

wouldn't be there, so she ran upstairs. When she reached the upper hall she stood perfectly still, with her ears up and her whiskers trembling. Suddenly she heard a faint mew, then another, and then a laugh; that was the Boy.

She pushed open a door that was ajar, and walked into the nursery. The Boy was seated in the middle of the floor, tying the kitten to a tin can, and the poor little thing was mewling piteously. Mrs. Chinchilla dashed up to the Boy, scratched him as many long scratches as she had time for, took the frightened kitten in her gentle mouth, because if she carried it in her forepaws she wouldn't have enough left to walk on, and was out on the front doorstep in a twinkling. When she got that catkin home in the sunny bay window, she washed it over and over and over so many times that it never forgot, so long as it lived, the day it was stolen by the Boy.

When the Boy's mother hurried upstairs to see why he was crying, she told him he must expect to be scratched by mother-cats if he stole their kittens.

"I shall take your pretty Fauntleroy collar off," she said; "it doesn't match your disposition."

The Boy cried bitterly until luncheon time, but when he came to think, he knew that his mother was right, and Mrs. Chinchilla, too; so he treated all mother-cats and their kittens more kindly after that.

THE LANGUAGE OF MONKEYS.

By the aid of the phonograph, Professor Garner, of England, has learned to speak the language of monkeys. He was led to this interesting but peculiar study by an accident.

Seven years ago, in the Zoological Gardens, he became impressed by the conduct of some monkeys who were frightened by a rib-nosed mandril. He observed that every movement of the mandril was closely watched and reported to those in the other compartments. This led him to conclude that the monkeys had a system of language, and that it would be possible to learn the monkey tongue much in the same way as men learn the language of a strange race of mankind.

His first difficulty was to utter the sounds he heard, next to recall them, and finally to translate them. By means of the phonograph, he found that monkeys perfectly understood sounds uttered by other monkeys when not in their presence, for he recorded the sounds of several animals, and had the record repeated to others that were separated. In this way he kept up a conversation between monkeys in different rooms.

After trying the experiment with the various tribes, he took to studying the sounds with a view to acquiring and understanding them so as to converse, if possible, with the animals. The first trial was successful beyond his expectations, while the astonishment of the monkeys at being spoken to in their own tongue by a biped is said to have been intense.

His conclusions are summarised under sixteen heads. The monkey language, he finds, has about eight or nine sounds, which may be changed by modulation into three or four times that number. Each race or kind has its own peculiar tongue slightly shaded into dialects. When caged together, one monkey will learn to understand the language of another kind, but does not try to speak it. They use their lips very much the same as men do when speaking, but rarely speak when alone or when not necessary.

Their speech, compared to their physical, mental, and social state, is in about the same relative condition as that of man by the same standard.

KEEP TO THE RIGHT.

"Keep to the right," as the law directs
For such is the rule of the road;
Keep to the right, whoever expects
Securely to carry life's load.

Keep to the right, with God and His Word,
Nor wander, though Folly allure;
Keep to the right, nor ever be turned
From what's faithful, and holy, and pure.

Keep to the right, within and without,
With stranger, and kindred, and friend;
Keep to the right, and you need have no doubt
That all will be well in the end.

Keep to the right in whatever you do,
Nor claim but your own on the way;
Keep to the right, and hold on to the true,
From the morn to the close of life's day.

IRISH WIT.—Some time ago, while I was trading in a village store, one of the clerks came to the junior partner, who was waiting on me, and said:

"Please step to the desk. Pat Flynn wants to settle his bill, and *wants a receipt*."

The merchant was evidently annoyed.

"Why, what does he want of a receipt?" he said; "we never give one. Simply cross his account off the book; that is receipt enough."

"So I told him," answered the clerk, "but he is not satisfied. You had better see him."

So the proprietor stepped to the desk, and, after greeting Pat with a "Good morning," said:

"You want to settle your bill, do you?"

Pat replied in the affirmative.

"Well," said the merchant, "there is no need of my giving you a receipt. See! I will cross your account off the book;" and, suiting the action to the word, he drew his pencil diagonally across the account.

"That is as good as a receipt."

"And do ye mane that settles it?" exclaimed Pat.

"That settles it," said the merchant.

"And ye're shure ye'll never be afther askin me fur it again?"

"We'll never ask you for it again," said the merchant, decidedly.

"Faith, thin," said Pat, "I'll be afther kapin' me money in me pocket, for I haven't paid it."

The merchant's face flushed angrily as he retorted:

"Oh, well, I can rub that out."

"Faith, now, and *I thought that same*," said Pat.

It is needless to add that Pat got his receipt.

A SIMPLE REMEDY FOR POISON.—Persons disposed to the swallowing of poisons should cut this receipt out and paste it in their hat. A poison of any conceivable description and degree of potency, which has been intentionally or accidentally swallowed, may be rendered almost instantly harmless by swallowing two gills of sweet oil. An individual with a very strong constitution should take nearly twice the quantity. The oil will most positively neutralize every form of vegetable, animal or mineral poison with which physicians and chemists are acquainted.