

YOUNG FOLKS.

A CURIOUS COMBAT.

A traveller in South Africa witnessed not long since a singular combat. He was musing one morning, with his eyes on the ground, when he noticed a caterpillar crawling along at a rapid pace; pursuing him, a host of small black ants.

Being quicker in their movements, the ants would catch up with the caterpillar, and one would mount on his back and bite him. Pausing, the caterpillar would turn his back, and bite and kill the tormentor. After slaughtering a dozen or more of his persecutors, the caterpillar showed signs of fatigue.

The ants made a combined attack. Bataking himself to a stalk of grass, the caterpillar climbed up, tail first, followed by the ants. As one approached, he seized it in his jaws, and threw it off the stalk.

The ants, seeing that the caterpillar had too strong a position for them to overthrow, resorted to strategy. They began sowing through the grass stalk. In a few minutes, the stalk fell, and hundreds of ants pounced upon the fallen caterpillar. He was killed at once, and the victors marched off in triumph, leaving the foe's body on the field.

DANDY AND COWBOY.

A young man whom I knew went up to Montana to establish a trading post, says a writer in the *Brooklyn Union*, he wore kid gloves, a silk neck-scarf, a tall silk hat and patent leather shoes. The things were enough to impel the cowboys of his region to the belief that he ought to be murdered. One of them assumed the pleasant task of performing the obligation to the region. The kid-gloved gentleman heard that he was to be slain, but there was no way in which he could get away from the post. While sitting in the rude store meditating what he should do, the cowboy who was to take his life entered. The kid-gloved trader confessed after that his knees knocked together. He was sitting on a barrel. Within reach was a number of axehelves. The slayer, announcing the object of his visit, reached for his revolver. Before he could reach it the trader seized an axehelve and brought it down with all his might on his head. The cowboy dropped on the floor. The trader picked up his revolver, went to the door and addressed himself to the other cowboys, who were waiting on the exterior to drag out the corpse, saying: "Any of you who want to be killed step up in line with this weapon and I will put a bullet through you." After that the trader was the most popular man in the region, and the man who was going to slay him vowed his eternal friendship.

EXTRAORDINARY ACCIDENT.

There is something about the misfortune which occurred on Saturday last to a clergyman of Cheshire which appeals strongly to the imagination. We hardly remember an occurrence within the last thirty years which was so purely an accident, in the strictest sense of the word—so completely beyond human prevision, or prevention, or control. The Rev. W. C. Vaughan, vicar of Tallarn Green, near Malpas, in Cheshire, had driven out with his wife in a pony carriage to pay a professional visit to a sick parishioner. He went into the house in discharge of his functions, leaving his wife to take care of the pony, when a cart loaded with corn came up the road. The pony for some reason was frightened, and Mrs. Vaughan called to her husband for help. Mr. Vaughan ran

out, when a laborer who had been, as usual, riding on the top of the corn in readiness to unload the sheaves, craned forward to look at the pony. He over-balanced himself, fell forward, and with his weight drove the pitchfork he had in his hand into the lungs of the clergyman, who died within twenty minutes, leaving his wife nearly insane, and quite prostrate with the horror and the shock.—*London Spectator*, Sept. 5.

KEEPING COOL IN DANGER.

Mr. Murphy was conducting one of his famous meetings. An immense congregation had collected within the church. Even the aisles were full of people standing. The signers could scarcely push their way to the front to enroll their names and receive their badges. The speaker had just finished his exhortation when word was whispered to him that the wall was sinking. Mr. Murphy took in the situation at a glance. He dismissed the congregation instantly, urging the people to retire that the signers might have room to come to the platform. Slowly they arose and withdrew. The pastor also insisted on the throng to move at once, not giving any further reason. The rescued drunkards came up; the congregation leisurely moved out; Mr. Murphy and the pastor sat at the table. Badge after badge they pinned upon the signers, every moment expecting the great walls to come crashing upon their heads. For half an hour they endured the suspense. By this time most of the people were gone. Then they departed telling all to leave the church at once. They were highly congratulated for their coolness and wisdom. Had they notified the audience of the danger, a panic would have ensued; and without doubt the stampede would have brought down the walls, with great destruction of life.

A cool head is worth much. Any person can have it on ordinary occasions. But it is a rare possession when in the midst of dangers. By keeping the mind well poised, we can grow into this valuable possession. By worrying and peevishness, we will lose all the deliberation and coolness we may have. Let our young folks learn to keep calm, cheerful and hopeful; then will they acquire the elements of true heroism.

STRONG MEN.

Strength of character consists of two things—power of will and power of self-restraint. It requires two things, therefore, for its existence—strong feelings and a strong command over them. Now, we very often mistake strong feelings for strong character. A man who bears all before him, before whose wild bursts of fury the children of the household quake, because he has his own way in all things, we call him a strong man. The truth is, he is a weak man; it is his passions that are strong; he, mastered by them, is weak. You must measure the strength of a man by the power of the feelings he subdues, not by the power of those that subdue him. And hence composure is the highest result of strength. Did we ever see a man receive a flagrant injury, and reply calmly; that man is morally strong. Or did we ever see a man in anguish stand as if carved out of solid rock, mastering himself? Or one bearing a hopeless daily trial remain silent, and never tell the world what cankered his home-peace? This is strength. He, who, with strong passions, remains chaste, he who, indignation within him, can be provoked, and yet remain himself and forgives, these are strong men, the moral heroes.—*Es.*

A REMARKABLE MEMORY FOR THINGS PLEASANT.

"And you pretend to say," remarked a lawyer to a witness, "that you remember the exact words this man said to you ten years ago?" "I do." "Well, if my memory serves me, I met you at Saratoga about five years ago, and I should like to know if you can swear to any expression which I then made." "I can." "Now, Mr. J.—, I want you to remember that you are under oath—now, under oath, you swear that you can quote with great accuracy a remark I made to you at Saratoga five years ago?" "I can." "Well, what was it?" "You met me in the hotel corridor." "Yes, quite correct." "And you shook hands with me." "Naturally I did." "And you said to me, 'Let's go and take something.'" The Crier of the Court had to call silence for ten minutes, and the lawyer confessed that the witness had a remarkable memory.

NOAH'S ARK.

Some Turkish commissioners appointed to investigate the question of avalanches on Mount Ararat suddenly came upon a gigantic structure of very dark wood protruding from a glacier. They made enquiries of the inhabitants. They had seen it for six years, but had been afraid to approach it because a spirit of fierce aspect had been seen looking out of the upper window. Turkish commissioners, however, are bold men, not deterred by such trifles, and they determined to reach it. Situated as it was among the fastnesses of one of the glens of Mount Ararat, it was a work of enormous difficulty, and it was only after incredible hardships that they succeeded.

The ark was in a good state of preservation, although the angles had been a good deal broken in its descent. There was an Englishman present who had presumably read his Bible, and he saw it was made of the ancient gopher wood, which everyone knows grows only on the plains of the Euphrates.

Effecting an entrance to the vessel, which was painted brown, they found that the admiralty requirements for the conveyance of horses had been carried out, and the interior was divided into partitions fifteen feet high. Into three of these only could they get, the others being full of ice, and how far the ark extended into the glacier they could not tell. If, however, on being uncovered it turns out to be eight hundred cubits long it will go hard with the misbelievers in the book of Genesis. "Needless to say," says an English paper, "an American was soon on the spot, and negotiations have since been entered into with the local pasha for its speedy transfer to the United States."

AN ASTONISHED HORSE.

A great many queer things are done in California no doubt, but of those that have come to our notice this, the account of which is taken from local paper, is the strangest: I. McLean purchased a large bay mare to match his bay animal, and proposed to drive her in a double team to his buggy. He hitched them up together and started them up. His old horse started but the other did not. She appeared to be hitched the wrong end too, for she wanted to go stern first. The doctor tried moral suasion, strengthened by a whip he had. The mare dragged her, but it was no use; he could not get her to go the right way, so he conceived the idea of trying an electric charge. He hitched her with a strong mate, to a heavy

dray, and, attaching a battery, he arranged two wires, one leading to her head and the other ending under her tail; then they started, or rather did not start. She began to balk and back. The doctor opened out the charge from his battery, and that mare had a peculiar sensation under her tail. She couldn't kick, for her tail was tied down. She looked back and there stood the doctor smiling, but not saying a word. She looked at her mate, who was quietly blinking his eyes and switching the flies off, utterly oblivious. The electricity still kept her tail end interested.

Taking in the mysterious situation it was too much for her. She lay down and bawled. She screamed with fright and consternation. The doctor then put on another charge heavier, which helped her up like a flash, and off she went like the wind. When she would go too fast he would give her a charge in front. When she would back he would startle her with a charge around the roots of her tail. It completely cured her. She does not believe in electricity, and has, in consequence, quit balking.

"They can talk all they please about the West," said a passenger from Western Kansas, "but I stand up for it every time. It's the best country in the United States for a farmer. All a man has to do is to give nature a little assistance, and she'll provide for him and well too."

"But don't you have fearful storms out there?"

"Yes, sometimes, 'specially hailstorms. But that only goes to prove the truth of what I'm tellin' you. Hailstorms are a part of nature and they help a man, if he only knows how to take advantage of 'em. Why last fall a big hailstorm came along over my place, and I'll be hanged if it didn't shuck out sixty acres of corn for me as slick as a whistle. All I had to do was to drive a waggon through and pick up the corn."

"Wonderful!"

"Wonderful! I should say so. And that wasn't all of it, either. Them big hailstones buried themselves two feet under the ground, and I marked where a lot of 'em fell. This summer we had all the ice we could use and some to sell, jus' by digging up them hailstones."

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