

Animal Curiosities.

STORIES ABOUT

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A Dog Trot Around the World.

EVERY boy in the country, doubtless, remembers the exploit of a young athlete who won fame a few years ago by wheeling around the world on a bicycle. Now the same journey is to be made with a rig still more remarkable. A couple of enterprising lads in North Dakota actually propose to trot around the earth with a team of dogs. Eight big, handsome, well trained Newfoundlanders are to draw them every step of the way—except, of course, where it is necessary to cross the ocean.

The dogs have already been procured. Only six will be put in harness at one time; the other two will run behind as a reserve force, to take the places of any that become lame or exhausted. Six months have been spent in training these fine fellows, and they are as obedient as horses and almost as strong. The lightest weighs 130 pounds, the heaviest 170, and on an ordinary road they can easily make 50 miles a day, drawing their burden. Horses could hardly do better.

The two young men—Keworth and Whitwell by name—have already started from Grand Forks, N. D.; the big black Newfoundlanders are now coursing along the prairie roads, eastward bound. The wagon they have at present will be used as far as Chicago; there a bicycle wagon will be procured, to be used for the rest of the journey.

From Chicago the boys will proceed to New York thence by steamer to Liverpool. After a drive through France, and visit the principal long European cities. Then will come the drive through Asia, probably the most hazardous part of the whole expedition. From some port in China or Japan they will embark for San Francisco.

It is then intended to visit every city in the United States and Canada having a population of 5,000 or more.

These boys certainly have the full courage of their convictions. They start without a cent in their pockets. They will put up with the roughest conditions in the most trying towns, which they pass for a consideration, of course, and really, it will be a sight worth seeing, especially after the grand effort has been completed. They also expect to earn something by advertising various business houses along the way.

What Snakes Eat.

During the last few months some of the gentlemen connected with the Museum of Natural History at Paris have given to the world various interesting results of their observations.

The learned professor at the museum—Leon Vaillant—describes the diet of a serpent more than twenty feet long, which has been on exhibition at the Jardin des Plantes since the month of August, 1885. Up to the end of 1885, this reptile has eaten fifty times, that is, on the average of five times a year. The largest number of times in one year that the snake took food was in 1886, when he ate seven times.

Nearly always the food consisted of the flesh of goats, old and young. Three times, however, the repast was composed of rabbits, and once a goose. The feeding of the serpent, which will eat nothing but what is alive, offers an uncommon spectacle, and many persons request to have notice of the times when the creature feeds, so as to witness the feeding. Yet the lightening-like rapidity with which the reptile seizes its prey produces a powerful impression.

Appropos of the volume which can, by means of distension, enter the stomachs of serpents, Prof. Vaillant relates that a French viper was once put in the same cage with a horned viper. As these individuals, although belonging to different species, were of the same size, it was supposed that these reptiles would live amicably side by side.

Nevertheless, the horned viper, during the following night, swallowed his companion in captivity, and in order to accommodate this prey so disproportionate to itself, its body was distended to such a degree that the scales, instead of touching each other laterally, and even overlapping each other a little, as in its normal condition, were separated, leaving between the longitudinal rows of them a space equal to their own breadth. All the same, digestion proceeded regularly, and the viper did not appear to have suffered in the least. The case of the cobra that swallowed a man (see testacy), by mistake at the zoo affords another example of the extraordinary capacity for the accommodation of food—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Sayings and Doings of a Pet Crow.

A Madison, Wis., letter says: Mr. Henry Sater, of Elizabethtown, Ind., has a crow that can talk as well as any parrot. It is about four years old, and can say many words in a distinctly feminine voice. Its name is Jim Crow. The first intimation of the pesty presence of Jim's presence is a voice calling from some tree or house-top: "Hello, Jim!" in a friendly tone. Then comes, "Poor Jim!" in a sorrowful tone. Then, as if a woman in distress, comes the cry in a loud tone, "Oh, God! Oh, God!" The barking of a dog and the crowing of a rooster are closely imitated. Jim, like his ancestors, is a natural born thief, stealing everything he can carry that attracts his attention. To march along a line of clothes hung out to dry and pull out every clothespin is his favorite pastime. He will also steal the clothespins, all the while muttering, "Poor Jim, poor Jim," and turning his head sideways to watch each garment fall in the dirt.

A Generous Monkey.

One of the monkeys at the Zoo obtained possession of a large hickory nut and a small marble yesterday afternoon, and subsequent proceedings accorded great amusement to an interested group of visitors. The proud possessor of these valuable properties set great store by the hickory nut, but the nut crackers supplied to his race by nature were not strong enough to break the shell. After a conference with two very wise-looking fellow-lodgers, who evidently wanted to relieve his mind by taking possession of the nut, the monkey resorted to the

sawdust from a space two feet square on the bottom of the cage, thus exposing the zinc floor. Reflectively contemplating the results of his work, he mounted a cross bar, and banged the marble against the zinc, breaking it in small pieces. This was evidently an experiment, and the result was satisfactory. Clearly, it would be easy to crack the nut in the same manner. Greatly to the disappointment of the owner of the nut, however, as well as to his wise-looking friends, the scheme was a failure, several trials failing to accomplish the desired end. After another conference and a great deal of chattering, the hickory nut was handed out to a bystander, who cracked it and gave it to the lawful owner. The monkey thereupon divided it into three portions, with great gravity, and shared it with his confidential advisers.—Philadelphia Record.

Oddly Colored Squirrels.

Some oddly colored squirrels are said to have been taken near Belleville, Ont. A black squirrel, with numerous white spots, was killed by Hull Austin, and another man got a fox-colored black squirrel. The queerest two black squirrels, one with a red tail and the other with a big white spot on the breast and one on the back, were also taken.

Giant Stags and Dwarf Deer.

Some of the delights of Ceylon hunting are described in Outing. There are four varieties of deer there, of which the sambur, erroneously called elk, is most sought, because it is the largest and fiercest of all. The stag sambur stands from twelve to fourteen hands high, and is hunted with a pair of fierce dogs in leash to do the throat grabbing and a pack of trailers to bring the beast to bay. The leashed dogs are a cross between fox and wolf hounds, and the others are fox hounds straight.

The rifle is very seldom used in sambur hunting, though once in a while one is killed on a runaway like Adirondack deer. This rifle killing is inadvisable, because a number of young dogs are in the pack, who to be properly trained should such a sambur's throat blood. This is like the necessary winter deer crusting with young dogs in the Adirondacks.

A part of the hunt will not be fully appreciated by sportsmen in the United States. "We soon found ourselves," says the writer, "in a perfect forest of nilbe, which for a moment threatened to be our way. Drawing my knife, I slashed viciously, chopping like a backwoodsman, crawling, jumping and advancing. I came to the stream, and in a moment I was in it, and running along it, soon came to the end of the game at bay. In a little recess, backed by smooth, perpendicular rocks, stood a magnificent stag, his mane bristling, his head down ready to beat back any attack. The trailing pack stood about him, raising a row that made the forest echo, and at sight of the bay and at the sound of my voice, 'Yolks, to him!' they made a frantic rush at the stag. In a moment there was a confused mass of dog and deer, and the two sizers had him by the throat. Two men piled onto the heap. . . . With a mighty convulsive leap that threw all but the sizer dog, Groucho off the stag, forward, dead, with both our knives in his heart."

They find a perfect deer in Ceylon that is about the size of or smaller than the jack rabbit of the plains. It is called the mouse or musk deer, and has sharp white tusks in its jaws to fight with instead of horns. Good sport may be had bowling these deer over with a shotgun, No. 6 or 4 shot.

Wild boar, white whiskered monkeys, muntjak, or raddy, field deer, and spotted deer are some other attractions to sportsmen. Little of the meat can be saved, as little meat is required for men in that climate. The sambur is too coarse for most tastes, the meat mostly goes to the dogs, the hunters being satisfied with the trophies. The horns are usually not well developed, as no limestone is found in that country.

His Terrible Drive.

A Stage Driver Who Could Not Shake Off the White Apparition at His Side.

From the Lewiston Evening Journal.

One trip of an Eastern Maine stage driver will never be forgotten, either by himself or those who witnessed the denouement. He was possessed of considerable courage, but unfortunately boasted of much more that he didn't possess. His route lay over a lonely part of the country, and several ancient graveyards were close to the highway. His daily trips were not completed until late in the evening.

Now, it chanced that a certain ruddy-cheeked dandy resided in a farm house standing conveniently close to the road along which he daily passed, and said dandy grew to be exceedingly agreeable to this bachelor stage driver. He would whip up smartly until the little house was reached, and then, after a half-hour of her society, he would be in just the mood to easily make up the time in the next ten minutes as usual, finding his lady love presiding at the spinning wheel (which useful pastime surpasses any other display of a maiden's charms, as many a gray-haired grandfather of today can testify). He so ardently pressed his attentions that the important question was settled somewhat precipitately, and the time being up, he caught up his cap from the basket of rolls where he had dropped it, and started up his horses at a spanking gait.

He was in that ecstatic mood peculiar to youths who have won the prize by cutting out the "other fellow," and was rattling along briskly, passing the first burying place just as the moon dropped behind a bank of clouds. Suddenly he became aware of something close to his left side—a form, long, shadowy and white. He turned to look at it more closely, when it instantly evaded him by keeping just

beyond range, apparently dodging back as he tried to get a view of it. He whipped up smartly, thinking to distance the thing, whatever it might be, but it took on a more ghostlike shape and appeared to be wildly in pursuit, making long plunges through the air. The blissful feeling of the last hour was fast disappearing. It was night, and a lonesome, unquieted wood, dotted with graveyards, and this awful presence hanging in the rear! What could it be, and what could it want? As he sped along he grew every expert, attempting to distance it by speed, but still it came dancing after. He tried turning his head quickly as a flash, but all attempts to outdistance it were unavailing. The thing evaded his quickest motion with what appeared like an airy diving to the rear.

They were nearing the last burying ground. A hope seized the terrified stage driver. The ghost might be endeavoring to make a neighborly call upon some ancient acquaintance of bygone days, and, if so, it might drop this yard. As they rattled past the broken gate he sought to assist in a husky whisper, "Begone! Begone!" But the frisky ghost, apparently not in a mood for graveyard calls, then the stage driver struck out sharply after blow at his ghostly passenger, but his fist shot through empty space, filling again immediately by the long, white, shadowy form. Whipping up his team, he sprang out, and, turning sharply about, attempted to get some view of his shadowy passenger. The wagon was empty, but right by his side, closer than before, was the shape, still performing its fantastic motions as he ran by the side of the stage.

He stopped. Perhaps the thing would pass on before he could know his intention. No such thing; it only drew closer, appearing more substantial, white and awful. Thoroughly terrified at last, the fellow sprang into the box, lashed his horses into a gallop, and, covering down, he made his ten miles with that ghastly passenger floating along close to his side, tantalizing beyond his reach.

As the stage came dashing up to the door of the postoffice he sprang out, and, white-faced and wild-eyed, told his story in broken, gasping sentences to the waiting villagers.

Before he discovered someone stepped out from the crowd of excited listeners and plucked a long, white object from his cap, just over his left ear, held it up to the gaze of the crowd, and instantly a shout went up when the discovery was made that the cause of his fright was a long, soft, white roll, which he had unconsciously purloined from the basket of Mrs. lady love.

Missing Links

Gossip From Every Land Summarized for Busy Readers.

IDEAS of Leon Gozlan: "Pity is tender love; joy, apple green; satiety, coffee and milk; pleasure, velvet pink; sleep, tobacco smoke; pain, soup; spleen, chocolate; rent day, earth of sienna."

IF THEY had followed the career of their fathers, Verdi would have been an inn-keeper, Jerome a jeweler, Paileron a butcher, Jules Simon a draper, Renan a corner grocer, and Dennerly an old clothes man.

ACTINGRAM, which is Greek; radioscipit, which is Latin, and Ray sketch, which is English, are suggested as names for the Roentgen pictures in place of the words like shadowgram and radiograph.

A NATIVE West African musical composition has produced a symphony in London, which is described as original, effective and remarkably promising. His name is Coleridge Taylor, and he is only 20 years old. He is not a black man, however.

ACETYLENE gas is being used to light up the cars of one Paris street car line, being generated in little tanks carried on the platform. A month's trial has shown that gas is cheaper than either kerosene or electricity as an illuminant.

COL. SIR RICHARD MARTIN, of the Enniskillen Dragoons, who captured Cetewayo after the fight at Ulundi, has been appointed commander of the police force in Bechnana, Mashonaland, Matabele lands, and deputy high commissioner for South Africa.

EVEN great men must have their moments of relaxation. It appears that the Grand Old Man, Gladstone, when he was younger, took a special delight in singing, his favorite song being "My Pretty Jane," a ballad once greatly in vogue, and still occasionally heard.

The hottest mines in the world are the Comstock. On the lower levels the heat is so great that the men cannot work over ten or fifteen minutes at a time. Every known means of mitigating the heat has been tried, but the heat melts before it reaches the bottom of the shafts.

CHINA has the new woman, too. The daughter of a magistrate in Shantung acts as treasurer in her father's district, keeps the books, pays the bills, and stir up delinquent debtors. Her father has made 50,000 taels in six months, and the district is trying to have him removed.

"NO WASTERS need apply," is said to be the sign of the hour in South Africa. By "waster" is meant a man who is ignorant, idle and vicious. Our word "tramp" is hardly a synonym; perhaps "hobo" caps it better. At any rate, the waster is the opposite of worker. Harry Wilson alone tells from Cape Town to Pretoria.

A "MIDGET" Testament, three-quarters of an inch long and half an inch wide, weighing only 26 grains, and a "mild" Bible, 1.34 inches high by 1.13 wide, containing 336 pages and weighing 180 grains, have just been published by a Glasgow firm. They are said to be the smallest Bible and Testament in the world.

MISS ALICE LUCE, a graduate of Wellesley, has just obtained the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, multi-um laude, from the University of Gottingen, after two years of philosophical studies at Leipzig and a semester at Gottingen. She is the fourth woman to receive the doctor's degree at that university.

IT IS not commonly known that the capital of China is ice-bound for five months out of the twelve, or that the staid-looking Chinese could ever be graceful skaters. The Chinese use a very inferior style of skate, of their own manufacture, a mere chunk of wood arranged to fit on the shoe, and pushed with a rather broad strip of iron.

A PROPOSAL is being considered to confer the freedom of Edinburgh on Mr. William McEwan, M. P., and on Mr. J. Ritchie Findlay. Mr. Findlay was the donor of the National Portrait Gallery. Mr. McEwan's liberality in gifting the new Academic Hall to the university will, it is understood, be acknowledged by the Senatus conferring upon him the degree of LL.D.

PAISLEY has again been greatly favored last year by a donation of 21,000 from the late Mr. John Kerr, Underwood thread mills; by £500 from the Dowager Countess of Glasgow; by £500 from Mr. Alexander McDougall, farmer, and by several other donations aggregating £4,000. Altogether the infirmity received last year £53,226.

BLOOD will tell. King Bomba's two grandsons, Princes Ferdinand and Bourbon, Duke of Calabria, and Charles, sons of the count of Caserta, who now claims the throne of the two Sicilies, volunteered to help Spain oppress the Cubans, and have just received on Gen. Weyler's recommendation, the cross of San Fernando conferred with honors. This is a high military decoration awarded by

Spain, and is only given to officers who have at least one third of their blood in deciding the issue of a fight or in cutting their way through the enemy.

AN INTERESTING method of lighting by reflection is in use in the Union Bank of Australia, Cornhill, London. Incandescent lights are fixed below the ceiling, and a reflector below them renders them invisible. The light is thrown up to the ceiling, from whence it is reflected down, thus illuminating all over the room. Sharp shadows are thus avoided.

HYPNOTIC experiments of a grewsome kind are being kept up at the Royal Aquarium in London. The latest is the burying of a man, who has been put into a trance, in a pit eight feet deep, which was then filled with earth, leaving only a small funnel over the man's face, through which he is watched. He is to be dug up after a week.

THE DESPERATE, torpedo boat destroyer, designed and built by J. Thornycroft & Co., ran a preliminary trial on March 17, obtaining a mean speed of four runs on the measured mile of 31.035 knots, or 35.34 statute miles. The speed was taken by British Admiralty officials, and is the highest on record. The Desperate is the first of the new class of 30-knot destroyers that has been tried.

IN THE researches he made while gathering statistics for his book on colonial furniture, the late Dr. Lyon came across a curious legend about the introduction of mahogany into England. It seems that a Dr. Gibbon, who was a London physician early in the seventeenth century, had some mahogany planks imported from the West Indies with the idea of grinding them up for use as a substitute for Peruvian bark, which was just gaining a vogue as a medicine. Finding the wood unserviceable as medicine, he had a cabinet-maker construct a box of one of the planks, and the beautiful grain of the wood pleased him, so that he had a bureau made of the same material. All London flocked to see it, and the wood came into immediate use among furniture-makers.

THE holder of one of the oldest baronetcies in Ireland is at present a policeman, serving in the constabulary depot, Dublin. This is Sir Thomas Eochlin, Bart., the seventh baronet of the name, and the lineal descendant of the Eochquer, who was created a baronet of the Kingdom of Ireland on the 17th of October, 1721. The family were at one time in possession of large estates in the counties of Dublin, Kildare, and Wick, and like many of the present baronet succeeded to the title on the death of his father, Sir Ferdinand Eochlin (who, like his father, was a laborer), in 1877, being, as now, a member of the Royal Irish Constabulary. On his succession to the baronetage he was transferred to the county station, where he was doing duty as a constable, to the depot, Phoenix Park. He is now a sergeant, and employed as a clerk in the commandant's office.

Fresh-Water Springs Under the Sea.

The hottest region on the earth's surface is on the southwestern coast of Persia on the border of the Persian Gulf. For forty consecutive days in the months of July and August the mercury has been known to stand above 100 degrees in the shade, night and day, and to run up as high as 120 degrees in the middle of the afternoon. At Bahrain, in the center of the most torrid belt, as though it were nature's intention to make the place as unbearable as possible, water from the wells is something unknown. Great shafts have been sunk to a depth of 100, 200, 300, and even 500 feet, but always with the same result—no water. This serious drawback notwithstanding, a comparatively numerous population contrives to live there, thanks to the copious springs which burst forth from the bottom of the gulf more than a mile from the shore. The water from these springs is just retained in a most curious and novel manner. Machadores (divers), whose sole occupation is that of furnishing the people of Bahrain with the life-giving fluid, repair to that portion of the gulf where the waters are situated, and bring away with them hundreds of bags full of the water each day. The water of the gulf where the springs burst forth is nearly 200 feet deep, but these machadores manage to get their goatskins sacks by diving to the bottom and holding the mouths of the bags over fountain jets—this, too, without allowing the salt water of the gulf to mix with it. The source of these subterranean fountains is thought to be in the hills of Osmond 400 or 500 miles away. Being situated at the bottom of the gulf, it is a mystery how they were ever discovered, but the fact remains that they have been known since the dawn of history.

Reindeer meat from Russia and Norway is a late addition to the bills of fare of the Paris restaurants.

Attacked by Canadian Wolves.

Perilous Adventure in the Ontario Backwoods—Besieged by a Pack of Hungry Wolves—The Novel Expedients Adopted to Escape.

London Meadows, in the Argosy.

THE scene of the present adventure is laid in the very heart of one of the vast forests of Ontario, where there stretches nothing but an almost unexplored wilderness of wood and water between it and the north pole. I was on my way to Butternut Castle, to pay my promised visit to a Capt. Ramsey, who had grown weary of the world and buried himself in these sequestered solitudes. I was mounted upon a rather vicious, jet-black horse named Scamper, and, as evening had begun to draw in, I cast my eye around me in search of some convenient camping-ground for the night. I soon found a suitable spot, and, dismounting, patted the neck of my steed, removed the bridle and saddle, drove in the lasso-pin, leaving about fifteen yards of tether. A deer happening to dart across an opening in the forest, I sent a rifle bullet after him. He dropped dead just upon the brink of a little pool of water, and I had now a supply of meat that would last me until I reached Butternut.

I was lying on my back upon the large blue Mackinaw blanket that I had spread along the ground under me, and gazing up through the trees at the stars that were coming out one by one, when I heard the howl of wolves. I sprang to my feet instantly. I was not thinking of myself when I did this. "My horse!" cried I. "In five minutes there will not be so much as a bristle of his tail left. I ran to him; he was straining at the picket-pin, trembling with terror, white with foam, his mane positively standing on end. I snatched up the picket-pin in haste, and ran towards the ruins of a sort of hut or shanty, which I had fortunately discovered when I went to look for the body of the dead deer. We had not a moment to lose, and even as it was, the foremost wolf, a fellow with fiery glance and a gray muzzle (I christened him Grizzle), made a snatch at my coat-tail, and carried away half the tail of it. I let the horse go in first, and then, entering myself, forced to the door, and dropped the bar upon it. As soon as I had taken breath I loaded my rifle, and, mounting on Scamper, looked from the window, or rather, loophole. I saw upwards of 50 glaring eyes fixed on mine. I took a steady aim at the gray-muzzled veteran who had deprived me of half my coat-tail, and, without waiting for the leader of the pack, but, reading my intentions, he sunk behind a tree; I killed one of his lieutenants, however, and he was eaten up by the rest almost before he had time to utter a cry.

I know something of wolves, and felt pretty sure that there was a strong probability of my having to stand a long savage siege; and the question was, whether my horse and I could hold out. What was to be done for grass and water? "Poor Scamper," said I, rubbing his nose with the back of my hand, "I fear thou art in an evil case." He evidently comprehended me, for he gave a loud neigh, and produced a terrible howl from the wolves in return. Presently, the whole pack charged the door; but, though old and worn-out, it was proof against such a feeble attempt. Then my elderly friend Grizzle made another spring at the loophole, and the others preparing to follow if his daring little sorties proved a success. I was perfectly astounded at the fellow's audacity; and, drawing back my face quickly, an extending my arm, ripped up my nose open with my knife. The blood flowed from the wound, and had the rest once lapped it—a polite attention they seem quite ready to render—there would have been a speedy end to Grizzle.

Day had now fairly broken, and I began to get hungry. I had some dried bear's-meat sandwiches, three days old, in my pocket, and ate some of them. Scamper put his head out for a moment, and I could not refuse him. I produced my flask also, and took a light sip. Scamper wished to partake of this, too, and I poured a few drops into his mouth, of which he seemed highly to approve. I had made up my mind to shoot the wolves, and had succeeded in killing many; but, on perceiving that the numbers, instead of diminishing, appeared rather to increase, I had desisted, finding it only a useless expenditure of powder and bullets, upon which one could scarcely set too high a value in the bush. My situation now, with that of my steed, began to grow really desperate; night came on once more, and the whole pack, in front of me was lighted up with gleaming eyeballs. There were continual rushes at the door and raids at the loophole. About the middle of the night I had a new idea. I dreaded the thought of losing Scamper, and I did not perform my journey well without him; and besides, though a vicious beast now and then, I was loath to abandon an old friend in trouble. He must have grass—or leaves—and water, and I would get him them at all costs. I waited until the moon hid herself behind a cloud, then opened the door, drew it quietly to behind me, and slipped into the forest. I knew that if the wolves made a dash now for the hut it would be all over with poor Scamper. I had a waterproof coat fastened to my saddle, which lay at about 30 yards' distance. I must obtain possession of this; I could do nothing without it, and I accordingly secured it first of all. I then nearly filled it with fresh grass and leaves, from the water's edge, gathered up the four sides, and lowering the whole into the water, brought up at least a couple of gallons safely. Having succeeded thus far, I was just beginning to move cheerfully back to the hut, when Scamper, missing me, I suppose, and trembling for his skin, gave a loud, wild, shrill, startling neigh. I nearly dropped the coat in my supreme disgust and mortification. I knew the neigh must bring back the wolves. I heard and saw them coming, and, spilling some of the water and leaves in my haste, darted towards the door, gained it, and got in, but not before that intense vagabond, Grizzle, had made a third snatch at the dilapidated skirts of my unfortunate garment and rendered himself exceedingly unpleasant.

You should have seen Scamper eat the grass and drink the water; it would have done you good. He plunged his head down into them to his very eyes, which glistened with ecstasy; then gave another shrill neigh, which was replied to by a wild howl from all the wolves, that echoed far away through the forest. There was no fear of my horse starving now for the pres-

ent, but it was necessary to give him more food and water in the morning, and I had hit upon a plan of doing so. In the very teeth of our hungry assailants, I had brought my axe with me when I returned from the little foraging excursion just described, and with this Irenched up one of the pieces of timber that formed the roof of the back part of the shanty. I did this as quietly as I could, and looked out. I hoped to find a secret exit and entrance again by this means, for if I left the hut through the door below, I, of course, could scarcely expect the horse to secure it after me; and if I left it unfastened, the wolves would be sure to pull him down and eat him during my absence. . . . Just at the very moment when I began to fear one of two things, viz., either that Scamper must die of hunger, or be sacrificed to the voracity of the blood-thirsty besiegers, I heard one long appalling howl, louder than any that had yet saluted my ears; then there was a sudden scampering of many hundred retreating feet, and then a dead silence; if I except the quivering of some withered leaves on a branch, and the drowsy tapping of a scarlet-crested woodpecker upon the topmost branch of a neighboring tree. Nor did I see anything more of the wolves.

The Canadian wolves are not, as a rule, quite so fierce and dangerous as their notorious namesakes of France and Russia, except in the very severest winters, and when hard pressed by hunger, and then a pack of them would not scruple to attack (and eat, if possible) the arch-fend himself.

Life in the Arctic.

Something About the Birds Who Go to Live There.

Do They Find Land in Antarctic Region Beyond the Ice Banks?

A correspondent of the London Spectator says:

As you and your readers seem to take great interest in natural history I venture to attract your attention to the subject of life in the Antarctic Seas. In an article on "The Problem of Arctic Life," which appeared in the Spectator of Sept. 21, 1895, the following passages occur:

Granting that highly organized creatures can exist there, it is passing strange that they should consent to do so, or make a voluntary journey into that hell of cold and darkness which Norse fancy imagined as a place of torment more appalling than the lake of liquid fire. One would have thought Arctic life must cease, because, even if possible, it was not worth living; that there would be a voluntary exodus of beasts, as of birds, before the winter setting of the sun; and the slower moving mammals would go to return no more.

As a curious puzzle, exactly reversing the idea in the foregoing sentence, allow me to give the following information: Between the Antarctic Circle and New Zealand lie several small groups of islands—the Shetlands, the Traps, Antipodes, the Macquaries, the Auckland, Campbell Island, Emerald Island, etc. Some of these are mere barren peaks of rock, some are partly covered with low scrub, and some almost all of them are nurseries of the sea birds, which may be counted by thousands and tens of thousands on those lonely places. The penguins especially, in many species, and some of great size, use these islands as their breeding places. When, during the summer, the eggs have been hatched and the young ones attended to, the young generation is left to the hurricanes, and the adults return to the lands around the South Pole. They leave in autumn, thin and attenuated with the cares of their families, they go off for the winter to the clime of cold and ice, and they return, six months afterwards, fat as butter, to their old haunts. Their squadrons cover the sea for miles, swimming abreast in long columns.

When one part of the bird army strikes the first regular snow storm, it appears as if the word was passed along, and the proper inhabitants of the spot collect and take possession; the others wheeling their lines right and left round the obstruction and still pushing northward toward their summer homes. The adult birds mount the rocks, push the youngsters of last year into the sea, and drive them off the beaches. Then the regular breeding business begins again. The curious part of the migration is that the birds go to what we suppose to be a place of solid ice and intense cold in order to winter; but I cannot help surmising that behind the great range of cliffs which gird the Antarctic continent, there must be many pleasant bays and fountains wherein the penguins fish and fatten.

It may interest you to know that the great antiquity of the Southern Circle, standing with its head as high as a man's waist, hatches its eggs in a peculiar manner. These are not laid upon the ground and brooded on after the manner of most birds' eggs. The female lays two large eggs. The first she hands over to the male bird, the other she keeps. The egg is laid on the upper surface of the large fat feet, and is pushed up under the waistcoat of thick feathers. It is there held close to the body, whose warmth gradually vitalizes the young bird. So tenacious are the parent birds of their grip, that if you knock one of them over, it will fall over on its back, and remain stiffly out, still clutching the egg to its body.

Sir James Hector, F.R.S., has just returned from a trip among these things. He will have many interesting things to tell of the life and habits of the geology of their little known localities. Hoping that you will pardon my troubling you with a letter from such a place as the Antipodes, I am, etc., etc., EDWARD TREGAR, Wellington, New Zealand.

Horse Fed by an Alarm Clock.

An ingenious man has invented a device for feeding his horse, and he does it with one of the ordinary alarm clocks. For instance, if the horse is to have its morning feed of grain at 5 o'clock, the alarm is set, and when the morning comes the horse gets its breakfast before its owner's eyes are open. It is so arranged that the alarm pulls the slide, letting the grain run through a sluice to the manger.