

For the Young Folk.

INTERESTING KINGDOMS WHERE THERE ARE NO SHIRKERS.

It is difficult to realise, when you look at an ant-hill, what a marvellous creation that little mound really is. It is, in its way, far more wonderful than Buckingham Palace. Perhaps the Tower of London is the nearest human approach to it—palace and fortress and town combined. Just as monarch and nobles and subjects used, at one time, to dwell in the Tower, so the ant-hill has its grades of society—queen, aristocrats, soldiers, and workers. It is only by drawing the ant-hill as if it were a human habitation—as we have done above—that you can realise the wonders it contains.

On top you see the door, which is always jealously guarded by a soldier-ant, posted on sentry-go. Next you see the guardroom. Floor 2, counting downwards, is the summer sleeping-room for the workers. In the third floor the workers live and dine. No. 4 is the storage room, while the fifth floor provides the barracks for the ants' standing army.

They form the guard for the queen, who lives and lays her eggs on the floor below. Next—floor 7—come the storage

rooms of fodder and grain for the milk-cows—the aphids, who suck up "milk" from blades of grass with their feet, so that the ant milkmaids can afterwards "milk" them by stroking their legs until a drop of "milk" falls. Other little insects collect honey, and are "milked" in the same way.

The stables, where they are kept, are shown on floor 8. Then, below the earth, we come to the ninth floor, the nurseries, where the milk and honey which the milkmaids have secured is handed over to the nurserymaid ants, to be given to the baby ants, just hatched, as larvae, from eggs. Below—floors 10 and 11—are other nurseries, where the baby ants are cared for in various stages of their growth.

Next we find the winter quarters of the ant kingdom, and on the same floor is the graveyard; for, like the Tower of London in the old days, the ants' palace is complete even to a cemetery. Last of all we come to the queen's winter apartment.

Their wonderful buildings—far more marvellous, in comparison, than the Pyramids of Egypt—only form one of the wonderful features of the ant kingdom. The ants have a stern system of justice, by which shirkers are driven forth or executed by the strong jaws of one of the soldiers.

Curing a Chinaman.

A CHEMIST'S OMISSION.

Shi-You-Kow and Li-Duck-Low were, as their labels confirmed, worshippers of Confucius. They also cultivated a goodly section of arid territory adjacent to Stumpstone, a remote Western town. The succulent turnip and humble carrot grew to maturity under their diligent observation. Other nondescript patriots assisted them for a meagre monetary consideration to establish an oasis in the sun-baked environment. Haw-See, a business-like Celestial, owing to his oratorical excellence in the prevailing language, filled the position of vendor. He manipulated an aged equine and cart with its vegetable cargo along the highways and lanes of the rural village, and a diplomat was he when bargaining with the boocle housewife.

And it came to pass that on the evening of a cold winter's day he fell a victim to the influenza epidemic. Great concern was exhibited by his employers when he relinquished his position on the cart and adopted the bag stretcher which did duty for a bed. Gohanna grease and considerable friction was applied to his thorax. A contribution of crows' galls was internally administered. Finally they despatched a feline, and adding a can of boiled gum leaves to the carcase furnished him with an excellent poultice guaranteed to relieve his dyspnoea. If

the latter failed to induce facile respiration, it caused no hindrance to the invalid's ability to articulate profanely in two languages.

On the second day, noting no improvement in Haw-See's condition, Shi-You-Kow directed one of the confraternity, to proceed into the town and furnish a statement to the chemist and receive from him something of a medicinal nature. An hour later the pharmacy was invaded by a Mongolian, who launched into staccato verbosity what time his rueful visage presaged the importance of his mission. He woefully explained that Haw-See was very ill and needed a mixture to make him well again. Inquiry elicited the information that he experienced much pain and couldn't work with the cart. Without demur the druggist concocted a large bottle of dark looking physic, and telling his customer to administer it in two doses, received half-a-crown in small change as the alien departed in haste.

Later in the day, whilst seated at Ineh, the chemist's attention was directed to a commotion in the shop, and entering to investigate he confronted his former client in attendance with an associate. They berated a bewildering complaint. "Haw-See welly baah. Close up die. After derlink nu melis'n' eye clo' up welly ti' in' he cloak likee flog. You no come quick like welly go' man we catchee polyquim, you sabee?"

Gradually the situation dawned upon the dispenser, and after picking a few necessary articles in his bag he set forth with his informants. He arrived after a period of furious travelling at the plantation, and was conducted to a bark hut within which a coterie of yellow men were holding an indignation meeting. Upon a corner bunk sprawled one of the company, who, with contorted visage and hands firmly pressed across his abdomen, eyed the coiling with the malicious glare of a harassed simian. Noting the chemist's arrival, he sprang to his feet and rushed from the habitation. Presumably he feared a recurrence of the potion which he had previously imbibed. Brandishing a hoe—which he wielded with masterly ability for an invalid—he awaited the advances of the opposition.

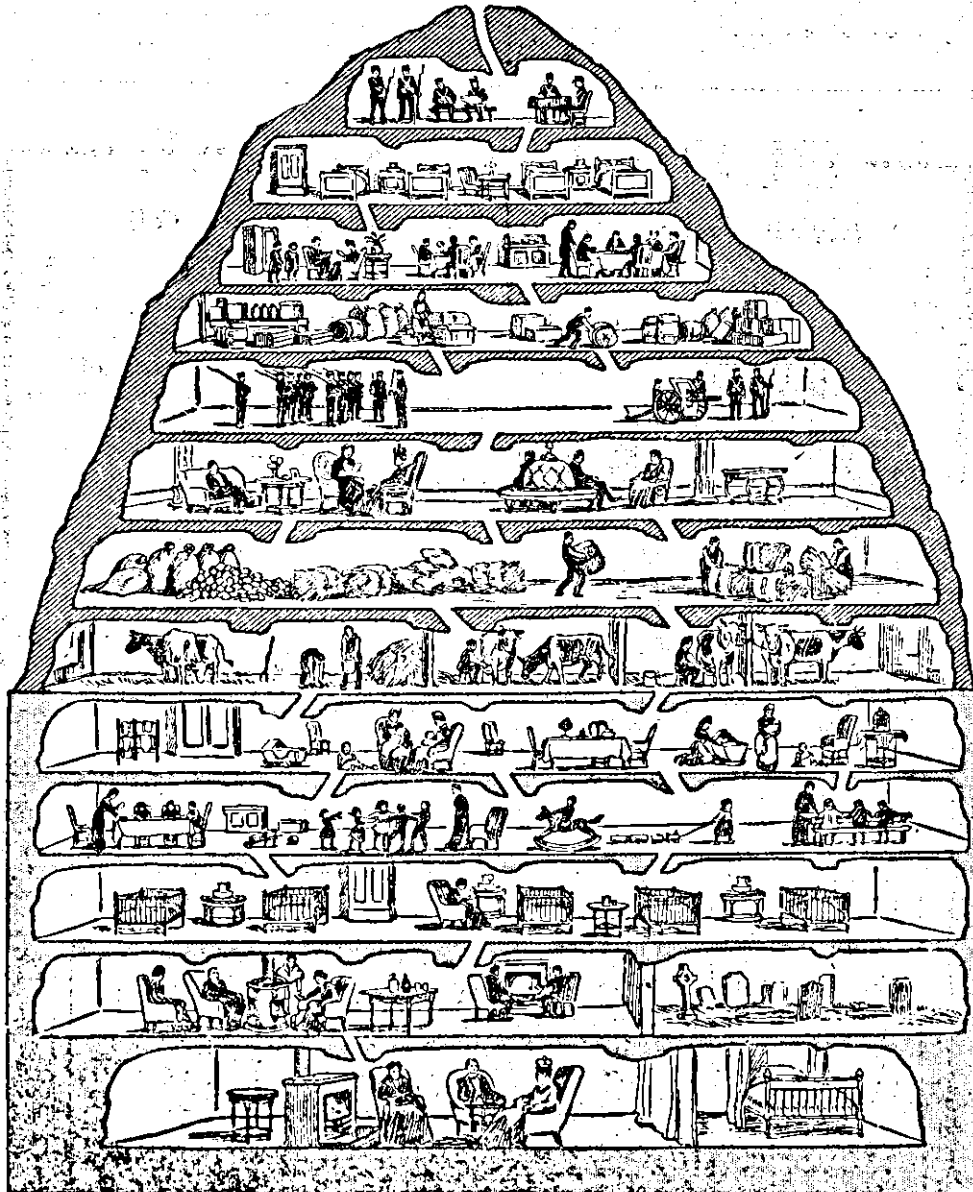
Li-Duck-Low explained to him with eruptive phraseology the sincerity of the visitor's intentions, but his overtures were met with a snarl and the cold beady eye of mistrust. His colleagues swore individually and in concert. They capered and jabbered, and were regardless of the young cabbage putting forth its tender sprouts in the immediate foreground. Then as one man they rushed upon the insurgent and brought him to earth. In the resultant disorder several of the storming party sustained cuticular abrasions, and a promising plot of rhubarb was put to waste under the indiscriminate tread of the blucher. Overpowered, and whilst under restraint he was subjected to an emetic, and having propitiated the chief agriculturist by separating him from an unsound molar, the prescription expert farewelled the congregation. Next morning as the chemist compounded a draught for the village constable, who had arrived with an outside headache, he waxed eloquent.

"I say, McGinnis, you want to put some of those green-growers to the education test. The way I got chatted yesterday, finds room for an interpreter. Thought their horse was sad with internal discomfort, and corked down a reliable drench. One of the Pats let it trespass behind his palate and nearly got hit over to the Coroner. For the days due to arrive I've got a C.I.D. optic for foreign callers. If they don't bring the label of their health builder in straight English I'm passing along liquorice water at a rate ripe enough to make my pocket tear away from its moorings."

AND THE DOG CAME BACK.

A bird dog belonging to a man in Mullane disappeared last week and the owner suspected it had been stolen. So he put this "ad" in the paper and insisted that it be printed exactly as he wrote it: "LOST OR RUN AWAY—One liver entered bird dog called Jim. Will show signs of hydrofobia in about three days. The dog came home the following day.

"Give him the moon to play with,"
The top of the chimney tall;
To stop his cry "bring down the sky"—
Wounds' Great Peppermint Cure.
Oh, let him have them all!
But give him still, for a cold or chill,



MINIATURE TOWER OF LONDON, MADE BY ANTS.
Palace, Town, and Fortress in a Mound of Earth.