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"GO TO THE ANT."

And Learn of Her How to Be an Ideal Socialist.

"It now being past noon and Formica's thoughts turning to refreshments, she hied herself to the outskirts of the nest, where the family cows were pastured. These cows, or aphides, were feeding on the leaves of the daisy, into which they plunge their proboscides and suck all day long, filling their bodies with pleasant juices. Our ant came up behind an aphis and stroked it gently with her antennae, when the little creature gave out a drop of her sweet liquid, which Formica sucked into her own crop. There were thousands of these aphides pasturing on the leaves and thousands of ants milking them. Most of the ants took more of the juice into their crops than they needed; and, on the way back to work, gave up a part of it to friends whom they met going to the cows, thus saving the others' time and enabling them to resume their occupation more quickly. The ants were making the most of the aphis juice during the summer days, knowing that the supply would fall off later when the aphides laid their eggs. (Note here the superior mental equipoise of the ant, which neither betrays surprise nor writes to the newspapers when her cows begin to lay eggs.) These eggs the ants would store over winter, tending them with the utmost care until spring, when the young aphides are brought out and placed on the shoots of the daisy to mature and provide food again during the hot weather. This far-sightedness is unexampled in the animal kingdom. Other insects and animals put away stores for the winter, to be sure, but the ant is the only one of them that breeds its own food supply. Having taken her fill of the sweet juice on this particular day, Formica noticed that the aphis which she had been milking was in a position on the leaf which might expose it to observation of some aphidivorous insect. She immediately descended to the ground, when she obtained a mouthful of earth, and, again climbing up the daisy stalk, built a tiny shed over the cow, going back and forth several times to bring up sufficient material."—Frank Marshall White in Pearson's.

HE KNEW HIS BEES.

Worked on a Bee Ranch and Learned to Distinguish Them.

"Did you ever hear of a man who could recognize a bee from the other members of its swarm?" asked Col. J. E. Showalter while talking to a group of horsemen in the Hoffman house lobby a few evenings ago.

"Oh, you needn't give me the laugh; it's so. I've done it.

"Of course it isn't every one who can do it—just as there are few artists that can catch the expression of a horse and put it on canvas. It's on the same principle that some shepherds know every sheep in a flock of two or three thousand.

"When I was a young man I went west from Kentucky to locate. I was charmed with the beauty of southern California and settled for a year or two at San Diego. I found that I would starve there if I tried to practice law, so I turned to almost the only thing at which one could make a living then in that section, and went on a bee ranch.

"There you go again! Because you never heard of anything but horses you imagine a bee ranch doesn't exist. Well, it does. That whole section is practically covered with a white sage, the bloom of which makes perhaps the best honey in the world. Consequently the country has been divided into great bee ranches and the production of honey became quite an industry.

"Some of the best pure white honey on the New York market to-day," said Col. Showalter, according to the New York Times, "comes from San Diego. In the course of the development of the industry it was found that the black bee, from near the River Po, in Italy, was the best suited for their purpose. Well, I worked for about a year on a bee ranch and became so familiar with the bees that I learned to distinguish them from each other."

Redeeming Asiatic Turkey.

Asiatic Turkey is to be rescued from semi-barbarism by the construction of $140,000,000 worth of railroads, one of which will run through Euphrates valley from end to end. The new roads will follow the old caravan routes, and they will touch all the principal cities and towns of Bible land.

FALLEN INTO ELD.

I sit before my window
And watch the sullen rain;
The hand of age is on me,
And weakness grows to pain.

My sons are men, far from me;
Their father—he is dead;
I own the roof above me,
I do not lack for bread.

But O the lonely morning!
And O the dreary night!
Ah, life itself should follow
When love and hope take flight.

No happy days await me,
No joy that all must crave;
The only path before me
Ends in an open grave.
—Ninette M. Lowater, in New York Sun.

A DOG OF RUDDY COVE.

By Norman Duncan.

HE was a Newfoundland dog, born of reputable parents at Back Arm and decently bred in Ruddy Cove, which is on the northeast coast. He had black hair, short, straight and wiry,—the curly-haired breed has failed on the island,—and broad, ample shoulders, which his forbears had transmitted to him from generations of hauling wood.

He was heavy, awkward and ugly, resembling somewhat a great draft-horse. But he pulled with a will, fended for himself, and within the knowledge of men had never stolen a fish; so he had a high place in the hearts of all the people of the Cove, and a safe one in their estimation.

"Skipper! Skipper! Here, b'y!"

The ringing call, in the voice of young Billy Topsail, his master, a fisherman's son, never failed to bring the dog from the kitchen with an eager rush, when the snow lay deep on the rocks and all the paths of the wilderness were ready for the sled. He stood stock-still for the harness, and at the first "Hi, b'y! Gee up, there!" he bounded away with a wagging tail and a glad bark. It was as if nothing pleased him so much on a frosty morning as the prospect of a hard day's work.

If the call came in summer-time when the Skipper was dozing in the cool shadow of a flake,—a platform of boughs for drying fish,—he scrambled to his feet, took his clog in his mouth and ran, all a-quiver for what might come, to where young Billy waited. (In Newfoundland the law requires that all dogs shall be clogged as a precaution against their killing sheep and goats which run wild. The clog is in the form of a billet of wood, weighing at least seven and a half pounds, and tied to the dog's neck.) If the clog were taken off,—as it was almost sure to be,—it meant sport in the water. Then the Skipper would paw the ground and whine until the stick was flung out for him. But best of all he loved to dive for stones.

At the peep of many a day, too, he went out in the punt to the fishing grounds with Billy Topsail, and there kept the lad good company all the day long. It was because he sat on the little cuddy in the bow, as if keeping a lookout ahead, that he was called the Skipper.

"Sure, 'tis a clever dog, that!" was Billy's boast. "He would save life—that dog would!"

This was proved beyond doubt when little Isaiah Tommy Goodman toddled over the wharfhead, where he had been playing with a squid. Isaiah Tommy was four years old, and would surely have been drowned had not the Skipper strolled down the wharf just at that moment.

The Skipper was obedient to the instinct of all Newfoundland dogs to drag the sons of men from the water. He plunged in and caught Isaiah Tommy by the collar of his pinafore. Still following his instinct, he kept the child's head above water with powerful strokes of his fore paws while he towed him to shore. Then the outcry which Isaiah Tommy immediately set up brought his mother to complete the rescue.

For this deed the Skipper was petted a day and a half, and fed with fried caplin and salt pork, to his evident gratification. No doubt he was persuaded that he had acted worthily. However that be, he continued in merry moods, in affectionate behavior, in honesty—although the fish were even then drying on the flakes, all exposed, and he carried his clog like a hero.

"Skipper," Billy Topsail would ejaculate, "you do be a clever dog!"

One day in the fall of the year, when high winds spring suddenly from the land, Billy Topsail was fishing from the punt, the Never Give Up, over the shadows of Molly's Head. It was "fish weather," as the Ruddy Cove men say—gray, cold and misty. The harbor entrance lay two miles to the southwest. The bluffs which marked it were hardly discernible, for the mist hung thick off the shore. Four punts and a skiff were bobbing half a mile farther out to sea, their crews fishing with hook and line over the side. Thicker weather threatened, and the day was near spent.

"'Tis time to be off home, b'y," said Billy to the dog. "'Tis getting thick in the sou'west."

The Skipper stretched himself and wagged his tail. He had no word to say, but Billy, who, like all fishermen in remote places, had formed the habit of talking to himself, supplied the answer.

"'Tis that, Billy, b'y," said he. "The punt's as much as one hand can manage in a fair wind. An' 'tis a dead beat to the harbor now."

Then Billy said a word for himself. "We'll put in for ballast. The punt's too light for a gale."

He sculled the punt to the little cove by the Head, and there loaded her with rocks. Her sails, mainsail and tiny jib were spread, and she was headed for Grassy Island, on the first leg of her beat into the wind. By this time the other two punts were under way, and the sails of the skiff were fluttering as her crew prepared to beat home for the night. The Never Give Up was ahead of the fleet, and held her lead in such fine fashion as made Billy Topsail's heart swell with pride.

The wind had gained in force. It was sweeping down from the hills in gusts. Now it fell to a breeze, and again it came swiftly with angry strength. Nor could its advance be perceived, for the sea was choppy and the bluffs shielded the inshore waters.

"We'll fetch the harbor on the next tack," Billy muttered to the Skipper, who was whining in the bow.

He put the steering oar hard alee to bring the punt about. A gust caught the sails. The boat heeled before it, and her gunwale was under water before Billy could make a move to save her. The wind forced her down, pressing heavily upon the canvas. Her ballast shifted and she toppled over.

Boy and dog were thrown into the sea—the one aft, the other forward. Billy dived deep to escape entanglement with the rigging of the boat. He had long ago learned the lesson that presence of mind wins half the fight in perilous emergencies. The coward miserably perishes, where the brave man survives. With his courage leaping to meet his predicament, he struck out for windward and rose to the surface.

He looked about for the punt. She had been heavily weighted with ballast and he feared for her. What was he to do if she had been too heavily weighted? Even as he looked she sank. She had righted under water; the tip of the mast was the last he saw of her.

The sea—cold, fretful, vast—lay all about him. The coast was half a mile to windward; the punts, out to sea, were laboriously beating toward him, and could make no greater speed. He had to choose between the punt and the rocks.

A whine—with a strange note in it—attracted his attention. The big dog had caught sight of him, and was beating the water in a frantic effort to approach quickly. But the dog had never whined like that before.

"Hi, Skipper!" Billy called. "Steady, b'y! Steady!"

Billy took off his boots as fast as he could. The dog was coming nearer, still whining strangely and madly pawing the water. Billy was mystified. What possessed the dog? It was as if he had been seized with a fit of terror. Was he afraid or drowning? His eyes were fairly flaring. Such a light had never been in them before.

In the instant he had for speculation the boy lifted himself high in the water and looked intently into the dog's eyes. It was terror he saw in them; there could be no doubt about that, he thought. The dog was afraid for his life. At once Billy was filled with dread. He could not crush the feeling down. Afraid of the Skipper,—the old, affectionate Skipper—his own dog, which he had reared from a puppy! It was absurd. But he was afraid, nevertheless—desperately afraid.

"Back, b'y!" he cried. "Get back, sir!"

Billy was a strong swimmer. He had learned to swim where the water is cold—cold, often, as the icebergs stranded in the harbor can make it. The water was bitter cold now, but he did not fear it, nor did he doubt that he could accomplish the long swim which lay before him. It was the unaccountable failure of the dog which disturbed him—his failure in obedience, which could not be explained. The dog was now within three yards, and excited past all reason.

"Back, sir!" Billy screamed. "Get back with you!"

The dog was not deterred by the command. He did not so much as hesitate. Billy raised his hand as if to strike him—a threatening gesture which had sent the Skipper home with his tail between his legs many a time. But it had no effect now.

"Get back!" Billy screamed again.

It was plain that the dog was not to be bidden. Billy threw himself on his back, supported himself with his hands and kicked at the dog with his feet. The Skipper was blinded by the splashing. He whined and held back. Then blindly he came again. Billy moved slowly from him, head foremost, still churning the water with his feet. But swimming thus, he was no match for the dog. With his head thrown back to escape the blows, the Skipper forged after him. He was struck in the jaws, in the throat and again in the jaws. But he pawed on, taking every blow without complaint and gaining inch by inch. Soon he was so close that the lad could no longer move his feet freely. Then the dog chanced to catch one foot with his paw, and forced it under. Billy could not beat him off.

No longer opposed, the dog crept up—paw over paw, forcing the boy's body lower and lower. His object was clear to Billy. The Skipper, frenzied by terror, the boy thought, would try to save himself by climbing on his shoulders.

"Skipper!" he cried, "you'll drown me! Get back!"

The futility of attempting to command obedience from a crazy dog struck Billy Topsail with force. He must act otherwise, and that quickly, if he were to escape. There seemed to be but one thing to do. He took a long breath and let himself sink—down—down—as deep as he dared. Down—down—until he retained breath sufficient but to strike to the right and rise again.

The dog—as it was made known later—rose as high as he could force himself, and looked about in every direction, with his mouth open and his ears rigidly cocked. He gave two short barks, like sobs, and a long, mournful whine. Then, as if acting upon sudden thought, he dived.

For a moment nothing was to be seen of either boy or dog. There was nothing but a choppy sea in that place. Men who were watching thought that both had followed the Never Give Up to the bottom.

In the momentary respite under water Billy perceived that his situation was desperate. He would rise, he was sure, but only to renew the struggle. How long he could keep the dog off he could not tell. Until the punts came down to his aid? He thought not.

He came to the surface prepared to dive again. But the Skipper had disappeared. An ejaculation of thanksgiving was yet on the boy's lips, when the dog's black head rose and moved swiftly toward him. Billy had a start of ten yards—or something more.

He turned on his side and set off at top speed. There was no better swimmer among the lads of the harbor. Was he a match for a powerful Newfoundland dog? It was soon evident that he was not.

The Skipper gained rapidly. Billy felt a paw strike his foot. He put more force into his strokes. Next the paw struck the calf of his leg. The dog was now upon him—pawing his back. Billy could not sustain the weight. To escape, that he might take up the fight in another way, he dived again.

The dog was waiting when Billy came up—waiting eagerly, on the alert to continue the chase.

"Skipper, old fellow—good old dog!" Billy called in a soothing voice. "Steady, sir! Down, sir—back!"

The dog was not to be deceived. He came, by turns whining and gasping. He was more excited, more determined, than ever. Billy waited for him. The fight was to be face to face. The boy had determined to keep him off with his hands until strength failed—to drown him if he could. All love for the dog had gone out of his heart. The weeks of close and merry companionship, of romps and rambles and sport, were forgotten. Billy was fighting for life. So he waited without pity, hoping only that his strength might last until he had conquered.

When the dog was within reach Billy struck him in the face. A snarl and an angry snap was the result.

Rage seemed suddenly to possess the dog. He held back for a moment, growling fiercely, and then attacked with a rush. Billy fought as best he could, trying to catch his enemy by the neck and to force his head beneath the waves. The effort was vain; the dog eluded his grasp and renewed the attack. In another moment he had laid his heavy paws on the boy's shoulders.

The weight was too much for Billy. Down he went, freed himself, and struggled to the surface, gasping for breath. It appeared to him now that he had but a moment to live. He felt his self-possession going from him—and at that moment his ears caught the sound of a voice.

"Put your arm——"

The voice seemed to come from far away. Before the sentence was completed the dog's paws were again on Billy's shoulders and the water stopped the boy's hearing. What were they calling to him? The thought that some helping hand was near inspired him. With this new courage to aid, he dived for the third time. The voice was nearer—clearer—when he came up, and he heard every word.

"Put your arm around his neck!" one man cried.

"Catch him by the scruff of the neck!" cried another.

Billy's self-possession returned. He would follow this direction. The Skipper swam anxiously to him. It may be that he wondered what this new attitude meant. It may be that he hoped reason had returned to the boy—that at last he would allow himself to be saved. Billy caught the dog by the scruff of the neck when he was within arm's length. The Skipper wagged his tail and turned about. There was a brief pause, during which the faithful old dog determined upon the direction he would take. He espied the punts, which had borne down with all speed. Toward them he swam, and there was something of pride in his mighty strokes, something of exultation in his whine. Billy struck out with his free hand, and soon boy and dog were pulled over the side of the nearest punt.

Through it all, as Billy now knew, the dog had only wanted to save him.

That night Billy Topsail took the Skipper aside for a long and confidential talk. "Skipper," said he, "I beg your pardon. You see, I didn't know what 'twas you wanted. I'm sorry I ever had a hard thought against you, and I'm sorry I tried to drown you. When I thought you only wanted to save yourself, 'twas Billy Topsail you were thinking of. When I thought you wanted to climb atop of me, 'twas my collar you wanted to catch. When I thought you wanted to bite me,' twas a scolding you were giving me for my foolishness. Skipper, b'y, honest, I beg your pardon. Next time I'll know that all a Newfoundland dog wants is a chance to tow me ashore. And I'll give him a whole chance. But, Skipper, don't you think you might have given me a chance to do something for myself?"

At which the Skipper wagged his tail.—Youth's Companion.

DON'T BE ASHAMED OF IDEALS.

The Passion For Things Good is Planted in Us All.

Apropos to the recent discussion of the biography of Stevenson is this extract from an editorial article in the Century:

"There is a hunger of the soul for things of good repute that, given a life of average length, is apt sooner or later to assert its power in every man not born an irreclaimable criminal. There is a passion, in strong natures as in weak, for things evil, but there is a passion as well for things clean and virtuous. In that strange and memorable colloquy of the dawn between Francis Villon and the Lord of Brisetout, in Stevenson's story, 'A Lodging for the Night,' the sympathetic figure is not the well-housed seigneur, but the homeless, thieving poet. And yet the man of convention, warming his knees by his comfortable charcoal pan, said things that hold water. 'You speak of food and wine,' quoth he, 'and I know very well that hunger is a difficult trial to endure, but you do not speak of other wants; you say nothing of honor, of faith to God and other men, of courtesy, of love without reproach. It may be that I am not very wise—and yet I think I am—but you seem to me like one who has lost his way and made a great error in life. You are attending to the little wants, and you have totally forgotten the great and only real ones, like a man who should be doctoring toothache on the Judgment Day. For such things as honor and love and faith are not only nobler than food and drink, but, indeed, I think we desire them more, and suffer more sharply for their absence. I speak to you as I think you will most easily understand me. Are you not, while careful to fill your belly, disregarding another appetite in your heart, which spoils the pleasure of your life and keeps you continually wretched?'

"The young man who put these words into the mouth of the Lord of Brisetout knew one or two things about life, and it would be nothing other than natural if, more and more, his own life betrayed that knowledge.

"Heaven knows there is enough to pull us down. Let us not be ashamed, we poor sinners, of cherishing ideals, even in weakness! And defend us from the cynic critics who, for reasons that savor of qualities one does not wish to name, would deface the ideals that speak to us from the many-volumed writings of a brave, knightly and lamented spirit."

The Six-Fingered Children.

Unique in the history of freaks is the six-fingered family of Dresbach, Minn. The family now consists of Mrs. Gaskill and ten children. The peculiarity belongs to the mother's side.

Mrs. Caskill's maiden name was Olive Cooper. She doesn't know where she was born, but the family was probably of New York origin. She remembers only that she was a wanderer with the Cooper family at an early age, and that the Cooper family were basket-makers and venders; they led gypsy lives and crossed the continent from New York to San Francisco several times.

In the Cooper family there were ten children. Five of them had six fingers and five of them had not. The greatest peculiarity is that every alternate child in point of age has the extra finger, and those who are not six-fingered are blessed with an extra toe, and those who have six toes have webs between their toes. The extra toes and fingers have well developed nails. Exactly the same conditions are found in the Gaskill family. Mrs. Gaskill was married to Zacheus Gaskill thirty-two years ago, and has resided in Dresden since then.—St. Paul Dispatch.

Thames Watermen.

Considering the deterioration of the Thames as a highway, it is surprising that the professional waterman should flourish as he does. This is in great part owing to the prize which Thomas Doggett, comedian, established to commemorate the accession of the House of Brunswick. For 179 years now, on August 1 every year, six young watermen, just out of their apprenticeship, have rowed for the flame-colored coat and silver badge for which Doggett in his will provided in perpetuity. The Fishmongers' Company, of which Doggett was a member, provides other prizes, and the contest still excites more than a local interest.—London Chronicle.

Excessive Politeness.

There is a man who is always apologizing, and some say: "How courteous he is! How thoughtful! A born gentleman!" Know that he is a thorough and aggressive egotist. He runs against you, he steps on your foot, he tries to pass you on the left, he knocks your hat as he hangs by a strap in a car, he sits on your coat tail—what does he not do to call attention to his own breeding? Sometimes he throws the accent on "beg," sometimes on "par—don." The speech is merely a rhetorical flourish and he has practiced all the variations.—Boston Journal.

Of the 1557 towns in New England 101 manage their schools under the district system, eighty-one of them being in Connecticut.

Why Railroads Help.

EVERY few months reports are published concerning exhibitions of road building machinery or mass meetings to discuss road construction, held under the supervision of railway companies. It is of no small interest to examine into the reasons which have led one railroad to appoint a permanent good roads agent, another to transport over its lines a trainload of machinery with which object lessons in economical road building are given at various towns, and many companies to offer special rates for transportation of plant for highway improvement. Presumably these corporations are not doing this solely for philanthropic motives, but because they recognize that the high cost of transportation over poor roads diminishes the farmer's ability to market all but the most valuable part of his produce and his power of purchasing return freight; or, in other words, good roads are a necessity to wealthy farmers, and many of them, the railway revenues on local business are small.

The census returns for the State of New York show that the decrease in population in the last decade was 2261 in Wyoming, Livingston and Allegany counties. The special train which took the New York members of the American Society of Civil Engineers to the recent convention at Niagara Falls passed through parts of these counties, and some of the members remarked on the fact that in spite of manifest advantages of soil and climate farming is gradually decreasing, and lands formerly under cultivation are now going back to brush and weeds. The reason for this may be complex, but one of the most influential is surely the defective roads, which not only put an additional burden on the cost of teaming, but also isolate each farm and increase the difficulty of social intercourse. This latter influence is much greater than is usually recognized, for men, women and children are gregarious animals, and the hermit and recluse are rare.

Moreover, the lack of good roads is depriving these counties of a very considerable revenue from tourists and pleasure seekers. Their scenery is beautiful, their climate attractive, but their highways keep out the visitor. Switzerland learned this lesson long ago, and has built up an enormous income from tourists by good roads and good hotels. Western New York has, of course, no Chamounix, Zermatt or Interlaken, but it has more picturesque scenery than that to be found along the Oberlap and Albula passes from Andermatt to San Moritz. Hosts of tourists take the latter tedious two day journey who would never think of it if a magnificent highway did not make the long diligence ride as comfortable as the smoothest roadway and the easiest of stages permit. Throughout this entire distance, moreover, there is rarely a farm in sight, the hamlets are very small and there are only a few villages. It is self-evident that without the high road and its well-kept branches the country would be deserted. If a similar road extended through the three retrograding New York counties, with less expensive but nevertheless good branches to the neighboring villages, it is safe to say that the income from travelers and summer visitors alone would soon pay the cost of maintenance and reconstruction, to say nothing of the increased wealth of the farmers through cheaper transportation.—Engineering Record.

Macadam Machines.

The construction of macadam roads on a large scale has naturally imparted a great impetus to the development of rock crushing apparatus. The first steel rock crusher was built ten years ago and a gradual improvement has since gone hand in hand with an increase of capacity. The most modern plants not only crush the stone but elevate it and separate it into sizes. The stone crushers weigh from two to eight tons each, require for their operation engines of from twelve to twenty-five horse power and give a product of from eight to thirty tons of crushed stone per hour. For separating the crushed stone into different sizes road makers usually use a portable storage bin which weighs 2500 pounds and has three compartments, each of which will hold four tons of stone, and which are provided with discharging chutes on either side so that wagons can load from both sides if necessary. For separating the crushed material into various sizes screens of different types are available. One of the most interesting forms of this apparatus is the revolving screen, which revolves on either a shaft or on rollers and into which the stone passes. Some of these screens are fifty-six inches in diamter, and inasmuch as each screen is punched with holes of two different sizes, three different sizes of product are obtained, one size passing through the one-inch holes, a second size passing through the two-inch holes, and the largest size pasisng out at the end of the screen.

A Spring 3000 Years Old.

In Zante, one of the Ionian Islands, there is a petroleum spring which has been known for nearly 3000 years. It is mentioned by Herodotus.

California's barley crop harvested in 1901 amounted to 500,000 tons.