

BUTTERFLY BUSINESS.

FULL-GROWN SPECIMENS ARE RAISED FROM THE EGGS.

Strange Adventures of the Butterfly Collectors in All Parts of the World.

The chasing of butterflies has a fascination which does not always end with childhood. There are men who have never ceased to feel the enthusiasm of the hunt, and, combining with it the knowledge and resources of mature years, have gath-



AFTER THE HIGHFLIERS.

ered butterfly collections which number thousands of specimens and worth thousands of dollars. There are many of these collectors in New York, but only one who breeds his own butterflies. Jacob Doll is his name, and in Brooklyn he has a caterpillar farm. While others are paying hundreds of dollars for rare butterflies, Mr. Doll is receiving the tiny eggs at much lower prices and rearing them until they burst into gorgeous butterflies.

"An egg," he said the other day at the farm, standing amid the shrubbery and wire cages under which were thousands of caterpillars feeding, "doesn't necessarily mean that you are going to get a butterfly. You are lucky if you get one out of ten eggs. And it is mostly the fault of the wretched little ichneumon fly. This parasite, which is the everyday wasp, stings its victim and leaves some eggs in its body. The caterpillar goes on feeding, and after full growth has been attained winds itself in the cocoon exactly as its fellows do. But instead of a beautiful butterfly emerging there is nothing but a mean little wasp.

"There is another difficulty. The eggs come from all parts of the world, and the caterpillars want the food their fathers ate. Very often they won't touch any other and then they die, as half the time you have no idea what plant they feed on, and couldn't get it if you did. But it often happens that a caterpillar from Madagascar, say, will take kindly to one of our native leaves. Sometimes you think you have the right thing when you haven't. They eat all right and begin to grow. Then some morning you find them all dead. The caterpillars don't dislike the plant till they arrived at a certain stage of development. Then it was poison to them. I have dozens of different plants, and upon every one of them a different species of caterpillar is feeding."



GOT ANY 'BACCA?

"What are the stages of a butterfly's growth?" I asked.

"Well, to begin with the egg, it may be sent from the Alps or the Amazon—from Siberia or the Cape of Good Hope. I receive them on leaves inclosed in boxes. I keep the eggs in the house until the caterpillar crawls out. Then I determine, if I can, to what species the little fellow belongs and what he likes to eat, and put him on a plant under one of the cages, where he feeds and grows, meanwhile changing his skin two or three times. When he shows signs of having had enough of the world I put him into a box with two feet of earth in the bottom. He burrows in and is seen no more until he is ready to assume the gay life of the butterfly. This may be a few weeks later, or as is the case with some species, it may be two or three years. When he does come up he gets a few hours of life as a butterfly, and then a sniff of chloroform, which makes him ready for the collection.

"How large is the collection? Well, I suppose there are between 60,000 and 70,000 specimens, including the duplicates. Let me show them to you."

With this Doll led the way indoors to the butterfly room. It is a room of cases. They begin with the floor and end with the ceiling. Every climate that will produce a flower which the gorgeous creatures eat has paid tribute to this collection. There are butterflies whose wings measure nearly a foot across. There are tiny ones not half so large as a ten-cent piece. There are the magnificent

Asiatic group in velvets of the most brilliant black, crimson, green and orange. The snow butterflies are here, far from the mountain tops, where they flit over perpetual snow. There are the Satrus Argenti from Chili, whose wings look like bits of burnished silver; and the Caligos, whose reverse side bears a striking resemblance to an owl, and the beautiful Thalurae Rhipheus from Madagascar, with wings that glisten with a wonderful mingling of old gold and red and blue and yellow.

"The males and females are side by side. In many cases it is the former that wear the brighter colors and are the more delicate. A marked example of this is seen in the curious and gorgeous sack bearers, whose females are crawling, wingless creatures."

In the collection are many silk spinners, which vary greatly in size and beauty. There are members of the family gaudy with markings on the wings which are almost perfect representations of the human eye. But these fine creatures are not the ones that spin the silk of commerce. It is the smallest and meanest looking of them all—little fellows, of a dull, white color—which makes their cocoons of the long silk threads which can be woven. The silk spinners originally came from China, but thrive wherever the mulberry can be obtained.

It would be an endless task to describe half the strange denizens of the butterfly world in the Doll collection. There are thousands of varieties, and yet so vast is this insect family that no one collector has a tenth part of the whole number. Furthermore, many varieties in existence are unknown. Every year collectors find butterflies which they



A WESTERN ADVENTURE.

are at a loss to classify. It is this possibility of capturing insects which are very rare or are complete strangers that lends so potent a charm to scientific butterfly hunting.

Once while Mr. Doll was engaged in his pursuit in the Rocky Mountains a gorgeous butterfly flitted past him and disappeared over a precipice. Far below it alighted on a flower. It was but the work of a moment for his guides to fasten a rope around the collector's waist. Then they lowered him into the depths. Suspended in mid air, with a rushing mountain stream hundreds of feet below, he deftly swept the butterfly into his net. It was well worth the perilous descent, being the only one of its kind ever found.

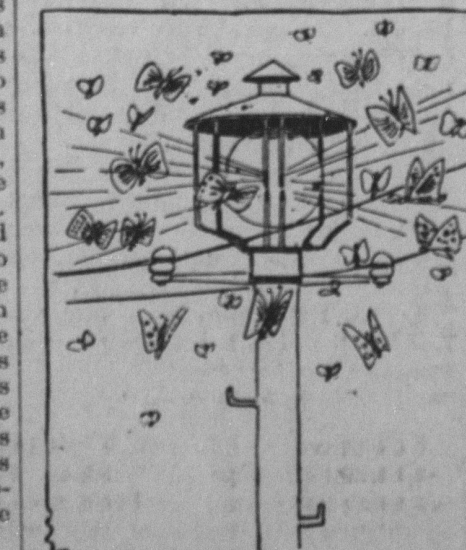
The Indians took great interest in the operations of the butterfly hunters. They would ride a long distance out of their way to see what was going on.

"What doin'?" one of the blanketed gentlemen would ask.

When told that they were after butterflies the red man would turn away with a look of disgust. But invariably he wheeled around again and asked:

"Any tobac'?"

It is not necessary to go long distances for rare butterflies. The electric lights of New York City, with their irresistible attraction for the moths or night flies, have brought many new varieties to the notice of the collectors, and in the woods and swampy ground of Long Island and New Jersey a fly is occasionally caught which is worth much more than its weight in gold. But it is almost impossible to capture them without a minute knowledge of their time and manner of flying.



THE GREATEST COLLECTOR OF ALL.

"Just last night," said Mr. Doll, "I and a couple of friends went to a swamp near Brooklyn to see if we couldn't catch some wood borers. While these are not a particularly rare fly, they bring \$1 or more apiece. It was 7:30 when we arrived at the place and not a borer was to be seen, but all of a sudden at ten minutes to 8, they began their low and rapid flight from bush to bush.

"I've got one," somebody shouted. There was another shout, and then

another, until we had secured five. But they stopped flying as suddenly as they began, and by 8 o'clock it was as if the insect never existed. This is always the way. They feed for five minutes or so at twilight, and for the remainder of the time keep in hiding places that collectors have rarely discovered.

"My methods in catching butterflies? Well, except for those that fly rapidly a bottle containing a little chloroform is best. You can put it over the victim and brush him in without the handling which is so often necessitates, and which is so disastrous to his beauty. The chloroform soon puts him to sleep. Moths are attracted by a lantern, the bigger and brighter the better, and you can bait them by spreading molasses on the trunk of a tree. The manner of catching a butterfly depends upon his habits. These are carefully studied by the successful collector. The late Prof. Hahnel spent five years doing this very thing along the banks of the Amazon. Noticing that the rare and beautiful Morphos fly above the tree tops, he erected platforms twenty feet high, and there, during the hours of flight, secured enough specimens to supply the collectors of the world."

The Oculist's Stratagem.

Here is an interesting account of a very clever bit of detective work by an oculist. It appears that in a large factory, in which were employed several hundred persons, one of the workmen, in wielding his hammer, carelessly allowed it to slip from his hand. It flew halfway across the room and struck a fellow workman in the left eye. The man averred that his eye was blinded by the blow, although a careful examination failed to reveal any injury, there being not a scratch visible. He brought a suit in the courts for compensation for the loss of half of his eyesight, and refused all offers of compromise.

Under the law the owner of the factory was responsible for the injury resulting from an accident of this kind, and although he believed that the man was shamming, and that the whole case was an attempt at swindling, he had about made up his mind that he would be compelled to pay the claim. The day of the trial arrived, and in open court an eminent oculist retained for the defense examined the alleged injured member, and gave it as his opinion that it was as good as the right eye. Upon the plaintiff's loud protest of his inability to see with his left eye, the oculist proved him a perjurer and satisfied the court and jury of the falsity of his claim.

And how do you suppose he did it? Why, simply by knowing that the colors green and red combined make black. He procured a black card on which a few words were written with green ink. Then the plaintiff was ordered to put on a pair of spectacles with two different glasses, the one for the right eye being red, and the one for the left eye consisting of ordinary glass. Then the card was handed him, and he was ordered to read the writing on it. This he did without hesitation, and the cheat was at once exposed. The sound right eye, fitted with the red glass, was unable to distinguish the green writing on the black surface of the card, while the left eye, which he pretended was sightless, was the one with which the reading had to be done.—(Sheffield, England, Telegraph.)

Sacrifices to the Sea.

To the adventurous globe-trotter who has climbed the rock-path to the sailor's church of Notre Dame de la Garde, dominating the Phœnician port of Marseilles, the potent influence of sacrifices and offerings for perils passed and to come must be no old story, says Lieutenant J. D. Jerrold Kelley, in describing "The Superstitions of the Sea," in the Century.

There is a pathos, even for the worldly, in the quaint ships and galleons, in the rusting marlinspikes and shattered tiller heads, swinging to the mistral, in reverential offering before the shrines. These graceful after danger, these insurances against evil to come, circle the world. No people have escaped the influence of such hopes and thanks. Our Indians were fettered by them, and no ceremonial offerings were more common than those which went to appease the angry Spirit of the Waters. On the upper tributaries of the Mississippi, the Indians, with occult rites, gave tribute of tobacco from a beetling cliff to the Great Spirit of the River, and to the winds that smote the water with blasts from the caverns of the jealous gods. Algonquins in the North, Aztecs, sons of Atahualpa and Marco Capac, in the South—all blew incense out of their pipes, and strewn upon the currents and tide-waves just such offerings of tobacco as, in our more subjective days, we give with lost meaning to the minor gods who rule the man's hour in our feasts.

Superstitious Chinese Sailors.

Chinese junks and boats have eyes carved or painted on the bows, which are usually supposed to be a mere fanciful form of ornamentation. But they have a real meaning, as a recent traveler found. In going up one of the rivers from Ningpo, he was startled one day by seeing a boatman seize his broad hat and clap it over one of the "eyes" of the boat, while other boats on the stream were similarly blinded. Looking about for an explanation, he saw a dead body floating past, and he was told by the boatman that if the boat had been allowed to "see" if some disaster would surely have happened either to passengers or crew before the voyage ended.—(New York Dispatch.)

SOMEWHAT STRANGE.

SEASONABLE HINTS AND MATTERS OF MOMENT.

Queer Facts and Thrilling Adventures Which Show that Truth is Stranger Than Fiction.

DR. GUTHRIE, of Edinburgh, after carrying on ragged schools in that city for a number of years, sent invitations to a dinner to boys who had found a blessing in the schools. Two hundred and fifty responded, one gentleman traveling 500 miles to be present.

A TAME crow with luminous legs is owned by Zebedee Smith, of Elks Run, Md. At least, Zebedee claims that peculiarity for the bird, when it is placed in a dark room and somebody whistles "Sweet Marie." This, he asserts, will cause its legs to twinkle in a most beautiful manner.

A HUMAN face clock is on view in the window of a St. Petersburg, Russia, watchmaker. The hands are pivoted on the nose, and any messages spoken into its ear are repeated by a phonograph through its mouth. It is said to be the only clock of the kind at present in existence.

JAMES LEEDOM, a Rockville, Ill., farmer, has a Brahma rooster which amuses itself by hanging head downward from the rung of a ladder. It was hatched while a company of strolling acrobats were performing in Leedom's barn. Whether this has anything to do with this unchick-like act, is the merest conjecture.

CHARLES HINTON, a farmer, near Covington, Ga., found the other day that one of his sheep had got a large maypop lodged in its throat. He took his pocketknife out and cut the creature's throat, removed the maypop and sewed up the wound. The sheep will recover. Hinton had had no veterinary experience but is naturally clever.

DENTAL surgeons in Stony Stratford, England, are puzzled over the case of a weaver, who has shed four sets of teeth in twenty years. His wife rubs his gums with a rubber ring and doses him with soothing syrup when he is cutting a new set. The neighbors make remarks intended to be facetious, but which wound his feelings considerably.

Up to a few weeks ago John Baisch, of Mascoutah, Ill., delighted in giving his family pleasant surprises. Just before he died he told his son to dig in a certain spot, after the funeral. The son obeyed him and found a kettle containing \$1,160 in gold. A few days later the family was further surprised by the discovery that the father had his life insured for \$8,000.

PROBABLY the oldest clergyman in the world was a Greek priest who lately died in Thessaly, Greece, after completing his 120th year. He never left the place in which he was born and where he died. He was accustomed to begin his priestly offices before sunrise, and to retire promptly at 9. His sight and hearing were in excellent condition to the day of his death, and he never made use of glasses. He was in the active ministry for ninety-nine years.

A MARRIAGE resulting in an extraordinary state of complicated family relations recently took place in Birmingham, England. The woman had been married three times before, and each time had taken for her husband a widower with children. Her fourth husband was a widower, and, as he had children by his first wife, who was herself a widow with children when he married her, the newly married couple started their matrimonial companionship with a family composed of no less than eight previous marriages.

It is a unique position which a young Englishwoman, a Miss Hamilton, of London, will fill in the palace of the Ameer of Cabul. She is simply to pose as a lady for the inmates of his harem. With an unusual liberality of spirit for an Asiatic potentate, he perceives the advantage to be received from his wives' intercourse with a refined and intelligent woman, and he is giving it to them. Miss Hamilton is highly accomplished, and a physician as well, but she goes to the ameer's court in the sole capacity of lady, and is well paid for it.

MRS. ELMER HATHAWAY, of Gering, Neb., has a little more presence of mind and a trifle more of muscular activity than most women. The other day she left her two babies in a wagon while she stepped into the post-office. In a moment she heard a shout, and looking down the street, she saw her team running away, with the babies behind riding to almost certain death. Instead of screaming, she ran into the road, and, as the flying horses dashed past her, she seized the end gate of the wagon, pulled herself up into the box, secured possession of the reins and brought the frightened animals to a stop. And all the babies did was to smile.

"DID you ever see people bathe in blood and drink it by the cupful?" asked Ellwood Johnson, of Boston. "I saw that very thing recently in Rome during a tour of Europe. It was at a place called the Zoothermic Institute, and it is quite a sad thing. I have heard of people drinking blood, fresh from slaughtered animals, for the cure of consumption, all my life, but at this institution people drink the blood, or bathe in it, for the cure of gout, rheumatism and the malaria, which is such a curse in the marshes around Rome. The Roman doctors have great faith in the curative powers of blood, and the patients claim to be benefited by the treatment.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

THE first Sabbath school was instituted in 1787. There are now in the United States 108,939 Sabbath schools, with 8,649,000 scholars. The world has 20,078,596 Sabbath school scholars.

THE statistics show that the city having the greatest death rate in the world is Rheims, France, the proportion being 28.62 per 1,000 in each year. Dublin follows with 27.05 and New York with 26.27.

OCCASIONALLY it is possible to compute the worth of the gentler sex in hard cash. "Two Little Girls in Blue" represent at least \$12,000, which is what the pretty new residence at New Rochelle has cost Mr. W. H. Glenroy, the co-author of that famous pair, the new home having been built with the profits of the song.

A DECISION in a novel case has been handed down by the Supreme Court of Alabama. Some time ago a prominent Roman Catholic died in Mobile and bequeathed \$2,000 to be used for the masses for his soul. The Court held the bequest void because there was no living beneficiary of the trust endeavored to be created, the soul not being an entity in contemplation of the law.

THERE are more boys than girls attending the schools of the United States. The total number of children attending enrolled in all schools by the last census was 14,373,670, of whom 12,957,468 were white and 1,416,202 colored. Of the white children 6,612,648 were boys and 6,344,820 girls. Of the colored children 688,407 were boys, and 732,635 girls. In the common schools the boys largely outnumber the girls, but in the private schools this proportion is not so great and in the church schools there are more girls than boys.

THREE-QUARTERS of the houses in Panama are of very small value, so it is not surprising to learn that the 150 structures destroyed by the big fire represent a money value of only \$350,000. This old metropolis of the isthmus, which had so great a boom during the work on the canal, has now reverted to its former stagnant condition. Its wharves are decaying. Its warehouses are mainly empty and its native quarter is about as squalid and as miserable as the imagination can conceive. The houses are mainly of adobe and they are worth about as little as the Japanese houses that are burned by the hundred in every big fire in the Mikado's land.

THE latest statistics of poverty are furnished by Austria, which squanders every year uncounted millions on the army which is not needed, but is exacted by the Triple Alliance. In Austro-Hungary, which contains a population of about 56,000,000 souls, there are 4,000,000 persons supported at the public expense, and 16,000,000—old men, women and children—incapable of productive labor. There are 6,000,000 working irregularly, and 9,000,000 who earn 180 florins, or a little over \$72 a year. There are 2,000,000 earning 800 florins, about \$120 a year. 1,690,000 whose annual wages exceed that amount. The situation of small property-holders is not much better. During the last thirteen years 46,389 farms, valued at 295,077,000 florins, have been sold by the courts, a considerable part of which sum went to banks and money lending societies.

EMPEROR WILLIAM of Germany has shown his versatility in many ways, and it was not until a few weeks ago that he made his debut as a matrimonial agent. The debut was successful. Recently a young man and two women from Berlin went to Potsdam to view the Park of San-Souci, the favorite one of Frederick the Great. They lost their way, however, and were obliged to accept the assistance of a soldier who was familiar with the grounds. He showed them everything of interest, and finally bade them farewell at the station. But one of the young women had taken a fancy to the private, and began to long to see him again. After days of indecision she wrote to the Emperor, asking him to find out the name of the soldier who had been so kind to her. His Majesty began the investigation at once, soon learned the name of the young man, and granted him a leave of absence to spend in Berlin. The young woman is well-to-do and the polite guide is to become her husband in a few weeks.

M. BERTHELOT, at a banquet of chemists held in Paris recently, entertained the guests with a prophetic picture in the twentieth century. "Before the coming century is far advanced, chemistry will have solved the problem of existence so as to render the cultivation of the soil unnecessary," he said. "Already manual labor has been, and is every day still further being, replaced by steam, which is nothing more than chemical combustion. To secure this chemical combustion we have now to dig coal from the bowels of the earth, and soon we shall have exhausted the supply. But before that exhaustion comes upon us, we shall have found means to tap the solar heat, and utilize the latent heat in the centre of the earth. There we have thermo-electric and chemical energy lying at hand ready to be used. There are no mechanical difficulties in the way of tapping these sources of energy beyond the capacity of human ingenuity; and the achievements of engineers show that when the necessary means will be found to harness the sun or the internal fire of the globe."

A UNIQUE operation has been successfully performed by Dr. James Haley, a veterinary surgeon of New London, Conn. A handsome little cocker spaniel was brought to him a short time ago suffering with curvature of the spine, as the result of a kick administered by some brute. The little fellow's back was twisted out of shape and he was practically helpless. His back legs were helpless, and he could not move. He was always a sufferer, and kept moaning and whining. Dr. Haley thought when he first saw the dog the most humane thing to do was to kill him, but he was such a handsome little fellow the doctor thought he would try to save him. After submitting an anesthetic the spine was straightened and the dog was encased in a plaster paris jacket, swung in straps and given proper medicine and food. Finally the plaster was removed and the dog stood on his feet for a moment in a surprised sort of way, then wagged his tail, gave a spring into the air, and, with a loud bark started off on a dead run in a circle, barking like mad. He kept it up for about ten minutes, and seemed anxious to show every one he was all right. He is just as good a dog now as he ever was, climbs stairs without trouble, and gets about with just as much ease as any of his playfellows. The doctor is quite proud of his job, and the owner of the dog is, of course, greatly pleased, to say nothing of the dog himself.—(New York Dispatch.)