

The dragon-fly eats almost every kind of insect. Beetles, spiders, flies, centipedes, fresh-water shrimps, and polliwogs are its food. It is a larva for a year. It is a perfect dragon-fly only a part of one summer. You will find the most dragon-flies in July or August. When the frost comes, they die. Dragon-flies are very strong; they are fond of chasing other insects. They seem to catch and tear them for the mere pleasure of pulling them to pieces. They also fight with each other, and Mr. and Mrs. Dragon-fly have some hard battles.

There are several kinds of dragon-flies. These are different in colour and size, and in the shape of their bodies. One, with a very long, thin, dark body, is called the Darning-Needle. One, with a thicker body, is called the Ringed-Club. Its body is largest at the tail end. One is dressed in black and gold, and is large and strong.

A smaller kind of dragon-fly, which has no spots on the wings, is called the Little Lady. They flit here and there like streaks of gay-coloured light, and you can scarcely see the wings on which they fly.

At our special request, one of our first scientists has undertaken the supervision of this charming Department. A Question Box has been opened, and the Editor has much pleasure in asking the co-operation of parents through this means. Address letters—"Natural History Question Box," YOUNG CANADIAN, Box 1896, Montreal.

(To be Continued.)

#### A TIP.

A writer in a contemporary explains a method by which one in a railway train can, like the driver, tell the rate at which he is travelling. Take the number of seconds you are travelling from quarter mile post to quarter mile post, and divide 900 by it to find the number of miles you travel per hour. If the train takes 30 seconds between the posts, then 900 divided by 30 gives 30 miles an hour; if it takes 15 seconds between the posts, then 900 divided by 15 gives 60 miles an hour—the reason for this being that there are 3600 seconds in an hour, which, divided by the number of seconds occupied in running a mile, will give you the rate; and, therefore, a quarter of 3600 divided by the seconds occupied in a quarter of a mile will also give you the rate, with the use of fewer figures.

THERE are few stranger places in the world than Rio de Janeiro, the capital of Brazil, and were any one to go ashore there for a day's sight-seeing, he would hardly know which to look at first of the countless queer spectacles around him. Warehouses encircled by palm-trees, senators in straw hats; merchants going on 'change in full evening dress at ten o'clock in the morning; black men dressed in white, and white men dressed in black; street-cars drawn by mules; children playing in the streets with no clothing but their own matted black hair; young sharks selling by pairs in the fish markets; and negro cooks buying monkeys for soup and parrots for pies. If there happens to be a parade going on in front of the palace of the emperor, you will see black, white, yellow, and copper-colored faces mingled like pieces on a chess-board. In the stores you will receive your change in small printed slips of paste-board,—the passenger tickets of the Street Car Co.

#### THE BANISHED CHIEF.



GERMAN traveller in the Far West, halted for some days at a Mission Station. During the services in the church on Sunday he was much struck by a tall Indian, who officiated as sacristan. In his wild, shy looks there was something strange and mysterious. After the service, the traveller expressed to the clergyman how much this man had struck him, and he begged him to tell him something about his history.

"You are right," said the clergyman; "Neykeemie is no ordinary Indian. He possesses much sense and deep feeling, and therefore I have appointed him to this office, which all envy. His pride was broken by a great misfortune which befell him when he was chief of the Ojibbeways. Banished by his own tribe on account of a deed of despair, and broken-hearted, the rough warrior came here, to seek pardon from the God of the white men. His story is very interesting, but very sad; but, if you like to hear it, I will willingly tell it to you.

"Neykeemie, a few years ago, was the most powerful and respected chief of the Ojibbeways. When I first came to this country, a short time back, he promised me, for a small service I rendered him, his protection; and he faithfully kept his word, helping the mission in every way in his power.

"He was not less esteemed in the judgment of his tribe, and he was the first to lead the way in the bloody path of war. Thus, some years ago, he prepared, in the middle of winter, an expedition against the Yanktons, across the boundaries of Dakota, from the result of which he promised himself great things. Alas! he could not foresee the end of it.

"Imagine to yourself a large Indian village in the midst of dark pines, the huts covered with birch-bark, and the wigwams with many-coloured skins, to protect them from the icy north wind. The whole population, from the grey-haired veteran to the infant, is on its legs, and the young squaws have clothed themselves in their brightest garments, to charm the warriors of the tribe; round the striped post which stands in the middle of the camp the red men silently assemble, with feathers in their black hair, and their faces fantastically painted.

"In the midst of this assembly of his soldiers stood Neykeemie, in deep thought; for during the night he had dreamt a fearful dream, and all Indians are superstitious. But whether it was the cold morning air or the sight of his brave men which inspired him, he cast away all care, and gave his commands. He proudly showed the scars with which he was covered; and his contented look fell on the scalps which hung from his girdle, and on the claws of the grey bear, which, tied in a string, hung down upon his broad breast. The hollow drums beat in increasingly quick time; the war-song of his brave men rose and fell in ever wilder cadences, and each warrior, as he yelled forth his battle-cry, struck his tomahawk into the striped post. Neykeemie, springing on his saddleless horse, gave the signal for departure, and placed himself at the head of his people, who, riding one after the other, vanished in the darkness of the forest, whilst the hollow sound of their drums echoed after them. Thus they withdrew to their bloody work, determined to slay the first enemy they found, whether they met him in the open field or fell upon him in an ambush; while the old veterans, left behind for the protection of the village, made their rounds sadly and dejectedly, because they could not share the dangers of their brethren.

"This time Neykeemie was not fortunate in his expedition, for the Yanktons, being timely warned by their spies, were prepared, and a successful surprise was there-