



SALLY, THE CHIMPANZEE AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

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It is doubtful whether any of the animals exhibited from time to time in our zoological collections are viewed with as much interest as those that constitute the nearest of our poor relations, the anthropoid or humanlike apes, of which three distinct groups are known—the orang-outans from Borneo, the gibbons from tropical Asia, and the gorillas and the chimpanzees from Western Africa. These are the most highly developed of all the animal creation, and approach the nearest to man. Unfortunately, they are all short-lived in our temperate climate, seldom living a sufficient time for their habits and instincts to be accurately studied. One remarkable exception, however, has been long familiar to the London public. Sally, the bald-headed chimpanzee, that was recently living in the Zoological Gardens, was a well-known figure in London life. When Sally arrived at the gardens, in October 1883, she was quite an infant, not having shed her first teeth; probably she might have been between two and three years old. As soon as she arrived, it was seen that she differed from the ordinary chimpanzees, of which, since their commencement, more than thirty specimens have been exhibited in the gardens, all of which, unfortunately, were short-lived. The most important differences between Sally and her predecessors were that her face was almost black in color, that her head was destitute of hair, whereas in the ordinary chimpanzee the hair divides on the top of the head, falling to each side in tolerable abundance, and, again, her ears were very much larger. Hence Sally was regarded as the type of a new species, differing from the old one, and was called the bald chimpanzee, or, in scientific language, *Anthropopithecus calvus*. No sooner was this young creature located in the gardens than she showed a disposition to live upon animal food. If a small bird were let fly in her cage, she would adroitly catch it as it flew past her, bite off the head and eat it, skin and feathers included. This food seemed so natural

to her that for many months Sally was supplied with a young pigeon, which she killed and ate every night. After a time she became more civilized, when cooked mutton and beef-tea were substituted for this part of her dietary. The location of the Zoological Gardens close to the Regent's Canal is attended with one very serious inconvenience. The rats from the canal cannot be kept out. They are present in every part of the gardens to which they can get access, in spite of the numbers that have been constantly destroyed. To Sally, however, they were by no means an inconvenience. If a rat entered her cage at night it was invariably caught and killed by her. In these respects Sally differed very much from the ordinary chimpanzee, which Mr. Bartlett informs us he has never known to eat any kind of flesh, and he has had a large number of specimens under his care during the many years that he has been superintendent of the gardens. These were not the only distinctions that characterized Sally. She was undoubtedly far more intelligent than any of the larger apes that have ever before been kept in confinement. She was affectionate, hardly ever tired of romping and playing with her keeper, generally in a very good temper, although she occasionally behaved like a spoiled child. Sally was capable of being taught many things that showed considerable thought and a great amount of intelligence. She always obeyed her keeper, and was trained to such an extent that she could even count to a considerable number. The keeper had taught her to give the exact number of straws asked for, which she would select, pick up, arrange in a little bundle, and hand to him, whether she was told to select three, four, five, six, or seven; it was even said that she could go on to a greater number. She always recognized those who made her acquaintance, and paid marked attention and evinced an extraordinary amount of interest in colored people, whom she would receive with a loud cry, which sounded much like the syllables "bon, bun, bun."

The chimpanzee may be regarded as the

animal which approaches most nearly to man. Although smaller than the full-grown gorilla, there is not the great disparity in the size or structure of the two sexes that there is in that animal. When the chimpanzee stands upright the arms reach only a short distance below the knees, being in this respect more humanlike than any other ape. The face is furnished with distinct whiskers, eyebrows, and eyelashes. The forehead is more vaulted, and the brain, as might be expected from the intelligence of the animal, larger than in any other ape. The tusks are much smaller, and the whole of the teeth make a close approximation to those of the human species. The comparatively long life which Sally had passed in confinement is doubtless due to the conditions under which she was placed. Instead of being put in the crowded monkey-house, she had a large room very much to herself, where the air was comparatively pure, and she was not irritated by the presence of other animals of the same kind. Her death was due to a complication of diseases. She did not die of that one which is generally, but erroneously, supposed to cause the death of the majority of monkeys—namely, consumption.

As, perhaps, the nearest approach to humanity that has ever been seen or studied in an adult state in this country, Sally excited very great and general interest. Her portrait was repeatedly published, photographs of her were constantly taken, experiments as to her intelligence were made by scientific investigators, and she was taught to perform actions, to obey orders, as we have said before, to count straws, by her keeper at the suggestion of those who endeavored to investigate her mental condition.

The death of Sally is a great loss to the gardens, and is one not likely to be supplied. No instances whatever are known of any of the larger apes attaining any age approaching to that which she had reached. The extraordinary human expression of her face was partly disguised by the enormous size of her ears. If, however, one of her portraits were taken, and a piece of paper or muslin, cut into the likeness of a mob-cap, were placed around her face, her resemblance to a human being became at once wonderfully manifest, and we have seen many types of humanity that do not look as elevated in the scale of creation as the much lamented creature which has now passed away.—*W. B. Tegetmeier, in Illustrated London News.*

REASONS FOR NOT GOING TO CHURCH.

There are excuses and excuses, and explanations and explanations, and reasons and reasons for not attending church, a few of which Burdette "shows up" in his characteristic way:—

So you are not going to church this morning, my son?

Ah, yes; I see. "The music is not good;" that's a pity; that's what you go to church for, to hear the music. And the less we pay the better music we demand.

"And the pews are not comfortable;" that's too bad—the Sabbath is a day of rest, and we go to church for repose. The less work we do during the week, the more rest we clamor for on Sunday.

"The church is so far away; it is too far to walk, and you detest riding in a street-car, and they're always crowded on Sunday." That is, indeed, distressing: sometimes, when I think how much farther away heaven is than the church, and that there are no conveyances on the road of any description, I wonder how some of us are going to get there.

"And the sermon is so long, always." All these things are indeed to be regretted. I would regret them more sincerely, my boy, did I not know that you will often squeeze into a stuffed street-car with a hundred other men, breathing an incense of whiskey, beer and tobacco, and hang on a strap by your eyelids for two miles, then pay fifty cents for the privilege of sitting on a rough plank in the broiling sun for two hours longer, while in the intervals of the game a scratch band will blow discordant thunder out of a dozen misfit horns right in your very ears, and come home to talk the rest of the family into a state of aural paralysis about the "dandiest game you ever saw played on that ground."

Ah, my boy, you see what staying away from church does? It develops a habit of lying. There isn't one man in a hundred who could go on the witness stand and give, under oath, the same reasons for not going to church that he gives to his family every Sunday morning. My son, if you didn't think you ought to go, you wouldn't make any excuses for not going. No man apologizes for doing right.

SOME WONDERFUL THINGS.

"Martin," said a wise grammar-school boy to his little brother of six, "come here and tell me what you have inside of you."

"Nothing," said Martin.

"Yes, you have. Listen; You've got a whole telegraph stowed away in your body, with wires running down to your very toes and out to your finger-tips."

"I haven't," said Martin, looking at his feet and hands.

"You have, though; and that isn't all. There's a big force-pump in the middle of you, pumping, pumping seventy times a minute all day long, like the great engine I showed you the other day at the locomotive works."

"There is no such thing" —

"But there is, though; and besides all these things, a tree is growing in you with over two hundred different branches, tied together with ever so many bands and tough strings."

"That isn't so, at all," persisted the little boy, about ready to cry. "I can feel myself all over, and there's no tree or engine, or anything else except flesh and blood."

"Oh! that isn't flesh and blood; that's most of it water. This is what you are made of—a few gallons of water, a little lime, phosphorus, salt, and some other things thrown in," said his brother.

Tears stood in Martin's eyes, but the grammar-school boy went on: "And the worst of it is that there's ever so many million little—but where is Martin?"

The poor little fellow had run away. When his brother found him, he was kneeling with his head in his mother's lap and crying.

"I was only teasing him, mother, and kind of getting up my lesson about the body that we're to have this afternoon. I didn't think it would worry him so."

The big boy kissed his mother and ran away to school, while the little fellow had a talk with mamma about the wonderful things inside of him.—*Santa Claus.*

HEAVEN "THROWN IN."

This compromise life is the most unhappy and wretched of all lives. It is not only very certain that he who sits between two stools falls to the ground, but that during the short and unhappy time that he manages to maintain his balance, he is in a miserable state of suspense and uncertainty. For a thoroughly unhappy man commend us to the Christian with the pricking conscience, who is living a half-and-half life, and who is willing neither to give up the world nor to cast Christ aside wholly. For a thoroughly happy man commend us to him who, though poor and humble and obscure, is willing to follow Christ wholly. In this connection, a familiar story of Father Randall, one of the founders of the Free Baptist denomination, is pertinent. As the old man was about to die, some of his friends gathered about his bedside remarked, "Well, Father Randall, you've had a hard time here, but you'll have your reward in heaven." This was a theology that the old veteran could not countenance, even by his silence, and straightening up on his dying bed, he cried out, "No, not so, not so! I've had my reward every day as I went along, and heaven will be thrown in at the end." It is no otherwise with every devoted child of God. He will have his reward every day of his faithful life, and heaven will be the additional gift of God's free grace at the end.—*Golden Rule.*

If You WANT to be miserable, think about yourself—about what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay you, and what others think about you.