

AN ANT'S HEROISM.

COOLNESS AND BRAVERY DISPLAYED IN AN EMERGENCY.

His Comrades Seemed Doomed to Perish in a Flood Until He Found a Way of Escape—Having Saved Many, the Insect Did Not Fear Death.

The sun was just setting, writes a naturalist to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, when I returned, slightly fatigued, from several miles' ride on my wheel. As is my custom on returning home, I took the garden hose and turned water into a small trench which had been dug around a maple tree for the purpose of holding water a sufficient time to permit the dirt adjacent to the roots to become thoroughly soaked.

Sitting down near the rest, my attention was soon attracted to a group of small ants rushing hither and thither in an endeavor to escape. The bottom of the circular ditch being covered, about twenty of the ants sought safety on a large clod of earth. At first they were scattered about over the highest part of the little mound, and to all appearances were indifferent as to their surroundings. After a little while one of the number proceeded leisurely around the little island, and after finishing the circuit hurried back to his companions. It appeared that they then, for the first time, realized that they were surrounded by water. The survey was repeated several times in quick succession. The group of ants gathered more closely together and seemed to be in a state of restless anxiety. As the water rose the circuit grew less, the vigil more earnest, and the excitement more intense with each return of the sentinel. They rushed about over each other in a terrible state of agitation, for the water was rapidly approaching. There was now hardly room for them to stand on; just a little while and that would be under water. They ceased struggling, settled down into motionless inactivity, and seemed entirely resigned to their fate.

I picked up a little stick and laid it across the water to the point where the ants were. They seemed dazed, and did not instantly take advantage of the means of escape afforded them. One then crawled hurriedly up on the stick, went its full length out and over the blades of grass on the dry land. Without a second's hesitation he turned and retraced his steps back to his companions. Now the smallest one of the group returned with him to dry land. They both retraced their steps and the work of rescue began. The rest seemed passively, entirely subservient to the will of these two. Each, with a companion, hastened out to a place of safety.

The small one was much the more active, he receding about three to the larger's two. Time was precious, as the water was rapidly rising; it would soon be running around the outer end of the stick and the island was melting away. One by one they were taken out, the guide accompanying the rescued one each time to a place of security. Why they did not all follow the first one out when he returned puzzled me, but they did not. The smaller ant now hurried forth with the last one. Still he was not content, and rushed back in search of others. The little hillock was now melted away, and he turned to seek safety for himself. He did not seem as much concerned as before. He did not hasten on as when conscious of rescuing others. The water was running around the stick. The last avenue of escape seemed closed to him forever. He went to the highest point and settled down perfectly still. His previous conduct convinced me that he now fully realized that the case was hopeless as far as he was concerned.

Must the bravest of them all thus die when he could have easily made his escape long ago? He bravely risked his own life that he might save others. Could a more genuine example of heroism be found in human animals? Could a more striking example of brotherly love and unselfish devotion be shown? Could a more earnest solicitude for the life of others be instilled? I think not. Within his own power this little insect had no possible means of escape. He did not fear death; neither did he die, but he was last to escape. I lifted the stick from the water and laid it on the ground. He crawled hurriedly away to his companions, whom he had so recently torn from the grasp of death. Whatever I may have done for them, I can but feel that, in this example, the little hero ant did much more for me.

Rich Inakes.

Among the many famous and beautiful souls of the nobility of England is Eaton Hall, but few people have any idea of the vast extent of this splendid home of the Duke and Duchess of Westminster. So numerous are the rooms, that sixty suites are set apart for visitors alone; but it is only on a royal visit that the true size of this beautiful hall is shown. When the Duke and Duchess are alone, or have only a small house party, they prefer to occupy a house which is attached to the hall.

Private Trains.

Among the wealthier members of the aristocracy a small private train is the correct thing. The Duke and Duchess of Sunderland have one, with engine complete. Included in the train is a saloon, white and green in color, with the usual monogram in gold. The vehicle is upholstered in chamois, and has silver fittings outside and in.

Marine Statistics.

The surface of the sea is estimated at 180,800,000 square miles, taking the whole surface of the globe at 197,000,000, and its greatest depth supposedly equals the height of the highest mountain, or four miles. The Pacific ocean covers 78,000,000 square miles, the Atlantic 26,000,000 the Mediterranean 1,000,000.

Writers' Cramp Prevented.

Writers' cramp is prevented by a new device which consists of a frame which, with the pen or pencil, forms a tripod to slide over the paper, the body of the tripod being hollow to hold hot water.

DANGER IN THE HATPIN.

Look Out and Do Not Sit Beside It in the Street Cars.

The long hat-pin which is being used this summer by women has caused a lot of trouble in London, and the London newspapers have started a crusade against them on account of the serious accidents which had resulted from women wearing them in public places. One man had his eye put out by a pin in the hat of a woman sitting beside him in an omnibus. The jolting of the vehicle sent her head suddenly toward his.

Another woman lost an eye by having it pierced by a pin in the hat of a friend with whom she was walking. It is appropriate that the crusade should begin in London, because it was in that city that the fashion started. The women began wearing them in sailor hats last spring, and some of the pins were so long that the points projected out beyond the rim of the hat.

Three or four of them—few women wear less—sticking through the side of a sailor-hat, look like the bayoneted ends of a lot of stacked muskets. They are more dangerous, however, and it is a good idea to stand up in a street car if the only empty seats are beside women whose heads are equipped in this fashion.

The Journey Down the Hill.

Out in Colorado there is a railroad that runs from a city, or a suburb of the city, out to a little settlement. People who wish to go to this little settlement take the car at the city line and go out from the city to the end of the road, where this little car starts on its return journey. The car is drawn by an old gray horse, who moves slowly. The passengers are few, and there are only two cars on the line, so your see business is not very brisk. The car is dragged up the hill slowly by the horse; when it reaches the top of the hill and a short distance beyond it, the horse suddenly stops; he has reached the terminus of the road; and then he turns his face toward what had been the rear end of the car, the driver unbacking the traces, and the horse steps forward and mounts the front platform of the car. Those who have seen this say that the horse always looks as though he said to the people who were watching him, "I know this is perfectly ridiculous, but please don't laugh." The driver walks to the back platform of the car, frees the brake, and the journey back to the city begins, the horse standing perfectly still on the front platform, which has some appliances to prevent his being thrown off by any jerk that the car may make. The horse seems to know that the reason he rides down hill is that the car could get down very much faster than he could. It must be a very funny sight.

The Man With the Musical Heart.

Oliver Lindsay, "the man with the musical heart," died yesterday. He was a lath contractor, a physical phenomenon and a temperance test. The doctors said he had every disease with a pronounced name and every attendant complication of unpronounceable name. And he had "a musical heart" also. He was the only man that ever did have "a musical heart." But his heart sang only when he drank to excess, and now his heart strings are broken and the doctors are explaining why he ever had a heart, why it sang, and why it's song is ended now.

But they do not agree as to wherein lay the making of the strange sounds. A post-mortem examination was held by Dr. Wheeler and Dr. Dannaker this morning, but they could not find any new cause of the strange sounds. Lindsay was a clinic of diseases, and had been exhibited before divers medical congresses throughout the country. It was generally stated that excessive use of alcohol had contracted one of the valves of the heart until, with every influx or ejection of blood therefrom, it sounded a screech, but always loud and strangely human. It was at one time thought to be a ventriloquist's trick, but it was established that it was a valvular lesion, with uncommon soundings. And the more he drank the more it sang.

It sang him to death yesterday.—Kansas City Star.

When Famous Men Married.

Shakespeare married Anne Hathaway when eighteen years old. Frederick the Great was twenty-one when he led the Princess Elizabeth of Brunswick to the altar.

William Von Humboldt married Karoline von Dachsleben when twenty-four.

Mozart and Walter Scott were twenty-five when they chose their better halves; the musician married the charming Constantine Weber, who inspired him to write his most beautiful compositions, while the choice of the novelist was Miss Charlotte Margaret Carpenter.

Dante married, when twenty-six, the Florentine, Gemma Donati.

At the same age Johann Heinrich Voss led to the altar the sister of his friend, Ernestine Dolo.

Napoleon was twenty-seven when he married the rich widow, Josephine Beauharnais; and Byron had attained the same age when he gave his name to the heiress, Miss Elizabeth Milbank.

The Swedish naturalist, Linnaeus (Linne) was also twenty-seven when he married. Herder was twenty-nine, and Robert Burns thirty.

Schiller had passed his thirty-first birthday when he wedded Charlotte von Leugenfeld; and Weiland was married when he was thirty-two.

Milton began his unhappy union when he was thirty-five.

Burger was more than thirty-six when he led his beautiful "Molly" to the altar.

Luther chose a wife when he was forty-two and Cuffin when he was fifty-five.

Goethe gave his name to Christine Vulpius when three years less than three-score.

Klopstock, after mourning his "Meta" thirty-three years, married a second wife when sixty-seven; she was a widow bearing the name of Johanna von Windheim.

Try a wet towel to the back of the neck when sleepless.

BRAKEMEN DOOMED.

THEIR PLACE BEING TAKEN BY AUTOMATIC DEVICES.

By Means of the Present Invention Engineers Can Stop Trains in Half the Time a Dozen Brakemen Would Require With the Old Hand Apparatus.

Slowly but surely science is putting the brakeman out of existence, and supplying his place with mechanical contrivances. A few years ago there were considerably over a million brakemen employed on our railway lines, but to-day the number has been reduced to less than one-half, and it is only a question of time before the last of these old time employees will entirely disappear from all our railroad systems. The automatic brake has been responsible for this condition of affairs in a greater degree than any other invention of recent date. It performs the service much quicker and better than the brakeman could ever hope to do. At first a steam brake was invented and tried by several of the railroads, but it was not successful enough to proclaim the doom of the hand brake; gradually, however, inventors improved upon the contrivances until the modern automatic brakes were perfected. By means of the present invention the engineer can stop a heavy train in half the time that a dozen brakemen, using the old hand brake, would require for the purpose. In an interesting article on the passing of the brakeman, published in the Philadelphia Times, appears the following:

The passing of the brakeman is not entirely due to the orders of the railroad officials, but as much to the laws of the Interstate Commerce Commission, which makes it mandatory for every railroad line to equip cars with automatic and continuous brakes and couplers, and their locomotives with driving wheel brakes. Before the automatic brakes and couplers were introduced on the railroads the death rate among passengers and employees was much higher than to-day, and it is largely due to this improvement that the mortality has been steadily reduced. With but few exceptions all of the 28,000 passenger cars and the 8,000 mail and baggage cars are equipped with the automatic brakes and couplers, and about one-half the 1,200,000 freight cars. The latter have been slower to comply with the law than the former, as there is less human life involved in accidents with them, but all the new freight cars have to be constructed with the new brakes and couplers. The old-time couplers, where the brakemen had to stand between the two cars that were to be joined together, were a constant menace to the life of the employees, and the death rate among them was high from this cause alone. In 1895 the number of employees of the American railroads killed amounted to 2,700, and the injured to 32,000, a fair percentage of which met their death while coupling cars. In 1896 the death rate was brought down to 1,823, and the number of injured to 23,422, while the present year will probably show even a larger decrease.

While this decrease is partly the result of greater efficiency among the railroad employees and to the improvements in the roadbeds and to the use of perfect signaling systems, the automatic brake is most directly responsible for the gratifying results. A train of cars equipped with the automatic brakes rarely comes into collision with other trains or obstacles on the track. The watchful engineer can see far enough ahead to bring his train to a standstill before colliding with anything that may be accidentally placed on the track. In rounding sharp curves the modern systems of signals reduce the danger of collision to a minimum, and on a straight track everything depends upon the alertness and promptness of the engineer. This is practically the greatest safeguard ever invented for railroad use, and to it we are indebted for many blessings. It is driving the brakeman out of existence, but, at the same time, it is saving the lives of thousands of passengers and railroad employees every year. It is one of those inventions which give such adequate compensation for supererogatory hand labor that no one regrets its general adoption—not even the railroad employees whose work it is rapidly taking from them.

An Automobile Postal Train.

An automatic postal train, consisting of a postal car, containing a Serpette engine, a passenger and a baggage car, has been run experimentally over the railroad from Paris to Beauvais. The speed, according to the gradient, was thirty-seven, fifty-five, and sixty kilometers, or from twenty-two to thirty-six miles an hour. The engine consumed about five pounds of fuel and ten quarts of water a kilometre and the cost was far less than that of the usual postal train.

A Policeman With Elocution.

A St. Louis policeman, who had a warrant of arrest against a woman for alleged assault and battery refused to imprison her when he found it was directed against a lady in the eighty-sixth year of her age. He took her to a friend's house and secured bail for her, and the Prosecuting Attorney, when told that she was too old and feeble to assault anybody, said he would revoke the warrant.

Electricity and Singing.

M. Granier reports to the Paris Academie de Medicine that a singing voice may be made more full and clear, less rapidly tired and the quality much more agreeable by the singer sitting upon an isolated stool coupled to the negative pole of a static electric machine and breathing the atmosphere electrified by means of a brush electrode for a short time.

A Just-as-Good Burns.

A lady writes to me among the mistakes made she went into a recently and asked Burns's poems, Burns's poems, clerk, "but we'll risk stress on

EXCELSIOR.

A Manufacturer of Wood That Has Many Uses and is Sold in Great Quantities.

The material known as excelsior is not refuse, nor is it made of shavings; it is an article of regular manufacture. Excelsior is of American invention and it was first made in this country thirty-five or forty years ago, the present output amounts to thousands of tons annually, and the use of it is all the time increasing. Excelsior is made in many parts of the country, almost always in mills that are in close proximity to the forests from which the supplies of wood are taken. A considerable amount of excelsior is made in conjunction with other manufactures; for example, it is not unusual to set up a few excelsior machines in a lumber mill; but there is at least one concern in the United States that makes nothing but excelsior, and has, at a number of different points, mills devoted solely to the production of these curling fibres of wood.

Basewood and poplar are the woods used in the production. The logs are sawed into lengths of eighteen inches, which is the length of a fibre of excelsior. These blocks are split into halves and the wood is properly seasoned. Excelsior is made of different degrees of coarseness and fineness of fibre. In the manufacture a series of knife points run down the face of the block cutting into the wood in parallel lines that are spaced according to the width of the fibre to be made. A following knife slices off the whole face of the block thus scored. The fibres curl and commingle as the knife sets them free. An excelsior machine makes 200 to 300 strokes a minute, every stroke cutting off a der of fibres across the face of the block. The usual commercial package of excelsior is a bale weighing about 250 pounds. At wholesale excelsior sells at \$15 to \$20 a ton.

Excelsior is extensively used for packing purposes and in the manufacture of bedding and in various other upholstery uses. It is also largely used for filtering purposes, and it has various other uses. Excelsior is now manufactured in Germany and France, where it is called wood wool. The wood used in the manufacture in those countries is brought from Norway and Sweden, and the manufactured product costs more there than it does here.

American Excelsior is Exported to Various Foreign Countries.

The export demand has not been great, but it is now increasing.

Work for Shetland Ponies.

H. A. Ross, the well-known farmer of this place, has in contemplation a novel enterprise, which if carried out is likely to pay well and introduce into the carrying trade of Alaska a new factor.

Mr. Ross, as every one in the vicinity knows, is the owner of a large herd of Shetland ponies. He has always enjoyed a handsome revenue from this source by selling ponies to wealthy people in various parts of the State for use by their children. The original pair from which the herd sprang were imported from the Shetland Islands by the late George McKinley. These islands are located off the coast of Scotland and are very cold and bleak.

To guard against the severity of the climate the ponies have a thick and shaggy coat of hair, and as it has been a clear case of the survival of the fittest, they are far more hardy than the average horse, mule, or burro. In their native land they are employed for both riding and carrying purposes, bearing the heaviest man or an equal amount of goods with ease. They are adapted for use in the mountains as their island home was mountainous and rough in the extreme. They are more rapid in their movements than larger animals, and as they require little feed or care, they are suitable for use where very little of either is possible.

Due Consideration of All These Facts Has Given Mr. Ross the Belief that the Little Animals would be admirably adapted for use in packing goods over the desolate mountain passes of Alaska, and acting on this belief he will take a portion of his herd, which includes 100 head, to Juneau in the spring. That city is the distributing point for all the mining camps, and he feels certain that he will be able to dispose of the ponies at a good price. His experiment will be watched with interest, as his plan is a complete reversal of public opinion in regard to Shetland ponies. They have always been regarded as the pampered pets of wealthy homes, and to divert them into this channel of usefulness, and under circumstances so severe and trying, is as startling as it is novel.—Dixon (Cal.) Tribune.

A Little French Trick.

An Englishman recently took a seat at a cafe table in Paris. A Frenchman sat on the other side of it. He began to play with the lever of a seltzer siphon, when suddenly, and seemingly by accident, a stream of the aerated water struck the Englishman in the face. The Frenchman apologized profusely and wiped off the water with his own handkerchief. After the polite Frenchman had gone the Englishman discovered that his purse containing nearly \$25 had also disappeared.

Milk Bricks.

Milk bricks are now sold in the warmer countries of Europe. It is frozen solid, and is broken off in pieces as required. In Copenhagen, Denmark, a company has been formed and arrangements have been completed for the export of frozen milk. Contracts are already made for the delivery of 110,000 pounds per week.

Without the Sense of Touch.

Evattimo Tardo, a young widow in the West Indies, at the age of five, was bitten by a cobra. The bite paralyzed her sensory nerves, and the consequence is that she is utterly without the sense of touch. She has no idea of pain, although every kind of torture has been applied to her. She can also swallow deadly poison without harm.

WOMEN DO NOT TELL THE WHOLE TRUTH.

Modest Women Evade Certain Questions When Asked by a Male Physician, but Write Freely to Mrs. Pinkham.

An eminent physician says that "Women are not truthful, they will lie to their physicians." This statement should be qualified; women do tell the truth, but not the whole truth, to a male physician, but this is only in regard to those painful and troublesome disorders peculiar to their sex.

There can be more terrible ordeal to a delicate, sensitive, refined woman than to be obliged to answer certain questions when those questions are asked, even by her family physician. This is especially the case with unmarried women.

This is the reason why thousands and thousands of women are now corresponding with Mrs. Pinkham. To this good woman they can and do give every symptom, so that she really knows more about the true condition of her patients through her correspondence than the physician who personally questions them. Perfect confidence and candor are at once established between Mrs. Pinkham and her patients.

Years ago women had no such recourse. Nowaday a modest woman asks help of a woman who understands women. If you suffer from any form of trouble peculiar to women, write at once to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., and she will advise you free of charge.

And the fact that this great boon which is extended freely to women by Mrs. Pinkham, is appreciated, the thousands of letters which are received by her prove. Many such grateful letters as the following are constantly pouring in:

"I was a sufferer from female weakness for about a year and a half. I have tried doctors and patent medicines, but nothing helped me. I underwent the horrors of local treatment, but received no benefit. My ailment was pronounced ulceration of the womb. I suffered from intense pains in the womb and ovaries, and the backache was dreadful. I had leucorrhoea in its worst form. Finally I grew so weak I had to keep my bed. The pains were so hard as to almost cause spasms. When I could endure the pain no longer I was given morphine. My memory grew short, and I gave up all hope of ever getting well. Thus I dragged along. At last I wrote to Mrs. Pinkham for advice. Her answer came promptly. I read carefully her letter, and concluded to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. After taking two bottles I felt much better; but after using six bottles I was cured. My friends think my cure almost miraculous. Her noble work is surely a blessing to broken-down women."—GRACE B. STANSBURY, Pratt, Kansas.

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