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feb-2-tf JAMES SHRIVER.

AMERICAN SENTINEL.

VOL. 57, NO. 31. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 3, 1889. ESTABLISHED 1833.

Select Poetry.

THE ROMANCE OF A BUTTON.

He was about to say adieu,
Was thinking of some word to flatter,
When from his overcoat there flew
A button, with a dismal shatter.

He blushed, but she, with woman's tact,
As if she saw a good joke in it,
Cried, laughingly, "There, now, I'll act
Your tailor's part for just a minute."

He doffed the coat and watched her thread
The needle, with her head low bending.
"Now, do you know," he softly said,
"I have an awful lot of mending?

"A bachelor, we'll say, like me,
Is at the mercy of his tailor,
And then, there's something else, you see,"
(At this he turned a trifle paler).

"My heart needs mending much, I fear,
Do you suppose that you could do it?"
"Well, I don't know," she mused, "but, dear,
I'll give my whole attention to it."

—LADIES' WEAR REVIEW.

Select Story.

HUNTED BY A LION.

The Adventure Wasn't Pleasant, But Its Results Were.

During the annual fair at Deepvale, known as "Rushbearing," a lion escaped from a traveling menagerie. The fair ground, which is just behind the Roebuck Inn, is traversed by Lord Street at one extreme end, but generally speaking is surrounded by old and dilapidated houses. I am thus particular in location because of the events that followed.

The lion escaped on the second evening of the fair, probably about ten o'clock at night; that is, half an hour after the menagerie had closed, and under cover of a pouring wet night skirted the dilapidated houses, made its way unobserved into the open Lord street, down which it ran a short distance.

At the foot of Hill street a dead dog, crushed and mutilated, was found in the morning. Hill street, which runs at right angles out of Lord street, is a somewhat steep ascent; more than half way up this street, in fact, just opposite the Baptists' chapel, a small butcher's shop had been broken into, the side of a sheep dragged down and carried away.

A black cinder lane leading from Hanging Road Mills, a cotton factory, runs into the street at the top. The iron mill gates were open, as two workmen had passed in, and down this cinder pathway, with its absence of lights, its sense of quiet and its vista of darkness and gloom, the lion turned, no doubt, as to a welcome haven of refuge from the strange gas-lit streets and the noise of belated vehicles.

Just how long the animal roamed the yard is not known, but presently, attracted by the shelter and warmth of a large boiler-house, it made its way in there. The two men were inside one of the boilers, and were engaged in "scaling" its interior; this is done with small hammers that knock and break away the incrustations of "scales" caused by the action of the water after a certain length of usage. The men were working "overtime," but at the moment of the lion's entrance were desisting or resting from their labors. The top of the boilers was covered with a thick felt "clothing," thereby rendering footfalls inaudible, especially, the stealthy cat-like tread of this strange intruder.

When Tom Fitton put his head through the man-hole on the top of the boiler, preparatory to climbing out, he was greeted with a low growl; thereupon he disappeared, and his promptness was commendable—no one is brave in the dark.

Having obtained a lantern from his fellow-workman, Rogers, he again climbed up with the light in front of him, and rapidly running his eye along the level of boilers descried in the corner against the whitewashed wall, a great brown moving mass.

So little did Fitton realize what the object was that he exclaimed in tones of derision: "Dick, here's some on them gowks playin' the fule wi' us." "Chuck thy hammer at him," responded Rogers, cheerfully. "Nay" said Fitton, "I canna mak it out weel." and his puzzled gaze still dwelt on the corner, "here, thee coom up thysel'," and Fitton again descended. Rogers at once interrogated the stranger with the choice medley of condemnatory epithets, and then turned white and sick; the lion had arisen and stood with mane erect and blazing eyes. The man immediately divined the truth; he had seen the beast the day before at the show, and speedily conjectured it had escaped.

Fitton would not believe it and somewhat recklessly put his head out again. The lion had seized a portion of the half-devoured carcass and stood defiantly watching him. It was evidently disturbed in a meal that it did not intend to relinquish. Here was a terrible dilemma—two helpless men imprisoned in a boiler with such a warder standing guard over them.

Luckily they had a good supply of candles, even if the oil in the lamp gave out; but the question was how to escape and give the alarm, and this consideration the brave fellows at once thought of. They were comparatively secure, as it was impossible for the lion to get through the man-hole, even if it attempted to do so, which was unlikely. And the consideration for others came nearer home to them, though both forebore for a while to speak of it; but presently Fitton said: "Mate, suppose the missus should coom after me?" Rogers said nothing.

"Or one of the childer," he added.

The speaker looked at his watch; it was a quarter to eleven; his house was just by the gates.

"It's all reet," said Dick Rogers, with cheery smile, "they're both asleep at whoam, tired out wi' the day's fairing." With their senses rendered doubly acute they could hear the great beast crunching the bones in the corner, in the farthest corner, for after the man's sudden appearance and exit, it had, with a coarse growl and dragging its booty along, retreated as far as it could go.

The two men knew the watchman was somewhere on the premises, probably in the counting house room near the entrance, where, if he was not alreadya sleep, he would in all likelihood await their return before going his rounds.

The prisoners lit two of the candles and prepared to devise means of escape; several methods were proposed between them, but none seemed feasible. Their first idea had been to create a sudden noise with their hammers on the reverberating boiler, and frighten the brute away; this they abandoned and determined upon excessive quietness. In the midst of the silence sounded a girl's sweet voice—"Dick."

During the terrible seconds of time that followed two men with blanched faces rose with one brave impulse and rushed to the man-hole—too late. Too late to arrest the rush of hurrying feet along the fatal plank, too late to warn the woman who had begun to make the hard working life of Dick Rogers a thing worth striving for, worth living for, "aye, worth dying for," he cried within himself, as he clambered out—a life he would have exchanged with no one on earth since he had grown to hope for Jenny's love. With the fatal knowledge of what must happen, what they almost strangely waited for, the men had hastily armed themselves. Rogers, with a crowbar was first up, and then—a dull roar, one wild, heart-rending cry, and after that the deep silence again.

With calm deliberation, but undaunted courage, Rogers paused a minute, while Fitton fixed the lantern on the safety valve.

The lion was standing over the body of the prostrate girl, where she had fallen, in the hollow formed where the top of the boilers met.

And then both men confronted the animal.

"Now, Tom," cried Rogers, "tegither!"

With their crowbars uplifted they sprang together, one at each side of the brute's head. What would have happened with a forest-bred lion may be readily conjectured—this was but a cage reared beast prone to terror and accustomed to quail before the resolute action of man. The sudden onslaught, the light that dazzled its vision, the fury and cries of the men as they encouraged each other, and the rapidity of the blows all served to beat the brute off, and though it swerved and struck an angry paw at Fitton that tore the sleeve from his jacket, nevertheless it turned, and regained the corner where the carcass lay, over which it crouched, half angry, half terrified, but apparently wholly determined to defend its spoil. Jenny's eyes were open when Rogers lifted her up.

"God love, thee lass!" cried the man, with a sob in his voice. "Keep thy courage up yet awhile."

"Into the boiler, quick!" said Fitton, standing before him.

But it was no easy matter to get a nearly helpless woman through the small aperture. The lion stood snarling and crushing itself against the wall, just as it was accustomed to do in the cage during performances. Jenny was slowly climbing down the manhole.

"Go in next, Dick," said Fitton, turning around.

"Nay," exclaimed Dick, stepping up to him; "thee go first." There was no need nor time to dispute the matter, so Fitton descended and Rogers followed. The lantern being still on the valve it was dark as pitch inside, till one of the men struck a light.

"Poor lass, she's wounded," exclaimed Fitton.

Jenny had indeed fainted, and lay there, her dark head soon pillowed against Dick's shoulder; her sweet face upturned to his, while he waited in sad anxiety for the long-lashed eyes to lift from her coloress cheeks.

In spite of the peril just undergone, Tom Fitton, with an odd sense of being in the way, was busy lighting candles, and tinkering at a bit of tubbing between whiles. "An' thou'rt not hurt, lass?" said Dick, presently. "I dinna think I am," she answered slowly; "but I'se feeling stiff like—tell me, Dick, what were it?" "I were just a bad accident, lass—nought else." "Aye," she murmured dreamily, and closed her eyes again. "To think," whispered Rogers to her companion, "that little lass should ha' coom to meet me."

"Weel," responded Fitton, gravely—he had known of the young man's feelings this long time back—"she dinna she coom once afore, during overs me, to walk whoam wi' thee?"

"No," returned Rogers, "that were on account of her brother being sick an' lonesome, an' fancying my company."

"Aye," said the elder man, smiling and shaking his head in the profundity of his wisdom, "thee can leave it so an' thou wilt." Fitton was looking up through the manhole as he spake; "theer," he exclaimed, "lantern's gone out."

As Jenny was by no means a delicate city-bred woman with a consciousness of nerves and all that it they involve, but just a simple, healthy girl full of vitality and good spirits, when she had recovered the two men told her of the presence of the animal over their heads. She shudd ered and said, "but it could not get in here?"

"It shall not," said Dick, and the two men fell discussing a means of

[redacted]

the fair ground Hill street, through Lord street, and reached the menagerie, where he at once broke the windows in of the sleeping wagon and aroused the inmates. Giving precise direction, he left them and went straight back to Mrs. Fitton's house in Hanging-road-lane where he assured the frightened woman that her husband was safe. With the early habits of factory workers he had foreseen that Mrs. Fitton would be soon up and might attempt to enter the mill; he next sent Fitton's little boy to the fire Station, where he knew the men would be alert and ready for an emergency—he distrusted the police—besides he had a cousin among the firemen and in an undefined way he felt the family credit was at stake.

After this Rogers returned to the top of Hill street, where he encountered some of the menagerie men dragging a handcart containing appliances for capture, with Secomo, the lion tamer at their head. Secomo was dressed in his professional costume, with a couple of revolvers in his belt and his whip in his hand. It was a curious, motley group they presented, straggling through the deserted streets in the gray morning light; but Dick was not in a condition of mind to draw a comparison, even if he had felt inclined to do so.

As they entered a narrow lane a fire engine dashed up, the men armed with crowbars and hatchets. In a moment the gates were pried open; they all passed in and fastened the gates behind him. "Stop!" exclaimed the show proprietor, in a tone of entreaty.—Rogers without any ceremony, had snatched a revolver from Secomo's belt. The man looked too dangerous at that moment to argue with.

"You will not," exclaimed the showman; "kill the lion if you can help; he's a valuable beast, and Secomo and myself have no doubt we can take him alive."

There was no need to tell the crowd in which direction to go, for a confused sound of growling and roaring led them at once to the spot. To their astonishment Fitton descended from the boiler-house and advanced to meet them. "The ould lad's all reet," he said, at once detaining Rogers, and then addressing the assembled group. They pressed forward and beheld the lion envelope in a rope with a noose about its neck—struggling and choking and madly striving to disentangle its bonds, but only making matters worse—the rope was actually tied to a stout beam above the lion's head. At sight of the company the animal cowered in sullen anger. Then while preparations went forward Fitton explained to those who stood by how he had silently crept out and ascended to the roof-rafters by means of the wall ladder to a place where he had, only two days before, coiled a quantity of rope; that he had formed a noose of the strongest and successfully dangled it over the sleeping animal's nose, and each time it moved its head to be free from the tickling sensation he had contrived to get the noose with its running slip-knot a little further over and that now one paw and its head were tightly secured by one rope, while another long rope impeded its freedom, having got twisted around its body during the struggle of the infuriated brute. Dick had been quietly sitting on the man-hole while the preparations progressed, and Jenny watching from behind him.

Although it took them all some time to haul the animal into the small cage that had been brought on the handcart, still the thing was done; and when the show opened that morning at ten o'clock the proprietor commenced the best day's work he had ever had, for he did not fail to record, in superlative language, the adventures of the night.

"I am no scholard," said Dick, as he walked home with Jenny on that sunny morning, "an' I canna weel tell thee all that is in my heart for thee, lass; may be, had I the book-learnin' folks say as your mother gave thee——"

But the girl stopped him: "Aye, Dick, and my mother told me as it wasn't knowledge as made folks happy, but just the respect of an honest man—why—thee knows, Dick——"

And Dick said he knew, and proved it, till her checks were colorless no longer, though her eyes were dewy with gladness; and so another earnest man and woman started life's pilgrimage together. Tom Fitton, however, became a popular hero, and his way of telling the story, though vastly different to the showman's, was inimitable in itself, as he always coolly concluded his narration: "I just teed it up wi' a little bit of bant" (tied it up with a little piece of string).

HEART FAILURE.

The *American Analyst* thinks it would be an excellent idea if physicians of the present day would invent some other reason for about all the deaths which occur nowdays than the heart failure. It is difficult for any one conversant with the organs of the human body to understand how any human being can die without heart failure, while the causes of the failure of the heart at death may be very numerous. This might not be of serious moment were it not for the fact that hundreds of people are being nearly frightened to death by the constant use of the cause for sudden deaths, and many people who are sick, and necessarily have some heart symptoms, are kept in constant terror by reading or hearing in other ways of death after death by heart failure. It would be well if physicians who are too indolent or two ignorant to search out the disease lying back of the heart failure to consider how much harm they are doing the community, and if they cannot correct the habit, newspapers and the public should avoid giving currency to this unfounded and dangerous phrase. There are probably no more deaths from heart failure in these times than heretofore, but a new cause for death has been coined, and the nervous and timid are being severely injured by it.

While the art of the dyer is as old as Tyre, and the colors of those of antiquity are not excelled in luster and stability, the variety has increased and the modes have become numerous and cheap. Dye baths and mordants were well understood in India 2,000 years ago, as were also one or more styles of calico printing, including the chintz pattern and the resisting process.

HOW TO SUCCEED.

FROM STOVES AND HARDWARE.

A valued correspondent, a man of business of wide and varied experience, sends us the following pointed paragraphs for publication. When taken in a contrary sense, they contain some very sound advice, though couched in language that may be thought—by the over-sensitive—to be rather sarcastic. Men of good common sense, however, who are anxious to advance, and who are not already "loaded to the guards" with knowledge, may obtain ideas from them that will be beneficial.

The way to become successful business men from every standpoint of the word, both as to position and money making, is not to observe the following suggestions, but to act in a directly opposite manner:

If office hours are set from eight to twelve and from one to six, don't fail to make it a point to arrive at the office anywhere from fifteen minutes to an hour late.

Watch the clock carefully, and try to get out five to ten minutes before twelve, and then come back from ten to thirty minutes past one, or up to two p. m.

In the afternoon watch the clock anxiously, and if you see a chance to "escape" without the eyes of the management upon you, always make it a rule to get out at five o'clock, or just as much ahead of this as possible.

If you should not happen to be employed as a salesman, don't think of such a thing as asking a visitor in a polite manner if anything can be done to serve him. He might think you were a salesman, and this might degrade you in his estimation.

When a visitor comes in the store, never walk forward to greet him. Always let him walk from the front door to the inside of the office, and let him state his business. This course makes him feel very much at home.

After he has stated his business, don't attend to him until his wants are thoroughly satisfied and he goes away pleased, but if he is in want of something else, turn him over to some subordinate.

They have little or nothing else to do, and know the business so much better than any one else, that they are likely to be pleased with the treatment they receive from the subordinate better than they would by attention from you.

If you are a salesman, don't fail to see how soon you can rid yourself of a visitor. Never think of showing him anything beyond what he asks to be shown, as it might possibly interest him and effect a sale of other goods.

Don't act upon the principle that heavy rents and salaries are being paid for the very purpose of inducing people to come into the store, in the hope that they will be shown everything, both in the way of goods and advertising, that could possibly interest them. Always think that heavy rates and salaries are simply paid because the company has lots of money and are doing business for glory.

Always act as if you were doing something of a condescending nature when you give your time to a visitor. Don't let him get the idea in his head that you feel it as condescension upon his part to visit you.

Take it for granted that all other houses in your line of business are doing business upon the same principles which you are, and that they are anxious to save their valuable time and hustle a man out of the store as soon as they can, whether it is decently or politely done or not.

Don't make it appear to your principals, or to the customer, that you are bending every energy in the direction of selling goods, but rather stand upon the high and lofty principle of being something better than the average customer.

If you are a bookkeeper, never speak to a man in a polite and affable way when he comes to collect a bill, but if the bill is right, sling the money or check toward him as you would a piece of meat to a hungry dog, and make him believe you are doing him a great favor to pay him what is justly his due.

If there is any discrepancy in his account, always make it appear that you are the only man in the world who could have discovered it, and give him the idea that he has been trying to rob you. This will make him feel pleasant toward the house as well as toward you.

Don't take it for granted that a man likes to see a carefully made bill, but in making out bills abbreviate everything you can, and make it as intricate and hard to understand as possible.

When a mistake occurs in an account or order, don't undertake to explain the matter away in a pleasant, affable manner upon the presumption that the man who makes the complaint thinks he is right, but go at him "hammer and tongs" in the shortest and curtest way possible, and try to impress him with the idea that he is always wrong and that you are always right. This will give him an idea that he is dealing with a pleasant lot of people, and will encourage him to bring his business to you the next time.

If you see anything going wrong in any department of the business, don't think for a moment that the management would be glad to know of it and have it rectified; and if you should happen to see samples in a disorderly condition, never speak of it or attempt to put them in place yourself, as you might soil your hands.

Don't attempt to do anything toward keeping the office in a clean and orderly condition. A little confusion, disorder, and carelessness upon the part of all make an office beautiful and attractive, and, of course, what little disorder you exhibit personally does not make any difference, and if you were to straighten out something that some one else did, you would be doing more than you ought to, and it would overwork you.

When you are on the road, make it a point to get to some good hotel Friday or Saturday, and never leave it until Monday. Time is little or no consideration in a busy season, and it is always desirable to spend one or two days of the week in "bracing up," so that you will be fresh on Monday morning.

As versatility is one of the necessary requirements in a good salesman, expend your time in learning to play the latest hands at poker and other fashionable games, and be sure that you always keep your capacity for drinking liquor of all kinds up to the average, else your brother salesmen on the road would not recognize you as "one of the finest."

Don't imagine that your principals ever know anything about what you are doing when you are away from home, but act upon the idea of "out of sight, out of mind," and do everything without reference to what your employers would have you do or what you should do to make your part of the business a success.

Don't reason upon the principle that the more you do the more valuable you are to the house, and that when the time comes there will be a chance for promotion.

Men who have acted upon this principle are, of course, the ones who are in the best positions in the trade and making the most money.

Don't imagine that anything you do in the direction of showing a special, personal interest in every detail of the business will be appreciated by your principals, some of whom may be getting old or ready to retire from business.

Don't do anything as if you had a financial interest in the business, or as if the business was your own. Such action as this upon your part would show that you were not calculated to be promoted in case there was an opportunity for promotion.

There are a great many people animated by unlawful curiosity, who, not daring to ask the head of the family about private cares or family troubles, will coward-like descend to questioning the children of the household to learn that which they have no business to know. Unsuspecting children are apt, when adroitly questioned, to repeat frankly what they have heard said at home without realizing the impropriety of doing it. A person who will thus stoop to catechise a child about family affairs is a person to beware of. It shows him to have a mind either malicious or low. Human nature will have made a long ascent when people feel ashamed of adopting this despicable style.

"If I gave you a pound of metal and ordered you to make the most out of it, what kind of metal would you select?" asked a well known jeweler. "Gold, of course," was the prompt reply. "I'd prefer a pound of steel," said the jeweler, "and I'd have it made into hair springs for watches. A pound of such springs would sell for an even $140,000."

Satisfactory tests have been made of the new liquid, pyrodene, which renders wood, textile fabrics, and such inflammable materials fireproof. The liquid, which is an English invention, is made of all colors, so as to be used as a substitute for paint, and is claimed to render houses entirely fireproof.

Investigation has shown that terra-cotta bricks and blocks best resist the action of fire. Next to these as fire-resisting materials come concretes. For buildings intended to be fire proof, the best materials are iron work encased in terra-cotta, with tile or brick work in roof and floor.

THE MATERNAL INSTINCT IN SPIDERS.

M. L. PIKE, IN SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN.

It is a fact well known to naturalists that mother love in spiders is very fierce and strong for the time it lasts. What a wonderful provision is made for the preservation of the young! The finest swan's down and linen used by a human mother are not more fine and soft than the fabrics spun by the spider to keep her brood warm and impervious to torrential rains or scorching drought.

I will cite an instance in the life of the *Olios leucosus*. She spins no web, but in some out of the way corner lays her eggs and spins a large, flat cocoon of strong, cream-colored silk, as large as a 25 cent piece, in which they are inclosed. If disturbed, she holds the cocoon close to her body with two of her legs, but if not, she fixes it by a mass of fine threads to some safe place and watches it. I saw one fasten her cocoon on a door and wanted to have a good look at it, but on my approach she dashed to her cocoon, cut the threads with her mandibles, clasped her precious burden to her, and was out of sight in less time than I have written it. She roamed around for awhile and then took her station behind a window curtain, and there remained fifteen days motionless. When the eggs were ready to hatch, the mother struck the edge of the cocoon, making a clean cut, and out poured the young. When approached she raised her palpi and strutted about, trying to frighten you, and then huddled up her young ones that swarmed all over her. They remained only a few days with her, and not till they disappeared did she seek food or rest.

Olios are universal in the African islands of the Indian Ocean, and grow large. It is startling at first to see large hairy creatures prowling over your walls; but their voracious appetites (especially when the duties of maternity are over) and tenacity of purpose when pursuing their prey render invaluable service to man. The old houses swarm with disgusting *Blattæ*, or cockroaches, from an inch and a half long to less than one-half an inch. I once saw the capture of one of the former by an olios. It was eating a piece of bread, and I was about to kill it when I saw an olios not half its size creeping stealthily along the wall. Being curious to see if the tales were true of its killing such large prey, I left the field to it. Very soon the cockroach's attention was drawn to its deadly foe and it stopped eating. They speak of the fascination of snakes for birds, etc., but it, or whatever the power may be, is equally displayed between these enemies.

The cockroach had plenty of time to escape, but it appeared paralyzed, and sat quivering, its eyes fixed on the advancing olios. When near she rushed at it, whipped it off its legs, and clasped it so tightly it could not entangle her long legs with its claws. She soon began her meal, when I placed a glass over both, and she dropped her supper. Very soon, finding no interference, and the cockroach beginning to stir, she caught it again, legs uppermost, and though I removed the glass, she did not move till only skin and legs remained. After this experience the olios had full liberty to roam round unmolested.

One spider, a *Dolomedes*, carries her cocoon in her mandibles, and when incubation is nearly over, she attaches it to a low bush or dead branch, and makes a good sized, loose web to receive the little ones as they hatch out, and for them to rest in till strong enough to forage round alone, she watching near, till they disappear.

The *Lycosas*, veritably the tigers among spiders, after the eggs are inclosed in their round bag of white or greenish silk, attach it to the abdomen and carry it about with them till ready to hatch out. During the season of maternity they are very savage, and if they had the power to bite that they have the will, they would be formidable foes. The young swarm all over the mother, and she carries them about with her for several days. In some cases she falls a victim to her devotion, as the little creatures have such voracious appetites they devour their parent.

One of the *Epeiras* hangs her cocoons, little triangular ones with pointed tips, across her web, and every insect, when she has sucked the life out of him, is incased in a silken shroud and hung alongside the cocoons, till what with these, dust, straws, and other debris, it is impossible to distinguish the eggs. The mother places herself in a corner of the web, or in a cozy nest in a rolled leaf near, but so surrounded by silken burglar alarms that not the smallest insect can alight without sounding its death knell.

I do not know of any large spider that allows the male to approach her when tending either the cocoon or young. His life would end there and then if he molested her, as the females have no scruples about devouring their spouses if they interfere in household matters. He may construct a house for himself, but it must be placed at a respectable distance from hers.

Open the head of a thistle, wild carrot, or golden rod, and if you see a few threads on top, you will surely find a tiny nest inclosing white or yellow eggs. They belong, probably, to a spider of the genus *Altus*, some of which do not exceed a quarter of an inch in length. Small as is the mother, she will show fight, rise on her hind legs, and raise her palpi, and only when you try to catch her does she leap down from her home.

I could recite numerous instances of spider love for the young, but I have said enough to prove how strong is the feeling of maternity even in these insignificant creatures, implanted to insure the propagation of their species.

A NEST-BUILDING FROG.

NICHOLAS PIKE, IN SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN.

In one of the groups of the Mascareigne Islands, lying northeast of Madagascar, is the Isle de France, now called Mauritius. From its peculiar fauna and flora it has been from early times a favorite hunting ground of naturalists, and it possessed one advantage over most tropical and subtropical lands. Its dense forests and ravines and high mountains were free from venomous reptiles, save a few small scorpions. The only ophidian was a small snake, designated by Dr. Gunther the "blind worm," or *Typhlops flavo-terminatus* (Peters), and this is very rare. Strange to say, on Round Island, only a few miles from Mauritius, there is a breed of serpents of the family *Boidæ*, the *Cesarea Dussumieri*, only known elsewhere in the Loyalty Islands, in the South Sea. Not a frog or toad formerly existed here, but in 1812 a small species of frog was introduced by M. Geneve from Madagascar, and is, I am informed, the *Rana fasciata*.

It has spread all over the island, but varies in size and color in different localities. Most have a bright green stripe on the back, with dark rows of squarish marks divided by white lines, pale underneath, and a glint of crimson near the eyes.

During the frequent long droughts, when the marshy lands are dried up, and two-thirds of the streams show only a few deep holes of water, the frog selects some shady nook where he can pass what is to him a very trying season. A favorite spot is where any long grass has survived, of which I had plenty in my garden. While hunting for land mollusks, I have frequently come upon these frog retreats. When frightened, they make one jump forward and throw out the limpid stream of water which has been carefully stored up in case of need, as in very dry weather. This liquid is distributed over the body in order to keep the pores of the skin open, as at times pulmonary respiration is not sufficient, and the action of the air on the skin is required to sustain life. When starting these frogs from their covert, I have often been surprised at not seeing them jump twice, and after a careful search never could find them again, although I beat the grass with my stick and opened it in all directions with my hands.

One day I was joined by an Indian boy, who told me he could catch all I wanted, and very soon he brought me several. My curiosity was aroused, and after a careful examination of their haunts and habits, I was much interested at the display of cunning in these little creatures.

They construct regular passages under the grass, and when first disturbed throw off the water to move rapidly. As I said before, they only jump once, and that from you, and alight in one of their paths unseen by you. Having seen a frog jump in front of you, naturally you would look for him where he seemed to have alighted, but he drops quickly into a path which perhaps leads directly to you. Thus he doubles on you, and to dislodge him is no easy matter, unless you know his habits and are well up in his cunning dodges. In their paths they move as stealthily as a mouse, not disturbing a blade of grass. As soon as I made the discovery, I could catch them with certainty every time, and once captured twenty in a patch of grass not over 15 feet square. They seem to be gregarious. These paths are constructed as regularly as those of a mole, by the little creatures pressing down the short grass near the earth and drawing together overhead longer blades, but not touching the upper surface, thus rendering them invisible. The nests or lairs are about 8 or 10 inches in diameter by 4 in height, and made ingeniously by weaving the lower layers of grass.

In 1871 or 1872 I communicated the facts of this discovery to the "Royal Society of Arts and Sciences," in Mauritius, and the only one who seemed to know anything about the habits of this frog was the late celebrated naturalist, M. Louis Bouton.

Men are usually one-twelfth larger than women.

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