably returned to its former position. Suspecting some connection between fish and anemone, he began raking about with a stick in the body of the latter, and succeeded in dislodging six similar fishes from the body cavity of the zoophyte. From the case with which they allowed themselves to be captured, they were evidently unaccustomed to swimming far beyond the protection of the stinging tentacles of the anemone.

A co-partnership profitable to both parties exists between several species of crabs and sea-anemones. In the China seas there is a crab which invariably has the same species of anemones on its back, while the latter, it is said, is never seen apart from the crab. By this association the normally sedentary anemone becomes as locomotive as the roving crustacean, while the crab gladly bears the burden for the protection its como mensal fortress affords. Further, there is s hermit crab, which tenents a moluscan shell, but which also contrives to have a particular species of anemone always attached to its adopted home. How friendly the two are was shown by Mr. Gosse; for when he removed the anemone he found that the hermit invariably took it up again and held it patiently in its claws against the shell, for about ten minutes at a time, until it had fairly taken hold again. -- (From "Science Gleanings in Animal Life," by John Gibson. T. Nelson & Sons, Publishers. New York.)

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274 -- THE MONKEY HIGHWAYMAN

There is a Negro boy in Washington who was robbed by a monkey highwayman. A large specimen had escaped from the Zoo to a neighboring woodland. It was some hours before the keepers found him; when they did, he had the trembling youth a prisoner, with hands raised heavenward, and mental terror on his tear-stained face. On the ground, in confusion, lay the jetsam of childish pockets. "He's done help me up," whimpered the frightened voice. "He's stole ma boss-shoe-nail ring; an' de sho'-nuff slap-jack; an' de kyite-string; an' de tenpenny nail; an' de chunk o' chewin'-gum; an' de candy sour-ball dat ain't half sucked yet. An' now he's tryin' to steal ma big toe. Please, gemmen, take him off'n me befo' he gits it!" They did it quickly, and the toe was saved. That boy could not be tempted to the Zoo now with all the money in the world. -- (From "1001 Animal Anecdotes" by Alfred H. Miles. Frederick A. Stokes Co., Publishers. New York.)

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275 -- STUFFING GEESE FOR MARKET

That the appetites of those seeking luxuries and craving unusual dishes may be satisfied, unfortunate geese are stuffed with food by a stick introduced into the esophagus, hastening the fattening process and giving us the paste made of the livers of geese. This stuffing is very cruel; it is accomplished by means of a funnel, and the victims remain a long time stretched out upon their backs, unable to move. In certain sections they even nail the feet of the wretched geese to-the floor to prevent all movement or exercise.

It will be well to remember this the next time we see upon the bill of fare the innocent looking words, "pate de foie gras."

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276 -- OWL TAKES PASSAGE ON STEAMER

The steamship Roman Prince, which arrived in New York the other day, picked up a passenger in mid-Atlantic and brought him to port.

This passenger was a big white Arctic owl. The bird dropped into the rigging of the fore-top-mast, and the boatswain went aloft to capture it. The poor creature did not try to escape, being thoroughly exhausted.

Captain Anderson said his unexpected passenger must have been blown out to sea, and was -- unable to get back against the strong westerly gales. The captain will present the bird, which is a fine specimen, to the Bronx Zoo, in New York. -- (Current Events.)

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277 -- THE DOG THAT FOUND $5.00

A writer in the Brooklyn "Eagle" tells a story of a dog who seemed to show a streak of financial intelligence. The animal is a mongrel, who some time ago, in a forlorn and hungry condition, "located himself" on the premises of a woman who lives in a flat on Gates Avenue. The other day, while roaming about, the dog found a five-dollar bill. By what process of reasoning or observation he had come to know that five-dollar bills are worth saving it is impossible to tell. The simple fact is that he took it in his mouth, and in spite of the efforts of several street boys who tried to get it away from him, ran home and deposited it at his mistress' feet, with a wag of his tail. He had probably observed the care with which his mistress guarded similar papers. -- (From "1001 Animal Anecdotes," by Alfred H. Miles. Frederick A. Stokes Co., Publishers. New York.)

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278 -- SAVING THE CHILD'S LIFE

Mr. G. Finlay, of Leith, relates how his dog once saved a child's life. He says: "I had a Yorkshire terrier which used to accompany me in many of my walks. One day while walking along

a street I stopped to look at a shop window. Behind me on the pavement there was a trap-door to a cellar, which was open. A man was carrying sacks of coal from a cart and emptying them through the opening. Hearing my dog barking I turned round and saw it pulling vigorously at the coalman's trousers and trying as hard as it could to keep him from the trap-door. Wondering what was the matter I looked into the cellar and saw a child lying on the fallen coal. It had fallen down while the man's back was turned, and the dog, noticing it, had kept the man from heaving coals on the top of it. The dog clearly saved the child's life." -- (From "1001 Animal Anecdotes," by Alfred H. Miles. Frederick A. Stokes Co., Publishers. New York.)

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279 -- THE MOTHER RAT AND THE POISON

As throwing light upon the question of the intelligence of the animal creation, in the exhibition of memory and reasoning power, beyond the mere pale of recognized instinct, I wish to give a brief account of an interesting incident of which I was the witness. On a very warm day in early summer, I happened to be standing near a chicken-coop in a back yard, when I noticed the head of a very gray and grizzled rat thrust from a neighboring rat-hole, and concluded to watch the movements of the veteran. After a careful survey of the surroundings, our old rodent seemed to be satisfied that all was right, and made a cautious exit from the home retreat. A fresh pan of water had been recently placed before the chicken-coop for the use of Mother "Chick" and her interesting brood. These all seemed to have satisfied their thirst, and the water looked a friendly invitation to the thirsty old rat, which immediately started toward it. The rat had not reached the pan before five half-grown young ones rushed ahead and tried to be first at the water. The old rat thereupon immediately made a leap like a kangaroo, and was at the edge of the dish in advance of the foremost of her litter. Then ensued a most remarkable occurrence. The mother rat raised herself on her haunches and bit and scratched her offspring so severely, whenever they attempted to reach the water, that they all finally scudded away, evidently very much astonished and also frightened at the strange and unaccountable behavior of their mother. I was as much astonished as they, and waited with renewed interest the outcome of this remarkable performance. When the little ones were at a safe distance, the reason of her extraordinary behavior began to be revealed at once in the intelligent actions of the old mother rat. She first wet her whiskers in the water, looked suspiciously about her, then very cautiously and carefully took a dainty little sip of the liquid. She tasted it as tentatively and critically as a professional tea-taster, and when she was satisfied that it contained no poisonous nor other deleterious matter, she gave a couple of squeaks, which quickly brought her young and thirsty brood to her side, and all fearlessly drank to their fill.

Now, this old mother was experienced, had evidently learned her lesson in that school thoroughly, and so she would not allow her young and untaught litter to taste water which might have contained rat-poison, or what not; until she had satisfied herself that the liquid was harmless.

As I witnessed this little scene in lowly animal life, the thought would keep coming, does not this look very much like reason? -- (Cyclopedia of Illustrations for Public Speakers.)

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Barnacles, in the young state, move about freely in the water, and possess well-developed eyes. On reaching maturity, however, they fix themselves for the remainder of their lives to rocks, which they cover as with a coating of rugged bark, at the same time losing entirely their organs of sight.

Light, however dim, is essential to vision, and there are many species of animals whose total blindness is to be accounted for by the total darkness in which they live. Eyes are of no use to the mole as it rushes along its subterranean galleries, while, owing to their liability to injury, they would be actually detrimental to it in its burrowing operations. The eyes of the British mole have accordingly, through disuse, grown so small as scarcely to be perceptible, while those of the mole found in Southern Europe are wholly covered over with skin and fur.

In this country (England) there are occasionally obtained from wells, some of them very old, others only recently dug, little fresh-water shrimps in which the eyes are either rudimentary or altogether gone.

The best known examples of blind species of animals are those to be found in the great limestone caverns of Europe and America. In the Allegheny and Mississippi valley regions of America the galleries of those caves are diversified by subterranean rivers, lakes and dry land, each with its own appropriate fauna. One of the most extensive and best known of these is the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, the galleries of which are upwards of twelve miles in length, and where a considerable number of blind animals belonging to the most diverse classes occur, the eyes of which are found to be in various stages of obliteration.

There is the blind fish, in which the eyes appear to be totally gone, which also occurs in the Wyandotte Cave in Indiana, where it was recently obtained by Professor Cope. He found that those blind fish, when not alarmed, came to the surface to feed, and swam in full sight "like white aquatic ghosts." Being perfectly blind, they can be readily captured with the hand, provided the most perfect silence is maintained. Their sense of hearing, says Professor Cope, is evidently very acute, for at any noise they turn suddenly downward and hide themselves beneath stones in the bottom.

Those American caves, likewise, contain several species of blind beetles, spiders, shrimp-like creatures, and centipedes.

The recent investigations into the fauna of the deep seas have also disclosed the fact that the caves of ocean contain sightless animals. At depths varying from a few hundred to nearly two thousand fathoms, the Challenger dredge brought up several species of stalk-eyed yet eyeless crustaceans, no trace of the stalks even on which the eyes are placed remaining.'

Strange to say, however, at equally profound depths other crustaceans were brought up in which the eyes were unusually well developed, and "apparently of great delicacy." -- (From "Science Gleanings in Animal Life," by John Gibson. T. Nelson & Sons, Publishers. New York.)

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281 -- THE MARVELOUS SPARROW

The history of the spread of the common sparrow is interesting. Two thousand years ago it lived only in middle Europe. Since then it has covered all Europe and has entered Siberia, crossed the Mediterranean sea and invaded Africa. It was brought to New York in 1850 by persons who thought it would be a useful scavenger. By 1870 it had spread all over the Eastern States; by 1886 it had reached Kansas and it is now abundant all over the United States and in Canada. In fifty years it has covered the whole continent. Other birds were here before it. Why has the sparrow succeeded when they have barely held their own? The reasons are, that the sparrow is bold, hardy, crafty. It will eat anything, live anywhere. It has several broods a year. It is like some of the weeds among plants, like the rat among mammals. It fits the conditions in which it lives. It survives because it is the fittest to survive in those conditions.

A female sparrow has five or six broods each year, with four to six young in each brood. If we suppose that twenty-four young sparrows are produced each year, that the young sparrows breed when they are a year old, and that all live -- and if all this keeps on lot ten years -- then one pair of sparrows will produce 138,000,000,000 young ones in ten years. Of course many sparrows are killed, and many die of disease, and some do not have twenty-four young in a year; but the increase is enormous. -- (From Real Things in Nature," by Edward S. Holden. The Macmillan Company, Publishers. New York.)

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282 -- LARGE FISH

The size of fishes depends in an unusual degree on the nature and supply of their food, mature individuals belonging to the same species often showing a disparity in size probably unequaled in any other division of the animal kingdom. Adult salmon thus vary from a few pounds weight to such monsters as that weighing seventy pounds, a cast of which was exhibited at the Edinburgh Fisheries Exhibition. Carp have been known in Germany to grow to a length of nine feet, and to weigh seventy pounds; while a pike was caught many years ago in Loch Lomond which weighed seventy-nine pounds, and another in the Shannon weighing ninety-two pounds. The halibut -- the giant representative of the flat-fish family -- shows similar contrasts, mature individuals varying from a few pounds weight up to six hundred pounds, the recorded weight of a specimen taken off the New England coast. -- (From "Science Gleanings in Animal Life," by John Gibson. T. Nelson & Sons, Publishers. New York.)

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283 -- THE HORSE'S DOCILITY

An Eastern traveler relates that the Arab horse seems to know when he is about to be sold, or when his master is bargaining for him. He becomes restless, gives a side glance from his beautiful eye to the bargainers, and shows his discontent by scraping the ground with his foot.

Neither the buyer nor any one else then dare come near him. But when the bargain is concluded, and the old master delivers the halter, with a slice of bread and some salt, to the new owner, and then turns and walks away, the horse immediately becomes tractable, and in a short time seems to transfer his regard to the one who is henceforth to be his companion and friend. -- (Reprinted from Johonnot's "A Natural History Reader," by permission of D. Appleton and Company.)

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284 -- REMARKABLE MIGRATION OF BIRDS

As to the destination of our migratory birds, it is well known that most of the spring and summer visitors to Britain and the north of Europe pass the winter in North Africa and Western Asia, while our winter visitors retire to the extreme north of Europe and Asia. How they reach those quarters forms one of the greatest puzzles in the entire field of natural history. That in doing so they accomplish enormous journeys is well known. The Swedish blue-throat, which breeds in the northern part of Scandinavia, suddenly transports itself to the valleys of the Upper Nile, where it winters, and from which it returns unerringly in spring to its former breeding quarters. The stork leaves the marshes of Holland, and a few days later is seen flying southward in immense flocks over Eastern Sudan, probably having its winter quarters among the lakes of Central Africa. Seas such as the English Channel and the Mediterranean, form no barrier to those movements.

Migratory birds frequently travel by night, although in crossing the Mediterranean they are said to chose moonlight. Dark, cloudy nights would seem also to disconcert them in their journeying -- Professor Newton and others having noticed that on such nights the cries may frequently be heard of a mixed multitude of birds hovering over towns as if at a loss to know whether to proceed, and apparently attracted by the lights of the houses.

Marvelous as it is that those birds should be able to direct themselves to a given point -- a former breeding or feeding place -- hundreds, or it may be a thousand miles away, it is no less wonderful that they should so time their starting as to reach their destination at almost the same date every year. "Occasionally," says Professor Newton, "the return of the swallow or the nightingale may be somewhat delayed; but most sea-fowls may be trusted, it is said, as the almanac itself. Were they satellites revolving around the earth, their arrival could hardly be more surely calculated by an astronomer. Foul weather or fair, heat or cold, the puffins repair to some of their stations punctually on a given day, as if their movements were regulated by clockwork."

Mr. Gatke, the well-known observer of bird life on Heligoland, stated that of three hundred and sixty species of migratory birds which he had himself taken on that island, in one case only did the old birds precede the young in the autumnal migration. In all others the young birds in their first migratory trip got the start of their parents by some weeks, the old males being, strange to say, the last to migrate. The cuckoo formed the sole exception, the old birds in this case migrating at least a month earlier than their young. No better example, indeed, of the young birds' entire independence of parental aid with regard to migration could be found than that of the cuckoo, which leaves its eggs to be hatched by other birds, and whose young, therefore, never see the adult form of their species until they have successfully performed their first migration.

In spring, however, the birds return in reverse order, the most perfect old males, according to Gatke, appearing first, followed soon by old females, and later by the young birds, -- "the rear," says this accurate observer, "being brought up by the halt and lame -- crippled birds that have lost a greater or less number of their wing or tail feathers, some toes, or even a whole foot." -- (From "Science Gleanings in Animal Life," by John Gibson. T. Nelson & Sons, Publishers. New York.)

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285 -- CURIOSITIES IN ANIMAL RESEMBLANCES

Lately the Duke of Argyll drew attention to a well-marked example of a phenomenon which naturalists have of late years found to be marvelously prevalent throughout the animal kingdom. He observed at Cannes a very handsome moth, which settled on the ground near where he sat, and the lustrous yellow color of whose wing-margins rendered it at first a conspicuous object. Having taken alarm, however, at some movement in its neighborhood, the creature gave itself a sudden jerk and instantly became invisible. Looking intently at the place of its disappearance, the Duke saw that the ground was strewn with withered and crumpled leaves, and that one of those leaves occupied" the very spot on which the insect had settled. It then flashed upon his mind that this was -- as it proved to be -- a case of mimicry, the supposed leaf being no other than the brilliant moth of a moment before. So confident was the insect of the efficiency of its disguise, that it allowed him to approach quite close to it without moving; and he then saw that the golden margins of the fore wings had been folded down out of sight, and that the remainder of the dark-brown wings "were so crumpled up that they imitated exactly the dried and withered leaves around."

In the above instance the moth exhibited a somewhat minute and detailed resemblance to the dead leaf, while its habits, as shown among withered leaves, accorded with its deceptive garb. There are numerous cases, however, in which the resemblance of animals to their surroundings is of a much more general character. Thus, polar animals, as the bear and the Arctic hare, are white; desert animals, like the lion, are sandy-colored; while green is a prevalent color among the birds and other arboreal inhabitants of tropical forests. The mountain hare and the ptarmigan of our own country (England) are white in winter, while their summer coat is of a darker hue. In all such cases, conformity in color to surrounding nature may safely be regarded as protective, enabling its possessors the better to avoid their enemies or to steal upon their prey.

While instances of this general resemblance in tint between animals and their environment are to be found everywhere throughout the animal kingdom cases of special adaptation, such as that observed by the Duke of Argyll, are of the most frequent occurrence among insects. Thus, A. R. Wallace, in his "Malay Archipelago," tells of a butterfly conspicuous on the wing, but which had only to alight on a twig in order to become indistinguishable from the surrounding leaves. Its wings, placed back to back, concealed the head and antennae, and resembled a shriveled leaf not only in shape but in general markings, while the little tails of the hind wings, touching the twig, formed a perfect stalk.

The "walking-leaf" and "walking-stick" are further examples of minute imitation, the former, when resting on the foliage which forms their food, being quite indistinguishable to ordinary observation from the surrounding leaves, while the latter are very perfect imitations of

dead sticks. No better proof of the effectiveness of the disguise in the "walking-leaf" could be found than that related by Belt in his "Naturalist in Nicaragua," where he states that an army of foraging ants, in search of insect prey, actually passed over the body of one of those creatures without perceiving that they were treading on their favorite food.

In this case, as in all such cases, the insect by its behavior bore out the deception due to its appearance. With its legs stretched out asymmetrically, so as to resemble twigs, it remained unmovable while the army of ants passed over it; and so convinced, apparently, was it that its safety lay in its immobility, that it allowed Mr. Belt to lift it and to lay it down again without once moving.

The minuteness with which resemblance to vegetable substances is often carried out is seen in the case noticed by Wallace of a "walking-stick" insect brought to him by a Dyak, who said that it was grown over with moss; and it was only after a minute examination that the naturalist convinced himself that the so-called moss was merely an animal counterfeit of it. -- (From "Science Gleanings in Animal Life," by John Gibson. T. Nelson & Sons, Publishers. New York.)

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286 -- SURGEON TO A TIGER

When one of the tigers in the zoological gardens, Dublin, was threatened with gangrene in its paw, the Rev. Samuel Haughton, M. D., undertook to perform the dangerous experiment of operating on the animal.

It was indeed a thrilling experience, as related in the Westminster "Gazette." The mate of the tiger was first secured in a side den. A net, devised by Professor Haughton, was thrown over the tiger, and he was drawn forward to the door of the cage. Four stout keepers then held the feet of the struggling animal, while Professor Haughton cut away the diseased claw.

The suffering beast furiously but vainly tried to get at him during the operation, but the rage of the tigress looking on through the bars of the side den was much more terrible to behold. She roared, and violently flung herself against the barriers in her mad desire to go to the rescue of her mate.

When the tigress was admitted to the cage after the wound of her mate had been dressed, she turned up the paw and examined it with touching solicitude, and then licked her mate, as a cat licks her kittens, to soothe him, purring softly the while.

But perhaps the most extraordinary part of the affair was the sequel. A week later Professor Haughton was again at the zoo to see how his patient was getting on. When the animal espied him, he began to purr like a cat, allowed him to examine the paw, and seemed pleased that he should do so. Indeed, for years afterward the tiger and tigress showed themselves most friendly and grateful to Professor Haughton. -- (Our Dumb Animals.)

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287 -- A GENEROUS REVENGE

A young man, desirous of getting rid of his dog, took it with him to the river. He hired a boat, and rowing into the stream, threw the animal in. The poor creature attempted to climb up the side of the boat, but his master, whose intention was to drown him, constantly pushed him back with the oar. In doing this, he fell himself into the water, and would certainly have been drowned, had not the dog, as soon as he saw his master struggling in the stream, suffered the boat to float away, and held him above the water till assistance arrived, and his life was saved. -- (From "A Hundred Anecdotes of Animals," by Percy J. Billinghurst. John Lane Company, Publishers. New York.)

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288 -- NINE DUMB HEROES

"There were over four thousand dogs of proud pedigree on exhibition at a recent London dog show, many of them worth thousands of dollars, but none of the aristocrats attracted as much attention as nine four-footed heroes shown together on a bench. Each of the nine had saved human life, and above the stall of each was set forth a brief record of his service to mankind."

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289 -- A LONELY DUCK

Stuffy was a very greedy little duck who belonged to Elizabeth. He had earned his name because he tried to eat his own breakfast and that of his brothers, too.

But one sad night some one came in the dark and stole his brothers away. In the morning only Stuffy was to be found, quacking wildly about the garden in his search for Bob and Parson.

They could not be found, however; and poor Stuffy lived alone. He told his sorrow in such loud quacks that after some days he began to annoy the neighbors, and mamma said something must be done.

So at last Stuffy traveled, in a comfortable box, of/ on a railroad train, until he came to grandfather's. There he found a whole flock of ducks to welcome him, and a fine pond in which he could swim.

But the poor duck had lived long enough alone to grow very bashful. He was not quite at home among his new friends. They were very kind to him, but he often left them to stray away by himself.

One day grandfather was sitting on the verandah, and saw Stuffy moping in the corner, while the other ducks were diving and splashing in the pond. Presently one of the flock spied the lonely Stuffy. He stopped splashing, swam to the shore, and waddled across the grass to Stuffy.

Very politely he took his visitor's beak in his own, and urged him toward the pond. The mopey little duck yielded to the kind invitation, and soon was swimming with the merriest.

Such thoughtfulness seemed to conquer all Stuffy's reserve. After that he became one of the flock. And now, when the flock waddles across the grass to the pond, it is Stuffy who is at the head as leader.

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290 -- A CAMEL'S STOMACH

The stomach of a camel is divided into four compartments, and the walls of these are lined with large cells, every one of which can be opened and closed at will by the means of powerful muscles, explains a writer in the "Presbyterian." When a camel drinks, it drinks a great deal. Indeed, it drinks for such a long time that you really would think it never meant to leave off. The fact is that it is not satisfying its thirst, but is filling up its cistern as well. One after another the cells in its stomach are filled with the water, and as soon as each is quite full, it is tightly closed. Then when, a few hours later, the animal becomes thirsty, all that it has to do is to open one of the cells and allow the water to flow out. Next day it opens one or two more cells, and so it goes on day after day until the whole supply is exhausted. In this curious way a camel can live five or even six days without drinking at all, and so is able to travel quite easily through the desert, where the wells are often hundreds of miles apart. -- (Our Dumb Animals.)

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291 -- AFFECTIONATE HERONS

"No other bird shows conjugal affection in quite the same way as the brown backed herons of Andalusia in Spain. Whenever the husband relieves his wife at the nest he invariably lays his neck over hers in a momentary embrace and then takes up his position while the other bird flies away."

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292 -- THE BAGWORM'S HOUSE

The bagworm takes his house along when he decides to move from one place to another.

The little creature is called the bagworm, because the house that he makes for himself is shaped like a bag. Out of silk, bits of leaves, and the tiniest twigs, he builds a cozy, strong home.

When moving-day comes, the bagworm crawls about half-way out of his house, and catches hold of it firmly with his hind feet. Then, on his front feet, he walks away, and drags his house behind him. So, you see, when he gets to a new neighborhood he does not have to go house-hunting.

By and by the bagworm fastens his silken bag house to the limb of a tree. Then he crawls inside; soon he changes into a chrysalis; but Mr. Bagworm is not willing to remain just a chrysalis; he wants wings. So he crawls out of the house he has lived in ever since he was a larva, and becomes a fully winged moth, with a dark body and wings of a light color. -- (Youth's Companion.)

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293 -- CURIOSITIES AMONG BIRDS

Most birds build nests, and sometimes show the greatest skill and patience in building. The tailor-bird sews leaves together with a cotton thread that it makes, and pierces the necessary holes in the leaves with its bill." Some observers say that it makes a kind of a knot in the end of the thread.

The cuckoo lays its eggs in the nests of other birds and allows them to be hatched there to save itself the trouble.

Female birds usually sit on the eggs and hatch them, and the male birds usually feed the female bird and the young. The male ostrich, however, sits on the nest.

Gulls and crows open shellfish by dropping them on rocks from high up in the air.

Woodpeckers store acorns for winter use. They feed on the grubs fattened by the acorns.

Turkey-buzzards tell each other where food is, by a high flight into the air which calls other buzzards from a distance.

The frigate-bird will not fish for itself, but it follows the booby-bird and takes the fish that it has caught. -- (From Real Things in Nature," by Edward S. Holden. The Macmillan Company, Publishers. New York.)

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294 -- THE REVENGEFUL CAT

Cats often show that they possess some of the vices as well as some of the virtues of human beings. The tom-cat is frequently fierce, treacherous, and vindictive, and at no time can his humor be crossed with impunity. Mrs. F- mentions several instances of this.

A person she knew in the south of Ireland had severely chastised his cat for some misdemeanor, when the creature immediately ran off and could not be found. Some days afterwards, as this person was going from home, what should he see in the center of a narrow path between the walls but his cat, with its back up, its eyeballs glaring, and a wicked expression in its countenance. Expecting to frighten off the creature, he slashed at it with his handkerchief, when it sprang at him with a fierce hiss, and, seizing his hand in its mouth, held on so tightly that he was

unable to beat it off. He hastened home, nearly fainting with the agony he endured, and not till the creature's body was cut from the head could the mangled hand be extricated.

An Irish gentleman had an only son, quite a little boy, who, being without playmates, was allowed to have a number of cats sleeping in his room. One day the boy beat the father of the family for some offense, and when he was asleep at night the revengeful beast seized him by the throat, and might have killed him had not instant help been at hand. The cat sprang from the window and was no more seen.

If you are always gentle and kind, you will never arouse anger or revenge. It may be aroused in the breast of the most harmless-looking creatures and the most contemptible. Your motive, however, for acting gently and lovingly should be, not fear of the consequences of a contrary behavior, but that the former is right. -- (From "Stories of the Sagacity of Animals," by W. H. G. Kingston. T. Nelson & Sons, Publishers. New York.)

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295 -- A CORINTO PARROT

Have you ever realized that a parrot has an almost human memory? When I was in Corinto, Nicaragua, my attention was called to an unusually beautiful native girl, who stood on the dock. Her features were perfect, her black hair fell below her waist in two braids, and her dark skin and eyes made her even teeth all the whiter.

A few rags were draped, instinctively artistic, around her faultless figure. Perched an each shoulder was a paroquet, -- and three parrots, and a smaller tropical bird, on a forked stick that she held, arm outstretched, by her side. Her voice was soft and far-reaching, as she called:

"Quiere parajos (Do you wish birds), Senorita?"

On a previous voyage of the steamer on which I was a passenger, one of the engineers had bought a parrot of this girl. On the return North, after three weeks, when they docked at Corinto, he took it out on his arm, and walked up and down the lower deck.

Suddenly it saw its former mistress and, in beseeching tones, called out her name and little endearing words that she used to call it by. "Lolita" heard it and, with pleased recognition, the tears fell down her face.

"Oh, Senor!" in Spanish, "I will give you all my birds if you will only give me this one back. 'Tis true, I never cared more for it than for the others, but now that it remembers me and calls my name and wants to come to me, I want it back."

I wish that I could tell you that the engineer, an American, returned to the little Nicaraguan girl the parrot that loved her so, but I can not. Instead, he stood and laughed, and tortured them both by holding the bird out to her, then drawing it back. It was heartrending, but she was "only a Spiggoty" to him.

She implored that she did not know there was anything in the world that loved her so. Then the captain and officers and even members of the crew made up a purse, and begged to buy it, to restore it to her, but the engineer was stubborn, he would not give up "such a remarkable bird."

So he sailed away triumphantly, but he had lost the respect of his fellow-men, who made it so disagreeable for him that he left the company's employ at San Francisco.

During the recent disturbances in Nicaragua I have often wondered what has become of Lolita, who gazed at the sea so sadly on that day. -- (Anna Stearns, in "Our Dumb Animals.")

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296 -- CURIOUS HOME OF THE CALL-INSECT

The oak-galls are formed only where a gall-insect has pricked a little leaf or stem or twig with her sharp, sting-like, little egg-layer, and has left an egg in the plant tissue. Nor does the gall begin to form even yet. It begins only after the young gall-insect is hatched from the egg, or at least begins to develop inside the egg. Then the gall grows rapidly. The tree sends an extra supply of sap to this spot, and the plant cells multiply, and the house begins to form around the little white grub. Now, this house or gall not only encloses and protects the insect, but it provides it with food in the form of plant-sap and a special mass or layer of soft, nutritious plant-tissue lying right around the grub. So, the gall-insect not only lives in the house, but eats it. -- (Cyclopedia of Illustrations for Public Speakers.)

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297 -- A HERO OF THE AUSTIN FLOOD

A special staff correspondent of the Cleveland "Press" of October 4, sent his paper this incident connected with the bursting of the dam:

Maude, a powerful black mare, deserves a hero medal for life-saving at the Austin deluge, and Lewis Ryan, sixty-five, her driver, whose life she saved, is going to pin it on her, figuratively, by making the rest of her life ease and luxury.

When the dam broke, Ryan was loading his two-wheeled truck, to which Maude was hitched. He raced for the hills, but halted when Maude whinnied for help as clearly, Ryan says, as if she had been gifted with speech. He hurried back, cut her harness, and together they made for the hills.

Ryan stumbled and fell just as the huge mass of water and pulp wood was bearing down on him. Maude missed him, ran back to his side, and Ryan mounted her. She carried him safely above the water-line.

"I would have deserted my old pal in a mighty sneaky way," Ryan said, with tears in his eyes. "I guess she thought that the old man was getting old and sort of forgetting all about her, so she just up and whinnies to remind me I was deserting her.

"I can never forget the look that horse gave me when I heard her whinny and turned. It was the most reproachful look I ever saw, not barring human beings.

"And if I have to work until I croak, that horse is never going to do any more work. She saved my life, and a vacation for life is going to be her reward."

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298 -- THE CAT THAT HAD RIGHT OF WAY

When traffic was at its height on one of New York's busiest thoroughfares recently and a long line of trucks on either side, moving continuously, made crossing dangerous for all foot travelers, a cat emerged from a produce store with a kitten dangling from her mouth, and essayed to cross the street. Each time she started she had to turn back because of a truck, and her efforts quickly attracted a crowd.

Down from the corner came a policeman. He soon saw what was the matter, and while there was nothing in the traffic regulations to cover the point, it took him only a moment to decide what to do.

Going into the street he raised his hands in the way that truckmen have learned means "Stop." They stopped. The cat, seeing her opportunity, took a firmer hold on the nape of her progeny, and then, holding it high to keep even its curved tail out of the mud, she slowly and deliberately picked her way across and disappeared in a cellar. -- (Our Dumb Animals.)

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299 -- WHY A HEN ADOPTED ME

The hen which adopted me was a common ordinary mixture of Plymouth Rock and Buff Orpington. She found a tin can in my cousin's back yard, and, as it smelled good, decided to investigate it. Shortly after, a peculiar muffled noise called me to the kitchen door. I quickly saw the trouble. Mrs. Hen had her head securely fastened in the tin can. Try as she would she could not free herself. I feel for all the poor helpless things, so, although I laughed at the spectacle, I hastened to her relief.

For some reason, my cousin's chickens are all very wild. Knowing this, I approached this hen very carefully. I picked her up and, walking over to the kitchen step, sat down. Whoever had opened that can had done a very poor job. He had cut two straight lines, something after the manner of a "plus" sign. Then he had partially turned the corners back.

I had a dreadful time liberating that hen without hurting her. I was really surprised at her behavior. It proved to me right there that even the chickens, simpleminded things that they are, recognize the human superiority. She sat as calm as could be while I was working over her. Her actions said very plainly, "I know that you are big and powerful, and as you are of the mind to help me, only a hen, I put myself wholly in your hands."

The really funny part of the whole thing was afterward. I got the can from her head. Not a feather was sacrificed. She stood on the step looking at me. As she didn't offer to go away, I picked her up, smoothed her feathers a little and set her down again. She seemed so grateful I decided to get her something to eat. It was quite a novelty to have a strange hen making over me. I stepped into the kitchen and got her some bread crumbs. From that time until-they were all sold to some people that had a nice, warm sod hen-house, that hen never failed to greet me whenever she saw me in the yard. I am glad she has a good home, because when the wagon carried them away, her nice friendly clucks, bidding me "good-by" was the last thing I heard. -- (Mabel P. Allen, in "Our Dumb Animals.")

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300 -- THE HORSE THAT REMEMBERED ABUSE

To tease any animal is unwise, and even dangerous. Animals never forget. A writer in "Farm and Fireside" shows how the dispositions of farm animals are made ugly or gentle according as they are treated by the small boy. He says:

"I know of two little boys and an old family mare. The old mare has often been teased by one of the boys, and when he comes near she lays back her ears, and with flashing eyes and snapping teeth tries to get at him. Sometime when he is off guard perhaps the chance will come, and who knows what will happen? The other lad always petted and played with the old mare and talked to her, and she will come to him and follow him about anywhere. He never teased her, and she shows her gratitude in her only way. Teasing colts, horses or other dumb animals shows a streak of hidden meanness and should not be permitted. It also spoils the animal. How much better to have them act from motives of affection rather than fear!" -- (Our Dumb Animals.)

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301 -- THE ARAB AND HIS HORSE

We have all heard the story of the Arab who refused all offers made to purchase a beautiful mare on which he rode, declaring he loved the animal better than his own life. The whole estate of this poor Arab of the desert consisted of this most beautiful young filly. When asked if he would sell, and being pressed by poverty and want, he hesitated for a long time, but at length consented on consideration of receiving a very large sum of money, which he named himself. So he was requested to deliver the animal to the French consul at Said, who soon after made his appearance mounted on a magnificent courser, and laid down the gold demanded for the mare. The Arab, clothed in rags, dismounted, looked at the money, then turning his eyes to the mare, said: "To whom am I going to yield thee up? to European, who will tie thee close, who will beat thee, who

will render thee miserable? Return with me, my beauty, my darling, my jewel, and rejoice the hearts of my children," and he sprang upon her back and sped away toward the desert. So let us treat our horses kindly, gently, for without them words fail to describe the situation. -- (International Auctioneer.)

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302 -- SOME MAMMAL CURIOSITIES

Opossums and kangaroos carry their young in a pouch till they can take care of themselves.

Man is the only animal that habitually walks upright and has his arms free.

Many mammals have good voices. The gibbon ape can sing eight notes -- an octave -- -correctly. Their voices are used to call their mates, to give alarms, etc.

Many animals (the bear for instance) hibernate-that is, sleep -- for a large part of the winter.

Most wild animals have a color to match the landscape they live in. Bears that live in forests are brown; polar bears are white to match the snow. -- (From "Real Things in Nature," by Edward S. Holden. The Macmillan Company, Publishers. New York.)

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303 -- A VOICE FOR THE DOG

A mad dog does not rush!
A mad dog does not attack!
A mad dog does not froth at the mouth!
A mad dog will not fight back even when cornered!

The symptoms usually described as those of rabies are only those of a simple form of epilepsy or nervous disorder and they are not contagious.

Hydrophobia is not caused by heat; epilepsy is. Hydrophobia is only communicable by a bite; epilepsy is not communicable at all. Dogs suffering from hydrophobia do not froth at the mouth; epileptics do.

The same author, and I refer to Dr. Wesley Mills, says: "Discrimination lies between this disease and epilepsy, or fits of various kinds, arising from the heat of the sun as dogs run the streets." Again he says: "Fear of water is a pure hypothesis so far as the dog is concerned."

Let a poor little house dog, unaccustomed to roughing it for himself, become nervously excited by the din of the street, or overheated on a hot summer day, and some fool raises the cry of mad dog and shies a brick. The dog runs and that is enough. Men are but savages under restraint

and anything that runs must necessarily be guilty, and soon a howling mob is in pursuit and the dog is lucky indeed that escapes.

Every large city has a dog pound; hundreds of men are employed as dog catchers. They are frequently bitten. Did any one of them ever have hydrophobia?

Hundreds of men in this country keep dog kennels and raise dogs for sale; other hundreds make a business of training dogs for field trials, hunting and performing. They are frequently bitten. Did any one of them ever have hydrophobia? Give plenty of water. Give the dog a chance. -- (Chicago Inter-Ocean.)

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THE END