

tragic little dance of death. There followed two silvery-gray ants, a wood-roach in two installments, part of a small frog, three roaches and two beetles. These latter gave a great deal of trouble and tumbled down the cliff again and again.

When the tropical night began to close down, the last of the columns were making their way out, systematically from the bottom up, each ant following in turn. The moment the last bit of prey passed up the column, by some wonderfully delicate and subtle sense, every ant knew of it, and the corduroy rose, the hand-rails unjointed themselves, the ropes unspliced, the embankments dislodged of their own volition, and stepping-stones took to themselves legs. After hours of total inactivity, these sentient paraphernalia of the *via formica* became, once more, beings surcharged with ceaseless movement, alert and ready to become a useful cog in the next movement of this myriad-minded machine. I jumped down into the pit. The great gold-spotted toad stretched and scratched himself, looked at me and trembled his throat. I was not an army ant.

I looked out and saw the last of the mighty army disappearing into the undergrowth. I listened and heard no chirp of cricket, no voice of any insect in the glade. Silence brooded, significant of wholesale death. Only at my feet two ants still moved, a small worker and a great white-headed soldier. Both had been badly disabled in the struggles in the pit, and now vainly sought to surmount even the first step of the lofty cliff. They had been ruthlessly deserted. The rearing of new hosts was too easy a matter for nature to have evolved anything like stretchers or a Red Cross service among these social beings. The impotence of these two, struggling in the dusk, only emphasized the terrible vitality of their distant fellows. As the last twilight of day dimmed, I saw the twain still bravely striving, and now the toad was watching them intently.

DEATH OF THE INDIAN RHINOCEROS

On the night of August 27 the Zoological Park sustained the greatest loss in its history, thus far. Our most valuable animal, the great

Indian rhinoceros, Mogul, was found dead in his corral, quite without any visible illness, and practically without a struggle. On the previous day he had missed but one meal.

The autopsy that was made by Dr. D. J. Mangan disclosed the fact that the death of Mogul was due directly to carditis, to which other heart troubles contributed.

Mogul was a full-grown male specimen of *Rhinoceros unicornis*, and one of the only three specimens of that species known in captivity. He was caught in Kashmir in 1906, and, having reached the Zoological Park in 1907, he had been on exhibition here for eleven years. His weight was 2,620 pounds. When only one year of age his cost to us was \$6,000, and ever since he attained full maturity he has been valued by the Zoological Society at \$25,000.

Both the skin and complete skeleton of Mogul have been presented to the American Museum of Natural History.

