

## Animal Curiosities

**Pet Wasps Dance a Skirt Dance—A Dog Saves Five Human Lives—A Statesman Who Kissed a Horse—Some Very Wise Chickens—Cats Hard to Manage—How Wild Animals Are Caged.**

### YELLOW DOG SAVES FIVE HUMAN LIVES.

Being only an ordinary yellow dog with no second name, and not much beauty, he was laid out dead in the rain on the top of an old counter in the backyard of 44 Lee Place. There was a fire at that house yesterday morning, and the dog which lay there dead and uncared for saved five people from death and gave his own life to do it. He did it without ostentation, and his funeral—if he gets one at all—will be without ostentation either.

No. 44 Lee Place is a two-story frame building, with the usual under-box burning capacity. At 2:30 o'clock yesterday morning fire reached a can of kerosene which was in a closet. Mr. and Mrs. Camus, with Jack, the yellow dog, lived upstairs. A janess, with his wife and baby, lived on the ground floor. Everyone was asleep but Jack, and the deadly smoke fumes were fast putting the five beyond ever waking again. Jack, the yellow dog, ran to the bed where Mr. and Mrs. Camus slept and jumped upon the chest of Mr. Camus. The man was aroused, and knew the danger in time to save himself and his wife. The dog was left to shift for himself. The flames had eaten their way through the house and time was precious. Mr. Camus rushed downstairs to awaken the other tenants, but found that Jack had been there ahead of him and had awakened them also.

Then the insurance patrol men came and covered things up with tarpaulins, while the firemen put out the flames. The four people whose home was the room he stumbled over the body of Jack. The body was not burned at all. Death had come by suffocation. —Chicago Tribune.

### STORY OF A PARTRIDGE.

A gentleman named Apgar, of New Jersey, has captured a partridge under curious circumstances. About the middle of last month he was hauling wood from the woods to his house, when the bird came out of the woods to the road and lit on one of the wheels of the wagon, within two feet of where Mr. Apgar was standing. Looking up he saw a hawk circling around not much above the tops of the trees. This explained the strange action of the partridge. It had come near to the man, its instinct telling it that its enemy, the hawk, would not dare attack it in his presence. After circling around a short time the hawk sailed away. Soon afterwards the partridge flew back to the woods. The next day Apgar was at the same spot loading wood. Suddenly a partridge, presumably the same one, came flying out of the woods and lit on the ground close to his feet. He stooped down, and the bird not only permitted him to pick it up, but it nestled confidently down in his arms. He glanced upwards. The hawk was again circling about, no doubt intent on the capture of the partridge, but it soon departed as before. Apgar placed the partridge on the ground, but it did not go away. When he started to drive his home the bird flew to the top of the load, perched there, and did not leave it even when Apgar reached home. On the contrary, it permitted him to take it from the wagon and place it in a chicken coop, where it now is, apparently in the greatest content, and manifesting every evidence of pleasure when Apgar is in sight.

### CATS ARE HARD TO MANAGE.

An English exhibitor of trained animals, Mr. Leon Clarke, is reported as saying that, though he has educated all sorts of animals, from lions downward, he has found that the most difficult of them all is the cat. He has to treat these creatures with extraordinary care. A dog is sensible, a monkey accommodating, and a rat either forgives or forgets—but a cat! She is a bundle of sensibilities. Strike her once, if only by accident, and she will never perform again. Kindness is not only polite, it is absolutely necessary, in the training of cats.

Although 30 cats are sufficient for his entertainment, he has 60 or more with him, for cats are very skittish creatures, and when they take the whim into their heads it is useless to take them on the stage. When Mr. Clarke enters the stable the mewling is prodigious, and he is instantly buried in a moving mantle of cats. It took him four years to train some of his animals before he could put them upon the stage. A parachute cat, which climbs up a rope to the roof of the theater, and flies down by parachute, is the second which has done the trick. The first became too fat and fell into bad ways. It is now Jim Corbett, and boxes Mitchell nightly. A curious feature of the show is the way in which the cats walk over a rope of rats and mice and canaries, stepping gingerly between the little fluttering bodies. This mighty forbearance is brought about by training up the cats from kittens in the same cage as the rats and mice. There are only six of his cats that Mr. Clarke dares trust among the rats. The rats and mice come from Java.

### A FLYCATCHER'S COURTSHIP.

"A pair of least flycatchers were fitting about a gully, spanned by a footbridge on my left. The male acted precisely as if he were intoxicated. He would start from some twig near the ground, or from the ground itself, in spiral flight upward, snapping his bill loudly, chattering in the most extravagant fashion, and every few seconds losing his balance and turning a complete somersault. When he reached the treetops he would come down again in much the same style, the somersaults only being rather more frequent and reckless. Once more on his perch, he would sit quietly with ruffled plumage and flashing eyes until he took it into his head to renew his gymnastic performances, or until some passing insect tempted him to make a sally for a utilitarian purpose. Doubtless this was his method of expressing sentiments to which his more gifted associates among the birds gave utterance in song."

### YOUNG WASPS FRIED.

Young wasp grubs fried in butter do not at first sight appear to be the most alluring dish in the world, yet they have been pronounced delicious by those hardy experimenters who tried them. And, as they are, upon the sweetest juices drawn from fruit and flowers, they naturally possess a delicate flavor.

Perhaps the best way to prepare them is to bake them in the comb. Incidental to experiments conducted by Government experts respecting the edible qualities of insects, a number of trials were made of a beverage particularly novel, which might be termed "ant-ade."

A few hundred ants were crushed at a time in a mortar with a pestle and the liquid from them, after being strained, was mixed just like lemon juice, with water and sugar. The resulting beverage resembled lemonade so closely as to be scarcely distinguishable from it. The reason why is very easy to explain. Formic acid is the nearest approach to citric acid known to the chemist. In fact, there is little difference between them.

A while ago a St. Louis caterer made from grasshoppers a soup which was pronounced delicious by many people who were afforded an opportunity of trying it. It closely resembled bisque. A learned professor treated some friends of his on one occasion to curry of grasshoppers and grasshopper croquettes, without informing them as to the nature of the banquet, but an unlucky hind leg discovered in one of the croquettes revealed the secret.

### KISSED A HORSE.

It was said of the great English statesman, Edward Burke, that he had gone crazy because he went about in his park kissing his cows and horses. The story arose from the fact that his favorite horse belonging to his dead son came up to Mr. Burke in the field, laid his head upon his breast as if to say, "I have lost him, too." Overcome by his memories, Burke clasped the neck of the intelligent creature and kissed it.

### WISE CHICKENS AT JOHN O' GROAT'S HOUSE.

Even chickens display considerable artfulness in avoiding danger. "It was told a funny story of the artfulness of common chickens," says Frank Buckland, "in former days it was difficult for visitors to get anything to eat at John O' Groat's, there being no butchers or bakers within miles; and when visitors arrived it was the custom of the proprietor of the inn to chase and catch a chicken, and pluck and roast him at once for dinner. In course of time the chickens became very artful. They kept a sharp lookout, and when they saw a carriage coming along the road they hid into the heather, and did not reappear until the visitors had eaten their bacon without the chicken and taken their departure."

### ANTICS OF PET WASPS.

A Monroe, La., dispatch says: A young woman residing near this place in the river country has a pair of pet wasps which are as interesting as they are unique. She has trained them to perform a great many wonderful tricks, and it is indeed marvelous to what degree of intelligence and agility her kindly care and patient perseverance has brought them. As the young lady is an invalid, she manages to get a great deal of diversion from her queer little pets.

Among other things she has taught them to drink water from a thimble and to perform the "skirt dance," as she calls it, by fluttering their wings as they rest in the palm of her hand. They will sing at her bidding, making a faint, almost inaudible cheep, and seem to be passionately fond of music. The young lady is a musician, and when she plays on the piano the wasps take up their positions on the music rack and never budge until the performance is over.

The wasps seem to have a good deal of vanity, and nothing delights them more than to be allowed to walk about and inspect themselves on a little hand mirror, which is kept for their exclusive use. Strange to relate, the wasps have never been known to attempt to sting anybody, although they have free access to all parts of the house and are seldom confined, even at night.

### AFFECTIONATE GREYHOUNDS.

"The affection of greyhounds for one another is as strong as for human beings. A rancher in the foothills had two hounds, a large handsome dog named Blacknose, and a bitch. The bitch was a great thief, and one night she did not come home. That night Blacknose did not appear. He had never spent the night away from home before. His owner was worried. Anxiety increased as the days passed, and still no sign of the hounds. On the fourth day the boys on the farm started for a neighboring ranch to ask about the dogs. On the way they saw what seemed to be a living thing in the distance near a pool. Approaching they saw Blacknose lying whining by the side of his dead companion. A gaping wound in the side of his mate told the story. The bitch had been at her old tricks, and some exasperated ranchman had taken summary vengeance. As they drew nearer the huge hound showed signs of great joy. At the dead hound's side lay a half-dozen hares and cotton tails, evidently caught by Blacknose for his companion, as his gaunt sides showed that he himself had touched no food. The dead hound was buried and Blacknose taken home. The boy tried to bring him to his mate's grave. He refused all food, and at length died. If not of a broken heart, what then?—Outing for April.

### CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India mission the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming the name of W. A. Novas, 829 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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## The Scottish Professor.

Interesting Reminiscences of John Stuart Blackie—An Able But Very Odd Gentleman—Some Anecdotes of His Teaching Breaks.

"Jam admodum mitigati animi rapitis erant. At raptum parentem!" "Hullo! stop! What have we got here? Sit down, ye silken-tongued southern boarding-school miss, and hear a mon read Latin." Sandie McCulloch, get up and teach the lassie how to talk the language of the gods." I sat down with more alacrity than I had risen, and it would be hard to say whether my red gown or my burning cheeks looked most aflame. Sandie McCulloch worked his bony jaws about, and rapped out Livy's text from among a firmament of freckles and a burning bush of fiery hair, with hurried gutturals enough to appease the mercurial professor, and he turned to me. "There, my good little girl, you must train your throat to sing a duet with Sandie, before we shall think much of ye here."

It was a "Humanity" class in Marischal College, Aberdeen, in 1851. The professor had come into the class room singing, and when he had said "ad sun" to our names, he threw me into a violent perspiration by bidding me commence the construing. I had learned my very modest stock of classics in a Lacedaemonian school, whose teachers were from English universities, and "the gods" had not taught me to call "a," "ar," and "e," to say nothing of turning my larynx into a grid-iron and my tongue into a curl-paper; so I sat down meekly under the spray of Sandie's spluttering. Though it is 44 years ago, I can see the long, thin, iron-grey hair which younger men remember as snowy white, and when the hour was over, I remember how I saw more "humanity" than Latin in his eye when he called me up to his desk, and, looking kindly in my face, said: "You must mind my way, ye little lassie, and I understand it; and a little more of our Highland air will help to break your voice into the key of the true music."

The next day Prof. Blackie was going to the Latin class room; the snow was thick upon the ground; as he crossed the quadrangle a student threw a snowball at him. Instead of resenting the liberty, or strutting on with his nose in the air, he turned to bay, and, tucking up his gown, whizzed back a well-made snowball at the young Bohemian, which provoked another and another from a group of students who had gathered. I went to the professor's side, and began to pelt as hard as I could; and when the Greek class came running out of Dr. Brown's room, they grasped the situation with such alertness that it would soon have needed a pack of trained St. Bernard dogs to disembody those three or four presumptuous students from the avalanche of snow which was poured on their devoted heads. Blackie's pluck made him personally beloved; but his eccentricity prevented his being professionally beloved.

He gave a lecture while I was a student in Aberdeen on Julius Caesar in a Free Kirk school room, and I happened to be there in the afternoon, when Prof. Blackie came in and asked to see the "beadle." This grave official soon appeared, and the professor said: "I want the platform in the middle of the room tonight." "Ye cannae ha'e it there, professor," said the beadle. "Why not?" "Cause its fixt by the way." "Then I'll startle a table, and have it in the middle of the room; I can't do Pompey's statue and 'Et tu, Brute!' up against the wall!" And when the audience came and packed the room they sat round a great deal, table on which the lecturer stood, meeting out his eloquence with much impartiality to the right and the left. And coming to the scene of Caesar leaping into the Rubicon with his cry, "Alea est cast," he said, "Now, ladies, I want space for this part of my lecture, so jump up and make room or you will be damaged." And when the chairs had been clattered back, and the professor saw his chance, he dived off the table and pretended to swim to the far end of the room and back, upsetting everything and everybody by the way, till he hopped up upon the table again in a great perspiration, and amidst tremendous applause, to continue his discourse.

Students in Scotland used to go some what young and whippersnapper to the junior classes, which were the most numerous, consisted chiefly of boys whose spirits were exuberant, and whose sensitiveness was not acute. Hence the unseemly noises which were often heard in Blackie's class room, both in Aberdeen and Edinburgh. But he would always take a pride in being "no disciplinarian." "This is a college, not a school; and it is not for school boys, but for gentlemen and not school boys, it ought to be." And he based his attitude upon that theory, with the not infrequent result that he reckoned without his own grandeur, and the professor saw his chance, he dived off the table and pretended to swim to the far end of the room and back, upsetting everything and everybody by the way, till he hopped up upon the table again in a great perspiration, and amidst tremendous applause, to continue his discourse.

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It was impossible to know him simply from the distance of the students' form without discovering that his scholarship was varied and beautiful, his not technical and accurate; that his tastes were elegant and lofty; that his patriotism was burning and passionate, and that his heart was warm and tender. Many are the poor students whom the Stuart Blackie has helped to bear the brunt of their five months' college course. Many are the generous lifts he has given to the young ambition which poverty has tried to baulk upon the ledges of Parnassus. And the memories which recall him will be those of a wild but gentle genius, of a scholar, a gentleman and a friend; as well as of a poet and a seer, whose prelections are an inheritance, and whose personality was an inspiration.—The New Age.

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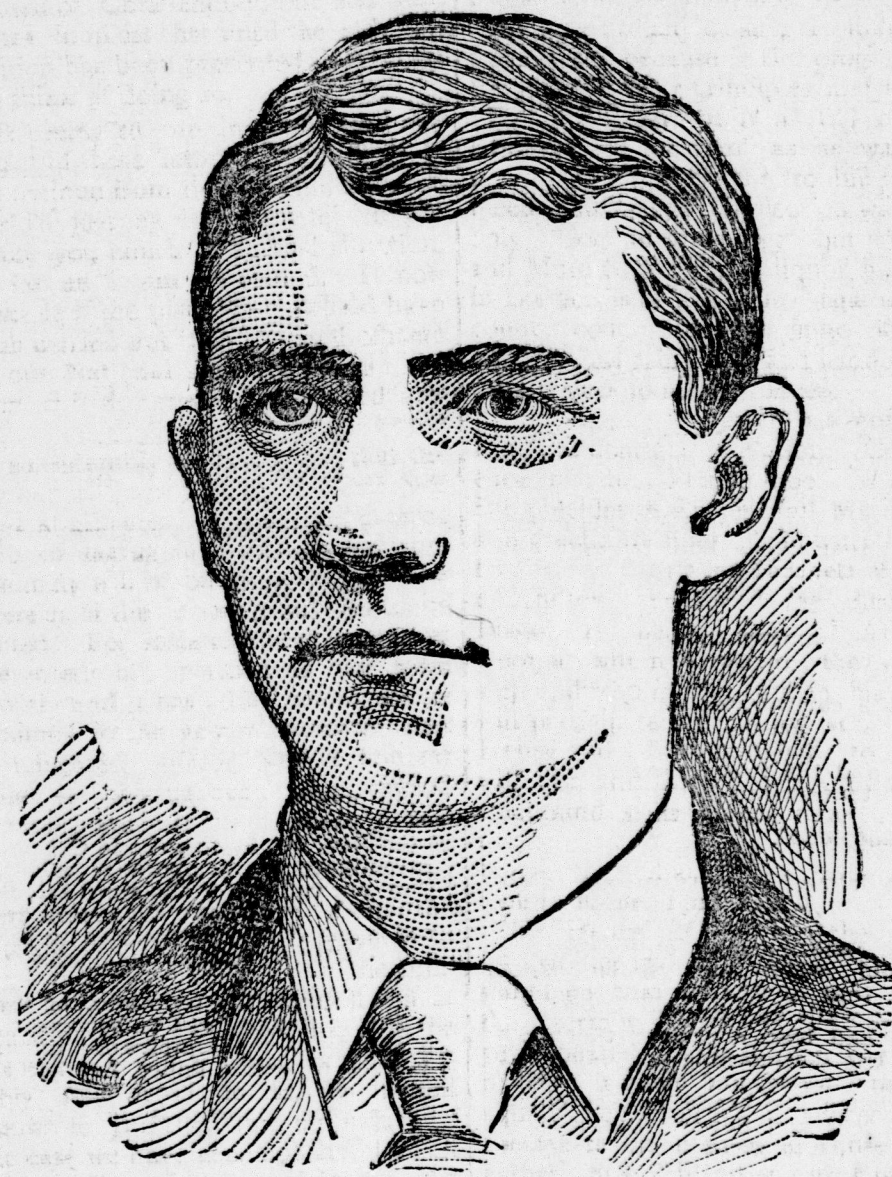
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bellford, and brought with her some Paine's Celery Compound, which she was then using to advantage. She advised me to use this medicine, and I did so to please her. I bless the day I commenced with Paine's Celery Compound. In two weeks I was so much better that I could go out, and in three weeks I was able to resume work again.

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