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A Poor Man's Wealth.

A poor man! Yes; I must confess-No wealth of gold do I possess; No pastures fine, with grazing k ne, Nor fields of waving grain are mine; No foot of fat or fallow land Where rightful'y my feet may stand The while | claim it as my own-title mine alone.

Ah, poor indeed! perhaps you say-But spare me your compassion, pray! When I can't ride, with you, I walk In Nature's company, and talk With one who will not slight or slur The child forever dear to her-And one who answers back, be sure, With smile for smile, though I am poor-

And while communing thus I count An inner wealth of large amount-The wealth of honest purpose blent With Penury's environment-The wealth of owing naught to-day But debts that I would gladly pay, And wealth of thanks still unexpressed With cumulative interest.

A wealth of, patience and content-For all my ways improvident; A faith still fondly exercised-For all my plans unrealized; A wealth of promises that still, How e'er I fail, I hope to fill; A wealth of charity for those Who pity me, my ragged clothes.

A poor man! Yes, I must con'ess No wealth of gold do I possess; No pastures fine, with grazing kine, Nor fi lds of waving grein are mine-But ah, my friend! I've wealth, no end! And millionaires might condescend To bend the knee and envy me This opulence of poverty!

J. Whitcomb Riley.

THE PRAIRIE FIRE.

"Oh, daddy!" called a clear, girlish

"Yes, Lindy; what's wanted?" "Ma wants to know how long it'll be and with it all hope of safety.

'fore you're ready."

too late a start to town.' Butter and eggs, indeed! As if Lindy needed a reminder other than the increased her almost superhuman exernew dress for which they were to be tions, and in another brief interval the exchanged

ing the house.

"Yes, Lindy; I hope so," was the reply. "But don't bother me now; your shawl on yet. Yes, Wilbur; I'm here don't let Elmer play with the fire or them. run away."

And in a moment more the heavy lumber wagon rattled away from the door, and the children stood gazing after it for awhile, in half-forlorn manner. Then Lindy went in to do her theerfully as ever.

After dinner, Elmer went to sleep and Lindy, feeling rather lonely again, went out-of-doors for a change. It was a warm autumnal day, almost the all else it touched so dry that the prairie seemed like a vast tinder-box-Though her parents had but lately moved to this place, Lindy was accustomed to the prairies. She had been stood to-day with that brown, unbroken expanse rolling away before her unti it reached the pale blush-gray of the sky, the indescribable feeling of awe scene often inspires in one not familiar with it stole gradually over her. * But Lindy was far too practical to remain long under such an influence. The chickens were "peeping" loudly, and she remembered that they were still

without their dinner. As she passed around the corner of

Great tumble weeds went flying by, turning over and over with lightning and carried along, mile after mile, till the chickens their long delayed dinner. some fence or other obstacle was reached, where they could pile up in great drifts, and wait till a brisk wind from an opposite direction should send them rolling and tumbling all the way back. But Lindy did not notice the tumble weeds. The dish of corn had fallen from What was the sight that so frighten- brown hand-"a brave girl!"

Only a line of fire below the horizonthe prairie.

But the scene was without beauty for Lindy. Her heart had given one great bound when she first saw the red line, and then it seemed to cease beating. She had seen many prairie fires; had seen her father and other men fight them, and she knew at once the danger her home was in. What could she, a little girl, do to save it, and perhaps herself and her little brother, from the destroyer which the south wind was

Jep nau

DEININGER & BUMILLER, Editors and Proprietors.

bringing straight toward them? Only for a moment Lindy stood white and motionless; then with a bound she was at the well. Her ing two pails of water, she laid a large bag in each, and then, getting some matches, hurried out beyond the stable. She must fight fire with fire. That was her only hope; but a strong, experienced man would have shrunk from starting a back fire in such a wind.

She fully realized the danger; but it was possible escape from otherwise in evitable destruction, and she hesitated wet bag ready to smother the first un what they are doing just now. ruly flame.

The great fire to the southward was rapidly approaching. Prairie chickens and other birds, driven from their nests, were flying over, uttering distressed cries. The air was full of smoke and burnt grass, and the crackling of the flames could plainly be heard. It was a trying moment. The increased roar of the advancing fire warned Lindy that she had but very little time in which to complete the house and barn; still, if she hurried too much, she would lose control of the fire she had started,

The heat was intense, the smoke "Oh, tell her I'll be at the door by the | suffocating, the rapid swinging of the time she gets her things on. Be sure heavy bag most exhausting, but she in the rear, and it isn't pleasant to you have the butter and eggs all ready | was unconscious of these things. The | think of what might have been. to put into the wagon. We're makin' extremity of the danger inspired her with wonderful strength and endurance. Instead of losing courage, she task was completed. None too soon, "Elmer and I can go to town next either, for the swiftly advancing coltime, can't we, ma?" she asked, enter- umn had nearly reached the wavering, struggling, slow-moving line Lindy had sent out to meet it.

It was a wild, fascinating, half terripa is coming already, and I haven't my | ble, half beautiful scene. The tongues of flame, leaping above each other with Just put this butter in, Lindy, I'll airy, fantastic grace, seemed, cat-like, to carry the eggs in my lap. Now, Lindy, toy with their virtues before devouring

A sudden, violent gust of wind, and then with a great crackling roar the two fires met, the flames shooting high into the air as they rushed together.

For one brief, glorious moment they remained there, lapping the air with work. Elmer resumed his play, and their fierce, hot tongues; then suddenly soon everything was moving along as dropping, they died quickly out; and where an instant before had been a wall of fire was nothing now but a cloud of blue smoke rising from the blackened ground, and here and there a sickly flame finishing an obstinate tuft of perfect counterpart of a dozen or more grass. The fire on each side meeting which had preceded it. The sun shone | no obstacle, swept quickly by, and brightly and the hot winds that swept | Lindy stood gazing, spell bound, after through the tall grass made that and it, as it darted and flashed in terrible zigzag lines farther and farther away.

"Oh, Lindy!" called a shrill little voice from the house. Elmer had

"Yes, I'm coming," Lindy answered, born on them, and her eyes were fa. turning. But how very queer she felt! miliar with nothing else; yet, as she There was a roaring in her ears louder than the fire had made; everything whirled before her eyes; and the sun seemed suddenly to have ceased shining. all was so dark. Reaching the house and terrible solitude which such a by a great effort, she sank, faint, dizzy and trembling upon the bed by her brother's side.

Elmer, frightened and hardly awake, began to cry, and as he never did anything in a half-way manner, the result was quite wonderful. His frantic shrieks and furious cries roused his half-fainting sister as effectually as if the house with a dish of corn in her he had poured a glass of brandy behands, the wind almost lifted her from | tween her lips. She soon sat up, and the ground. It was certainly blowing | by and by color began to return to the with greater violence than during the white face, and strength to the ex hausted body. Her practical nature and strong will again asserted themselves, and instead of yielding to a feellike rapidity; then, pausing for an in- ing of weakness and prostration, she stant's rest, were caught by another gust | tied on her sun-bonnet firmly, and gave

But when, half an hour later, her father found her fast asleep, with the glow from the sky reflected on her weary little face, he looked out of the window for a moment, picturing to himself the terrible scenes of the afternoon, and then down at his daughter. is volatilized and recrystalized on the her hand, and she stood looking straight "A brave girl!" he murmured, smooth- edges of the crevices. There is no ahead with wide-open, frightened eves | ing the vellow hair with his hard, | smoke; the air quivers with the heat

Only a line of fire, with forked flames | made himself famous and popular by | knows how many centuries before. It darting high into the air, a cloud of kissing babies (age not limited), and is only one of a number of fires that smoke drifting away from them. A has received many favorable com- are known on the Bad Lands." The beautiful relief, this bright, changing ments from admiring parents. Bash- writer goes on to say that the Bad spectacle from the brown monotony of ful fellow! Babies are well enough Lands are probably the ashes of extinct though to commence on.

WHY THEY LOSE NERVE.

Running an Engine Night and Day.

An Engineer's Visions. "Oh, yes, engineers do lose their nerve," said Old Throttle; "especially one who has a night run all the time. You see in the night time an engineer's eyes, thoughts and all are confined to a very small space; it's nearly or quite dark inside the cab, and if his engine is workin' all right, carryin' her water, good lots of steam, and the fireman wide-awake and lively, that engineer don't have much to do with his eyes, only to look out ahead over the course was decided upon. If only time little space made bright by the headand strength were given her Draw light, and his thoughts are naturally confined to what his eyes take in. In the daytime it's different, he can look around and see lot's goin' on. He notices that this field of 'taters look good and wonders if his little patch at home will turn out as well; he sees a feller fishin', and remembers the last mess of trout he caught in the Shohola; he sees a woman and a baby in the little white house near the big curve, and not an instant to attempt it. Cautious- his thoughts fly back to his home and ly starting a blaze, she stood with a his wife and children, and he wonders

And this he can take in, and be 'tendin' to business strictly, but in the night-time all is changed, and his wisions and thoughts, as I said, are confined to the small spot made visible and distinct by the headlight, and his ideas naturally follow the rails. He remembers that the culvert just ahead is the very place that was washed out last spring, and nothing left under the ties and rails for ten or fifteen feet; true, his engine jumped the chasm, and only five cars loaded with express matter and baggage went down and were smashed and piled on top of eachother, but it might have been the ten cars of emigrants that were coupled

"Just around the curve is the place where his engine struck a draw-head stumps or something of that sort. on the track; his engine only turned over on her side, and fortunately the stump would not be complimentary air-brakes had so stopped the train that no further damage was done, but he shudders as he recalls the sensa. tions he experienced while the engine was turning over and crushing its a huge embankment at a pace of forty miles an hour, and thinks of the feelings that were his on a certain trip last winter when a side rod came crashing through the side of the cab, while passing over the same embankment.

"In the cut just ahead is where, on the last trip, a watchman, intent on watching a train on the opposite track, had forgotten the express was due, and the horror and agony depicted on his face as the pilot threw him high in the air, will never be forgotten, neither will his mangled and blood stained body, picked up and cared for as soon as the train could be stopped. And so on every mile of the road something of this kind is brought to mind, as his thoughts follow the circle of light ahead, which flashes and changes constantly, now shining on a bridge, now showing an embankment, flashes its rays now on a house and through trees and foliage, and if the man is easily worried or bothered he gets very neryous indeed, and wishes he was at the end of the trip- anywhere off the rail.

"Why, I've known men to give up the best trains on the road and big pay because they had to run in the nighttime, and take trains that were much harder to run and poorer pay, simply because the latter run in daylight. Yes, engineers do sometimes get fright, ened and lose nerve, and it is not to be wondered at when we think of his standing one hand on the throttle and the other on the reverse lever, with his thoughts going back to incident and incident of his busy and hazardous life on each curve and straight line of the road, as revealed by the head-light of his engine."-Port Jervis (N. Y.)

A Burning Mine.

A correspondent of the Indianapolis Journal, travelling from Bismarck to the Little Misscuri, saw a burning mine. He says: "It gives off so sulphurous an oder that I at first thought the heat due to the decomposition of sulphides. But the glow is red; little sulphurous acld is formed; you can stand over the crevasse without fear of either burning or suffocation. Sulphur The burning area is from ten to fifteen rods square, and has been on fire since A Long Branch hotel clerk has the first visit by white men, and no one coal fires.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

What She Lacke !! Miss Passy sat on the lowest bough

Of a waving hickory tree, Whispering softly, "I'll have you now, You gay little robin, you'll see! The old hen watches her chickens thirteen, And has such a fearful way Of flying at one, that I haven't seen

A bit of fresh meat to-day." But Master Robin twitters away, As she stealthily creeps along, Joining in as the thrush and jay Chirrup a morning song, Glancing sideways once and again Out of his saucy eye. As if to say, "You will catch me, then?

Well, madam, suppose you try!" "I bave four lega," said Pussy Cat, "And you, sir, have only two; I have sharp claws, depend on that, And they'll get the better of you; I'm stronger, too, than a dozen birds-Look now!"-and she quickly springs; But the robin laughed as he soared away, "Ha! ha! but you have no wings."

- Youth's Companion.

A Belligerent Bird.

The kingfisher is not regarded as a dangerous bird, but an artist friend of mine once had a most remarkable adventure with one. While sketching on the shore of a river, he saw one of these birds flying across the water directly toward him. He watched its approach, expecting every moment to see it change its course, but, to his astonishment, the bird, swerving neither to the right nor left, came straight at his face. His hands were filled with palette and brushes. He raised his foot to shield himself. "Thud!" came the bird against it, falling to the ground stunned by the shock; but, recovering quickly, it again took wing and disappeared around a bend in the shore. Now, the snowy owl is said to alight at times upon the heads of sportsmen while they are crouching quietly among the reeds watching for wild geese and ducks, probably mistaking them for some careless brakeman had left lying But to suppose that the kingfisher may have taken my friend for a either to the bird or the artist .- St

Tommy Learns about Toads.

"Oh, papa, see what a great ugly mad way through the ties, and 'tisn't | toad! Do get a stick and kill him bepleasant to think of it. He flies over fore he gets away," said little Tommy Gray, as he was walking in the garden with his father.

"Why do you wish to see him killed?" said his father.

"Oh! because he is such an ugly thing, and I am afraid he will eat up everything in the garden. You know we killed several bugs and worms which we found here last evening, I am sure this toad is much worse than

"We killed the bugs and worms because they were destroying our flowers and vegetables. This poor toad never destroys a plant of any kind about the place. Besides, he is one of our best friends. These insects that are doing so much harm in our garden are just what he uses for his food. I have no doubt that he kills more of them every day than we did last evening. If you can find a live bug, place it near him and see what he will do."

Tommy looked about, and soon found three bugs, which he placed near the toad, and then stood back a short distance to see the result. Soon the bugs began to move away. The toad saw them, and made a quick forward mo. tion of his head. He darted out his tongue, and instantly drew them, one by one, into his mouth. Tommy clapped his hands with delight.

"How can such a clumsy-looking fellow use his head and tongue so nimbly?" said Tommy; and he ran off to find more food for him.

The next evening Tommy went again into the garden, and soon found the object of his search ready for his supper. At first the toad was shy, but he soon learned to sit still while Tommy placed the food near him. Then he would dart out his tongue, and eat the bugs while Tommy was close by. Finding that the boydid not hurt him he soon lost all fear, and became a great pet. Tommy named him Hum. py, and says he would not have him killed now for anything .- Our Little

The nightingale's habit of singing at night, and the imaginary sadness of its song, are accounted for by a legend to the effect that in ancient days the nightingale and blindworm had only one eye apiece. The bird borrowed the reptile's eye in order to go with two to a feast, and atterwards refused to restore it. The blindworm vowed vengeance on its perfidious friend. Consequently the nightingale is afraid to go to sleep at night lest the blindworm should attack it in its slumber. And in order to keep itself awake it sings, resting its breast against a thorn, the pain caused by which renders its singing sad.

TRADING IN DIAMONDS.

The Gems Becoming a Sort of Currency Some Tricks in the Trade.

A recent advertisement in a morning newspaper to the effect that \$500, 000 worth of diamonds and jewelry were offered in exchange for real estate, prompted a reporter to inquire who had so large a stock of gems for trading purposes. It was ascertained from the broker who is managing the transaction that the diamonds were the property of a diamond merchant who desired to lessen his stock, and it being the dull season of the year took this means of accomplishing that end. "I do not often have diamond trades," said the broker, "but I have managed several. I traded for several houses in diamonds not long ago, the largest amount being \$75,000. This was all paid in diamonds. A few weeks ago I traded a \$20,000 lot of diamonds for a house that belonged to a well known society lady. After the bargain had been closed, the diamonds deposited in my safe, and the deed brought out for her signature, she asked to see the stones. They were in a small paper box, and when she saw them she exclaimed, 'Is that my house in that little box? I won't sign the deed.' She did sign it, though, but not until after much persuasion."

A member of a firm of diamond im porters said that there were just two houses in this country who imported over \$500,000 worth of diamonds last year through the custom house. He was satisfied that neither of these establishments was disposing of its stock for anything excepting money. "Diamonds are largely used for trading purposes," he said; "they bring a ready sale and command a staple price, There is, however, much difference between the selling and buying prices, and it takes a pretty sharp and experienced buyer to avoid a deception in regard to the true value of a stone. short time ago a gentleman bought \$4000 worth of stones from us for cash. A few days afterward he returned and said that he would purchase \$100,000 worth of stones, provided we would value them at ten per cent more than that if our opinions were asked by any person wanting to buy them. We refused, as a matter of course, and he left the office. Last week a wealthy gentleman called on us and asked our opinion of the value of a number of diamonds he had with him. He said that he loaned a certain sum of money on them, and, as the loan had not been returned, the stones were forfeited. We examined them and found that he had loaned much more than they were worth. To our astonishment we found that all of our \$4000 sale were included in the lot. We told him of this fact, and described the man, whom he readily recognized. 'I'm glad,' said he, 'that I didn't let him have any more money. I offered to lend him from \$100,000 to \$200,000 on diamonds, provided he would let me call here and have them appraised.' I explained then how the scamp had tried to bribe us to help him cheat, and the loaner has permanently retired from the diamond business. There are tricks in all trades, but I think there are none to excel those in our business."-New York Times.

Prices of Trotters. In an article in Harper's Magazine

on horse farming in Kentucky, Wil. liam H. Bishop says: Each blue grass breeder of prominence has his regularly printed catalogue of stock revised yearly, generally with a wood cut of his best stallion on the cover. Some as General Withers, insert the selling prices, from which "no deviation" is advertised. In looking over such a catalogue from \$400 up to \$2000 are found to be demanded for the younger animals, with proportionately more for older ones that could be at once made useful. But when a horse has really entered the ranks of the great "flyers," there is hardly any limit to his value One with a record of 2:30 may be estimated in a general way worth \$10,-000. From 2:30 down to 2:20 \$1000 may be added for each successive second. When we come into the teens and near the head of the record, jug. gling with gold and diamonds is a coarse occupation in comparison. Mr. Bonner is said to have paid \$33,000 for Dexter, and \$36,000 for Rarus, and Mr. Vanderbilt \$20,000 for Maud S. But this last was before she had made her great time; now that she has made it you are told confidentially that a do their driving in private life, find it | ently called.

pay in a pleasure and improved health from this kind of recreation, extrava Ah, silent wheel, the merry brook is dry gant as it is, which they might not be able to procure so well from the expenditure of equal sums in any other

The Voracity of the Pickerel.

some of its traits, says a writer for the New York Evening Post. The greyhound of our rivers, no fish living matches him in the speed with which he darts through the waters. Yet ly. ing perfectly still, ruminating along the edge of some shady water nook, he may be touched almost with the hand before he takes flight. He likes clear weedy waters, yet his final refuge, when hard pressed, is the muddy bottom in which he plunges and disappears Laving behind only a cloud of dingy water to mark his refuge. Some incidents to prove his comprehenisve and enduring appetite will, I am afraid, make the veracity of the fish discount the voracity of the writer. Nevertheless they are rigidly true. Standing knee-deep in water, I have known pickerel to pass between my legs in pursuit of the bait. I have seen them take a big shiner when gorged with a protruding fish almost half as large as themselves; to seize fiercely a new bait just after breaking successively two snells that were afterward found in the mouth with their two hooks and baits attached; to swallow snakes, frogs, mice, and any living thing not too vast that has come within reach of their insatiable maw. The pickerel is an inveterate cannibal, and an oblong slice from the stomach of one of his own kind is a most dainty and taking bait. Fishy as sound some of the newspaper stories of pickerel gorged and strangled in the attempt to swallow a big victim, there can be no doubt men small and puny. That is a fact that many of them are trustworthy. Just look at the difference in the A single reminiscence may be cited to physique of a delicate scholar and the prove the pickerel's gullibility and ap- robust night policeman. petite. Some ten years ago I caught line just above the sinker, which was of the political situation," he added. some two feet from the hook. As the broken snell was somewhat frayed, I replaced it, and while doing so the fish flopped into a muskrat hole, which had one of its extremities under the bank at the river's edge. Presently Mr. Pickerel appeared in the stream, trailing two feet of snell and the lead. He instantly took a second bait and was readily landed again. That rash pickerel had been dancing for fully a minute on the grass and had found his way through a dark hole for ten feet to the stream, not to speak of his into the muddy water among the dow I broke!" sportive lads, to snap the bait. Any his gullet.

Origin of Blue Glass.

It is possible that the finest specimens of this grass are to be found in the wooded pastures of Kentucky, where the soil abounds in lime. There is no matter, says: We suppose it will come meadow poa. The name Kentucky bluegrass and June grass are indiffer. ently applied to a variety of the poas, especially to the varieties "pratensis" information that the grass was originally distributed from Kentucky; on the contrary, it seems to be a fact that the seeds were carried by the Kentucky cavalry of Gen. Harrison, on their return to Kentucky, after the successful campaign against the Indians, in which west. This grass was found growing in dense pastures in central Indiana, furnishing forage for the horses after all other grass was killed, and undoubtedly contributed to the success of Harrison's campaign. It is, in fact, one of the person stands ready to draw his check | rule, the soils of the west contain plenty | attempts to gore him, but he spits at willingly for \$75,000 whenever he can of lime, it is one of the best grasses for him a shower of saliva and fragments get a horse that will lead her, and give cultivation, in all soils not strongly of the leafy food he has been devouring. him the distinction of having the fast. liable to heave, and is indigenous from precisely like the llamas and vicunas est trotter in the world. But how Tennessee and Kentucky, north. The in Central Park. These innocent-look does it pay? Well, it pays first in flat-stalked poa (compressa), taking its ing creatures with their lamb-like eyes stock raising, it pays next in the op- place, and is often found growing with come up to be fed and caressed, and portunity to take purses and stakes af- it, in the north. This flat-stalked poa then suddenly assuming an offended forded by the great system of racing is indigenous to lighter soils than "poa and injured air, they spit right in the circuits; and no doubt even those gen- pratensis," Kentucky bluegrass, or faces of their benefactors. I grieve to tlemen who withdraw from racing and green meadow grass, as it is indiffer- say that the regalis has the same vil-

NEWSPAPER LAWS. If subscribers order the discontinuation of newspapers, the publishers may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid. If subscribers refuse or neglect to take their newspapers from the office to which they are sent, they are held responsible until they have settled the bills and ordered them dis-

ontinued.

If subscribers move to other places without informing the publisher, and the newspapers are sent to the former place of residence, they are then responsible.

ADVERTISING RATES:

At Rest.

And quiet hours glide by In this deep vale, where once the merry stream Sang on through gloom and glean; Only the dove in some leaf-shaded nest Murmurs of rest.

Ah, weary voyager, the closing day Shines on that tranquil bay, Where thy storm-beaten soul has longed to be; Of all fresh water fish the pickerel is Wild blast and angry sea most paradoxical and singular as to Touch not this favored shore, by summer blost, A home of rest.

> Ah, fevered heart, the grass is green and deep Where thou art laid to sleep; Kissed by soft winds, and washed by gen'le showers,

Thou hast thy crown of flowers; Poor heart, too long in this mad world opprest, Take now thy rest.

I, too, perclexed with strife of good and il!, Long to be safe an l still; Evil is present with me while I pray That good may win the day; Great Giver, grant me Thy last gift and best, The gift of rest! - Sarah Doudney.

HUMOROUS.

Official reports state that the British census embraces 17,000,000 women. Who wouldn't be a census.

Sir Walter Raleigh made his way to fortune and fame by politeness. He was not one of the Elizabethan ruffs. Slang is always objectionable. In-

stead of saying "a dead give away" you should say "a posthumous dona-The following is extracted from a

smart boy's composition on "Babies":

"The mother's heart gives 4th joy at the baby's 1st 2th." "You must be a quarrelsome fellow," said a phrenologist to a man whose bump he was examining. "Say that again and I'll knock you down," was

the response. Loss of sleep, it is said, is making

A man had just said to a friend one of these fish, landing him on a "Let's take another --- " when his smooth, grassy shore, ten feet from the wife turned the corner, but his duty edge. In taking him off, he broke the to his wife was not forgotten-"view

> An old bachelor at a wedding-feast had the heartlessness to offer the following toast: "Marriage-the gate through which the happy lover leaves his enchanted regions and returns to

It's very easy to start false reports. Just because a woman, while buying a broom, wanted one with a heavy and strong handle, it was reported around that she was in the habit of beating her husband.

Uncle-"Now, what would you say other enlivening, though not instruc- if I give you a shilling apiece?" Mastive experiences. I have also caught a ter Jack-"I'd rather you gave mine dozen handsome pickerel in a small to sis, uncle, and tell her to buy me a river pool in which some youngsters shilling cannon, as pa said the first were bathing, the fish shooting freely money I got should go for that win

The whistle of the locomotive is angler experienced in pickerel fishing heard 3,300 yards, the noise of the can no doubt recall similar incidents train 2800 yards, the report of a mus. without straining credulity half as ket and bark of a dog 1800 yards, the hard as this fresh water shark strains roll of a drum 1600 yards, the croak of a frog 900 yards, a cricket's chirp 800 yards. But the sound of a dinner gong is heard all around the world.

The Caterpillar King. "Regalis," said Mr. Ellio . an

entomologist, to a New York Tribune good reason for believing, however, reporter, "is the king of caterpillars that this grass originated there. The There are some points about him which Breeders' Gazette, in discussing the are peculiar, one of the strangest being his belligerency. Birds are actually to be known by its true English name, afraid to attack him, and even the mocking-bird, which is bold and rapacious and loves thick, juicy caterpillars, is often beaten off by this singular worm. This is, you will note, and "compressa." There is no authentic | the worm of the fable that turns against the aggressor. The regalis meets his foe with his horns, with which he endeavors to hook his adversary somewhat in the manner of a can. tankerous cow. He is well provided with these weapons. He has four principal ones five-eights of an inch their savage power was broken in the | in length, four shorter ones, two that protude, and one at his tail. The first eight are grouped upon what we term the thoracic segment, by which we mean the part which in the perfected animal will become the thorax. A caterpillar is built in thirteen segments most widely distributed of any of the and on nearly all of these in the regalis natural grasses of the United States, is an arrangement of six black, sharp wherever calcareous, firm, sandy soils evil-looking spines. When a bird at are found. From the fact that, as a tacks this caterpillar king he not only lainous habit.