

**THE SENSE OF HUMOR IN ANIMALS.**

Instances Going to show that Monkeys at Least Have It

I remember says a contributor in a description of India or Ceylon some forty years ago, a story of an Englishman who had a monkey. Looking out of his window one day he saw his cook getting a fowl ready for boiling while the monkey lay on the ground shamming death and a party of crows stood at a little distance, divided between the desire for the kitchen offal and the fear of the possibly shamming monkey. One crow, more adventurous than the rest, came within the magic distance and was instantly within the clutch of the monkey. At the same moment the cook, having finished trussing the fowl, put it into the pot and went away. The monkey plucked the crow as he had just seen the cook pluck the fowl, took the fowl out of the pot, put the crow in, and retired with his exchange. When the cook came back and saw the fowl left for his master's luncheon turned black, he was, as may be supposed, struck mad with terror at this manifest intervention of the evil one.

Another story, some forty or fifty years earlier, is of a monkey which my uncle brought to London from India. On one occasion he was seen playing with the ink, perhaps writing a letter, in his master's bedroom. He upset the ink, and thereupon he went to the chest of drawers, opened a drawer, took out a shirt, and wiped up the ink with it. On another day he was sitting in my grandmother's drawing room (it was in Hill street) when another lady came in and sat down. The monkey, after watching her for some time from the back of the chair on which he was perched, snatched the visitor's bonnet from her head, put it on his own, and defied all attempts to catch him and rescue the bonnet. At last, the window being open, he leaped out upon the lamp post, and there sat, sharing the delight of the passers-by, looking as Blucher must have looked when, years after, he appeared on the field of Waterloo in an old lady's bonnet.

In these instances the love of mischievous practical joking is manifest; it is probable if not so certain in a story of an eminent naturalist (I forget his name) who was hoping to develop the intelligence of a monkey to whose education he was devoting himself. One day he saw with delight that the monkey was sitting at the other end of the room turning over the leaves of a valuable book on entomology and looking at the plates with apparent interest. But on going nearer he saw, with dismay, that the monkey was turning over the plates in order that, when he came to a particularly large beetle or butterfly, he might pick it out and eat it. As the paper could not have had a nice taste, I think he may have been actuated rather by the fun of the thing than by a mere depraved appetite. Perhaps he was verifying the like method of learning among the philosophers of Laputa. But this I leave to the judicious consideration of yourself and readers.

**Editor Clugston Meets the Emergency.**

The bustle and roar of preparation for launching upon an expectant world another weekly issue of the Spiketown *Blizzard* rang through the office of that paper, and the high intellectual brow of Mr. Mortimer Clugston, editor and proprietor of the same was sickled o'er with the pale cast of thought and a smudge of printer's ink.

"Is the paper up, Rufus?" he asked of the young man who officiated as foreman in the absence of the proprietor.

"Almost," answered Rufus "but not quite."

"Have you run in that dead sewing machine ad?"

"Yes, and the old *Scientific American* prospectus with the 1892 changed to 1893."

"And the column of magazine ads?"

"Yes, and slugged 'em all out to fill up the space. Everything's up except the editorial page."

"Have you run in the double-lead six lines about correspondents writing communications on one side of the paper only?"

"Yes that's in."

"I don't see the paragraph about the new supply of job type, latest styles, just received," said Editor Clugston, leaning over the imposing stone and inspecting the forms.

"Got that in too," replied Rufus "in five or six places."

"Where is the item about the considerable amount of money still outstanding on subscriptions and badly needed at this office?"

"That's at the top of the first column on the editorial page leaded with pica slugs."

"Um—yes, I see. Isn't there anything on the standing galley you can use?"

"I've got everything in except the pi."

"How much more do you need?"

"About half or three-quarters of a stickful."

Then it was that Editor Clugston once more proved himself to be a journalist of resources.

"I'll soon fix that!" he exclaimed, the light of a sudden inspiration shining in his eye and irradiating his pale cheek; and he sat down and wrote the following:

"Owing to an unexpected pressure on the advertising columns of the 'Blizzard' we are reluctantly compelled to crowd out a large quantity of interesting matter prepared expressly for this week's issue. This shall not happen again, even if we have to enlarge the 'Blizzard' to meet the demands of the advertising department. In the future, as in the past, the Spiketown 'Blizzard' will always be found ready to meet the expectations of a generous public, and to show forth in its own prosperity the thrift and enterprise of the growing young city in which it has cast its lot."

"There!" said Editor Clugston, wiping the perspiration from his forehead. "Set

that up, slap the forms on the press, and run off the regular 316 copies. It's time the subscribers were getting their paper—damn 'em!"

**YARNS FROM THE FROSTY SEA.**

**Capt. Gavin of the Tramp Laurestina Tells the Coolest.**

Capt. Gavin of the tramp steamship Laurestina, finished at New York, the other day, a mighty frosty voyage from Bremen and Shields. The Laurestina had moderate weather up to Friday, when a furious gale sprang up. She was then in the Gulf Stream about sixty miles southeast of Nantucket. The wind, which was from the northwest, was accompanied by snow squalls. Here is where the extraordinary feature of Capt. Gavin's story comes in. The cold was so intense that it froze his three compasses—a standard and two steering instruments.

Capt. Gavin exhibited his three compasses in the cabin of his vessel in proof of his story yesterday afternoon. Sure enough, the mixed alcohol and water of the two steering compasses was still congealed. That of the standard had melted a little. All three had been subjected to such heat as the cabin granted since the discovery of their polarization at midnight on Friday. The discovery was made by the chief officer, who was naturally flabbergasted at the sight, for he didn't know how he was going to navigate the vessel. He had good reason to be, for the sky was overcast and there were no planets visible to guide him. He told the pilot, who had been taken on board when the steamship was in the latitude of Halifax, and the pilot was also flabbergasted. A clear sky the following day and night solved the problem. The pilot and Capt. Gavin then knew from the stars and sun which direction was west, and both were confident that if the vessel steamed in that direction she would some time hit the North American continent. Capt. Gavin also argued that he was going west as long as he went against the wind. Their confidence was justified by the appearance of land on Sunday.

Capt. Gavin declares the freezing of his compasses to be unprecedented in his experience, and other sea Captains who were consulted bear him out in this. He says that all three compasses were put in order recently, and if they had not been repaired at different places he would have thought some one had put up a job on him. As it is, he thinks the alcohol must have been a trifle weak, for the thermometer showed that the cold was not below zero.

The mixture in a regulation liquid compass is made of 35 parts alcohol and 65 parts distilled water, and is supposed to freeze at a temperature of 10° below zero. It probably was pretty cold on the Laurestina, as there was nearly a foot of ice on her forward deck, and her rigging was a network of crystal.

The City of Berlin arrived from Queens-town three days late. She encountered the edge of the storm through which the Saale passed. Although her experiences were not as rough as those of the Dutchman, she had terrific weather. The stormy winds began to blow soon after she left Queens-town, and kept up almost without intermission until Sandy Hook was in sight. The officers were kept almost incessantly on watch and got scarcely any sleep.

On the 19th, about 11 a. m., a big wave broke aboard the ship, knocking over a starboard lifeboat, breaking the starboard railing, and smashing three ventilators. On Sunday the steamer was a mass of ice, but most of it melted or was washed or jarred off, so she was not so much of an Arctic spectacle as several other vessels which have arrived.

The steamship Archimedes, from Rio, had fine weather until Christmas Day. The weather was very cold, and the ship was soon covered with ice. One of the crew was frostbitten. The heavy-seas smashed her forward rail and did other damage about her decks. During the gale she passed two vessels ho to.

The British steamer Croft, in her eighteen day voyage from Dundee, encountered a gale which lasted four days. The storm was accompanied by a heavy snow squall and intense cold, which transformed every bit of water that fell aboard into ice.

Mr. Gray, the British Vice-Consul for Marsala, has been attacked by brigands whilst driving out in the country. The robbers stopped the carriage and shouted, "Your money or your life." They only obtained ten francs, but they threatened to shoot Mr. Gray. Some people, however, coming from a distance disturbed them, and they made off. The affair is being taken up by the British Ambassador at Rome.

**Scrofula in the Neck**

The following is from Mrs. J. W. Tillbrook, wife of the Mayor of McKeesport, Penn.:



"My little boy Willie, now six years old, two years ago had a bunch under one ear which the doctor said was Scrofula. As it continued to grow he finally lanced it and it discharged for some time. We then began giving him Hood's Sarsaparilla and he improved very rapidly until the sore healed up. Last winter it broke out again, followed by Erysipelas. We again gave him Hood's Sarsaparilla with most excellent results and he has had no further trouble. His cure is due to

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**

He has never been very robust, but now seems healthy and daily growing stronger."

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**Dream Stories.**

We were discussing the wonderfully short time in which a very long dream may be dreamed by a dreamer whose dreamery is in good order and geared up for fast work. The city editor had worked off the ancient Egyptian chestnut of the philosopher who accidentally tipped over a small water bottle just as he dropped asleep, and after dreaming a 48 column nonpareil dream, awoke to find the water had not all run out. I had told my famous story of the man who was overcome by slumber just as the clock was striking midnight, dreamed a long, complicated dream that it took him half of the next day to tell to his junior clerk, who couldn't get away, and awoke to hear the last three of the 12 strokes. Cooper had sat silently listening; but now he braced up manfully, and with a look of desperate resolve he began; "I had an even more wonderful experience than those you have been relating, gentlemen, myself. I had been out interviewing strikers, and when I got into the office and handed in my last bit of copy I was dead beat out. I came over here to my corner and dropped into this chair, and was asleep before I struck the cushion. I straightaway began to dream. I lived a whole life time, from a little babe to old age. Every step of my education, every difficult lesson, was reviewed in detail, even to intricate geometrical problems. I fell in love, courted and married three different girls, committed murder, lived through every incident of a long trial, and served a sentence of twenty years, every day of which was distinct and full of minute incidents of prison life. Sailed on a three years' voyage around the world, and in the last month of the last year was wrecked on a desert island; captured by cannibals; nearly crushed by a boa constrictor; rescued by the Russians, only to be sentenced to Siberia, from which I escaped and wandered through the Arctic regions for months. Did splendid work as a reporter on a morning newspaper for several years, and the city editor was just about to make me his assistant when I suddenly awoke. Some one had placed a pin in that chair, and I had dreamed that entire dream between the moment when I started to sit down and when I struck that pin." The city editor and I arose, put on our coats in beaten silence, and went home to bed.—[Harper's Bazar.

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He that is down need fear no fall, So he that's standing up already Stands quit of fear of any call To give his seat up to a lady.

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