

orang-outang, and chimpanzee. The orang-outang, of which an admirable group, mounted by Mr. Hornaday, the hunter and writer, is now in the American Museum of Natural History, and is shown in our artist's vivid drawing, inhabit the islands of Sumatra and Borneo. They live in the dense forests in the low, swampy districts, traveling with considerable speed through the summits of the trees, and avoiding the drier hill country. Their names simply means *wood-man*, indicative of their habits. They are hunted by the natives and sold to the Chinese. They inhabit the topmost part of the trees, making rude and shallow cradles of leaves and twigs in which they sleep, rising from their beds at 9 a. m. and retiring at 5 p. m. Except at night, they seldom descend to the ground. Their gait is awkward, and they display none of the agility of the chimpanzee or gibbon. Their long arms are possessed of great strength, and amid the durion trees, whose fruit they love, they can be seen performing feats requiring great muscular strength. As many as four species have been enumerated by some writers, and only one by others. Those figured in our illustration are not commonly, or not at all seen in books. The fleshy disk in the male is a most striking feature, and would seem to justify a specific distinction. They are slow, inert, and generally timid, but in close quarters or thoroughly aroused, fight with ferocity.

The chimpanzee inhabits the west tropical coast of Africa, and is a species made familiar to our public by the general favorite, Crowley, under care of Mr. Conklin, at the Central Park Menagerie. This interesting fellow has divided with Jumbo the favors of popularity, and certainly with his antics and devices affords capital amusement to the sightseers who throng about his cage.

The disposition of the chimpanzee under captivity varies greatly, some being recorded as gentle and uniformly amiable, others uncertain, capricious, and violent. Mr. Crowley's expression of face is very rueful at times, and changes from a laughable state of lugubrious contemplation to one of whimsical curiosity in the appendages and property of his visitors. With his keeper, Mr. Cooke, he seems generally mild and loving, but his malice breaks out occasionally against some teasing spectator, and he bounds and rages with impotent struggles, suggesting very unpleasant consequences if the offenders were within his reach. He has been taught to use a spoon, and sits in a most comic manner at a table with a gravity and absurd aspect of comfortable retirement that is irresistible.

The gorilla has been successfully kept in captivity in Berlin at the Aquarium, and gained an excellent name for friendliness and docility. A famous specimen kept there died of galloping consumption in 1877. The chimpanzee Urafuca was also an inmate of the Berlin Aquarium, and was greatly prized for her gentleness and general amiability. Of her death, Hartmann writes:—

"She put her arms round Schopf's neck when he came to visit her, looked at him placidly, kissed him three times, stretched out her hand to him, and died."

The real pathos of this incident, more than a hundred tales about monkey cleverness, would reconcile us to acknowledging a relationship with these remarkable creatures.

"Blessed confidence of childhood—religion itself has no profounder lesson—no more eloquent attestation of the first cause."

A Low Voice in Woman.

Yes, we agree with that old poet who said that a low, soft voice was an excellent thing in woman. Indeed, we feel inclined to go much further than he has on the subject, and call it one of her crowning charms. No matter what other attractions she may still have; she may be as fair as the Trojan Helen, and as learned as the famous Hypatia of ancient times; she may have all the accomplishments considered requisite at the present day, and every advantage that wealth may procure, and yet if she lack a low, sweet voice she can never be really fascinating. How often the spell of beauty is broken by coarse, loud talking. How often you are irresistibly drawn to a plain, unassuming woman, whose soft silvery tones render her positively attractive. Besides, we fancy we can judge of the character by the voice; the smooth, fawning tone seems to us to betoken deceit and hypocrisy, as invariably as the musical, subdued voice indicates a genuine refinement. In the social circle how pleasant it is to hear a woman talk in that low key which always characterizes the true lady! In the sanctuary of home how such a voice soothes the fretful temper and cheers the weary husband! How sweetly such cadences float through the sick chamber! and around the dying bed with what solemn melody do they breathe a prayer for a departing soul!

What Cloves Are.

Cloves are the unopened flower of a small evergreen tree that resembles in appearance the laurel of the bay. It is a native of the Malacca or Spice Islands, but has been carried to all warmer parts of the world, and it is now cultivated in the tropical regions of America. The flowers are small in size and grow in large numbers, in clusters to the very end of the branches.

The cloves we use are the flowers gathered before they are opened and whilst they are still green. After being gathered, they are smoked by a wood fire and then dried in the sun. Each clove consists of two parts of a round head, which are the four petals or leaves of the flower rolled up enclosing a number of small stalks or filaments; the other part of the cloves is terminated with four points, and is, in fact, the flower-cup of the unripe seed vessel. All these parts may be distinctly seen if a few cloves are soaked for a short time in hot water, when the leaves of the flower soften and readily unroll. Both the taste and the smell of cloves depend on the quantity of oil they contain. Sometimes the oil is separated from the cloves before they are sold, and the odor and taste in consequence much weakened by such unfair proceedings.

"There never was a saint in the form of a man that wasn't secretly flattered by the thought that he might inspire a passion if he set himself to try."

"Life sometimes overlays the soul in the face with disturbing hieroglyphics which gentle death smooths away, showing worthy writing there."
—*Anne Sheldon Coombs.*

"Should even our friends deceive us, though we have a right to be indifferent to their professions, we ought ever to retain a sensibility for them in misfortune."
—*Rochefoucauld.*

A thin coat of varnish applied to straw-matting makes it more durable and adds to its beauty. To purify a room of unpleasant odors, burn vinegar, rosin or sugar.

Minnie May's Department.

MY DEAR NIECES,—The first of January finds us stopping to look back over the past and on into the future, trying, if true to ourselves, to learn by the mistakes of the past what is to be the right path in the year to come. We begin to keep a bran-new diary, and make a lot of good resolutions. "Life is full of new beginnings," and though in time they may drift into obscurity, yet we must be all the better for making the effort, which ought to have some final effect on our character and disposition. If we determine that this new year we now enter shall be a happy one, we are more than half way towards that desirable end. So I can find no better words in which to wish all good wishes to our many friends, remote or scattered though they be, than these few lines taken from an exchange:—

"The New Year comes with flying feet,
And ears upon its journey fleet
A million wishes dear and sweet.

From all this New Year's precious store
Of wishes, as I scan them o'er,
I choose for thee but three; no more.

These three shall more than thousands prove,
For they shall draw thy heart above—
Their names are Service, Trust and Love.

Trust God, and trust will gain God's best;
Love God, and learn how love is blest;
Serve God, and find in service rest."

We regret having to postpone decision on the "quotations" until next month, owing to press of business at this Christmas and New Year season. So that any of our readers who were unable, for the same reason, to complete their work for competition in December, may send in their communications by January 20th.

MINNIE MAY.

The Work Basket.

TAM-O'-SHANTER CAP—TUFTED CROCHET.—Materials required: 2 oz. of single Berlin wool, a crochet hook No. 9 and a silk pompon. Silk knitting arrasene of a soft shade of ruby, white or blue, will make a very beautiful cap. The cap is worked in sections of tufted crochet with three rows of tricot stitch between each section.

Make a chain of 22 stitches, work two rows of plain tricot (that is work up and off twice). 3rd Row—Work up the back perpendicular loops of the stitches, work off in the usual way. 4th Row—Take up the stitches in the usual way, work off two loops, work 5 chains. Repeat from the beginning of the row until you have worked off all the stitches. 5th Row—Work up all but the two last loops, work off as directed for the last row, work 8 more rows of tufts, working upon two less stitches each time; this makes the section wide at one end and pointed at the other. 14th Row—Work up 21 stitches; there will be 22 loops altogether on the hook; work off in the usual way, this finishes one section; repeat from the second row. When you have worked 9 sections, join the first and last sections together by sewing with a needle and wool.

For the head-band:—1st Row—Work into the wide side of sections 1 double crochet into each stitch. 2nd Row—One double into a stitch, pass over one stitch and repeat all round. 3rd Row—One double into each of ten stitches, pass over one stitch, and repeat all round; this tightens the band a little. 4th to 6th Rows—One double into each stitch of previous row, work each round a little tighter than the last, to draw the band in. To draw up the cap at the top work a long loop through each stitch at the