

HOME CIRCLE.

SACRED MONKEYS.

Victor Jacquemont estimates that the Bengal Presidency alone contains 1,600 monkey asylums, supported chiefly by the very poorest class of the population. In the rural districts of Nepal the hanumans have their sacred groves, and keep together in troops of fifty or sixty adults, and, in spite of hard times, these associations multiply like the monastic order of mediæval Europe; but they must all be provided for, though the natives should have to eke out the crops with the wild rice of the Jumua swamp jungles.

The strangest part of the superstition is that this charity results by no means from a feeling of benevolence toward animals in general, but from the exclusive veneration of a special sub-division of the monkey tribe. An orthodox Hindoo must not willingly take the life of the humblest fellow-creature, but he would not move a finger to save a starving dog, and has no hesitation in stimulating a beast of burden with a dagger-like goad and other contrivances that would evoke the avenging powers of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Nor would he shrink from extreme measures in defending his fields from the ravages of low-caste monkeys. Dr. Allen Mackenzie once saw a swarm of excited natives running toward an orchard where the shaking of branches betrayed the presence of arboreal marauders. Some of them carried slings, others clubs and cane-spears. But soon they came back crest-fallen. "What's the matter?" inquired the doctor; "did they get away from you?" "Kappa-Muni," was the laconic reply, "sacred monkeys." Holy baboons that must not be interrupted in their little pastimes. They had expected to find a troop of common makakes, wanderoos, or other profane four-handers, and returned on tip-toe, like Marryat's sergeant who went to arrest an obstreperous drunkard and recognized his commanding officer. Unarmed Europeans cannot afford to brave these prejudices. Captain Elphinstone's gardener nearly lost his life for shooting a thievish hanuman. A mob of raging bigots chased him from street to street till he gave them the slip in a Mohammedan suburb, where a sympathizing Unitarian helped him to escape through the back alleys. The interference of his countrymen would hardly have saved him, for the crowd increased from minute to minute, and even women joined in the chase, and threatened to cure his impiety with a turnip-masher.

CRANKY HEALTH NOTIONS.

The way health journals and sanitary publicists taboo agreeable luxuries that have been found innocuous, if not beneficial, for many generations, is "adding new terror to life, if it takes none from death." It is certainly a noticeable feature of the doctrinaires of the hygienic school—the Halls and Dio Lewises and their kind—that they condemn modes of life, kinds of food, fashions of clothing, habits of resting or exercising that have prevailed for years with no visible harm. Day after day they take away something that some of us have been in the habit of eating or doing, or put in something we have not been in the habit of doing or eating, till we feel like Sancho Panza at his banquet at Barataria. "Fruit is too moist," said the doctor of the table, the Dio Lewis of Barataria, "the roast meat increases thirst, partridges are dangerous, stewed coney are a sharp-haired food, vilapodrida is too coarse, therefore eat one hundred rolled up wafers and some thin slices of marmalade." No wonder if we cry out, with the hungry Sancho. "To deny me any victuals, though it is against the grain of

Signor Doctor, and though he should say as much more against it, I say, is rather the way to shorten my life than to lengthen it." The sensible half of the world will say amen to the honest Manchagan. "Never eat a hearty supper before going to bed," say the Baratarians of health journals. But we know our fathers and grandfathers, on their farms, would eat a horse's meal of mush and milk, or johnny cake and beans and cold cabbage, be in bed and asleep in a half hour, and up at daylight, as hearty at sixty as a Baratarian health broker or banker at forty.

Lord Cockburn tells us that Rev. Sir Harry Moncrieff had his supper of roast chicken at eleven o'clock at night all his life, and died at ninety. Ever since Conaro changed from a debaucher to an ascetic and measured out his bread and meat by the ounce and his drink by the teaspoonful, and lived to be over one hundred, there have been fools who believed that one man's meat was all men's health, and one man's doctrine was all men's duty. Dio Lewis lays down the law, and ten thousand men break it every day and live long and well. Others obey and die sickly. The wise law of food is that of the brusque but sagacious Abernethy. "Is venison wholesome, doctor?" asked a nobleman with the gout. "Do you like it?" was the reply. "Yes." "Does it agree with you?" "Yes." "Then it is wholesome." There is no better health law regulating food than that. Let the Baratarians say what they will of "nourishment" and "nitrogen" and "blood-making" or "blood-thinning" qualities of food or drink, the right rule is to eat what you like if it agrees with you, and let the Baratarians go hang. Why, it is but a few weeks since some professor from Sancho Panza's island proclaimed that "walking was not a healthy exercise unless it was very brisk and rapid." The world will never be more healthy for the promulgation of such stuff as that. The great want of most of the world, even of our own part of it, is to get food enough and clothes enough and time enough to sleep, not to repine upon modes and qualities to fit the theories of schools or of "authorities." "Health authorities" are mighty apt to be humbugs.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

THE HOODED LEOPARD.

In Africa and southern Asia the cheetah or hunting leopard is important to the sportsman. The animals resemble the common leopard in their markings, but are more slender, having long legs and certain external canine characteristics that are very noticeable, so that it was long thought a connecting link between the dogs and cats. In Persia it is called the *yowze*, and they are carried to the field in low cars, whereon they are chained. Each leopard is hooded. When the hunters come within view of a herd of antelopes, the leopard is unchained, his hood is removed, and the game is pointed out to him, being directed in the pursuit by his sight. Then he steals along cautiously and crouchingly, taking advantage of every means of masking his attack, till he has approached the herd unseen within killing distance, when he suddenly launches himself upon his quarry with five or six vigorous and rapid bounds, strangles it instantaneously, and drinks its blood. The huntsman now approaches the leopard, caresses him, wins him from his prey by placing the blood which he collects in a wooden ladle under the nose of the animal, or by throwing to him pieces of meat, and while he is thus kept quiet, hoods him, leads him back to his car, and there chains him. If the leopard fails, in consequence of the herd having taken timely alarm, he attempts no pursuit, but returns to his car with a dejected and mortified air.

The Lyons and ounce have also been used in

hunting, while the wild dog of Africa is often in demand. In Asia tiger-hunting would be practised less were it not for the elephants, who seem to enjoy the dangerous sport as well as their riders, who are safely housed on their backs. These intelligent animals are also used in capturing wild animals of their own kind, and are important factors in the training and subduing process that comes later. The horse was formerly used in England to stalk animals. They were trapped so that the rider was concealed, and so feeding along the animal gradually brought the sportsman nearer the game. In the inventories of the wardrobe belonging to Henry VIII. is the allowance of certain quantities of stuff for the purpose of making stalking coats and stalking hose for the use of his Majesty.

IN A RUSSIAN CELL.

There is not much light in them. The window, which is an embrasure, is nearly of the same size as the windows in other prisons. But the cells occupy the interior enclosure of the bastion, that is, the redoubt, and the high wall of the bastion faces the windows of the cells at a distance of fifteen to twenty feet. Besides, the walls of the redoubt, which have to resist shells, are nearly five feet thick, and the light is intercepted by a double frame with small apertures, and by an iron grating. Dark they are even in summer. The outer wall intercepts all the light, and I remember that even during bright days writing was very difficult. In fact, it was possible only when the sun's was reflected by the upper part of both walls. All the northern face of the redoubt is very dark in both stories. The floor of the cell is covered with a painted felt, and the walls are doubled, so to say; that is, they are covered also with a felt, and at a distance of five inches from the wall there is an iron wire net, covered with a rough linen and with yellow painted paper. This arrangement is made to prevent the prisoners from speaking with one another by means of taps on the wall. The silence in these felt-covered cells is that of a grave. I am just now in a cell. But the exterior life and the life of the prison reaches one by thousands of sounds and words exchanged here and there. Although in a cell, I still feel myself a part of the world. The fortress is a grave. You never hear a sound, excepting that of a sentry continually creeping like a hunter from one door to another, to look through the 'Judas' into the cells. You are never alone, as an eye is continually kept upon you, and still you are always alone. If you address a word to the warden who brings you your dress for walking in the yard. If you ask him what is the weather, he never answers. The absolute silence is interrupted only by the bells of the clock, which play every quarter of an hour. The cacophony of the discordant bells is horrible during rapid changes of temperature, and I do not wonder that nervous persons consider these bells as one of the plagues of the fortress. The cells are heated by means of large stoves from the corridor outside, and the temperature in the cells is kept exceedingly high, in order to prevent moisture from appearing on the walls. To keep such a temperature, the stoves are shut up very soon with burning coals, so that the prisoner is usually asphyxiated with oxide of carbon.

LITTLE DUTIES.

Many have a sort of contempt of little duties. They do not perform them because they are insignificant. But if they reflected upon their place in the work of life, they would see that they are not unimportant. When we see the relation of one event to another in history, we see that the little duty is important as well as the great duty.