

WITHOUT FRICTION MATCHES.

Without friction matches—what did people do? We call them necessities now: it is true They are a great blessing, yet folks had a way Of doing without them in grandmother's day.

The cooking stove, too, at that time was not known.

And many more comforts that people now own. Had never been thought of; 'tis easy to see How rugged without them our own way would be.

The huge open fire place was deep, and 'twas wide.

And grandfather often has told us with pride, Of oxen he trained to drag over the floor, The great heavy back-logs they burned there of yore.

The fire on the hearth 'twas an understood thing. Must never die out from September to spring; In live coals and ashes they buried from sight The log to hold fire throughout the long night.

And this, in the morning, they opened with care. To find brightest embers were glimmering there; To make then a blaze, it was easy to do, With wood, and a puff of the bellows, or two.

But sometimes in summer the fire would go out— A flint and a steel must be then brought about. A spark caught from them in the tinder near by,— Beforehand prepared, and kept perfectly dry.

Once grandmother told me how tinder was made; They took burning linen, or cotton, and laid It down in the tinder-box—smothered it there— A mass of scorched rags to be guarded with care.

And when they could find it they took from old trees.

Both touch-wood and punk, and made tinder of these.

By soaking in nitro: but of all these three— Flint, tinder and steel—we shall very soon see, Would not make a blaze: so they called to their aid,

Some matches, not "Lucifers," but the home made.

These matches were slivers of wood that were tipped

With sulphur: when melted, they in it were dipped;

The spark in the tinder would cause one to burn, And that lit the candle—a very good turn— For when it was lighted all trouble was o'er And soon on the hearth, flames were dancing once more.

If damp was the tinder, or mislaid the flint, They rubbed sticks together (a very hard stint) Until they ignited: the more common way Was borrowing fire, I've heard grandmother say. Indeed it was nothing uncommon to do To go for a fire-brand a half mile or two.

And so they worked on to the year '29, The flint and the tinder they then could resign And make a fire quickly if one should go out, For Lucifer matches that year came about.

They treasured those matches I haven't a doubt And never used one when they could do without. To save them, they made and kept up on the shelf A vase of lamplighters—quite pretty itself.

The flint and the tinder, the large open fires, Have gone with the days of our grand-dames and sires

Those days full of hardships and trials shall bear, In thoughts of their children an honorable share. For their brave men and women so steadfast and strong,

So often remembered in story and song.
—Sarah E. Howard, in *Good Housekeeping*.

MR. CROWLEY, THE CENTRAL PARK CHIMPANZEE.

BY CHARLES HENRY WEBB.

Had the parents of Mr. Crowley been judicious, they never would have allowed him at the age of eight months to exchange the climate of Africa for that of New York. But as he came to us from the arms of a missionary living in Liberia, and not from those of his mother, it is not probable that his parents were consulted.

Transplanted monkeys unfortunately are liable to lung complaints, and Mr. Crowley, though escaping measles, chicken-pox, scarlet-fever, school, and some other things that trouble the children of this country, had an attack of pneumonia soon after landing—some three years ago—that nearly carried him off. Careful nursing took him through, but another attack this winter, from which he is just recovering, well nigh proved fatal.

That he lived through two severe sicknesses, in which he had the almost constant attendance of three physicians, proves that notwithstanding his tropical origin he must have had a wonderful good constitution from the first.

But we could not very well spare Mr. Crowley. For about three years now he has been as dear to New York as its Mayor—more, in fact, since in all that time there has been no talk nor thought of changing him. Hundreds have daily flocked to his receptions—not themselves to eat, as at other receptions, but to see him eat. Provided with a bib, a napkin, a knife, a fork, and a spoon, Mr. Crowley seats himself at table, when the hour comes for dinner, and eats like a Christian. Never does he put his knife into his mouth, and though that mouth is large enough to take in a potato whole, he cuts his food into small pieces. Of the quality of the food or of the manner of its cooking he makes no complaint—perhaps because the bulk of it is given to him raw. If unexpected visitors drop in, he does not say anything to make them suppose that the dinner before him is less good than the ordinary one. When compliments are paid to him—and many are—he does not get up on his hind-legs and "speak" in reply; he but makes a bow—a bow-wow in fact. So it will be seen that he is by no means a "diner-out."

Instead of the coffee which some people take after dinner he takes cod-liver oil.

found around Mr. Crowley's cage?

The hold which Mr. Crowley has secured by his sincere efforts for mental and moral improvement was shown by the interest taken in his illness. Intelligence as to his health was set forth on bulletin-boards with the latest advices concerning the health of the Crown Prince of Germany. If Mr. Crowley read the newspapers he could but have felt flattered at the frequent and always flattering mention made of him. But he does not read them. One day I gave him a newspaper fresh from the press, containing, too, an article I myself had written. He smelt of it for an instant; evidently not liking its odor, he then tore it into exceedingly small pieces, threw them upon the floor of his cage, and resumed his occupation of piling up saw-dust very carefully in the corner. His manner was that of one who would hint that he had no time to waste.

Besides being an excellent judge of literature, as just shown, Mr. Crowley is one of the most remarkable men—I beg his pardon, I meant to say monkeys—it has ever been my good fortune to meet. Even when no performance has been going on, when both he and his favorite swinging bars were

may be that Mr. Crowley will in time come to understand that we do not want him to work—that we are content to have him play for us, and willing to maintain him in luxurious idleness, as we do our aldermen and other amusing curiosities. Perhaps he will then consent to talk, perhaps even consent to be an alderman.

Beyond doubt he would be companionable. As it is, there is an apparent frank good-nature about him that is very winning. When he puts an arm through the bars of his cage, and offers to shake hands with you, it is almost impossible to resist. But it is not wise to accept. A stranger took the offered hand one day; and the next moment was brought up against the bars with a bang that made his teeth rattle; had the bars been a trifle further apart, he would have gone through and into the cage like a "return ball," Mr. Crowley representing the rubber string. As well shake hands with the "walking-beam" of a steam-engine. To Mr. Crowley it was a huge joke, and he chattered, turned somersaults, and flung sawdust about him in great glee. With his keeper, however, he is on the best of terms, and shakes hands in all faith and friendship. The affection is apparently mutual. During the illness of which I have spoken, the keeper carried his patient—and Mr. Crowley was patient—in his arms as though the chimpanzee had been a sick child.

Nothing subdues an animal like sickness. In this respect chimpanzees differ from children, who in like case are apt to be fretful and cross. It was really affecting to see Mr. Crowley during his recent illness. He lay curled up in a corner of his cage, with a plaintive look on his face, making, beyond an occasional moan, no complaint. He refused to eat, but as he also refused to take medicines, it may be that he had ideas of his own as to what was best for sick monkeys. In his eyes was the look of one conscious that some great change threatened; interest in this world's affairs he apparently had none. There was no mischief in him, and Kitty—a young female chimpanzee occupying an adjoining cage—was untroubled by his tricks. But all this soon changed. One day he drank a little milk; the next he ate an egg. Very soon the resigned look went out of his face, and again he took to performing on the parallel bars. The persecution of poor Kitty was renewed, and he again fell into his wild and sometimes impish ways.

When the monkey was sick, the monkey a monk would be;
When the monkey got well, the monk was a chimpanzee.

Why this monkey of four years should treat the girl chimpanzees as he does I do not know, unless it is merely because he is—a young monkey. He sulked when she first was put near him, and ever since has refused to treat her with courtesy. When she wishes to play, he turns up his nose at her; when she would converse, he accuses her of chattering. And one of his greatest delights is to throw sawdust at her. Indeed, he could not treat her worse were he a boy of eight or ten years, instead of a chimpanzee of four, and she his little sister. Probably he will become more gallant as he grows older.—*Huerper's Young People*.

HATES DRUNKARDS.

The drunkard-maker always hates his old and most reliable customers, and is proud of cursing them and kicking them out. How we should be surprised to hear a shoemaker slam the door against an old customer, and say; "You villainous old scamp, I have made boots and shoes for you and your family for twenty years, and have been paid for them, and here you are after more shoes! Get out, and don't let me see your face again." How funny it would look to see a tailor throwing an old schoolmate into a gutter, because, after getting his clothes there for over fifteen years, he wants to buy an overcoat. Or a minister assaulting an old stand-by because he has been twenty-five years a communicant and elder in the church, and therefore must be unfit company for anybody. Isn't it time for drunkards to be ashamed of the drunkard makers!—*Morning Star*.

"The heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."



Feeding Crowley on MILK

Crowley lying ill

Since his first illness this has been given him regularly, and he has come to love it. It is a pity that children cannot similarly be brought to know how good it is. Mr. Crowley holds his spoon up for the oil when it is poured out, but slyly contrives to interpose his great tongue instead, letting many a spoonful of the delicacy slide down his greedy throat.

Mr. Crowley's trick is not to be commended. I am not holding him up as an example for imitation. Generally his table manners are good, but it does not follow that one would have children be chimpanzees.

Mr. Crowley's accomplishments are many. As a gymnast he is unequalled. His performances on the "parallel bars" would put any professional acrobat out of countenance. In "making faces" too he has boys and girls at a disadvantage, for his "faces" are ready-made; like the boys' whistlings, they "do themselves." As a climber, no one, be he sailor or squirrel, can hold a candle to him—could not get near enough to. Though clearly a wicked fellow at bird-nesting, if a lot of boys were going nutting it would be nice to have him of the party. With all these accomplishments, and no objection to showing them off, is it strange that a crowd is always

inactive, I have stood spell-bound before his cage. To me he is like the ocean, sublime when at rest as well as when in motion. Occasionally, when tired of exercise, he will retire to a corner, and resting his chin upon his hand, sit with an abstracted air, gazing into vacancy: certainly he is thinking, and I would give more than a penny for his thoughts, for he never enfeebles the vigor of his thought by speech. Whatever his thought may be, he keeps it to himself. What masses of concentrated, undisturbed knowledge, like that bottled sunshine which we find deep down in the earth and know as coal, must be hidden away under the hairy brawn of his breast! It would be something to know what he thinks of Dr. McGynn and the Pope, and Geography, and Grammar, and the Labor Question, and Spelling, and Bismarck's policy, and Vulgar Fractions, and the Mind Cure, and Volapuk, and other things that bother grown people and children. I'd ask him, were I not afraid that he would answer. It is not always well to provoke a silent man into speech. Deplorable results sometimes follow.

The negroes of Africa say that their fellow-natives, the monkeys, do not talk because they are afraid that if they did, the white men would set them to work. It