GONE BY.

Little I knew how I loved you, dear,
Little how you loved me;
Summer and winter and spring of the year,
And blossoms on every tree!

Summer and winter and spring once more,
And then it was time to part.
Never a hint of a hurt we bore
Hidden away in the heart;

Never a word of the after years,
Woven with mists of pain;
Never a thought of the bitter tears
To fall like the winter rain.

Out of the future it came to me,
Silent and sad and slow,
That under it all, though we could not see,
We had loved each other so.

Little I knew how I loved you, dear,
Little how you loved me;
Summer and winter and spring o' the year,
And a grief that must always be!

Naught of reproach or of blame, dear,
Only a play and a part;
Living our lives just the same, dear,
Save for a crack in the heart!
—Post Wheeler in New York Press.

IN THE RESERVOIR.

Some 30 years ago you might have seen some of the best society of New York on the top of the distributing reservoir any fine October morning. There were two or three carriages in waiting, and half a dozen senatorial looking mothers with young children pacing the parapet, as we ourselves, one day in the past generation, basked there in the sunshine—now watching the pickerel that glided along the lucid edges of the black pool within, and now looking off upon the scene of rich and wondrous variety that spreads along the two rivers on each side.

"They may talk of Alpheus and Arethusa," murmured an idling sophomore who had found his way thither during recitation hours, "but the Croton, in passing over an arm of the sea at Spuyten Duyvil and bursting to sight again in this truncated pyramid, beats it all hollow. By George, too, the bay yonder looks as blue as ever the Ægean sea to Byron's eye gazing from the Acropolis. But the painted foliage on these crags—the Greeks must have dreamed of such a vegetable phenomenon in the midst of their grayish olive groves or they never would have supplied the want of it in their landscape by embroidering their marble temples with gay colors. Did you see that pike break, sir?"

"I did not."

"Zounds! His silver fin flashed upon the black Acheron like a restless soul that hoped yet to mount from the pool."

"The place seems suggestive of fancies to you?" we observed in reply to the rattlepate.

"It is, indeed, for I have done up a good deal of [illegible] king within a circle of a few yards where that fish broke just now."

"A singular place for meditation—the middle of the reservoir."

"You look incredulous, sir, but it's a fact. A fellow can never tell until he is tried in what situation his most earnest meditations may be concentrated. I am [illegible]ing you though."

"Not at all. But you seem so familiar with the spot that I wish you could tell me why that ladder leading down to the water is lashed against the stonework in yonder corner."

"That ladder?" said the young man, brightening at the question. "Why, the position, perhaps the very existence, of that ladder resulted from my meditations in the reservoir, at which you smiled just now. Shall I tell you all about them?"

"Pray do."

"Well, you have seen the notice forbidding any one to fish in the reservoir. Now, when I read that warning, the spirit of the thing struck me at once as inferring nothing more than that one should not sully the temperance potations of our citizens by steeping bait in it of any kind; but you probably know the common way of taking pike with a slip noose of delicate wire. I was determined to have a touch at the fellows with this kind of tackle.

"I chose a moonlight night, and an hour before the edifice was closed to visitors I secreted myself within the walls, determined to pass the night on the top. All went as I could wish it. The night proved cloudy, but it was only a variable drift of broken clouds which obscured the moon. I had a walking cane rod with me, which would reach to the margin of the water and reveral feet beyond if necessary.

"To this was attached the wire about 15 inches in length.

"I prowled along the parapet for a considerable time, but not a single fish could I see. The clouds made a flickering light and shade that wholly foiled my steadfast gaze. I was convinced that should they come up thicker my whole night's adventure would be thrown away. 'Why shall I not descend the sloping wall and get nearer on a level with the fish, for thus alone can I hope to see one?' The question had hardly shaped itself in my mind before I had one leg over the iron railing.

"If you look around, you will see now that there are some half dozen weeds growing here and there amid the fissures of the solid masonry. In one of the fissures from whence these spring I planted a foot and began my descent. The reservoir was fuller than it is now, and a few strides would have carried me to the margin of the water. Holding on to the cleft above, I felt around with one foot for a place to plant it below me.

"In that moment the flap of a pound pike made me look round, and the roots of the weed upon which I partly depended gave way as I was in the act of turning. Sir, one's senses are sharpened in deadly peril. As I live now I distinctly heard the bells of Trinity chiming midnight as I rose to the surface the next instant, immersed in the stone caldron, where I must swim for my life heaven only could tell how long.

"I am a capital swimmer, and this naturally gave me a degree of self possession. Falling as I had, I, of course, had pitched out some distance from the sloping parapet. A few strokes brought me to the edge. I really was not yet certain but that I could clamber up the face of the wall anywhere. I hoped that I could. I felt certain that at least there was some spot where I might get hold with my hands, even if I did not ultimately ascend it.

"I tried the nearest spot. The inclination of the wall was so vertical that it did not even rest me to lean against it. I felt with my hands and with my feet. Surely, I thought, there must be some fissure like those [illegible] which that ill omened weed had found a place for its root.

"There was none. My fingers became sore in busying themselves with the harsh and inhospitable stones. My feet slipped from the smooth and slimy masonry beneath the water, and several times my face came in rude contact with the wall, when my foothold gave way on the instant that I seemed to have found some diminutive rocky cleat upon which I could stay myself.

"Sir, did you ever see a rat drowned in a half filled hogshead, how he swims round and round and round, and after vainly trying the sides again and again with his paws fixes his eyes upon the upper rim as if he would look himself out of his watery prison?

"I thought of the miserable vermin, thought of him as I had often watched thus his dying agonies, when a cruel urchin of 8 or 10. Boys are horribly cruel, sir; boys, women and savages. All childlike things are cruel—cruel from a want of thought and from perverse ingenuity, although by instinct each of these is so tender. You may not have observed it, but a savage is as tender to its own young as a boy is to a favorite puppy—the same boy that will torture a kitten out of existence. A thought then, I say, of a rat drowning in a half filled cask of water and lifting his gaze out of the vessel as he grew more and more desperate, and I flung myself on my back, and floating thus fixed my eyes upon the face of the moon.

"The moon is well enough in her way, however you may look at her, but her appearance is, to say the least of it, peculiar to a man floating on his back in the center of a stone tank, with a dead wall of some 15 or 20 feet rising squarely on every side of him!"

The young man smiled bitterly as he said this and shuddered once or twice before he went on musingly:

"The last time I had noted the planet with any emotion she was on the wane. Mary was with me. I had brought her out here one morning to look at the view from the top of the reservoir. She said little of the scene, but as we talked of our old childish loves I saw that its fresh features were incorporating themselves with tender memories of the past, and I was content.

"There was a rich golden haze upon the landscape, and as my own spirits rose amid the voluptuous atmosphere she pointed to the waning planet, discernible like a faint gash in the welkin, and wondered how long it would be before the leaves would fall. Strange girl! Did she mean to awake my joyous mood, as if we had no right to be happy while nature withering in her pomp and the sickly moon wasting in the blaze of noontide were there to remind us of 'the gone forever?'

"'They will all renew themselves, dear Mary,' said I encouragingly, 'and there is one that will ever keep true alike with thee and nature through all seasons if thou wilt be true to one of us, and remain as now a child of nature.'

"A tear sprang to her eye, and then searching her pocket for her cardcase she remembered an engagement to be present at Miss Lawson's opening of fall bonnets at 2 o'clock.

"And yet, dear, wild, wayward Mary—I thought of her now. You have probably outlived this sort of thing, sir, but I, looking at the moon, as I floated there upturned to her yellow light, thought of the loved being whose tears I knew would flow when she heard of my singular fate, at once so grotesque, yet melancholy to awfulness.

"And how often we have talked, too, of that Carian shepherd who spent his damp nights upon the hills, gazing as I do on the lustrous planet. Who will revel with her amid these old superstitions? Who from our own unfrequented woods will evoke their yet undetected, haunting spirits? Who peer with her in prying scrutiny into nature's laws and challenge the whispers of poetry from the voiceless throat of matter? Who laugh merrily over the stupid guesswork of pedants that never mingled with the infinitude of nature, through love exhausting and all embracing, as we have? Poor girl, she will be companionless!

"Alas, companionless forever, save in the exciting stages of some Irish flirtation. She will live hereafter by feeding other hearts with love's lore she has learned from me, and then, Pygmalionlike, grow fond of the images she has herself endowed with semblance of divinity, until they seem to breathe back the mystery the soul can truly catch from only one. How anxious she will be lest the coroner shall have discovered any of her notes in my pocket.

"I felt chilly as this last reflection pressed my mind, partly at thought of the coroner, partly at the idea of Mary being unwillingly compelled to wear mourning for me, in case of such a disclosure of our engagement. It is a provoking thing for a girl of 19 to have to go into mourning for a deceased lover at the beginning of her second winter in the metropolis.

"The water, though, with my motionless position, must have had something to do with my chilliness. I see, sir, you think that I tell my story with great levity, but indeed, indeed I should grow delirious did I venture to hold steadily to the awfulness of my feelings the greater part of that night. I think, indeed, I must have been most of the time hysterical with horror, for the vibrating emotions I have recapitulated did pass through my brain even as I have detailed them.

"But as I now became calm in thought I summoned up again some resolution of action.

"I will begin at that corner, said I, and swim around the whole inclosure. I will swim slowly and again feel the sides of the tank with my feet. If die I must, let me perish at least from well directed though exhausting effort, not sink from mere bootless weariness in sustaining myself till the morning shall bring relief.

"The sides of the place seemed to grow higher as I now kept my watery course beneath them. It was not altogether a dead pull. I had some variety of emotion in making my circuit. When I swam in the shadow, it looked to me more cheerful beyond in the moonlight. When I swam in the moonlight, I had the hope of making some discovery when I should again reach the shadow. I turned several times on my back to rest just where those wavy lines would meet. The stars looked viciously bright to me from the bottom of that well; there was such a company of them; they were so glad in their lustrous revelry, and they had such space to move in. I was alone, sad to despair in a strange element, prisoned, and a solitary gazer upon their mocking chorus. And yet there was nothing else with which I could hold communion.

"I turned upon my breast and struck out almost frantically once more. The stars were forgotten. The moon, the very world of which I as yet formed a part, my poor Mary herself, was forgotten. I thought only of the strong man there perishing; of me in my lusty manhood, in the sharp vigor of my dawning prime, with faculties illimitable, with senses all alert, battling there with physical obstacles which men like myself had brought together for my undoing. The Eternal could never have willed this thing. I could not and I would not perish thus. And I grew strong in insolence of self trust, and I laughed aloud as I dashed the sluggish water from side to side.

"Then came an emotion of pity for myself—of wild, wild regret; of sorrow, oh, infinite, for a fate so desolate, a doom so dreary, so heart sickening. You may laugh at the contradiction if you will, sir, but I felt that I could sacrifice my own life on the instant to redeem another fellow creature from such a place of horror, from an end so piteous. My soul and my vital spirit seemed in that desperate moment to be separating, while one in parting grieved over the deplorable fate of the other.

"And then I prayed. I prayed, why or wherefore I know not. It was not from fear. It could not have been in hope. The days of miracles are passed, and there was no natural law by whose providential interposition I could be saved. I did not pray. It prayed of itself, my soul within me.

"Was the calmness that I now felt torpidity, the torpidity that precedes dissolution, to the strong swimmer who, sinking from exhaustion, must at last add a bubble to the wave as he suffocates beneath the element which now denied his mastery? If it were so, how fortunate was it that my floating rod at that moment attracted my attention as it dashed through the water by me! I saw on the instant that a fish had entangled himself in the wire noose. The rod quivered, plunged, came again to the surface and rippled the water as it shot in arrowy flight from side to side of the tank. At last, driven toward the southeast corner of the reservoir, the small end seemed to have got foul somewhere. The brazen butt, which every time the fish sounded was thrown up to the moon, now sank by its own weight, showing that the other end must be fast. But the cornered fish, evidently anchored somewhere by that short wire, floundered several times to the surface before I thought of striking out to the spot.

"The water is low now, and tolerably clear. You may see the very hole there, sir, in yonder corner, on which the small end of my rod rested when I secured that pike with my hands. I did not take him from the slip noose, however, but standing upon the ledge handled the rod in a workmanlike manner, as I flung that pound pickerel over the iron railing upon the top of the parapet. The rod, as I have told you, barely reached from the railing to the water. It was a heavy, strong bass rod, and when I discovered that the fish at the end of the wire made a strong enough knot to prevent me from drawing my tackle away from the railing around which it twined itself as I threw, why, as you can at once see, I had but little difficulty in making my way up the face of the wall with such assistance.

"The ladder which attracted your notice is, as you see, lashed to the iron railing in the identical spot where I thus made my escape, and for fear of similar accidents they have placed another one in the corresponding corner of the other compartment of the tank ever since my remarkable night's adventure in the reservoir."—Charles Fenno Hoffman.

Benton's Great Prophecy.

"In the campaign of 1856," related Charles H. Whitaker of Clinton, Mo., "I heard Senator Benton speak in what I believe was then known as Lafayette park in St. Louis, a small square near the old Union depot and near the then city limits. It was a night meeting, and as the carriage containing Colonel Benton rapidly approached the speakers' stand his name flamed forth from its full length in capital letters of reinflating fire and the cheers were deafening. In this speech Senator Benton indulged in prophetic utterances which afforded St. Louis a great sensation. He said:

"'There are those within hearing of my voice who will live to see the day when the people of this vast country will by means of electricity instantly communicate with their friends in all parts of the world. There are those listening to me tonight who will live to see the time when the iron horse will plow its way from the rock ribbed shores of the Atlantic to the golden sands of the Pacific.'"—Exchange.

Nature Study In Maine.

State Superintendent of Schools Stetson was visiting a school down in Pembroke, when he got into the pleasant mazes of nature studies and asked some interesting questions about the little things of the world about us.

"How many seed compartments are there in an apple?" he queried. No one knew. "And yet," said the state superintendent, "all of you eat many apples in the course of a year and see the fruit every day, probably.

"You must learn to notice the little things in nature. Now, perhaps some little boy who has driven the cows to pasture every day this summer can tell me on which jaw the cow has her teeth?"

No answer. Rather was there blank astonishment, at last pierced by one little fellow volunteering the information that "our cow has teeth on both jaws and she chews hay all up fine."

"If that is so, my boy," replied the [illegible] of the state schools, "I'd advise you to sell that wonderful cow with teeth on both jaws to some museum. I'm afraid, children, that you haven't studied nature quite closely enough."

You may be sure that the talk of the state superintendent deeply impressed the children. They earnestly discussed the matter at recess time, and the teacher the next day overheard this conversation in the play yard.

A little girl got some of her companions around her and gravely said: "Now, children, make believe that I am Mr. Stetson. You've got to know more about common things. If you don't, you'll all grow up to be fools.

"Now, tell me," she said, looking sternly at a playmate, "how many feathers has a hen?"—Bangor Commercial.

INTELLECTUAL ANTS.

THEY ARE SAID TO BE THE MOST INTELLIGENT OF INSECTS.

They Have Political and Social Organizations That May Be Likened to Those of Man—Some Work, While Others Do No Labor, but Live Sumptuously.

"Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise," said Solomon over 3,000 years ago, and the researches of modern naturalists have only confirmed the excellence of the wise man's advice in holding up the ant as an example for man, for among invertebrate animals the ant holds the same position that man does among the vertebrate. The ant is the most intellectual of all insects.

Ants are truly wonderful insects. They build houses, train soldiers, enslave ants and other insects inferior to themselves; they are capable agriculturists, for they keep a species of milk kine, clear the ground, sow grain, reap and gather into barns. They are social insects, and in many respects are examples in miniature of man. They have their monarchs, pride themselves on their aristocracy, and also indulge to excess in intoxicating liquors.

Ants are divided into three classes—males, females (or queens) and neuters (workers). The two former are winged, and their sole duty in life is to multiply their species. Immediately after pairing the male ants die, and the queens, renouncing the pomps and vanities of this world, henceforward devote themselves to the duties of maternity. To the lot of the neuters falls all the work. Some of them are told off to wait on the queens, whom they feed and care for with the greatest attention. Each batch of eggs, as soon as they are laid, are carried away and deposited in the hatching chambers open to the rays of the sun. The workers nurse the ant babies when they appear, putting them in the warm upper galleries by day and removing them at night into the snuggest lower chambers.

After several months' careful nursing and feeding, the larva passes into the pupa stage, and spins itself into a cocoon, from which it emerges a full grown ant. It is these cocoons that are sold as "ants' eggs;" the real eggs are so minute that even the ants themselves could not pick them up in their mandibles were not several fastened together by a natural gum. Queen ants, according to Sir John Lubbock, live as long as ten years, while Dr. Dallinger states that worker ants live from four to six years. The queen ants are treated with the utmost reverence, and while the corpse of a worker ant is usually immediately disposed of the body of a queen is often preserved as long as 18 months after its death.

The ant has three simple and two compound eyes, the latter consisting of from 250 to 1,200 lenses each. In passing, it may be mentioned that the ordinary house fly has 4,000 lenses, the gadfly 11,000 and the dragon fly 20,000 lenses to each eye. Physically, as well as intellectually, ants are the giants of the insect world; they can easily carry even ten times their own weight.

The ant houses are most marvelous examples of construction. Part of the nest is above the ground and part below it. These houses are often 40 stories in height, and are built of stones, leaves, sticks and earth. The subterranean part is honeycombed into passages and cells and all the tunnels and galleries run into one common center—the public hall of the ant colony. The government is a republic, and various colonies have been known to unite together for the purpose of defense. A Swiss scientist has discovered a regular empire of ants, covering an area of 250 square yards, and containing 200 colonies or republics with a population of 40,000,000 ants.

There are many species of ants which are incapable of making for their own nests or of rearing their young, and these in consequence impress into their service the workers or other species of ants and leave all the rough work to their captives. Periodically the master ants set off on a slave hunting expedition. They find out the nest of a special ant whose aid they need. They raid it and, overcoming its defenders, enter and bear off triumphantly the pupæ. These are carried to the master ants' nest, where they are speedily hatched, and knowing no other home and forced by instinct to work they fall industriously to their masters. So lazy and dependent upon their willing slaves do the master ants become that at length they are unable to feed themselves. Food has been placed before these lords of the ant creation, and they would not even take the trouble to eat. Then some slave ants were introduced. They filled up the place and fed their masters.

The ants have some method of knowing members of their own tribe. If an ant is put into a strange colony, it is instantly killed as an intruder, while if one is taken from its home and restored to it after a long lapse of time it is immediately welcomed and recognized. Sir John Lubbock took 12 ants, 6 from each of two different colonies, and made them drunk. Then they were all put back into one of the colonies. The ants inspected them, carried away their companions and took care of them until they recovered, while the foreigners were dropped into the water. A large dead fly was put on the table, and one ant immediately went over and pulled at it, but found himself unable to move it. He then went away, and speedily returned with three companions, and by their united efforts the fly was carried away.

It has long been known that some species of ants are in the habit of acting in exactly the same manner as man in keeping insect cows for the sake of the milk they supply. The ordinary green fly, or aphis, is to the ant what the cow is to man. This greenfly is capable of exuding from two minute projections a sort of liquid gum, of which ants are extremely fond.

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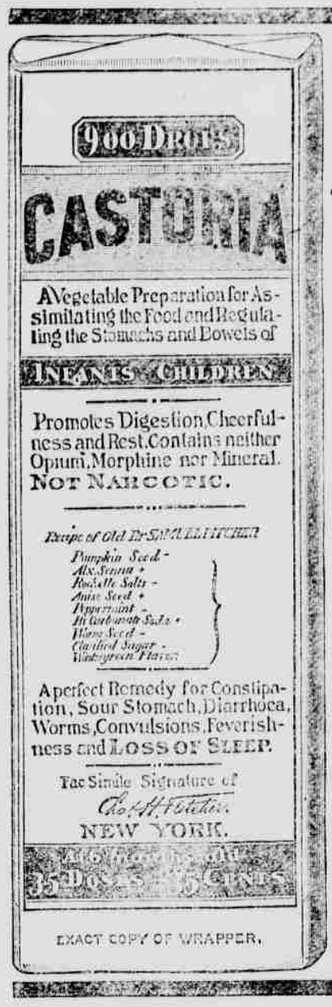

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