## FF FOR THE CRIMEA.

nile Zola, the Great French Author, Tells the Boys and Girls His Memories of the War.

IPIL AT THE COLLEGE OF AIX,

lile the Gaily Uniformed Soldiers Gathered to Go to the Bloody Fields in the Far East.

LAUTIFUL EARLY MORNING SCENES

nic Battles on the Playgrounds in Which Great Hernes Rose and Fell.

[WEITTEN FOR THE DISPATCE.] Three times in my life I have felt the wage of war over France, and never shall orget the particular sound made by her First of all comes a far off murmur, alding the approach of a great wind. The mur grows, the tumult bursts, every art beats, a dizzy enthusiasm, a set of killing and conquering takes let of the nation. Then, when the men gone and the noise has sunk, an anxious nce raigns and every ear is on the each for the first cry from the army. Il it be a cry of triumph or of defeat? It terrible mement. Contradictory news ses; every timiest indication is seized, ry word is pendered and discussed until hour when the truth is known. And

as an hour that is, of delirious joy or Tible despair! was 14 at the time of the Crimean war. as a pupil in the College of Aix, shut up 1 200 or 300 other urchins in an old Benchine convent, whose long corridors and lived in the same street we used to wait and thalls retained a great dreariness. But go in to college together. Louis, who was two courts were cheerful, under the very precocious and dreamed of adventures, reading blue immensity of that glorious educated us. We agreed to leave home at sthern sky. It is a tender memory that six, so as to have a whole hour of freedom in which we would be men. For us "to be sep of that college; in spite of the suffer-

seep of that college; in spite of the suffers that I endured there.

Immured in an Ancient Town.

was 12 then; I was no longer a small countries in which we would be men. For us "to be men" meant to smoke cigars, and to go and have drinks at a shabby wine shop which Louis had discovered in an out-of-the-way street. The cigars and the drinks made us frightfully ill; but then what an emotion it was to step into the wine shop casting glanges to right and left and in terror of being observed. echo of great events hardly reached us. These fine doings occurred at the close of the winter. I remember there were mornings when rain fell in torrents. We waded through and arrived drenched. After that e deeply. I do not remember any po-



Emile Zola. cal entastrophe ever passing its walls the I was cloistered there. The Crimean alone moved us, and even of that it is bable that weeks elapsed before the

or of it reached us. When I recall my memories of that timile to think what war was to us, courschoolboxs. In the first place every, us was extremely vague. The theater of se and savage country, that we seemed ly know where the lighting was; and I or remember that we had at any time sity enough to consult the atlases in

Nant in the Dark by Teachers.

ment he said that our teachers kept us alate ignerance of modern life. They polyes read the papers and learned the but they never opened their mouths such things, and if we had and them they would have dismissed may to our exercises and essays. We nothing precise, except that France dighting in the East, for reasons not in points, however, stood out clear,

the clastic jokes about the We knew the names of two or illusting to these generals the heads. vouring monsters. Moreover, we . Init for one moment the possibility French would be beaten. That have appeared to us contrary to the unture. Then, there were gaps. As figuring, until some day some report to arouse our attention again. I canthe fall of Sevastopol gave to France, these things are confused. Virgil and wer were realities which caused us more eern than the cutemporary quarrels of

Playing War at School.

only remember that for a time there a a game greatly in favor in our play We divided ourselves into two me. We drew two lines on the ground proceeded to fight. It was "prisoners" almplified. One camp represented Russian and one the French army, curally the Russians bught to have been good, but the contrary sometimes octhe fury was extraordinary and the trightful. At the end of a week the shiful game, as two boys had to be put sick list with broken heads. tuneng the most distinguished in these

the tall, fair ind, who always got on ceneral. Louis, who belonged to an Bressen family that had come to live in South, assumed winterious airs. I can him yet, with a handkerchief tied on his shead by way of plume, a leather belt ned round him, leading on his soldiers a wave of the hand as if it were the wave of a sword. He filled one with mion; we even felt a sort of respect Strangely enough, he had a rein er, Julien, who was much smaller, and delicate, and who greatly disliked

Then we divided into two camps he

e memory of these twins is closely inyed for me in the memory of that time. no longer slept at the college, but came raing for the 7 o'clock lessons.

HOW THEY WOULD LOOK IF THEY CHANGED THEIR HEADGEAR.







veland, English Army Wilhelm, Tennis Bismarck, Cabbie opinion is that their chattering is always

opinion is that their chattering is always accompanied with definite ideas and a desire to convey them to others.

After having made records of these two young monkeys, I carried the cylinders to the monkey house, where I reproduced them on the phonograph, in the presence of the Phonograph, and there and found the Phonograph. Varieties of Dialects. the Rhesus monks confined there, and found that they gave evidences of understanding. (WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATOR.) short time age I made arrangements And as I succeeded in getting the attention of the new arrivals I feel thoroughly satisfied that the new word which I have discovered in the Rhesus dialect is indeed the word for food, as used among these monkeys.

Better to Operate on One Monkey. And I confidently feel that one more step and I confidently feel that one more step in the direction of the mastery of the Simian tongue has been taken. I regard the experiments as very conclusive. Where one monkey is alone very much better results can be reached, since in that event you can attract his attention and keep it fixed on what you are trying to do, whereas a number of them occupying the same cage, or even the same house, are in such close proximity to one another that their chattering and continual talking attracts the at-tention of the monkey upon which you are trying to operate, and thus in a measure de-

feats your purpose.

I have made a good many observations among the Spider monkeys, but they are not very intelligent and possess only a very limited number of sounds. Their vocal powers are very inferior and their sounds powers are very inferior and their sounds very ambiguous. They are well disposed and docile, but their language is almost as inferior to that of the brown Capuchin as the brown Capuchin's appears to be below the chimpanzee's, and as the chimpanzee's appears to be below the lowest order of

For the past month I have been making records in the Zoological Garden at Wash-ington at such times and with such subjects

A Little Fellow Imposed Upon.

facacus from which I made the in the phonograph. I regard his language, however, as very far inferior to that of the brown Capuchin, which, as I believed a year ago, was superior to that of any other monkey. In the garden here I also found very good specimens, all except one being quite young. The brightest one in the col-lection is a little brown monkey whose name is "Pedro;" he is exceedingly clever and communicative.
On my first visit to him a month ago I

found him caged with several others. In the same cage was a small Spider monkey who was very fond of playing with Pedro. And she had a habit of catching him by the tail and dragging him on the floor. This, Pedro seemed to dislike very heartily. He complained very frequently and very loudly, but to no purpose. The other monkeys seemed to impose upon him, depriving him of his food and all other liberties that a bright little monkey ought to have had in a free country like this.

Talks Right Into the Horn. And when I first visited the cage I took his part against the other monkeys and we soon became friends. He would catch hold of my fingers through the meshes of the cage and chatter and show every mark of appreciation. We soon became great friends. A little later I had him placed in a cage to himself where I have been able to handle him with comparative ease. I have made a splendid phonographic record of his speech. I got him to hold his mouth right

up to the tube and talk quite loud. Each succeeding experiment gives me success of my studies. The discovery of the Rhosus word for food has accelerated my efforts and intensified my hopes. And while it has required many months of labor to learn this one new word, I feel amply rewarded for my pains. I hope very soon to be able to add one more word to the list.

Technical Language of the Poacher. Among the elegant terms in the vocabulary of the semi-poscher are these, according to a writer in Forest and Stream: "Sniggling" is a method of catching eels by means of a needle passed into a worm. "Trimmering"is set line with one or two hooks for fish of of prev. "Leistering" is a form of spearing. "Tickling," or in Scottland "guddling," is the taking of trout from beneath a bank by tickling the belly with the fingers and then suddenly clasping the fish and throwing it out. "Bobbing" is catching eels with a clot of worms threaded on worsted. "Dibbling," "daping," "dopping," are convertible expressions for the use of the real insect instead of the artificial in fly-"Lobbing" refers to the use of

An Interrubtion. larner's Bazar. He kissed her once; he kissed her twice; He was the happiest of men— I think he would have kissed her thrice If papa hadn't come just then.

bunch of the ordinary garden worms on the



## A LIFE OF CONSTANT FEAR.

McKinley, Sportsman

The Czar Must Feel About as Most Animals Do-A Squirrel Gathering Nuts-The Conduct of a Young Calf-Peculiarity of the Terrapin.



The squirrel would shoot up the tree, making only a brown streak from the bottom to the top, would seize his nut and rush down again in the most precipitate manner. Half-way to his den, which was not over three rods distant, he would rush up the trunk of another tree for a few yards to make an observation. No danger being near, he would dive into his den and reappear again in a twinkling. Returning for another nut, he would mount the second tree again for another observation. Satisfied that the coast was clear, he would spin along the top of the ground to the tree that ore the nuts, shoot up it as before, seize the fruit, and then back again to his re-

His Little Nerves at High Tension, Never did he fail during the half hour or more that I watched him to take an obser-In the collection in that garden is still to | vation on his way both to and from his nest. It was "snatch and run!" with him. Some thing seemed to say to him all the time: "Look out! look out!" "The cat!" "The hawk!" "The owl!" "The boy with the

It was a bleak December morning; the



were just beginning to sitt down, and the squirrel was eager to finish harvesting his nuts in time. It was quite touching to see how hurried and anxious and nervous he he was. I felt like going out and lending a hand. The nuts were small, poor pignuts, and I thought of all the gnawing he would have to do to get all the scanty meat they held. The red squirrel is not so provident as the chipmunk. He scorns to lay up stores irregularly, by fits and starts; he never has enough put up to carry him over the winter; hence he is more or less active all the season. Long before the December snow the chipmunk has for days been making hourly trips to his den with full pockets of nuts or corn or buckwheat till his bin holds enough to carry him through to April. He need not, and I believe does not, set foot out of doors during the whole winter. But the red squirrel trusts more to luck.

As alert and watchful as the red squirrel is he is frequently caught by the cat. My Nig, as black as ebony, knows well the taste of his flesh. I have known him to be caught by the blacksnake and successfully swallowed. The snake, no doubt, lay in ambush

The Czar Knows the Feeling. youth or the grown person. Babies are nearly always afraid of strangers.

In the domestic animals also fear is much more active in the young than in the old. Nearly every farm boy has seen a calf but a day or two old which its mother has sea day or two old which its mother has se-creted in the woods or in a remote field, charge upon him furiously with a wild bleat, when first discovered. After this first ebullition of fear it usually settles down into the tame hundrum of its bovine elders.

Eternal vigilance is the price of life with most of the wild creatures. There is only

one among them whose wildness I cannot understand, and that is the common water turtle. Why is this creature so fearful? What are its enemies? I know of nothing that preys upon it. Yet see how watchful and suspicious these turtles are as they sun themselves upon a log or a rock. Before you are fairly in gunshot of them they slide down into the water and are gone.

A Difference in Turtles.

The land turtle, or terrange on the other

The land turtle, or terrapin, on the other hand, shows scarcely a trace of tear. He will indeed pause in his walk when you are very near him, but he will not retreat into his shell until you have poked him with your foot or cane. He appears to have no enemies; but the little spotted water turtle is as shy as if he was the delicate tid-bit that every creature was searching for I did every creature was searching for. I did once find one which a fox had dug out of the mud in winter and carried a few rods and dropped on the snow as it he had found no use for it.

One can understand the fearlessness of the akunk. Nearly every creature but the farm dog yields to him the right of way. All dread his terrible weapon. If you meet one in your walk in the twilight fields, the chances are that you will turn out for him, not he for you. He may even pursue you just for the fun of seeing you run. He comes waltzing toward you, apparently in the most hilarious spirits.

The coon is probably the most courageous creature among our tentiling wild spirits.

The cook is probably the most courageous creature among our familiar wild animals. Who ever saw a coon show the white feather? He will face any odds with perfect composure. I have seen a coon upon the ground, beset by four men and two dogs the ground, beset by four men and two dogs and never for a moment lose his presence of mind, or show a sign of fear. We were trying to capture him alive, and after much maneuvering succeeded. I seized him by the tail while he was occupied with the dogs in his front and carried him to a barrel which had been got ready. The raccoon is clear crit. clear grit.

The Fox Gets Ashamed.

The fox is a very wild and suspicious creature, but curiously enough, when you suddenly come face to face with him, when he is held by a trap, or driven by the hound, his expression is not that of fear, but of shame and guilt. He seems to diminish in size and to be overwhelmed with humilistics. embarrassment? The fox has no enemies but man, and when he is fairly outwitted, he looks the shame he evidently feels. In the heart of the rabbit fear constantly

soldes. How her eyes protrude! She can see back and front and on all sides equal to a bird. The fox is after her, the owls are after her, the gunners are after her, and she S I sat looking from my window the other morning upon a red squirrel gathering hickory nuts from a small hickory and storing them up in his the snowy owl, or else the great horned owl.

A friend of mine was following one morn-



The Squirrel Went Zig-Zag.

fresh rabbit track through an open Suddenly the track came to an end, as if the creature had taken wings—as it had after an unpleasant fashion. There, on either side of its last foot imprint, were several parellel lines in the snow, made by the wings of the great owl that had swooped down and carried it off. What a little tragedy was seen written there upon the white even surface of the field! Squirrels are Wiser Than Rabbits,

He did not show the slightest confusion.

ning and he discovered this fact in less than

three seconds; he must win, if at all, by

strategy. Not a straight course for the

double or treble zigzag course. Every in

squirrel dodged this way and that. The

the squirrel issued from between his hind legs and made three jumps toward the

ached with laughter, cruel as it may seem.

It was evident the squirrel would win. The dog seemed to redouble his efforts. He would overshoot the game, or shoot by it to

the right or left. The squirrel was the smaller craft and could out-tack him easily.

One more leap and the squirrel was up a tree, and the dog was overwhelmed with contusion and disgust. He could not believe his senses. "Not catch a squirrel in such a field as that? Go to, I will have him yet!" and he bounds up the tree as high

as one's head, and then bites the bark of it

in his anger and chagrin. The boy says his dog has never bragged since about catching

red squirrels "if only the trees were out of

When any of the winged creatures are en

or in any other race, the tactics of the squir

one whole. A hawk will pursue a sparrow

lose a stroke or half a stroke of the wing by reason of any darting to the right or left. The clew is held with fatal precision. No

enemy changes, simultaneously, as if every move was known to it from the first.

The same thing may be noticed among the

birds in their love chasings; the pursuer seems to know perfectly the mind of the

one bird, instead of a hundred. The same impulse seizes every individual bird at the

electricity.

Or when a flock of birds is in flight, it is

Have Birds a Sixth Sense?

The Squirrel Won the Race,

ds before he was discovered. Our sides

dog looked astonished and vexed.

He was no match for the dog in fair run-

The rabbit has not much wit. I one when a boy, saw one that had been recently caught, liberated in an open field in the presence of a dog that was being held a few yards away. But the poor thing lost all presence of mind and was quickly caught by the clumsy dog. I saw the same experiment tried with a red squirrel with quite opposite results. The boy who had caught the squirrel in his wire trap had a very bright and nimble dog about the size of bright and nimble dog about the size of a fox that seemed to be very sure he could catch a red squirrel under any circumstances if only the trees were out of the way. So the boy went to the middle of an open field caged squirrel, the dog, who seemed to know what was up, dancing and umping about him. It was in midwinter; the snow had a firm crust that beld boy and dog alike. The dog was drawn back a few yards and the squirrel liberated. Then he gan one of the most exciting races I have witnessed for a long time. It was impossible for the lookers-on not to be convulsed with laugher, though neither dog nor squir-

just as the tide reached the right point, and the usual knot of boys in their bathing suits were sitting at the end of the wharf. Ben made ready to join them. To his surprise his mother called him to go to the town on an errand, which would keep him so long rel seemed to regard the matter as much of a joke. The squirrel had all his wits about that the fun would all be over. Ben looked him and kept them ready for instant use. changing in the soft light from gold to blue, surface into gleaming foam, and watched the strong, white wings, and everything seemed nearest tree, but a zigzag course; yea, a free but himself. He was not given to many words, so he drew a long sigh and started off stant the dog was sure the squirrel was his and every instant he was disappointed. It obediently if not cheerfully.

Just as this small struggle was going on was incredible and bewildering to him. The

encourage the younger to lose his fears and venture alone in the water, Tom Dunlap, the older boy, had remained on the dock and urged little Dick to trust himself to the support of a plank and swim out to where he sat. "Don't be afraid, Dick. Swim out to me and I'll jump off and join

Laboriously, small Dick tried to obey, but before those few feet were passed he gave a sudden cry of fright and slipped away from

Just at this moment Ben came whistling down the road. The boys upon the dock called to him with shrill voices; gaged in a life and death race in that way, "The Dunlap boys are drowning! The Dunlap boys are drowning!" Ready for their bath, stronger and older rel do not work; the pursuer never over-shoots nor shoots by his mark. The flight of the two is timed as if they were parts of

than their struggling comrades, fully able to swim and to act in concert in rescuing one whole. A nawk will pursue a sparrow to swim and to act in concerning or a robin through a zig-zag course and not lose a stroke or half a stroke of the wing by reason of any darting to the right or left.

The clew is held with fatal precision. No wharf and shouted and stared and pointed

Hardly crediting the true state of th case, Ben paused for half a minute, keenly scanning the water before him, and to his horror he saw a white indistinct object float to the surface and fall instantly out of sight, and almost in the same breath, nearer in shore, rose out of the water the face and head of Tom Dunlap! A meaningless stare from his fixed eyes, a gasping flutter of the mouth, and a feeble struggle to use his

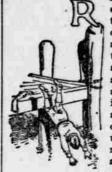
Or when a flock of birds is in flight, it is still one body, one will; it will rise, or circle, or swoop, with a unity that is truly astonishing. A flock of snow buntings will perform their aerial evolutions with a precision that the best-trained soldiery cannot equal. Have the birds an extra sense which we have not? A brood of young partridges in the woods will start up like an explosion, every brown partical and fragment hurled into the air at the same instant. Without word or signal, how is it done?



## BRAVE BEN BROUGHTON.

A True Story Written for The Dispatch

BY MARIA M'INTOSH COX.



ing, fishing, sailing, and the long list of other seaside pleasures, without the an-

drew Mr. and Mrs. Broughton to the old humiliation. Does he know himself to be drew Mr. and Mrs. Broughton to the old an old thief, and is that the reason of his town, and they took for the summer a cottage on the very water's brink, where their young people could revel in every salty delight without the restraints or the exposure of a fashionable resort. The Broughton family was a large one, and I dare say you might like to know them all, but my story has only to do with Ben, a boy of 14, who will never forget the summer he spent at Rainsford's.

Ben was always an active fellow, very welcome on the ball field, or wherever good manly play of any sort was going on, but he was neither very large for his age nor naturally very strong. His successes as an athletic youngster came through his courage and endurance, his quickness of perception, and his perseverance. When his straight, wiry little figure appeared on either side of a contest it meant help worth having and the opposing team knew it well.

Seaside pleasures he knew very little Seaside pleasures he knew very little about, and his first days at Rainsford's were rather dull and he was not at all sure that he should fancy this new life. But his parents fostered his self-reliance by hiring a flat-bottomed boat for their children, and almost immediately letting him row about, close in shore, on quiet days, and by efficuraging him to learn as rapidly as possible to swim.

A dock ran out near the cottage and under its lee the children bathed in safety and soon felt at home in the buoyant sait water. Some logs floated about, farther out or closer in, as the tide carried them, and they served as supports to the tired young legs and arms

as supports to the tired young legs and arms and gave them a sense of security. Mrs. Broughton watched their fun from her win-dows and felt no fear, and Ben, and even his little sister, grew expert in this new element.

Gradually as the summer advanced other

boys came to swim in this safe spot, and on any pleasant afternoon a group could be seen perched upon the top of the wharf, resting or making ready to dive. A few were chil-dren of the town, as much at ease and as fully posted in marine matters as if they had been born with fins; but there were two little fellows, neither of them very strong, who were just commencing to swim and

were not very successful in learning.

These brothers were especially eager to become expert swimmers because on their success depended their ownership of a boat like the Broughtons'. "As soon as they could take care of themselves," their father had said they should have one. Perhaps they were timid, for they were nervous lads, or perhaps their lungs were not strong, but whatever the cause might be they made but little headway. Daily they came to the dock, and the elder boy made some advancement, but the vounger could scarcely sup-

port himself in the water.

Their progress had reached this stage, when on one calm, hot August afternoon, just as the tide reached the right point, and wistfully out over the gently heaving water, and saw the passing boats break the lovely swooping gulls rising and falling on their

in his mind the little brothers were making ready for their daily attempt. Anxious to

sudden cry of fright and slipped away from the uphoiding wood.

In an instant Tom had leaped into the water and reached his brother's side. "Take hold of me, Dick; hold tight."

But alas! the trembling hands of the poor child made only futile efforts to touch his brother's shoulder; his short legs tried to "strike out," and then he sank, and an agony of fear paralyzed Tom's body and mind.

matter how quickly nor how often the spar-row or the finch changes its course, its downward, without making one effort to

arms, and he too was gone.
With eager energy Ben flung off his coat

pursued. This concert of action among birds is very curious. When they are on the alert a flock of sparrows, or pigeons, or cedar birds, or snow buntings, or black birds, will all take flight as if there was but and stooped to untie his shoes, but a ter-rible fear seized him; the mere untying of a same instant, as if they were sprung by shoestring took too long. Where was that faint, white glimmer which he knew-he could not tell how-had been the face of little Dick Dunlap? Waiting for no more,

in he plunged.

When unselfish courage fills a heart, When unselfish courage fills a heart, steadiness of mind is apt to keep it company, and Ben thought fast and to good purpose: "Tom is heavier than I am, and I can't swim well; I shall never be able to hold him."

With all the force he possessed he made for the nearest log, and pressing his chest against it, swam on toward the spot out of

AINSFORD'S has | which that awful head had risen, and there AINSFORD'S has existed since Revolutionary days. The quiet dignity of good ancestry gives charm to its small society, and the beach affords ample opportunity for all the joys of bathing, fishing, sailing, with an agonized clutch he grasped the wes web of his bathing suit and took an almost hopeless inspiration of the soft air, not knowing in this dread moment what must

novances of publicity and crowds.

These advantages s. Broughton to the old k for the summer a cotter's brink, where their revel in every salty destraints or the exposure resort. The Broughton one, and I dare say you them all, but my story h Ben. a bey of 14, who and then the other, and saw with a wild sense of exultation that he would float. Tom did not attempt to grasp or hold, but the log was well under his armpits and he did not slide back.

Then a strange dullness came over Ben's senses; his shoes, now water-soaked, fell like lead; the first dawn of hope seemed to be followed by exhaustion.

But help was coming from the shore. A

brave young girl, putting to shame the cowardly boys upon the wharf, had sne-ceeded in pushing a boat into the water, and she rowed toward Ben with all her might. When she came within an arm's length of the tired boy he could not so much as push poor Tom toward her, but she conquered the resistance of his unconscious weight and pull-d him into the boat. When once the heavier part of his body was core the provide he fell widden for was over the gunwale he fell suddenly for-ward and lay a helpless mass at her feet. She had not a thought, even, for Ben, but pulled for the shore with all her strength.

Ben, keeping his clear, brave head, realized that the tide was fast coming in, and ceasing to struggle, he floated on the soft, upholding waves until they laid him gently on the beach, as if they had brought him intelon the beach, as it they had brought him intelligently home. And then, though he could no longer work, his tired body had to obey his self-forgetting heart. The ovstermen were rapidly coming, and he knew just where to tell them to look for that pale object he had seen sink out of sight.

using every remaining energy, he made them understand, and staggering to his weak feet, he stood, with water running in streams from his drenched clothes, and guided to

where they must search.

Breathless, the crowd now gathered on the beach stood in silent expectation. A man, well fitted for his work, and bound to one, two, three minutes passed-he rose with empty arms. Undanated, again he disappeared, and yet again he rose, bringing nothing with him. "Once more," he ing nothing with him. "Once more," he called out hopefully; this time four minutes passed, and then he brought with him a little figure too pitiful to speak about.

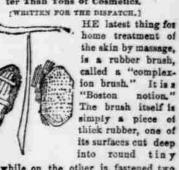
Already Tom was lying in a hospitable house, with every tender ministry helping him to fight for life, and to the same oper door the strong arms of the oysterman carried the little brother. "He is gone," he

But Ben feaped the full harvest of his heroic endeavor. Before their half-crazed mother could reach them, Tom had shown that life was surely coming back to him. And after long hours of friction and heat and restoratives, a faint pulsation moved

little Dick's still heart, and he lived on. In the Broughton's cottage Ben was the center of a thankful and excited family, but he was a very unconscious hero. He was anxious to be rid of his shoes, out of which the water gushed with every step, and eager for dry clothes; but, like every man or boy capable of such an act, thought very little of himself in connection with the result. He had done what God and his own heart had shown him to be his duty, and his thoughts lingered with the white faces of his drowning playmates; he had little con-sideration to bestow on Ben Broughton and his doings, but many a long day hence he will recall with thankfulness his share in

#### the rescue of the Dunlap boys. REAUTY'S LATEST AID.

Rubber Brush That Is Said to Be Bet ter Than Tons of Cosmetics, WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. 1



teeth, while on the other is fastened two rubber straps to admit the hand. The brush is used both before and after the usual ablutions. The friction, even when most vigorous, is gentle, agreeable, and brings a



apparent is the restoration of the skin to its natural texture in cases where the pores have become enlarged. This state of the skin often occurs because the bath does not sufficiently soften and carry away the oily waste which the blood has carried to the pores for egress; then the oily exudations remain and harden, and moreover become capped by impalpable dust, producing the odious "black-head." The pressure of this hardened matter against the delicates walls

# The Best Cosmetle Among the good effects of its use, soon

Blameries of Little Twins

ill so apart, sit down on a stone bench sence watch us with his sad and rather toned eves. One day Louis, hustled and Julien gave a cry, pallid, brothers adored each other and none of about his want of courage for fear of

e (wo brothers, also, were day-boarders. college.

The three of us were inseparable. As we How R. L. Garner Found Out the Sound for Food Among the Rhesus Monkeys-Record Caught in the Phonograph-The

the mornings became mild and fair, and then a mania took hold of us—that of going to see off the soldiers. Aix is on the road to Marseilles. Regiments came into the town by the road from Avignon, slept one night, and started off on the morrow by the road to Marseilles. At that time fresh troops, especially cavalry and artillery, were being sent to Crimes. Not a week much wider sense, possibly as a kind of

"Shibboleth," or peace making term used elapsed without troops passing. A local paper even announced these movements be-forehand for the benefit of the inhabitants among them. On delivering this word to them, almost with whom the men ledged. Only we did not read the paper, and we were much conimmediately one of them responded to it and came to the front of the cage, on repeating it two or three times more the remaining three came to the front of the cage, and on thrusting my fingers through the bars of the eage they took hold of them and began

cerned to know overnight whether there would be soldiers leaving in the morning. As the departure occurred at 5 in the morning we were obliged to get up very early often to no purpose.

What a happy time it was! Louis and what a happy time it was: Louis and Julien would come and call me from the middle of the street, where not a person was yet to be seen. I hurried down. It would be chilly notwithstanding the spring-time and mildness of the days, and we three would cross the empty town. When a regiment was leaving, the soldiers would be exembling on the complete that the street was the street before a best of the complete that the street was leaving, the soldiers would be exemplifyed. and apparent pleasure. be assembling on the cours, before a hotel they regarded me as a great ape or monkey, where the Colonel generally stayed. Nor were we the only people to enjoy the cene. Small proprietors appeared one by

gold and steel of the uniforms shone in the clear morning light. We thus beheld, upon the cours of that peaceful and still, drowsy town, dragoons, cavalry chasseurs,

the population, which rises' betimes.

Watching the Soldiers Move,

lancers, and in fact all branches of light and heavy cavalry. Glories of the Culrassiers. But our favorites, those who aroused our They dezzled us as they sat square on their stout horses with the glowing star of their breastplates before them. Their belmets took fire in the rising sun; their ranks were like rows of suns whose rays shone on the neighboring houses. When we knew that

there were cuirassiers going we got up at 4, so eager were we to fill our eyes with their At last, however, the Colonel would appear. The colors which had passed the night with him were displayed. And all at once, after two or three words of command cried aloud, the regiment gave way. It went down the cours, and with the first fall of the hoofs on the dry earth rose a best of drams which made our hearts lear within us. We ran to keep at the head of the column abreast of the band which was greeting the town as it went at a double. First, there came three shrill bugle notes

as a summons to the piayers; then the trumpet call broke out and covered everything with its sounds.

Off for the Wilds of Crimes. Outside the gates the "double" was ended in the open where the last notes died away. Then there was a turn to the left along th m was prolonged we would Marseilles road, a fine road planted with went at foot pace, in rather open order on the wide highway white with dust. We felt as if we were going, too. The town mappened or whether we felt the shock | was remote, college was forgotten, we ran and ran, delighted with our outbreak. It

was like setting out to war ourselves every Ah, these lovely mornings! It was 6 o'clock, the sun, already high, lighted the country with great sloping rays. A milder warmth breathed through the little chill breeze of morning. Groups of birds flew up from the hedges. Far off the meadows were bathed in pink mist, and amid the smiling landscape these beautiful soldiers, the cui rassiers shiping like stars, passed with their glowing breasts. It was a moving spectacle. The horses slackened their pace yet more the men grew misller with the rhythmic swaving of their steeds. At first each breastplate and each helmet was like a sun. Then the suns dwindled and soon there was only an army of stars on the march. Finally the last man disappeared and the road was bare. Nothing was left of the beautiful

regiment that had passed by, except a memors. When the Soldiers Came Horne. We were only children, but all the same that spectacle made us grave. As the regiment slowly mounted the steep, we would be taken by a great silence, our eyes fixed upon the troop, in despair at the thought of losing it; and when it had disappeared something lighted in our throats and for a morock behind which it just vanished. Would it ever come back? Would it, some day, come down this hillside again? These quesions, stirring sadly within us, made us sad.

Goodby, beautiful regiment.

Julien, in particular, always came home very tired. He only came so far in order not to leave his brother. These e-cursions knocked him up, and he had a mortal terror of the horses.

And after awhile we had fallen back deeper than ever into Homer and Virgil. All at once we learned that the French had conquered, which seemed to us quite nat-ural. Then regiments again began to pass, but in the other direction. They no longer interested us; still we did see two or three.

### LEARNING SIMIAN WORDS.

with the Superintendent of the Zoological Garden at Central Park, New York, to make some experiments with the phonograph and the monkeys contained in that excellent collection of animals. Early in the morning I retired to the monkey house, and for the first time approached a cage containing four brown Capuchin monkeys, two white faced Sapajous or ringtails, one Cudgo monkey and a small Spider monkey, none of which I had ever seen or conversed with before. On approaching the cage I saluted them with the word which I have translated from the Capuchin tongue to mean "food," and also, as described in a former article of mine as being used in a

playing with them with great familiarity

Satisfied All the Witnesses They seemed to recognize the sound at once and seemed to realize that it had been delivered to them by myself. Whether I am unable to say. Up to this time I had hown them no food or drink or anything of the kind, but soon thereafter I secured some one, early town folk and all that part of apples and carrots and gave them small bits of it in response to their continual request, there were crowds. The sun rose. The

using this particular sound until I had satisfied those present that they really under-derstood the word that I had used, and that it was, properly translated, food. This was not only gratifying to me, but doubly so in view of the fact that I satisfied those present who had come to witness these experi-ments that I was correct in my solution of Then placing my phonograph in order I nade a record of the sound and turned the nstrument then upon a cage containing one

small Rhesus monkey together with two or three other varieties. I recorded a word of the Rhesus monkey which I had believed to correspond in meaning, though quite differ-ent in sense, to the Capuchin word for food. This Rhesus sound I recorded and then turned the cylinder and repeated it to some monkeys of the same variety in another cage. Then on presenting some small bits of apple and carrot I induced the monkeys in the other cage to use the same soun which they continually did and appeared to me to be asking for food. The cage contained some 18 or 20 moukeys, and I took a very accurate record of them almost in chorns. I was satisfied that I had discovered the sound in the Rhesus dialect which meant food, though it was used in a some-

what more restricted sense than the word which I have described as meaning and also with a wider meaning in the

Tried on Some Fresh Monkeys On the same evening there arrived in Central Park a shipment of Rhesus monkeys from abroad; they were brought there from Europe. They were seven in number. At my request they were placed entirely, out of communication with any other monkeys. Early on the following morning I repaired to the room in which the monkeys had been placed. In company with me were the superintendent of the zoological garden and two or three other gentlemen who had been permitted to come to witness the experiments. I requested them not to offer the monkeys anything to eat or display anything of the kind or by any means to attempt to induce them to talk until I

could arrange my phonograph to deliver to them the cylinder which I had recorded on the preceding day. Having arranged my phonograph I remonkey house, and up to this time there and not been a word spoken or a sound omitted by any of the new arrivals. But immediately upon the reproduction of the record taken in the monkey house, they be-gan to respond, using the same sounds and gave every evidence of understanding the

seaning of these sounds delivered through the horn. It is exceedingly difficult to represent this sound by any formula. But as nearly as I can express it letters it is approximated by the letters nqu-u-w, being the long "u," equivalent to "double o" in the word "shoot." One of the most difficult things in the study of the language of the Simiar is to find either verbal or literal expression that will adequately convey the idea of either the meaning of the word or its sound. Because in the Simian tongue one word often represents an entire sentence, one word is generally composed of which are not usually represented by alphabetic characters.

Proof of the Discovery of a Word. I next proceeded to take a record of the new arrivals. They were all of the same species, being Rhesus monkeys. There were three mothers and four babes, one of the babes being an orphan, the mother baving died in her passage across the ocean. Of these I succeeded in getting two very excellent records, one of the orphan babe and the other of one in an adjoining compartment. He was exceeding talkstive, very noisy but quite intelligent. These monkeys de They did not seem to us so fine, diminished as they were by half, and the rest is lost in a mist. Such was the Crimean War, in France, for schoolboys shut up in a country college.

EMILE ZOLA.

Dut quite intelligent. These monkeys do not generally talk or make a noise, except when they really desire to communicate some idea by their sounds. I do not think that they are given to habitually chattering in a meaningless or senseless way, but my



fear and apprehension in which the wild creatures live, and I tried to pitcure to myself what life would be to me, or to any of us, hedged about by so many dangers, real or imaginary.



This fear, this ever present source of danger of the wild creatures, we know little about Probably the only person in the civilized countries who is no better off than the animals in this respect is the Czar of Russia. He would not even dare gather nuts as openly as my squirrel. A blacker and more terrible cat than Nig would be lying in wait for him and would make a meal of him. The early settlers in this country must have experienced something of this dread of appre-hension from the Indians. Many African tribes now live in the same state of constant ear of the slave catchers or of other hostile tribes. Our ancestors, back in prehistoric times, or back of that in geologic times, must have known fear as a constant feeling. Hence the prominence of fear in in-fants and children when compared with the