

### Monkeys of India.

THE HAVOC THEY CAUSE BY THEIR WARS FOR WIVES.

Monkeys in India are an unmitigated nuisance, especially in the country. I have often come across in the jungles adjoining the villages of northern Bengal whole troops of them, whose depredations in fields and orchards were the despair of the unfortunate villagers. These troops always consisted of one huge male and about 100 females. The fact is, when a little monkey is born in the pack, it is suffered to live if a female, but instantly killed by the father if it happens to be a male. The mother, however, sometimes manages to hide the little one until he is able to get about, and then sends him away before the big male catches sight of him. In this way it often happens that individual males are to be found living by themselves in single blessedness. Now, getting tired of solitude after a time and perhaps believing in union as a source of strength, these bachelors often join together and form a pack of their own—as a sort of club. Then the fun begins. They want wives—very naturally. But how are they to get them? All the female monkeys of the country belong to the harem of some big brute or other. Clearly, the only solution is to attack such a harem, kill the gotha (the afore-mentioned big brute), and then divide the spoils. So an ultimatum is sent—and rejected. War is declared. The battle is a fierce one, and often lasts several days. The party attacked always tries to retreat, and often traverses several jungles, fields and even villages. But the pursuit is hot and vigorous, and at last a stand has to be made—sometimes in a village green or even in an orchard of some country mansion. In the actual fight the females generally remain faithful to their lord and master, and help him fiercely against his numerous assailants. But the result is a foregone conclusion, and the several widows, after a very short period of mourning—usually manifested by a show of ill temper—are consoled by the victorious males. Now, these battles cause sad havoc to the fields and orchards of the country and often prove a positive danger to the people; for, though monkeys seldom attack men, woe to the luckless one who ventures to come near them in their deadly struggle. Moreover, when pressed by hunger, these packs are not to be trifled with. You may not mind even the damage done to your orchard by hundreds of monkeys gobbling up everything they can lay their hands on, but it is quite a different matter when you have to shut your doors and windows and stay in for days at a time because of the army outside. Consequently the object of the natives is to break up these packs by capturing their leaders. Killing is against the dictates of conscience, but capture is not, especially as the monkey is released in a short time, as will appear presently. So, when a pack is about, the natives employ the following method: Close to an orchard a bit of level space is selected and a hole dug in it, about 2 feet deep and 6 or 8 inches in diameter. A noose is made at one end of a long, stout cord and placed over the mouth of the hole. The cord is then passed through a pulley or ring attached to a tree close to the house and the other end held some distance away by a concealed person. The noose and about ten or fifteen feet of the cord are covered with sand. Then a nice, tempting banana is placed in the hole, and a number of rotten ones—covered, however, with fresh skins—are strewn all over the ground near the hole. When the pack comes, the females are too shy to venture out into the open space near the house, but the gotha is a brave fellow. He sees the bananas on the ground, leaps down, takes up one, throws it away in disgust, then another, with the same result. Suddenly he notices the nice, tempting one in the hole, and plunges his arm in. Immediately the cord is pulled, the noose fastened on the arm close to the shoulder, and the monkey dragged willy nilly to the tree where the pulley or ring is attached. Then the hiding shikari comes forth, and, circling round and round the tree with the cord held tight in his hand, binds the unfortunate monkey safe and fast, all but the head. The pulley or ring is introduced, not merely to bind the monkey to the tree, but also because it would be highly dangerous to drag the infuriated beast right up to a person. The monkey, however, is not killed. Instead, they lather his head and face, no special care being taken in selecting the finest soap or the purest water. The operation is an interesting one and a source of great amusement—to the bystanders. The monkey, however, dodges his head about, only to get a good dose of soap in his eyes and mouth. Then he has enough of it, especially as he feels dreadfully acy all over, and the cords cut into his body every inch—to say nothing of the personal remarks and the highly adjectival language of the by-standers. He submits to his fate with eastern stoicism. His head

is shaved clean as a billiard ball, and then the face as well, nice and smooth, like a baby's. Then they let him go. But alas, such is the vanity of life, his wives will not have him now that his beauty is gone. They disown him completely, cut him dead. Nay, they drive him away from the pack with contempt, with the ends of their tails—in the absence of domestic broomsticks. And thus, being without a leader, the pack is soon broken up.—*Strand Magazine.*

### A Dreaming Match.

THE INDIAN DID PRETTY WELL, BUT THE WHITE MAN DID BETTER.

Among the famous Indian traders of the past was George Galphin, whose trading station at Silver Bluff, S. C., was frequented by Indians from far and near. In "Bench and Bar of South Carolina," a characteristic anecdote is related of Mr. Galphin and an Indian chief. Chief Mogoloch from beyond the Savannah river spent the night at Mr. Galphin's. In the morning the Indian said, "Me dream last night." "Ah!" said Galphin. "What did my red brother dream?" "Me dream you give me fine big rifle"—in Galphin's possession at the time. The trader instantly passed the rifle to the chief, saying, "If you dreamed it, you must have it." Next morning Galphin said to the chief, "I dreamed last night." "What you dream?" asked Mogoloch. "I dreamed you gave me the Chickasaw stallion"—which the chief was then riding. "If you dream um, you must have um," said the chief, and the horse was straightway transferred to the trader. The next morning the Indian remarked, "I dream last night." "What did my red brother dream?" was the inquiry. "I dream," answered Mogoloch, "you gave me red coat you wear and much calico." "If you dreamed it, you must have it," said Galphin, and the Indian received the red coat and the calico. Next morning it was Galphin's turn. He said to the chief, "I dreamed last night." "What you dream?" was Mogoloch's inquiry. "I dreamed," replied Galphin, "you gave me ten miles of land around the Ogechee old town." "Wugh!" said the Indian. "If you dream, you must have um, but I dream with you no more."

### How Pomp Was Converted.

Dr. Payson, the famous and beloved preacher of Portland, Me., used to tell the following pointed story: One very stormy Sunday he went to church, more from habit than because he expected to find anybody there. Just after he stepped inside the door an old negro came in and asked if Dr. Payson was to preach there that day, explaining that he was a stranger in town and had been advised to go to his church. "Upon that," said Dr. Payson, "I made up my mind to preach my sermon if nobody else came." Nobody else did come, so the doctor preached to the choir and the old negro. Some months afterward he happened to meet the old negro, and, stopping him, asked how he enjoyed the sermon that stormy Sunday. "Enjoy dat sermon?" replied the old man. "I 'clare, doctor, I nebber heered a better one. You see, I had a seat pretty well up front, and when ebber you'd say somethin I'd jess look all all roun, ter see nobody on'y jess me. An I says to 'mself, 'He must mean you, Pomp, you's sech a dreful sinner.' Well, doctor, dat are sermon set me a-thinkin what a big sinner I war, an I went an 'jined the church down home. I'ze a deacon now."

### His Idea of Scoring.

At a country cricket match in Lanarkshire a local farmer's boy was appointed scorer, his duties being carefully explained to him. The first inning was not very productive of runs and soon came to an end, and everyone made a rush for the scorer. Judge of their surprise, however, when they found that not a single mark had been made in the carefully ruled book which had been provided. When reproached in somewhat strong terms, the boy was not in the least disconcerted, but, with the most ingenious air in the world, said: "I was sae centerested in the sport that I quite forgot to mak' the crosses. But it disna matter—that wee laddie wi' the red face is the smartest runner amang ye." William (reading)—Pa, what's a prolonged conflict? Pa—It's something you'll never be able to understand, my boy, until you grow up and get married.

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County of Victoria.  
The next sittings of the above Court will be held in Dickson's hall, Fenelon Falls, ON FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 4th, 1898, commencing at 10 o'clock in the forenoon Monday, October 24th, will be the last day of service on defendants residing in this county. Defendants living in other counties must be served on or before Oct'r 19th.  
S. NEVISON, E. D. HAND, Clerk  
Bailliff.  
Fenelon Falls, Sept. 28th, 1898.

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