



DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

VOLUME XII., No. 14.

MONTREAL & NEW YORK, JULY 15, 1877.

SEMI-MONTHLY, 30 CTS. per An., Post-paid.

NOTICE.

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THE PLANT THAT EATS FLIES.

There is found in Florida, a wonderful plant with large yellow flowers which are very conspicuous on the damp pine-barrens of that State. The wonderful part of this plant is not its flowers, but its leaves. These leaves are from six to twelve inches in length and are hollow and shaped like a trumpet. They stand very erect, as may be seen in the picture, and the opening is covered by a rounded, arching hood. The inside of this hood is very brilliant, with veins of scarlet running upon a yellowish ground. On the outside of the leaf from the base to the top runs a broad wing bound or edged by a purplish cord. A lady who wished to study these curious plants went to the place where they were growing, and watched them carefully. She saw ants and other insects crawling up the cord on the outside of the leaf, feeding as they went on some sweet stuff which had oozed out of it. She saw many going up, but none coming down, for when they got to the top they disappeared inside the opening. She took a number of the leaves home, and setting them upright in vessels of water, sat down to watch what the flies in the room would do. They soon gathered around the leaves, and almost as soon as they had tasted the secretion they began to act strangely. They became stupid and paid no attention to her efforts to shake them from the leaf. If she touched one it would fly a short distance away, but it invariably returned to the leaf and was very soon buzzing inside the tube, trying to walk up the dry, smooth surface and over falling back until it was exhausted and still. The lady, Mrs. Treat, would take a leaf and turning it upside down knock it until she had liberated all the flies that were in it, but before long every fly found its way back again and walked in as if fascinated by a no spell. On opening the leaves after they had been a day or two in the house fifty or more flies would be found in a single one. Wasps, cockroaches, and other insects were attracted in the same way that the flies were.



THE PITCHER-PLANT (SARRACENIA VARIOLARIS).

This plant is, therefore, you will see, an insect trap; but this is not all. The most curious part is yet to come. The plant actually feeds upon the insects which it catches. The lower part of the tube is a sort of stomach. Long hairs as represented in the picture all pointing downwards are scattered thickly over the surface. If a leaf has caught no prey the hairs are clear and very transparent, but very soon after an insect is caught the hairs begin to absorb, and granular matter may be seen extending along their entire length. When a small number of insects are caught they seem to be digested quickly and no disagreeable odor is detected; but, on the other hand, when a large number are caught a disgusting odor is observed. But the plant seems to thrive on this filthy mass of putrid insects, and in time absorbs all save the dry remains of the wings of beetles and other hard

parts of the bodies of insects. So this plant feeds upon carrion and sets a tempting bait to lure insects into its fatal trap. The sweet secretion on the outside of the leaf is in fact an intoxicating beverage which those who once taste cannot bear to leave. They taste and taste again, each time advancing nearer to the fatal trap from which there is no way of escape. Curious, is it not, that flies should be so foolish! But not so curious as that men and women with minds should act in a precisely similar manner, and walk so willingly into a trap set for them, alas! that we should have to say it by other men and women who are willing to make money out of poisoning their fellow-creatures.

WISER THAN HER DOCTOR.

I was deeply impressed by something which an excellent clergyman told me one day, when there was nobody by to bring mischief on the head of the narrator. This clergyman knew the literary world of his time so thoroughly that

there was probably no author of any mark then living in England with whom he was not more or less acquainted.

It must be remembered that a new generation has now grown up. He told me that he had reason to believe that there was no author or authoress who was free from the habit of taking pernicious stimulants, either strong green tea or strong coffee at night, or wine, or spirits, or laudanum.

The amount of opium taken to relieve the pain and wear of authors was, he said, greater than most people had any conception of, and all literary workers took something.

"Why, I do not," said I, "fresh air and cold water are my stimulants."

"I believe you," he replied. "but you wish in the morning, and there is much in that!"

I then remembered, when I had to work a short time at night, a physician who called on me observed that I must not allow myself to be exhausted at the end of the day. He would not advise any alcoholic wines, but any

light wines that I liked might do me good. "You have a cupboard there at your right hand," said he: "keep a bottle of hock and a wine glass there and help yourself when you feel you want it." "No, thank you," said I, "if I took wine it should not be when alone, nor would I help myself to a glass; I might take a little more, and a little more, till my solitary glass might become a regular tipping habit; I shall avoid the temptation altogether. Physicians should consider: before they give such advice to brain-worn workers.—Miss Martineau's Autobiography.

LITTLE SUSIE.

BY MRS. H. P. CADWELL.

While riding in the cars a few months ago, my attention was arrested by the sad, pale face of a little girl who sat a few feet in front of me on the opposite side of the aisle. She could not have been more than ten or eleven years of age, though care and sorrow had so impressed themselves on her childish features that she seemed to have passed wholly out of her teens. Her dress betokened extreme poverty, while a certain artistic arrangement made you feel that its wearer was susceptible of the highest degree of fastidiousness if circumstances had not placed it entirely out of her power to gratify this trait of feminine character. In her lap she carried a small willow basket, whose contents were unknown except a faded bouquet and an old tumbler containing a specimen of rose-geranium, and by her side was a dilapidated bird-cage, with a beautiful canary singer inside.

The appearance of this little girl, with her low, broad forehead, her unusually intelligent eye, interested me as few children ever do, for I fancied she resembled one now among the angels, who once had called me "mother." So I left my shawl as a seat-retainer, and went to chat awhile with the lonely orphan, as I was certain she must be. I inquired if she was travelling alone, and with a sad smile she replied:

"No, ma'am, my father is in the smoking-car."

Her look of sadness changed to a tender, winning smile of childish joy, when to open the acquaintance, I praised the bird and the geranium.

"Dickie is not very pretty," she said, "but it was my mother's bird, and I love it dearly, and he was so lonesome, poor thing, and wouldn't sing for a long time, and sometimes wouldn't eat, and I thought he was going to die too; then Mrs. Elliott told me to bring him to her home, for she had several birds, and lived in a warm brick house, with south windows, and he soon forgot his sorrow and sang the sweetest of them all. I went every day to see him, but I am afraid he will miss that pleasant room and get sick again, and he is all I have that my mother loved."

Upon enquiry I learned the mother had died a few weeks previous, leaving a nice baby, which, happily, soon followed its mother. I inquired if she was pleased with the idea of going to B—, their destination.

"I don't mind going there, for Aunt Amanda lives there, and I shan't be 'alone' so much nor have to work so hard, but—" said she, touched by my apparent interest in her, she broke down completely, and sobbed as if her little heart would break.

With my handkerchief I wiped away the tears, which, as the outflow of a dear child's real grief, seemed sacred, and told her I was sorry for her; that I had two little girls, and that I should like to do something for her, even as I would wish to have my daughters benefited were they in her place.

"Oh!" said she, "my poor, poor father!"

"Isn't your pa good to you?"

"Yes, ma'am, I think he means to be, but

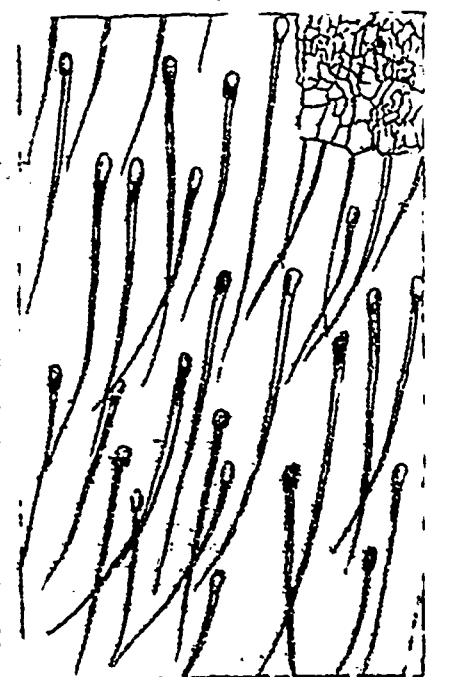
he isn't like he used to be before we went to Omaha. He worked in the railroad shops, and was such a good workman, but they couldn't keep him any longer 'cause he drinks so much, and we didn't always have coal nor things to eat, and I'm sure that's what made my mother— Oh! I can't love my pa like I used to, but ma said, 'Susie, be good to pa, maybe he won't drink always.'

Here the shower of tears was interrupted by the entrance of the father, accompanied by one of his boon companions, so I left her trying to hide the evidence of her grief, and to suffer for having confided in a stranger. Poor Susie, I may never see her on earth again, but I should glory to be one of that noble band of women whose motto is "Death to King Alcohol all the time, and everywhere!"

THE SABBATH HELPS OUR DEVELOPMENT.

—The Sabbath gives us a new start in our life journey. It counteracts the gravitation of sin and sorrow and mammon, and sends us forth again with new enthusiasm, thanking God that we are training for something nobler than this earth can give. We are in our lives like a schoolboy learning to write, and every week is a page in our copy-book. On the first line the Lord Jesus has set before us his own beautiful example, and we start out to imitate it. But as we go down line after line, we too largely lose sight of that which he has written, and when we get to the bottom it is all irregular and blotting, and the paper is blistered with our tears of regret. Then comes the Lord's day again; and Jesus, speaking to us words of cheer, turns over the page and takes the pen once more, giving us another pattern, and we are comforted and encouraged. So we try again. Thus page after page is covered. It is poor work enough, but the penmanship improves a little every time, and it is much better at the end of the book than at the beginning, for at the bottom of the last page the Master writes, "Well done!"—Rev. W. M. Taylor, D. D.

—The rapidity of sewing machine work, even when not working beyond an ordinary manufacturing speed, is seen in the manufacture of 110 three-bushel sacks per hour, containing 35,640 stitches, or close on 600 per minute.



HAIRS ON ABBONERO GLANDS POINTED IN THE LOWER HALF OF TUBE