



YOUNG CHIMPANZEE FROM SIERRA LEONE.

NOVELTIES AT THE LONDON ZOO.

They are always securing something new and wonderful at the Zoological Gardens in London. The latest novelties we show our readers on this page. The cuts are from photographs of the animals taken in their new home.

The young chimpanzee, says the London Graphic, is named "Jennie," and arrived from Sierra Leone some weeks since. It has been deposited with the Society by Mr. Swanzy, Mr. Clarence Bartlett, the assistant superintendent of the Gardens, going to Liverpool to meet his new charge and bring her to London. On her arrival in the Gardens she was placed in the apartment adjoining that occupied by the well-known "Sally." Although the Society at various times has received nearly forty specimens of this species of anthropoid ape, nearly all of them have arrived in such a sickly condition that they have been unable to withstand the rigor of our climate for more than a few days. About fourteen years ago one known as "Joe" lived for three years, and "Sally" has been in the Gardens for five years. These two cases, however, are very conspicuous exceptions, and all interested in the matter will therefore be glad to hear that "Jennie" arrived in good health and spirits, apparently none the worse for her journey. If her owner intends leaving her with the Society, which, as her chances of life are greater under the experienced care she will there receive, it is hoped he will do, the keepers having such a good start may succeed in rearing her. None of the previous specimens have arrived at such a tender age, for "Jennie" cannot be much over eighteen months old, and none of them have possessed such a quaint, old-fashioned face, which is the nearest resemblance to a human countenance which we have yet seen in the animal world. She is very docile and intelligent, likes being petted, cries if she is left alone, and in her playful moments romps about in her cage with the zest of a child. To watch her antics as she climbs about on the bars, or rolls over in play, is quite a fascinating amusement, and the absurd way in which

every now and then she sits down and, deliberately folding her arms, proceeds to pinch her weazen little face into grotesque grimaces at her keeper, is irresistibly comical.

The mother of the tiger cub was shot by Mr. Markham, C. S., in the Bignor district, India, Mr. Ribbentrop, the Inspector-General of Forests, Sir Edward C. Buck, and Mr. Reginald Hurd being the rest of the party. On the previous day the tigress had killed a large panther which, it was supposed, the anxious mother was afraid would attack the cubs. A grand fight must have occurred, for the natives who reported it say the roaring was terrific. Sir Edward Buck secured the cub, which is now about five months old, and it was at first fed entirely on milk out of a bottle, as represented in the engraving. The milk diet proved too rich, and a "committee of doctors" having "sat upon" it, it was decided to bring it up on raw beef juice, on which diet it apparently thrived. It had for some time as its play-fellow a little pariah puppy, which was called "the poor companion." The dog was not in the least afraid of the cub, although the latter often jumped on its play-mate as if about to kill it. The little puppy, however, would drive the aggressor off with a snap and a yap, and showed itself the master. The cub was brought to England by Mr. E. J. Buck, of Dhuriwal, Punjab, in the P. and O. steamer "Bullarat." It is quite tame, and was an immense favorite and pet amongst the passengers, one American gentleman offering a large sum for it. It was first taken to Mr. Buck's house at Clapton, where it played with his children in the garden, and on the 13th inst. was conveyed to the Zoological Gardens.

A WINTER NIGHT'S EXPERIENCE.

"Don't trouble, John. Please God, I'll be better soon."

But the faint labored tones told John Wright that his wife was far from being better. She had often been ill, but he had never known her have such an acute attack of bronchitis as this.

There was no doubt that she ought to have medical help without delay, yet how could he, crippled as he was by rheumatism, walk the two long miles of lonely country road which lay between him and the doctor's house? "If I could get along at all, I should be hours doing it," he said to himself; "and how could I leave her alone so long? She might die whilst I was gone."

It was an hour of sore anxiety. John had never before so realized what it was to be old and poor and friendless, save for the good wife whose life now seemed to hang in the balance. It was Saturday evening. There stood the basket of clean linen which his wife had got up in her best style for the family at the rectory. She had persisted in ironing every article, although she was almost too ill to stand, ere she gave in. The money which would be paid for the washing was badly wanted; but who now would carry home the clothes?

As if he had not enough to bear with his rheumatism, without his wife falling ill too? Was ever man in such a painful position?

"If Ward were anything of a neighbor, he would look me up this cold night," muttered John, forgetting that he had once refused to do Ward a neighborly kindness—a fact which the latter was not likely to forget. What was to be done! He went back to his wife's bedside. Her face was more flushed; her breathing more difficult than ever. She could not speak, but she tried to give him an encouraging smile, and a pathetic attempt it was.

"We walk by faith, not by sight." John had read these words in his Bible earlier in the day, and now they flashed upon his mind with new significance. He had never had more need to exercise faith than now. To sight the outlook was most hopeless; but God would help him, and John prayed as he had never prayed before that God would open a way for him out of this trouble, and cause that his wife should not die for want of food and medicine. When he had prayed new courage came to him.

"I'll try, anyhow," he said to himself; "maybe I can get as far as the rectory."

With this idea he lighted his lantern, and lifting the basket of clothes, though the effort cost him some sharp throbs of pain, he staggered with it to the door of the cottage. But there he was forced to put it down, for the keen north wind took away his breath. The night was pitch dark, but

the light from his lantern gleamed on fallen snow lying in great patches on either side the narrow path. More snow would probably fall before long. It was not a night on which it was safe for a feeble rheumatic man to venture out.

"God help me! God help us both!" cried John Wright as he turned back.

Just then his ear caught the sound of a heavy footstep crunching over the frozen snow. He waited, and the light of his lantern revealed the form of one of Farmer Booth's laborers coming rapidly on some errand to the cottage.

"My master asked me to bring you this pair of rabbits," explained the man; "but, Mr. Wright, you're surely not thinking of going out in this weather?"

"Oh, thank God, thank God you've come!" cried the old man, to his astonishment.

A few hurried questions and answers, and the position of affairs was made clear.

"I'll run for the doctor, I'll fetch him as quickly as any one can," cried the farm servant; "and then I'll come back for the basket of clothes. Don't you worry. Oh, I am glad the master thought of sending me with those rabbits."

Happily, the doctor was at home, and came as fast as his horse could bring him. And though he found John's wife so ill that at first he could hold out little hope of her recovery, his skill was not exerted in vain. John had the joy of seeing his wife restored to health. He will never forget that winter night, and how the Lord sent help to him in answer to his prayer.

"Call upon me in the day of trouble," saith the Lord; "I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me."—*Friendly Greetings.*

TRUTH.

Walter was an important witness in a lawsuit. One of the lawyers, after cross-examining him severely, said:

"Your father has been talking to you and telling you how to testify, hasn't he?"

"Yes," said the boy.

"Now," said the lawyer, "just tell me how your father told you how to testify."

"Well," said the boy, modestly, "father told me the lawyers would try and tangle me in my testimony; but, if I would just be careful and tell the truth, I could tell the same thing every time."

The lawyer didn't try to tangle up that boy any more.—*Selected.*



TIGER CUB FROM INDIA.