

our hero does not sever the head from the black soldier, but leaves his comrade to free himself as best he can, while he goes to the assistance of a third less fortunate brother, where the black seems to have the better of his antagonist. Here a long struggle ensues, and now another red soldier has despatched his opponent, and he comes to the struggling three, moves about them in an excited manner, with his mandibles stretched wide apart, waiting his opportunity to fasten them on the black; he finds his chance, seizes him between the thorax and abdomen, and severs the body in two; but the dying black does not relax his hold of the first antagonist, and they die together.

"I now leave the fierce combatants for the night. In the morning I find that every black is killed, and four red soldiers are dead, and two others cannot long survive. The legs and antennae and mutilated bodies of the dead warriors are strewn about, every fragment showing conspicuously on the white marble. Out of the twenty, fourteen are dead and two nearly lifeless—only four have survived. I put some drops of water and moistened sugar under the glass for the surviving heroes; two find the water and drink. I now repair to the battle-field. The struggle is over, not a black to be seen, but a column of the red invaders is emerging from a large cavity that leads to the numerous galleries and underground chambers of these industrious blacks, and each invader is carrying a larva or pupa. I follow the column, which is from four to five inches in width, to the nest of red ants before mentioned. There is a wide opening in the side of this nest, down which they all disappear and leave their burdens, and again start for more plunder. All day long these powerful marauders are engaged in this work. They carry a larva or pupa carefully, and drop it on being disturbed. But what does this mean? Every little while a red warrior comes out with a black bundle, which he carries as carefully as he does the pupa or larva. I stop him to inquire into the matter; he drops his bundle, which immediately unrolls, and lo! it is a lively black ant, apparently unhurt, and to my eye, no way different from the warrior with whom he was so fiercely fighting."

It has been generally supposed that the red ants only took captive the young of the blacks, in order that, growing up in the home of their captors, they might have no desire to escape. "But these ants certainly carried a great number of adult blacks to their nest, and I am quite sure that they did not run away, but stayed and helped to nurse and feed the larvæ. I capture several of the red marauders with their victims, and place them under the glass. The reds now pay no attention to the blacks, but simply try to make their escape. I take larvæ and lay them on a leaf, and put them under the glass also, and place moistened sugar in their reach. Very soon the blacks are feeding the helpless larvæ. I remove the glass cover; the reds immediately run away, but the blacks stay, and continue to sip the moistened sugar and feed the young. I hold a magnifying-glass over them, and find the little larvæ raise up their heads and open their mouths to be fed, very much like young birds. I now take the larvæ, together with their nurses, and place them near the nest of red ants. I soon lose sight of the nurses, but the larvæ are quickly taken into the nest by the red soldiers."

After a few days another raid is made by the red ants. "The blacks open the large entrance of the nest, dragging the material with which it is closed to one side; and now the soldiers come out in full force, and march in a straight line to a spot about thirty feet distant; here they diverge, and seem to be hunting over the ground; soon they find a small colony of blacks. The greatest excitement now prevails among the invaders; some are passing down the main entrance, while others are rushing about with extended mandibles prepared for conflict; but the blacks are escaping from another opening a few inches distant, not trying to defend their young in the least. Very soon the marauders emerge, each with a larva or pupa. Those outside, seeming satisfied that there will be no battle, quiet down and join the ranks in ravaging the nest. In less than an hour the spoils are all taken; and the marauders, not satisfied in sacking so small a settlement, again form in line and march directly to another colony a few feet beyond the one they have so recently plundered. They go so directly to this spot that it looks as if it must have been a preconceived plan. This colony also proves to be a small one, and the inhabitants all flee, leaving the young to be captured. In less than two hours the spoilers have transferred the young to their own nest; and now, apparently satisfied with their day's work, they make preparation to close the entrance—the blacks are clearing the passages which their