

water, and then various deposits rest upon it, brought by the birds and waves. The waves bring many a stray coconut, and in time these grow up and fringe the island with green. Other seeds—both of fruit and flowers, are dropped by passing birds, and so, slowly but surely, the island rises out of the ocean.

It was in such an island, then, that Sambo was born—he had no master—he was a free monkey, and spent his time happily amongst his fellows jumping from tree to tree, and sometimes did unknowingly, a good day's work by sending down coconuts to the natives below—who would stone the monkeys to induce them to return the assault with nuts, and thus save them the trouble of climbing after the fruit.

Master Sambo grew tired of this game after a bit, and leaving the palm grove, he wandered down to the sea-shore.

There was a boat here—a native canoe—altogether a new toy to Sambo, as no natives lived on this island, though sometimes, as to-day, they would come here from the mainland some way off, on a shooting expedition.

Sambo was very inquisitive; he examined the boat thoroughly, sat himself in it, and finding it rocked under him, he was much pleased, and swayed his body to and fro until he had so far moved the boat that it was on dry land no longer, but had slipped down the beach to the sea.

In another minute, and before he quite realized his position, he was in deep water and being rapidly swept out to sea, and—oh, poor Sambo! a large shark is following the canoe, and means evidently to have a good meal off the monkey, who was very fat, a coconut diet having evidently agreed with him.

Sambo, though he had never been to sea before, seemed to know that the fish with the black fin which followed the boat so persistently was no friend to him, and the poor monkey trembled all over, and sprang to the other end of the canoe, tilting it in such an uncomfortable way that nothing but a monkey could have kept his footing. He so far improved his position, however, that he was higher above water, and for the present out of the shark's reach.

But could he hold on? Not much longer, Sambo knew, and he looked anxiously before him, but could only see water everywhere and the black-finned shark, which was never out of his sight, and every minute came a little nearer to the canoe.

Just as Sambo's cramped limbs were giving way from sheer weariness, and the shark was all but sure of its prey—a bump at the back of the boat—where Sambo had never thought of looking—announced that the canoe had drifted on to another island. How thankfully the poor monkey sprang to shore, letting the canoe drift whither it would, with the shark sniffing disappointedly round it.

"I'll never meddle with what does not belong to me again," was no doubt Sambo's reflection as he sprang into a palm grove and was lost to sight.

A very practical resolution for other animals besides monkeys.

"Handsome is That Handsome Does."

I am a tabby cat answering to the name of Tom, but my English birth, which would be the glory of any man or woman, has been to me a great source of trouble. I was once the petted darling of two ladies, who thought nothing

too good for me; every desire of my heart was gratified. I had my meals in the dining-room at the same time as my mistresses, who would choose the nicest morsels off their own plates to put into my saucer. Alas for me! these joys soon came to an end. One day a large Persian cat arrived as a present to the family. Such a cat had never been seen before. Its hair was thick and long, a handsome ruff was round its neck, and its tail! my tongue cannot describe the beauty of that appendage. I felt a cold shudder run down me when I saw that creature seated on the table and all the household admiring it. "What fur, what a tail!" said one. "Did you ever see such splendid eyes?" said another. No one vouchsafed so much as a glance at me, who hitherto had been the centre of all the notice and admiration. Even the servants joined in the universal homage. My basket was immediately presented to the new darling. "Old Tom can manage very well on the rug," one heartless person observed. At this point I could restrain my feelings no longer. "No one cares what becomes of me, so I may as well take myself off," I said to myself, and marched out of the room.

My life was now indeed a changed one; I was no longer summoned into the drawing-room to be admired by some visitor. No, Rajah, as the stranger was called, alone was sent for. "How could we have put up with such a wretched animal as Tom, when there are such handsome creatures as this dear pussy in the world?" I overheard one of my mistresses say. "This aristocratic cat is an ornament to any room. Tom had his virtues, but they certainly did not lie in the direction of beauty." Is it possible, thought I to myself, that there can be such a difference between us, are we not both cats? And I trotted off to the spare room, where the looking-glass was within my reach, and surveyed myself therein. Yes, it is true, we were utterly different; my fur was certainly very short and wretched compared with Rajah's; my eyes were a brilliant green; his were a soft yellow. My mistresses were after all only speaking the truth.

With my tail between my legs, I slunk out of the room, downstairs to the kitchen, where, to my surprise, I met with a greeting from the cook, so warm as to remind me of old times.

"Well, Thomas," she said, "you have had your nose put a little out of



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joint lately—it is rather a shame, is it not? For that creature, though he may be handsome, has not half your honesty; why, I daren't leave him alone in the kitchen for a moment but what his nose is in the cream-jug. Now, Tom, you were always a different sort of creature. I would trust you with twenty cream-jugs, though you haven't long fur and yellow eyes. No, 'handsome is as handsome does,' say I, and I'll not have that Rajah in the kitchen more than I can help; and I am sure missis will soon get tired of him when she finds out his tricks, and then your turn will come again, Tom; till then you just stay here with me." So saying, she filled a box with straw and put it in the chimney-corner for me.

I felt much flattered; here was somebody who was glad to see me in spite of my ugliness. I purred with pleasure, and rubbed myself against cook's legs, feeling that after all the kitchen was the place for scraps, and it did pay better, in the end, to be honest than merely to be beautiful.

## "Our Baby Boy."

Since he made our house his home, Neither of us care to roam. Baby reigns, supreme, alone, And our hearts are Baby's throne; Now whatever else is done, Baby's wants stand number one: And his ser vice is our joy; Precious, darling Baby Boy!

Only lately come to town, All our other joys to crown. Gentle as a cooing dove, Beauty, innocence and love All in harmony combine, All in quiet lustre shine. Father's pride and mother's joy; Darling, winsome Baby Boy!