

BOYS AND GIRLS

Pets From the Philippines.

(By Dr. Felix L. Oswald, in 'The Youth's Companion'.)

The Island of Luzon has been called the 'Pearl of the Philippines,' and, like Cuba, is a marvel of scenic charm and productiveness. The two islands enjoy the same climate of perpetual summer, their mountain ranges are almost exactly of the same average height, and are clothed to their very summits with evergreen forests; but from a zoological point of view there could hardly be two more different countries in the world.

Martin Pinzon, the companion of Columbus, refused to credit the reports of his men when they told him there was no game in the Cuban coast-jungles. He thought they must have been afraid to leave the open beach, and he took personal charge of the next foraging expedition.

He found birds enough to fill his hunting-bags and more mosquitoes than he needed, but not the slightest trace of four-footed animals. There were dense coast-thickets but no bears or wild hogs; hill-forests, but no deer; beautiful mountain-meadows, but no sheep, cattle or goats. There were not even rabbits in the cliffs.

A MISCHIEVOUS MACAQUE.

In the coast-hills of Luzon, on the other hand, the dawn of day is heralded by the



A REPRESENTATIVE OF THE TRIBE OF THE MACAQUES.

multitudinous screams of little monkeys. Tree-cats occasionally raid the top branches and give the monkeys some reason for screaming. The hills echo the bay of wild dogs; wild pigs rustle about the jungle, and jackals prowl along the beach in quest of sea-spoil. There are three varieties of deer in the uplands, and all sorts of curious rodents can be trapped in the rocks of the sierras.

As a consequence, the cities of the Philippines swarm with pets, and the supply is beginning to overflow into the zoological curiosity-shops of the seaport towns of the United States. The Luzon contributions chiefly represent the tribe of the macaques (pronounced makáks).

'Poor fellow! Ten thousand miles away from home, and feeling homesick, aren't

you?' said a kind-looking old gentleman, patting the macacus of a Boston dealer. 'Half your tail gone, too, and nothing but carrots for dinner.'

The bobtailed Oriental seemed half-asleep, but there was a peculiar twitching about one of his eyelids.

'Poor pet!' resumed the visitor. 'Yes, he's homesick, I can see that,' and at that mo-



A COMPARATIVELY HARMLESS FILIPINO.

ment the monkey from Manila shot out a long-fingered hand and snatched off the sympathetic gentleman's spectacles.

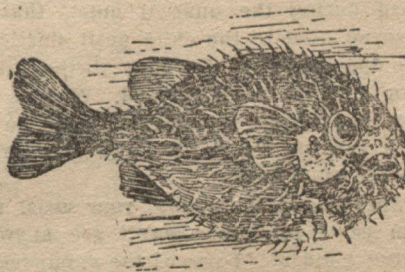
Luzon exports an almost equally mischievous rock-baboon, and the ringed lemur, a sort of night-monkey, with owl eyes and a bush tail that can be made to encircle his neck like a shawl. The sudden opening of those big eyes has a weird effect; but their owner is a comparatively harmless Filipino, and needs not much persuasion to nestle in the overcoat pocket of his protector. If, moreover, that pocket should happen to be furnished with handkerchiefs, he will wrap himself up like a pet gray squirrel, and express his delight in a curious chuckle.

WHEN 'MONO BRUXO' WAKES UP.

But at about six or eight o'clock in the evening, according to the season of the year, the 'Lemus torquatus' wakes up and begins to explore his boarding-house; cautiously at first, then in wider and wider leaps, taking jumps of ten and twelve feet without ever miscalculating his distance by a hairbreadth.

He will hop on his master's knee, down again, and up on an armchair; there he will crouch for a moment with quivering bush tail, then double up for a spring and land on a book-shelf at the opposite end of the room, or on the door of a cupboard, or on his own cage, but never on the lamp. He inspected that the moment it was brought in, and touched the chimney long enough to satisfy himself that it had better be admired from a distance.

He isn't very particular about keeping in the shade; light does not seem to hurt his eyes, in spite of their owl-like appearance; but he may have reasons of his own for



PORCUPINE FISH.

foraging during that part of the solar day which is, on the whole, the quieter half of the twenty-four hours.

'Mono bruxo'—'ghost monkey'—the Filipinos call him. He never appears in the daytime, and would he but lie quiet in his nest

in a hollow branch, his existence would never be suspected. But curiosity is apt to get the better of his discretion, and if a hunter strikes his nest-tree with an axe, a black face with a pair of still blacker eyes will peep down from a knot-hole to inquire the cause of the disturbance.

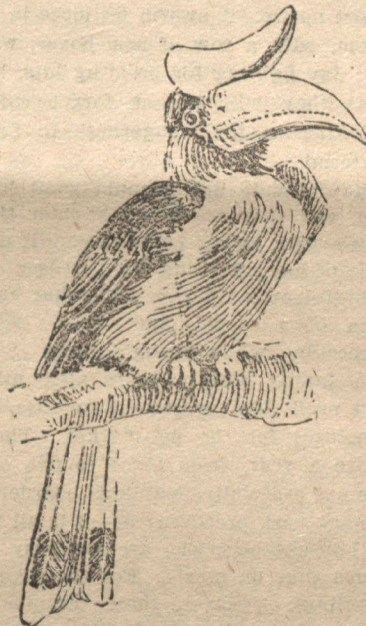
The hunter then marks the tree, and an hour later returns with a bag and a forked stick. Master Torquatus has gone to sleep by that time, and is aroused when the fork gets a good hitch in his fur and twists him out of his dormitory.

A bushy-tailed and extremely wide-awake islander is the Luzon dwarf fox, which is often caught in the cliffs of the sierras and caged as we would cage a gopher or weasel. 'Perrito' means literally 'doggy,' and there is really something puppyish about the appearance of young hill foxes, but their ears soon get too sharp to leave a doubt about their affinity.

A DOG THAT IS NOT A DOG.

The perrito is a true fox, although not nearly as heavy as a Kentucky fox-squirrel, and quite able to live on a vegetable diet. He will eat bread, berries and grapes, and the Filipinos even get him used to boiled flour, flavored with a few drops of oil; but the instincts of his species revive if he is turned loose in a room enlivened by scampering rodents.

A nursing perrito hides her whelps as best she can, bundling them away in the dark-



A HORNBILL.

est corner of an old cracker-box, or even in the leg of a jack-boot. A week after they have their eyes open the pretty little animals will venture out of their own accord, have a leaping match after a cockroach or grasshopper, or roll about on the floor, pawing one another like playful kittens.

As the days go by they become more enterprising, and contrive to scrape a gopher out of his wire trap without waiting for the assistance of their keeper. In default of other fun, they will tiptoe their way to the stove, where a Newfoundland puppy lies snoring on his rug. For a minute or longer they will stand, closely watching the young giant; then they will crouch down and approach with a catlike wriggle, until one of them touches the sleeper. Upon that all will scamper back, frightened at their own boldness.

The Luzon kalong bat, with his enormous skin wings folded, is hardly as big as a