SOUTH AMERICAN WONDERS

Dr. Rosby's Experience with the Natives and the Native Animals.

There is a big room or two up at Columbia College in which are spread abroad more wonders than were ever dreamt of in Horatio's philosophy. Birds, beasts, fishes, plants of strange nature, Indian relics, and all manner of South American wonders are here, the prizes captured in a two years' struggle with danger and suffering by an American scientific investigator. The owner of these treasures is Dr. Henry H. Rosby of Detroit, who representing Parke, Davis & Co. of that city, Jan. 19, 1885, left New York for a tour through Chili and Bolivia in the hope of discovering amid the fauna and flora of the Andes and the Amazon some valuable additions to the medicinal riches of the American pharmacopœia.

Dr. Rosby's adventures were many and interesting, and in due time will be given to the world in a book. He met the soroche in his native fair, did battle with the Caripuna Indians and the man-eating fish and alligators of the Beni River, broiled in the steamhouses of La Paz, the filthiest city this side of Constantinople, took his daily dose of quinine like a little man, and saw the place where 5,000,000 cinchona trees are growing, the source from which all the calisaya cocktails of the future must come. From all this he came out much the worse for wear, but still full of enthusiasm.

Dr. Rosby intended to land at Mallendo and go direct to Bolivia, but the Peruvian war prevented. Gen. Caceras was making things lively for the authorities. So he was obliged to travel by mule from Tacna to La Paz, a seven days' journey, going from Arica to Tacna by rail, a tough journey across a desert, without the shade of a spear of grass to relieve the monotony.

"The whole country of Arica and Tacna has been captured by the Chilians," said the doctor. "It is to be kept for ten years. At the end of that time the inhabitants will vote whether to remain in Chili or go back to Peru. The country which gets them must pay $10,000,000 for the prize. Meanwhile Chili is doing everything possible to make things pleasant for the people with music and games. The Chilians' present purpose is to have a United States of South America, capturing the other countries little by little, and gradually adding to their strength and wealth. They are a bloodthirsty people, loving war, and extremely brutal in carrying it on. They murder men, women, and children with impartial cruelty, ripping them open with big knives.

"Our journey from Tacna was one of terrible suffering. It was upon a high tableland, reaching an elevation of 16,500 feet, and for five days we journeyed at an average elevation of 14,500 feet. The air was so rarefied that we suffered much from soroche, the chief symptoms of which were difficulty in breathing, prostrating muscular weakness, and bleeding at the nose and ears. We passed the beautiful volcano of Tacoso, which discharges across the road a river, the water of which is fatal to human life. Men often commit suicide on the tableland; they suffer so much from soroche. There is also great danger from lightning, which is frequent and violent."

Dr. Rosby crossed the Andes with much tribulation, and went to work among the valleys of the eastern slope. He advises investors to keep away from the old Spanish silver mines, and says that any belief that they were crudely worked is a mistake. The Spaniards did not leave much mineral richness behind in their mines. "In Bolivia," he said, "half the silver is counterfeit. A Consul who had grown tired of making coin sold his counterfeiting machine to one of our party. And I wish to say right here that up to the present Administration the diplomatic service sent to Bolivia from our country has been scandalous. Drunkenness, bribery, and the counterfeiting of money have made America's agents a byword among the Bolivians. I wish to except Mr. Gibbs and one other, who were honest men and much liked by the natives."

The doctor proposes to stir up these scandals in his book and claims to have some very lively evidence to offer. The liveliest part of his journey was on the Beni River, where it was worth a man's life to take a bath and where he lost his boat, his provisions, and the waterbury watches with which he was purchasing all sorts of valuable things from the natives. But he got through in spite of insects and monsters, and having only one day of fever in a land where fever grows on every bush he satisfied himself that a scientific use of quinine makes a man impervious to it.

Among the wonders which the doctor met was a half-pound fish, so sensitive that it attacked anything which caused a concussion in the water and so fierce that it would kill horse or man in crossing a stream 100 feet wide. He found a tribe of Indians so virtuous that they tied the unfaithful to anthills and the little insects would eat them alive, stripping the bones in less than twenty-four hours. In brief, he had a great time.—*N. Y. World.*

The Senator and His Counselor.

It is known to only a few that Senator Garland's mother lives here, keeping house for her big boy, and being consulted by him about all his political and personal affairs. The Senator is a widower. He has three or four children, two or more with him here. The Senator is very much devoted to his mother, and she is to her son. He talks with her about all affairs, political and personal, and in her finds a wise and prudent counselor. She is thoroughly posted about political affairs, and is greatly interested in the career of her boy. She goes out but little, only returning the calls of those with whom she is more intimate. Although past 70 years of age, she is in full possession of her faculties.—*Washington Letter.*

Genevieve Ward's Dog.

Miss Genevieve Ward has a famous dog, and thereby hangs a tale. A tail hangs by most dogs, except bull dogs and Scotch terriers, which have their tails cut off, probably to keep them from being chewed off. What kind of a dog Miss Ward's is, the reporter does not know; but as it has a tail, it is neither a bull dog nor a Scotch terrier. As its name is Thekla, and as Miss Ward has been all over the world, it is probably a Russian dog. It has grown old in her affections, and she clings to it with unswerving devotion. It gives her sympathy and consolation when business is bad, and in these degenerate days of dime museums and "farce-comedies," its services are frequently needed.

A gentleman who once journeyed from India to Australia with Thekla and Miss Ward tells the following amusing story of their devotion to each other. It appears that in Australia there is a ridiculously large import duty on dogs, and they are also required to go into a quarantine for a certain length of time, in order to make sure that they will not introduce the mange or other low diseases among the high-bred dogs of Australia, which, like other colonists, are particularly careful of their aristocratic belongings.

Miss Ward learned of this state of affairs as the ship approached its destination. She immediately took alarm, and her demonstrations of affection for Thekla increased at the rate of seven knots an hour, the average speed of the ship. A Mr. Basisto, a member of the Victorian parliament, telegraphed from Adelaide to Melbourne, trying to have Miss Ward's dog admitted free and at once upon the landing of the ship. Other high political influence was brought to bear; but when the party got into the harbor of Melbourne, the purser, who had been particularly objectionable during the voyage, said that a reply had been received to the effect that Thekla must submit to the usual indignities. Miss Ward rushed up to the captain and, pointing to the purser, said:

"This kangaroo says I can't get my dog in. Now, if the dog doesn't go in neither will I. I'll just stay with the ship."

This was rather startling. Miss Ward's arrival was awaited with eager expectancy by a public that had heard of her great charm and talent as an actress. Her engagement was to be the event of the Melbourne season, and to have the whole of Australia disappointed because of a dog, however expert the latter might be in standing on his hind legs, turning somersaults, and other canine accomplishments, was too much for the captain. He said:

"Miss Ward, you just wrap that dog up in your shawl, put a shawl-strap around him to keep him quiet, and carry him ashore without saying anything about it."

And that is how Thekla entered Melbourne. Whether or not Miss Ward told the fore-warned and expectant custom officers that Thekla had died of sea-sickness the reporter's informant did not say. He did say, however, that the passengers effected the discharge of the disagreeable purser, whom Miss Ward called a kangaroo.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Beecher's Leather Note.

If a certain promissory note made upon a piece of leather is found among the assets of the late Henry Ward Beecher it will be dated "Saratoga," and it will contain the signature of a Saratogian who expected to reap a rich harvest by having the distinguished divine lecture in the Town Hall one evening several winters ago. Unfortunately, the weather that night was of the blizzard pattern, and the attendance was a numerical disappointment to the individual management. The lecturer was to have begun at 8 o'clock, but he did not ascend the platform till 8:15. It subsequently leaked out that the person who had engaged Mr. Beecher was financially heart-broken at the result, and was able to hand him only a portion of the $250 agreed upon. "I will give you my note for the balance," said the Saratogian. "That is a good idea," said Mr. Beecher, "but allow me to suggest that you make it out on leather, in order that I can the better preserve it." Whether the leather note relic is found or not, the incident illustrated the eminent pulpit orator's keen appreciation of the ludicrous and grotesque.

Driver Ants.

There are certain ants that show wonderful intelligence, and the "driver ants" not only build boats, but launch them, too; only, these boats are formed of their own bodies. They are called "drivers" because of their ferocity. Nothing can stand before the attacks of these little creatures. Large pythons have been killed by them in a single night, while chickens, lizards, and other animals in Western Africa flee from them in terror. To protect themselves from the heat, they erect arches under which numerous armies of them pass in safety. Sometimes the arch is made of grass and earth gummed together by some secretion, and again it is formed by the bodies of the larger ants, which hold themselves together by their strong nippers, while the workers pass under them.

At certain times of the year, freshets overflow the country inhabited by the "drivers," and it is then that these ants go to sea. The rain comes suddenly, and the walls of their houses are broken in by the flood, but instead of coming to the surface in scattered hundreds and being swept off to destruction, out of the ruins rises a black ball that rides safely on the water and drifts away. At the first warning of danger, the little creatures rush together, and form a solid ball of ants, the weaker in the center; often this ball is larger than a common base-ball, and in this way they float about until they lodge against some tree, upon the branches of which they are soon safe and sound.—*C. F. Holder, in St. Nicholas.*

CENTRAL PARK'S GUESTS.

A Surprising Variety of Wild Birds which dwell among its Dells and Dingles.

Anybody who has some knowledge of birds, or is fond of watching their ways, can find much amusement this winter in wandering through the byways of Central park. A reporter walking in the park the other day was surprised at the number of wild birds he saw spending the winter in the very heart of New York, some of which ought to be with swallows, while others, one would think, might find a freer existence in the vast northern forests. Hopping about among the dead leaves under the miniature pines was a large flock of white-crowned sparrows, which can not be regarded as winter residents in the north. They appear to live on seeds and substance which they pick from pine cones. They are beautiful birds, somewhat larger than English sparrows, which they resemble in colors, and about each eye have a broad band of white. They utter a dreamy, far-away note very charming to the ear. The park is peculiarly arranged, and offers an unending charm to these birds. The miniature creeks in the deep ravines have swift running waters which have not been frozen this winter. On the edges of these is a continuous layer of soft mud, in which the birds delight to wade. When not searching among the dry leaves, one is sure to find them picking in the mud for worms or bathing in some small pool warmed by the rays of the sun.

There is another rare bird found in the park this winter. This is the golden-crowned kinglet, always seen clinging upside down to the pine spines. These tiny creatures are but little larger than humming birds, and are very plentiful in the park. Their color is a beautiful olive, streaked with yellow. In the center of the crown is a broad stripe of crimson, bounded with yellow on each side. The birds go about in pairs, swinging among the bunches of spines, seldom or never uttering a sound, save an occasional chirp from mate to mate.

Next larger in size than these and very numerous are the noisy chikadees, with black heads, bright, snapping eyes, white breasts, and tawny-colored backs. They may be seen any day and anywhere in the park, singing, "Chick-a-dee, chick-a-dee-dee." Once stop to observe them, and they alight near you, looking in your face, chirping, and apparently wishing you good morning. Almost always in their company will be found several pair of nuthatches and one or more downy woodpeckers. The nuthatches and woodpeckers flit from tree to tree, climbing up the trunks, and pecking in the bark for insects. The nuthatch is a pretty fellow, with white throat and breast, a black cap, and a lavender back. He looks somewhat like a kingfisher, except that he is much smaller. The downy woodpecker is the smallest of his kind in America. His colors are entirely of black and white, arranged in stripes and blotches. Whenever the chickadees sound their notes the nuthatch cries "Rak-rak-rak," and the woodpecker echoes with a shrill high sound like that of a rod of iron falling on end on an anvil.

Among the other curiosities which roam in the park unconfined and uninvited is a tiny owl, called the Acadian or saw-whet owl, and the smallest owl this side of the Pacific slope in America. His color is a dark reddish brown, with light streaks on his breast, and his head is as large as his body. He is found sitting silently among the darkest branches of some evergreen, with his eyes wide open, waiting for the approach of night, when he can hunt for mice and small birds.

The commonest of the wild species, and which may be found in any part of the city, are the so-called black snow-birds. They are little mouse-colored birds, with light breasts and sparkling black eyes, and they often fight successfully with the sparrows for crumbs.

Whenever a flurry of snow passes over the city the stroller in the park is surprised to see a flash of wings, as a flock of snow buntings and lap-wings flies aimlessly about, either alighting in a bunch on a tree, or sweeping down on the low land beside the artificial streams. At this time of the year they are yellowish and white in color, but in the spring the yellow disappears and they become pure white with black blotches. One may see them any day on the ocean beach, particularly by the mouth of some little stream or arm of the sea.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Morning Work.

Lord Egremont once invited Turner to stay a week at Petworth and paint two pictures for him of some favorite bits of scenery on the estate. On the first morning of his visit, Lord Egremont asked Turner what he should like to do, and the great painter replied he would go fishing.

The next morning at breakfast Lord E. inquired again what it would please Mr. Turner to do; and he replied that, having enjoyed himself so much yesterday, he would go fishing again.

On the third morning Lord Egremont thought he would wait for Turner to announce his own plans, and was greatly amused when he quietly said he was again going fishing.

On the fourth morning, Lord E., unable to conceal his anxiety, said:

"Well, Mr. Turner, I am only too glad for you to enjoy yourself, but you are talking of going away to-morrow, and I feel anxious about the pictures.

"Come up stairs to my room," said Turner, "and set your mind at rest."

Nothing could exceed the surprise and delight of Lord Egremont when Turner introduced him to two exquisite pictures, painted as he had desired. The great man had risen each morning with the sun, and before breakfast had, by a good day's work, earned his pleasure in fishing.

A bookseller in Philadelphia says he can name men to whom he would not hesitate to sell a bill of goods—"men whom I would trust," to use his own words, "with my watch and pocket-book, but I would not leave them five minutes behind the shelves of this store". The literary kleptomaniac is described by him as well-dressed usually; he has a studious, if not cultured look; he may be a young man, not through with his studies; or he may be of mature age.

Raspberry Leaf Tea.

"A half pound of raspberry leaves and copperas, please," said Sanctuary Peto, putting two street-car fares on the counter at the round-house grocery.

"What do you mean, Sanc?"

"I mean to call things by their right names whenever I can find out what they are. I held a Chinaman's queue, t'other day, while he fought an Irishman, and he was so grateful that he has been telling me all about teas. That 20-cent per pound 'young hyson' which you have been selling me is nothing but a popular brand of raspberry leaves colored green with copperas and put into a tea-chest to acquire the right odor. But that's the kind I want. I can make money out of it. The last I got didn't make the best tea in the world, but it was paralysis for rats. You see I boil it until the copperas all floats to the top in a thick green scum. This I skim off, and have handy as poison. If you ever touch a rat's tail or a cockroach's heel with it, you bag your game. Before I began the skimming process the death rate in my family was pretty heavy, and that's the reason I'm a widower. While you are measuring out the leaves I'll give you what I learned from the heathen." And then he dissertated: "Whenever your hear a customer ask for green tea because that gets natural color, you may set him down as an ardent native who has placed too much confidence in some grocer acquaintance. Do you know that green or black tea can be made out of the same leaf? Dried on copper plates, the leaves turn greenish, and a little copperas and a drop of something akin to Paris green deepens the tinge. Dried in baskets, the leaves become dark, and the so-called black teas are, generally speaking, therefore, the purest and best. But a contrary notion has possessed the Hoosier tea-drinker's mind, and time was when three-fourths of the tea sold here was green, but now more than half is black tea. The best grades sell at $1 a pound, but we don't get the choice in this country, and even in Japan and China your bones would soon be bleaching in the gutter if you should offer to sell such 'pizen' as that berry leaf hyson. Old Chinese gave me a package of that 'He-No' tea, such as you sell at 40 cents a half pound. You know it says on the package that it is the kind the Chinese use, but the fellow said it wasn't, and that 'twas called 'He-No' because the Chinaman he no use it. Still, it's pretty good tea for Americans."—*Indianapolis News.*

Game of the Tramps.

About eighteen miles above Centralia, Ill., the engineer began to blow toot! toot! toot! and to slacken his pace, and by and by the train came to a standstill. The male passengers rushed out, as in duty bound, and in time to see a man lying on the rails in front of the engine, and another man bending over him. When the crowd, headed by the conductor, reached the spot the man on his feet explained:

"I discovered him about ten minutes ago, and as I didn't want to see the train run over him I gave you the signal."

"But why didn't you pull him off the track?" asked the conductor.

"I couldn't be hired to touch a dead body'" was the reply.

"What, is he dead?"

"Reckon he is that."

We examined the body and found life in it. He was a poorly dressed man, seemingly in hard luck, and for the matter of that so was the other.

"I think," said the stranger who had stopped the train, "that he's taken pizen and laid down here to make sure work of it. If you are a mind to take him on to Centralia 'I'll kind o' rub him into life and get a doctor to pump him out."

The conductor assented and we lugged the body into the baggage car. The case created considerable talk among the passengers, and a purse of $7 was made up for the unfortunate. However, as we slowed up for Centralia and before the purse was presented there was a great yelling from the baggage car, and we looked out to see the two tramps dusting it across a field. It was a game they had played to get a twenty-mile lift.—*Detroit Free Press.*