

BATTLE AMONG ANTS.

DETAILS OF AN INTERESTING FIGHT WHICH LASTED FIVE HOURS.

A "Hand to Hand" Struggle—"Soldiers" of Fleckles and Red—Distinction Between Red and Yellow—Drugging of the Dead After the Battle.

In the summer a year ago a swarm of black ants (Pogonomyrmex) invaded the neighborhood of the ceiling and the roof of a shed near our dwelling, in the suburbs of Philadelphia. At a distance of a few hundred feet from the shed a second colony of the same species had also built a home in a sheltered place. Both nests were unusually populous.

At all my repeated study of these nests and their inhabitants during the summer months the small workers were the only ones who seemed to labor for food. All the foragers and it was unusual to see one of the larger workers outside of the entrance of the nest, which, however, they faithfully guarded.

The fighting, consisting of picking and prying of the ant-hills, was a great many advantages over the same processes in France and other European grape growing sections of country. But the labor in these countries as compared to that paid by California vinticulturists. In the first place, the California vineyard is entirely free from stones and no fertilizers are necessary or used.

While I stood wondering at the unusual commotion I saw at a distance of a few feet a host of small workers, closely followed by a great host of soldiers, streaming along a fence from the other side of the post. In a very short time these hostile workers had descended the fence to the ground, swarmed up the step to the top and began to attack the defensive ants.

By this time the soldiers of the attacking party had reached the foot, moving deliberately onward in a dense black mass, crushing their foes as they advanced. In a few moments the small workers were either all killed or retired from the front. Then the battle between the soldiers of the opposing forces began in earnest.

After the general charge had been thus made and the combatants were mixed in an undistinguishable crowd, single champions were seen rushing around the foot seeking a foe. When two of these champions approached each other a mutual examination with the ends of their antennae soon seemed necessary to tell foe from friend.

As the battle progressed the superior numbers of the invaders drove the defenders of their home slowly backward to the foot of the post. Then the victors turned upon the workers, who had been stationed upon the post, ran rapidly up to the nest. In a moment a fresh army of soldiers, numbering many hundreds, came from the nest, descending the post, passed the guards at the base and fell upon the victorious foe, driving them back slowly, but steadily, to the edge of the step.

When the enemy had been driven off and the fighting was over, the victors came down from the nest and carried away many of the dead. But when they ceased their labors hundreds of the dead were left, and from the body two or more of them were dragged to the foot of the field, generally carrying with them some enemy which had fastened upon the body. In many cases these attached forms were found all the rest of the body having been torn away in the fight.

WIELDED BY CAPT. REID AT A HEROIC SEA FIGHT.

"Thermopylae of the Ocean"—Seven Guns and Ninety Men Against 150 Guns and 2,000 Men—The Fight and Its Results.

There has lain upon the deck of the president for some time a plain, well-tempered sword, old fashioned in style and serviceable rather than elegant, slightly curved, somewhat battered and generally a weapon that looks as though it has seen some hard use; and service, too, in one of the most heroic actions described in the pages of American history.

Two days or two ago the president sent this sword to congress, and it will probably become the duty of the National museum, in which so many other valuable relics are deposited, to place it in a conspicuous place to be seen in company with a sketch of the hero and the heroic contest that made it sacred.

The presentation to congress, through the president, by Capt. James W. Smith, the son of his father, the late Capt. Samuel Chester Reid, who commanded the United States private armed brig of war Gen. Armstrong at the battle of Espinardo, Sept. 21, 1814, is an excuse enough for reviving some incidents which have passed out of mind.

The Armstrong was a little brig of 240 tons, armed with seven or eight guns, and was attacked in the neutral waters of the Anore islands by a British squadron, consisting of the ship of the line, the frigates Rota and the sloop of war Carnation, with a total amount of 186 guns and 2,000 men.

The height of heroic and romantic character displayed by Capt. Reid and his crew in the last act of this extraordinary naval drama. After scuttling his vessel to save her from capture he went aboard with the rest of the crew, and he was the last man to leave the ship.

The declaration of war by the United States in 1812, England and France were more turned to the coveted possession, and after making a demonstration against Washington and Baltimore, she assembled her fleets in the Gulf of Mexico, and blockaded the French coast, at Negri bay, Jamaica, to carry out this great design.

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IN MINOR KEY.

How that the winds are wild and bark the snow across the paths we feet were wont to know.

Alas, the music takes a minor key, It hears the wind's deep rolling melody, And murmurs low, Dear heart, you never thus as long as you were here with me.

For then, together, I could always bring From winter's garden gladsome spring; Was like a garden in which happy peace A bird might sing.

Agree long ago, upon the desert waste, Within the hollow rock a gun was formed; Laid at first, it hardened age by age— The rusted crumbling into the gun re-made.

Nourished with my heart, intense love Of one fine nature, warm, simple, rare— With a strange glow in the eyes of youth, Outlasting that poor heart where it lay.

Five minutes later we stood before the closed door of the cabin. "Hello!" roared Clate. "No one here," he called. "Hello, I say!"

"All right!" cried Clate, cheerily. "Come on in, Ned, and we'll forget 'round and see what we can find in the commissary. The folks here are all right. They're all right on purpose for wayfarers like us to step in and help themselves. It's just like home."

"Drop them!" "Drop them!" "Drop them!" "Drop them!" "Drop them!" "Drop them!" "Drop them!" "Drop them!" "Drop them!" "Drop them!"

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A BIT OF EXPERIENCE IN A ROCKY MOUNTAIN CABIN.

How a Believer in "Rude but Genuine Hospitality" Met with a Surprise—A Tall, Grim Faced Woman at the Back Door.

"These mountaineers are the most hospitable people on earth. It is a rare but genuine hospitality. They would share their last loaf with a stranger and their last blanket with a beggar."

"No," said Clate, "I'll prove my theory. It's just dinner time and we're both hungry and cold. I'll have anything you like that will put a good square meal at that cabin fire."

"Hello!" roared Clate. "No one here," he called. "Hello, I say!" "This Clate rapped loudly upon the door. There being no response he lifted the latch, when the door swung open showing no one within, although the cabin was evidently being occupied.

"All right!" cried Clate, cheerily. "Come on in, Ned, and we'll forget 'round and see what we can find in the commissary. The folks here are all right. They're all right on purpose for wayfarers like us to step in and help themselves. It's just like home."

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HER HOSPITALITY.

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PERSIA'S RAGGED REGIMENTS.

Shabby Soldiers of the Shah—Their Fighting Qualities and Their Plunder.

The Persian soldier, even on state occasions, presents generally a rather ludicrous appearance. His uniform is of cotton cloth and mostly of a deep blue color. It is made of what we call shirting, and when new is very suitable clothing in a warm country.

Agree long ago, upon the desert waste, Within the hollow rock a gun was formed; Laid at first, it hardened age by age— The rusted crumbling into the gun re-made.

Nourished with my heart, intense love Of one fine nature, warm, simple, rare— With a strange glow in the eyes of youth, Outlasting that poor heart where it lay.

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CHALCEDONY.

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FOR THE BEST AND MOST! Mexican Mustang Liniment. THE BEST SALVE IN THE WORLD FOR CUTS, BRUISES, SORES, ULCERS, SAHIB, HEMORRHOIDS, FEVER SORES, TETTER, CHAPPED HANDS, CHILBLAINS, CORNS, AND ALL SKIN ERUPTIONS, AND POSITIVELY CURES FILLS, OR NO PAY REQUIRED.

TRASK'S MALARIAL REMEDY. THE CHEAPEST AND MOST EFFECTIVE REMEDY FOR MALARIAL FEVER, CHILLS, AND ALL FORMS OF MALARIA.

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