

HAS HEARD ANTS TALK.

So Thinks a French Naturalist and His Reasons For His Belief.

Sir John Lubbock, as well as many other scientists, has of course studied the ant, but it has been given to a Frenchman, M. Ferey, to make a discovery as regards ants that proves them to be possessed of an intelligence far greater than has hitherto supposed.

The way M. Ferey proved this was as follows: He made a glass funnel, one end smaller than the other, which he placed, the small end downward, in the center of a square of plain glass some six inches wide, fitting closely enough to prevent the little insects from crawling out underneath.

He then took a number of ants in a bunch about the size of an ordinary horse chestnut free from any foreign substances and, lifting up the funnel, dropped the cluster of insects inside.

While the ants were still in a state of bewilderment and before any of them could reach the edge of the glass the experimenter covered it with another square similar to the one already in use, which had been surrounded a short distance from its edge by a rim of putty.

This effectively confined the little insects and prevented their being crushed. The two plates of glass were then pressed together to within, approximately, the thickness of an ant's body, but closer on one side than on the other, so as to hold some fast and incapable of moving, while others could move about in their narrow prison where they liked.

On applying this box of ants to the ear as though it had been a watch M. Ferey was astonished to hear a regular and continuous buzzing noise, somewhat similar to the sound made by water when boiling in an open vessel, though sometimes a higher note would be struck by one or another of the ants.

Further study of the box of prisoners revealed many interesting facts. The free ants were seen to advance to the sides of the ones that could not move and to endeavor with all their strength to release the prisoners. It was then that the sounds made by the ants became louder and more strident. It was evident that these sounds conveyed some meaning, for a palpable difference was to be found in the minute utterances, which must have been intelligible to the tiny captives.

Then came the problem. How was the sound made? M. Ferey proceeded to at once make minute investigations and submitted live ants to the scrutiny of a very powerful microscope.

Here, again, an interesting discovery was in store for the investigator. The sides of the little insects were found to be in one particular place rough and scaly, resembling—though of course on a tiny scale—the teeth of a saw. It was by rubbing this that the ant made the sound that had rewarded the scientist's research.

M. Ferey then took a couple of ants and confined them in the glass box already described, imprisoning the one and giving the other liberty to move.

The use of his limbs became at once intensely excited. It rushed about, making what must have been talking into consideration the comparative size of a man and an ant—a terrible noise. The modulations of the insect's mode of expression were plainly heard by the scientist.

Then, having apparently exhausted an exceedingly copious vocabulary, the ant, in despair of liberating its companion, dashed at it and killed it. This was evidently to the insect the only course left open.

Scotch Tenselessness and Thrift.

In a dull Scottish village on a dull morning one neighbor called upon another. He was met at the door by his friend's wife, and the conversation went thus:

"Cauld?"
"Aye."
"Gaen to be weety, I think."
"Aye."
"Is John in?"
"Oh, aye; he's in."
"Can I see him?"
"No."
"But I wanted to see him."
"Aye; but you canna see him. John's deid."
"Deid?"
"Aye."
"Sudden?"
"Aye."
"Very sudden?"
"Very sudden."
"Did he say anything about a pot of green paint before he deid?"—Anecdote by Ian MacLaren.

Cicero's Wit.

The retort exasperating is not a modern feature of a trial by jury. In the case against Verres, one of the great trials of antiquity, in which Cicero appeared for the prosecution and Hortensius for the defense, Cicero made a typical excursion against his opponent.

Hortensius was known, in violation of the law, which required the services of advocates at Rome to be gratuitous, to have received as a present from his client a valuable image of the sphinx, one of the spoils of his government in Sicily. While Cicero was examining a witness, Hortensius made a sally.

"You speak in riddles," said he. "I cannot understand you."
"That is odd," Cicero rejoined, "for you have a sphinx at home to solve them."—Youth's Companion.

Stunged Him.

The other day a clothier made up his mind to have his shop ceiling repapered and accordingly engaged the services of a local painter who some years before had done the very same job. He came and inspected the ceiling and then remarked to the clothier:

"I see you've had it papered since I did it."
"Oh, yes," answered the clothier a little boldly, "and I see you've got another suit of clothes since the one I made for you!"—London Telegraph.

An Exception.

"Two wrongs never made one right," said Dimsmore, who was fond of quoting adages.
"Sometimes they do," amended Fostick. "If Constant Reader, for example, feels himself aggrieved by two wrongs, he will be one to write about them to the newspapers."

Her Remedy.

"Jimson has developed into a confirmed kicker, but his wife can handle him every time. He kicked last night because his dinner was cold."
"What was his wife's play?"
"She made it hot for him."—Brooklyn Life.

STORY OF THE HUNT

By the Reporter Hunt Club

In the Highlands of Ontario

FALL OF 1900.

As told by the Scribe of the Athens Reporter



LAST CHAPTER LEFT THE SCRIBE POURING BULLETS AT THE BUCK IN THE WATER.

The animal ceased to swim and lay on its side, apparently in the last throes of death. Thinking that his game was ready for bleeding, he ran down to the skiff and started to back-hand (row with face towards the front of the boat) the skiff over to where the deer was lying motionless. Imagine his surprise to see the deer straighten up and commence a lively swim for the opposite shore. It was not more than four or five rods from where the deer lay to the shore and the Scribe had to row twice that distance to get between the animal and shore. When he saw the deer was making lively headway, he at once reversed the oars and pulled for all he was worth. All along the shore towards which they were travelling was a lot of drift-wood and the Scribe hoped that this would act as a barrier to the deer and he would be able to turn it out into the lake. Rowing with his back to the way he was going he was at a serious disadvantage and he soon ran kerfump up against a big log. He looked over his shoulder for the deer and was surprised to find that it had disappeared. He swung the boat broadside to shore and sat for a couple of minutes, scanning every nook and crevice in the drift wood for some sign of his game. He had forgotten that he had emptied the magazine of "old Silverplate" and only realized his predicament when he saw the deer's head on shore, where he was standing with part of his head and back just observable above a fallen pine that lay

tramp and no further sign of the wounded buck, the Scribe concluded that he might as well strike out on the return trip.

While sitting at his watch in the morning he had observed that the wind was blowing directly from the north, and when he decided to return to the lake he looked for a tall pine to give



THE SCRIBE'S GUN WOBBLLED

him the location of the wind as a guide out. Getting his bearings, he started with the wind in his back, keeping a sharp lookout at every tall tree to see that he was keeping in the right direction. What puzzled him most was that after going a mile or so he failed to cross his footsteps made coming in. After going in this direction for over an hour, he began to think that there must be something wrong and he sat down on a fallen tree to rest

A PORTER'S MISTAKE.

The Story of a Lady's Prizes and an Actor's Rage.

As the porter passed through the car she called him aside. There was a whisper and a gleam of silver.

"Now, remember they are in the yellow satchel."

"Can't miss 'em, ma'am."

"You won't let any one see 'em?"

"No, ma'am."

"The major is sitting in that car."

"He won't see 'em, ma'am."

"Well, here is the key."

The porter took the key and passed through to the next car.

"Guess dis am it," he said, slipping the thin key in the lock of a yellow satchel. He put his hand in the satchel and pulled out a bunch of hair. Then he unlocked the satchel.

"Heah's yo' frizzes, ma'am."

"Don't speak so loud."

"Anything else, ma'am?"

"That's all, I believe. I just have a minute to put these on before dinner."

The porter reached the platform in time to meet an irate tragedian.

"Not a step!" he thundered in tones that almost lifted the porter's cap.

"What have you done with my whiskers, boy?"

"Your whiskers, sah?"

"Yes; my false beard. The passengers say you opened my satchel with a skeleton key. Where are those whiskers?"

"Laws," muttered the porter, "Ah went in de wrong satchel!"

"Just then a lady passed toward the dining car."

"Dah's yo' whiskers, sah," grinned the porter, "on top ob dat lady's hair!"

SAVED BY PALMISTRY.

Tattered Individual Proves His Case by Showing His Hands.

"Reasoning from antecedent probability," said the justice to a prisoner with a sopping hat and a turned down mouth, "I would say that when this policeman accuses you of being a tramp he is speaking with a high regard for the truth."

"Knowing little about logic," the defendant replied, "I am unable to say whether I am guilty on that proof. But by palmistry I am innocent. My life line is good, my capacity for hard work is simply astonishing, and my confidence in my own ability is superb."

"Score one for palmistry. Now hold up your hands."

"I can't tell whether you have worked by the looks of those hands," said the justice. "But in the interest of the spread of knowledge I will digress and say to you that an article known as soap was invented some years ago."

"Never heard of it," said the prisoner cheerfully, "and I know just as much about my guilt or innocence as I do about soap. You might try me by a jury of my peers."

"Your peers are too busy telling fairy tales to bartenders on this muggy morning to come out to help the ends of justice. The dollar they'd get for jury service would make them die of heart disease."

"A doctor told me I'd never have the state of your health," the justice said coldly. "I don't know whether you're a tramp, and neither do you. I am inclined to the opinion that you are, but I guess no policeman will arrest you between here and the corner."

The prisoner made the trial trip successfully and was seen no more.

Doctored Nine Years for Tetter.—Mr. James Gaston, merchant, Pa., writes: "For nine years I have been disfigured with Tetter on my hands and face. At last I have found a cure in Dr. Agnew's Ointment. It helped me from the first application, and now I am permanently cured."

ETHICS OF FISHING.

A SCIENTIFIC VIEW OF THE ALLEGED CRUELTY OF THE SPORT.

The Creatures Are Most Happy When They Are Hooked—They Have Little Capacity For Suffering and Even Little Pleasure In Eating.

A little boy was fishing for the first time. With the customary luck of a beginner he had bass and perch galore to answer the invitation of his bait.

Presently the impulses of the humane side of his nature made a little hesitating protest against the more savage instincts of the sportsmanlike side. The wriggling of the fish when he caught them troubled him, and he sought to apologize to his conscience for the suffering he was apparently inflicting. He said, "I think the reason they jump so is that they are so glad to get out of that wet water."

Curiously enough, if we may accept the testimony of the scientists, the little boy was quite right. A fish is never so happy as when he is drawn out of the water. The air is to him quite all that laughing gas is to a human being. It gives him a hundred times more oxygen per second than his gills ever get for him from the inhalation of water. It makes him delightfully drunken. It exhilarates him. It fills him with a completeness of physical joy—the only joy he is capable of feeling—wholly unknown to him in his native element. He dies presently, it is true, but he dies in an ecstasy of enjoyment instead of dying in his appointed fashion by suffocation in the maw of some bigger fish.

In a footnote to the thirteenth canto of "Don Juan" Byron denounces Isaac Walton as a "sentimental savage" and characterizes fishing as "the cruelest, coldest of pretended sports." That only shows how little Byron knew about the matter. His sports involved the sacrifice of women rather than worms.

It is time to set this matter of fishing upon its moral legs, as it were, and end to be accomplished merely by telling the truth about it. A fish is the very lowest form of the vertebrates. It is incapable of any joy except that of getting hooked and thus drawn out of the water to which its nature condemns it and for a time breathing the air that intoxicates it in delightfully deadly fashion. It has not even the instinct of sexual association except in the case of a few rare species. It knows nothing of companionship, for the scientists tell us that even when fish swim in "schools" it is only because they are engaged in a common predatory pursuit of prey, each endeavoring to snatch from the others the morsels they seek to swallow.

So low in the scale is the fish that even in eating he has no pleasure except that of distending his stomach. For the scientist finds no "taste buds" at the base of his tongue, and every fisherman knows that the fish swallows his prey whole, with no possibility of detecting its flavor. And further, every fisherman who has trolled knows that the fish is so far an indiscriminate gormand in his search for food that he will swallow a coffee spoon with a bar attached as readily as the faintest bait morsel that could be displayed in front of his greedy eyes and his rapacious mouth.

Still, again, every fish that is caught upon a hook gets only what he deserves. He is caught every time in an attempt to swallow some other creature whole and digest it in slow torture. Indeed the entire life of every fish is passed in a ceaseless endeavor to catch and swallow other fish. So far as science can discover, fish of most species make no distinction even in favor of their own young, their only ground of selection being a consideration for their individual throats in the act of swallowing. On that account alone the severely spined sunfish escapes the predatory perch, and the bullhead the moment his "horns" are hard ceases to be in danger even from the most voracious of pickers.

The fisherman is not a monster of wanton cruelty. He is merely a descendant of Adam exercising that "dominion" over inferior creatures which God authorized him to exercise.—George Cary Eggleston

A Lunatic's Wit.

As Horace Mann sat in his study one evening an insane man rushed into the room and after abusing him for all kinds of fancied grievances challenged him to a fight.

Mr. Mann replied: "My dear fellow, it would give me a great pleasure to accommodate you, but I can't do it. The odds are so unfair. I am a Mann by name and a man by nature—two against one! It would never do to fight."

The insane man answered: "Come ahead. I am a man and a man beside myself. Let us four have a fight."

Don't Be Slow.

If a child is "slow" around home and takes an hour to dress when only a quarter of that time is necessary, it is a bad habit. The "slow" men and women are those who fail to make a success of life. How often you see grown people tinker about something a half a day that could be done in an hour! They learn the habit as children.

An Instigation.

Lawyer (examining witness)—Where was your maid at the time?

Lady—In my boudoir, arranging my hair.

Lawyer—And were you there also?

Lady (indignantly)—Sir!—Exchange.

The men-of-war of the Romans had a crew of about 225 men, of which 174 were oarsmen working on three decks. The speed of these vessels was about six miles an hour in fair weather.

STEER BY THE STAR.

Night on the sea, and one lone ship In the midst of the darkness there! A trackless waste spread all about, And the blackness everywhere. But gleaming in the sky above Are seen the beacons of the night, Set there to guide that lonely ship Across the pathless sea aright.

The waves roll high and toss the ship, A plaything on their turbid crest; The sea lifts up its eager arms, And opens wide its heaving breast. But safely still the vessel rides, For one there is who guides aright, Because his eyes are fixed upon Those faithful beacons of the night.

No vessel sailing o'er life's sea But safely may the harbor find If the Great Beacon of the sky Be ever kept in sight and mind. The light at times may shine but dim, The way seem dark, the harbor far, But he cannot get off the course Who guides his vessel by the Star.—Arthur J. Burdick in Los Angeles Herald

YOUR OWN VOICE.

You Would Be Surprised If You Heard Its Exact Imitation.

"One of the strangest things in life," said an amateur philosopher of Camp street, "is the fact that we never really become acquainted with our physical selves. Here I have been living in this body of mine for nearly 50 years, yet I have no idea how I look, how I bear myself, what sort of an impression I make on the minds of others when they meet me in daily intercourse. I don't even know how my own voice sounds, although I've been listening to it ever since I can remember. Did you ever hear yourself talk in a phonograph? No? Well, try it the next time you have a chance, and you will not only be astonished, but what is still stranger, you will be disappointed, probably a little shocked. Everybody has that experience."

"I supposed that I was perfectly familiar with my own voice and thought privately that it was rather agreeable. I had been told so plenty of times by other people and never knew that they were only 'jolly' me until I made a phonographic record and set it grinding. At the first word I jumped back in dismay and nearly pulled my ears off in the listening tubes."

"Merciful heavens! I said to myself, 'Is it possible I talk like that?' I thought there must be something the matter with the cylinder and called in a friend to hear it. He grinned with delight. 'That's one of the most natural records I ever heard in my life,' he declared heartily, and I yearned for his glory."

"But, as I just remarked, everybody who tries the experiment has the same experience. The voice is always abnormally unfamiliar and positively unpleasant. Yet there is a certain something about it that differentiates it from any other voice you ever heard in your life—something indescribable that gives you a little secret thrill clear down to the soles of your feet. It is the voice of the mysterious body which you inhabit and you know."

Mistake of the New Riveter.

A party of six brawny men were engaged in an animated discussion at McKees Rocks. It was noticed that five index fingers were missing from the gesticulating hands. Only one man had all of the fingers he was born with.

"They're riveters from Schoenville," said a man who was asked. "They say most of the male children born down there now have the forefinger missing from their right hand. The riveters at the Pressed Steel Car shop work one inside of the car and one outside. The man inside shoves the rivets through, and the man outside swings the hammer. They are paid by 'the piece' and they work fast. Often the rivet won't fit, and if the man inside of the car happens to be new at the work he sticks his finger through the hole to learn what is wrong. The man outside promptly smashes the finger with his sledge. He doesn't do it purposely, but he works so rapidly that he can't tell a blackened finger from a rivet. He never knows his error until he sees the blood spurting from the stump of the finger. None of the riveters has lost more than one finger in that way."

"The Least Hair Casts a Shadow."

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It casts no shadow, but brings sunshine and health into every household.

Running Sores.—My mother was troubled with rheumatism in her knee for a number of years, and it broke out into a running sore. She took three bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and is now well. Hood's Olive Ointment helped to heal the eruption. Mrs. JOHN FARR, Cloverlawn, Ancaster, Ont.

Rheumatism.—I was badly afflicted with sciatic rheumatism. Consulted doctors without relief. Was persuaded to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, and five bottles gave me relief and enabled me to go to work. WILLIAM R. ROACH, Margaretville, N. S.

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THIS IS A SCIENTIFIC JOURNAL OF THE MONTHLY VERMONT COURIER