

Youth's Department.

CURIOUS DAIRYMEN AND THEIR COWS.

I have no doubt, but that many of our little folks will open their eyes with surprise, and wreath their faces into strange expressions of doubt, when I tell them that the curious dairymen, of which I am going to speak are ANTS.

2. Yet, strange as it may appear, these busy little insects are often the owners and keepers of whole herds of little cows. If you will go out any of these fine spring-days, after the leaves come out, and break off a little twig from the rose bush in the garden, you will have a good opportunity to see a flock of ant-cows.

3. These are what we may call wild cattle, however, as they are not owned or cared for particularly by any colony, nor individual ant but roam at will in immense herds, over what is to them a great, green field, but to you and me is only a leaf!

4. They are, of course, very small, appearing to the naked eye only as little, shapeless specks, but with the aid of a microscope they become more interesting. Their bodies are short and oval; their heads, quite small in proportion to the body, but ornamented with two owl-like looking eyes, and a long nose or beak, which they use to pierce into the leaf, or stem, upon which they herd together, and through which they suck up the sap. Their legs are long and slender, and upon the top of the body near the hinder part, are two little tubes or knobs, from which come almost constantly, tiny drops of sweet honey-like substance; and it is for this that they stand in such high favor with the ants.

5. If you will go out any warm, pleasant day, you may observe on the stems of your rose-bush, a number of gaunt, hungry-looking ants, slim and seedy enough to be shirkers from their toiling brethren below them, which they no doubt are, crawling along to the leaves, where these Sapsuckers are, and feasting their stomachs on this sweet honey-dew, after which they descend again so full and plump, that they look like aldermen, compared with the slender comrades that they meet.

6. These little insects, which learned men have named APHIDES, do not seem to be disturbed in the least by the ants, but live with them on the pleasantest sort of terms, and the ants, although very quick to fall upon and destroy any other insect weaker than themselves, treat these little APHIDES with the greatest tenderness, often caressing them and protecting them from danger.

7. But another family of APHIDES, or Ant-cows of which I wish to speak, are those which seem to have become domesticated

with the ants, and live with them in the ground, deriving their nourishment from the roots of plants. These are very much the same in shape and appearance as those found upon the leaves and twigs, except that they are nearly white and much more delicate looking, and what we may call real dairies, tamed and trained in the service of their masters. What is peculiarly funny, however, is that the cows are not as large as their owners, and if by any accident the nests of these ants are disturbed, they carefully take their cows that have fallen from the roots upon which they were feeding, and carry them in their jaws deep into the recesses of their habitations.

8. These ants give the same care and attention to their tiny herds, as they do to their own offspring. And when the roots upon which they feed become exhausted, they have been known to change them to more fruitful pastures, and in return these little APHIDES furnish an abundance of sweet nutriment, upon which the ants and their young live almost entirely. No wonder then that they are so careful and so attentive!

9. Now, don't you think that these are really curious dairymen, and are not their cows wonderful little creatures? Let us not despise little things, but always keep open eyes and ears, so that we may see and learn from these little common things, which we are so apt to scorn as we trample them under foot.

UNCLE CHARLIE.

FOR THE BOYS.

Two farmers met, each having a drove of sheep. One said to the other, give me one of your sheep, and I will have as many as you. No said the other, give me one of yours and I will have as many as you. How many had each?

ANAGRAM.

MOCK yarwe relveart adn lekas hyt rapcingh trihts,
Nad diver yawa luld race,
Ohut deents ont chraob hyt teltil surep,
Orf I ma fere sa rai.

Ym ecruso si no het tumonnia dies,
Ym escron si ot het ase;
Neth nikrd litl outh tar defistias,
O kindr fro I ma fere.

SOLUTION TO ANAGRAM ON PAGE 75.

Oh friendship, flower of reflex hue,
To earthly hands so seldom given;
Thy bloom shall other smiles renew,
Thy native soil is heaven.

M. E. HITCHENS.

Amherst Island, April 29th, 1868.

Correct answers were also received from Asa Day and Peter A. Harrison.

The answer to the novel in six chapters in the March number was omitted in the April number, and some of our young friends have sent us a reminder. The answer is—

"The way of the transgressor is hard."

The Dutchman's Hen; or Female Perversity.

Any one who tries at this time to set a hen that "won't" can appreciate the Dutchman's position to the full extent:]

"If she will, she will—you may depend on't;
And if she won't, she won't—and there's the end on't."

Once with an honest Dutchman walking,
About his troubles he was talking—
The most of which seemed to arise
From friends' and wife's perversities.
When he took breath his pipe to fill,
I ventured to suggest, that will
Was oft the cause of human ill;
That life was full of self-denials,
And every man has his own trials.
" 'Tis not the will," he quick replied,
" But it's the won't" by which I'm tried.
When people will, I'm always glad,
'Tis only when they won't, I'm mad!
Contrary folks, like mine old hen,
Who laid a dozen eggs, and then,
Instead of sitting down to hatch,
Runs off into mine garden patch!
I goes and catches her and brings her,
and back to her nest I flings her;
And then I snaps her on the head,
And tells her: " Sit there, you old jade!"
But sit she won't, for all I say,
She's up again and runs away.
Then I was mad, as mad as fire;
But once again I thought I'd try her,
So after her I soon makes chase,
And brings her back to the old place,
And then I snaps her a great deal,
And does my best to make her feel
That she must do as she was bid;
But not a bit of it she did.
She was the most contrariest bird
Of which I ever saw or heard.
Before I'd turn my back again,
Was running off, that cursed hen.
Thinks I, I'm now a " used-up" man:
I must adopt some other plan.
I'll fix her now, for if I don't,
My will is conquered by her won't!

So then I goes and gets some blocks,
And with them makes a little box;
And takes some straw, the very best,
And makes the nicest kind of nest.
Then in the nest the eggs I place,
And feel a smile upon my face
As I thinks, now at last I've got her,
When in the little box I've sot her,
For to this little box I did
Consider I must have a lid;
So that she couldn't get away,
But in it, till she hatched must stay.
And then again, once more I chase her,
And catch, and in the box I place her.
Again I snaps her on the head,
Until I fear she might be dead;
And then, when I had made her sit down,
Immediately I claps the lid on.
And now, thinks I, I've got her fast,
She'll have to do her work at last.
No longer shall I stand the brunt
Of this old hen's confounded won't!
So I goes in and tells mine folks,
And then I takes mine pipe and smokes,
And walks about and feels so good
That " would'nt" yields at length to " would."
And as so oft I snapped the hen,
I take some " schnapps" myself, and then
I thought I'd see how the old cretur'
Was getting on, where I had set her;
The lid, the box so nicely fits on,
I gently raised—dander and blitzen!
(Give me more schnapps and fill the cup!)
There she was sitting—standing up!

We fancy we hear Mr. Schmitt's vrow say—Schmitt
you old fool let de poor hen alone, she sit ven she done
layin'—Ed.