

especially with the ourangs, chimpanzees, spider monkeys, and other rare and costly specimens.

There is not the slightest suspicion of any parasites, or of any unpleasant smell, about Sussey or "the Hag." They have two cages,—a day-cage and a night-cage. The day-cage is a large wire cage, with a rope on which they can swing; the night-cage is like a dormouse-cage, only, of course, of a larger size. They go into the box at the end, and tumble themselves up in the hay with which the box is nearly filled. A cover is also put over the cage, to keep them warm all night.

The moment the fire is lighted in the morning in my museum, the servant puts the monkeys in their night-cage before it, and directly I come down to breakfast I let them out. They are only allowed to be loose in my museum, as they do so much mischief, and in my museum I alone am responsible for the mischief they do. The moment the door of the cage is opened, they both rush out like rockets, and "the Hag" goes immediately to the fender and warms herself, like a good monkey, as she, being older, seems to know that if she misbehaves herself she will have to be put back into her cage. Sussey, on the contrary, rushes round the room with the velocity of a swallow, and takes observations as to what mischief she can do. The first part of her day's work is to steal the sugar, and, if possible, upset the sugar-basin on to the floor, in order that in the general scramble she may get more lumps than by the regulation progress of stealing a lump at a time. I have had so many sugar-basins broken, that I now use the commonest one I can buy, of thick glass, and at the present moment the foot is broken away even from this. If Sussey cannot upset the basin with her paws, she will kick at it with her hind legs as she tries to escape me when I offer to catch her.

Having poured out the tea, I open the *Times* newspaper quite wide, to take a general survey of its contents. If I do not watch her carefully, Sussey goes behind the chair on to the book-shelf, and comes crash, with Léotard-like jump, into the middle of the *Times*—like a fox-hunter charging at a five-barred gate. Of course, she cannot go through the *Times*, but she takes her chance of a fall somewhere, and her great aim seems to be to perform the double feat of knocking the *Times* out of my hand and upsetting the teacup and its contents, or, better still, the teapot, on to the floor. Lately, I am glad to say, she did not calcu-

late her fall right, but she put her foot into the hot tea and stung herself smartly, and this seems to have had the effect of making her more careful for the future. All the day of this misfortune she walked upon her heels, and not upon her toes as usual.

"The Hag" will also steal, but this in a more quiet manner. She is especially fond of sardines in oil, and I generally let her steal them, because the oil does her good, though the servants complain of the marks of her oily feet upon the cloth. Sometimes the two make up a "stealing party." A few mornings since I was in a particular hurry, having to go away on duty by train. I left the breakfast things for a moment, and in an instant Sussey snatched up a broiled leg of pheasant and bolted with it, —carried it under her arm round and round the room, after the fashion of the clown in the pantomime. While I was hunting Sussey for my pheasant, the Hag bolted with the toast; either of the thieves I could not find time to catch, and had to ring for more breakfast.

It is extraordinary to see the love between these two pretty beasts. Little Sussey runs directly to the Hag if she is in trouble, and the Hag seems to know Sussey is the weakest, and must be protected.

In a great measure, Sussey owes her life to the Hag, for when she was very ill, the Hag nursed her like a mother does a baby; but, at the same time, the Hag gives her a thrashing every now and then to keep her in order; and this castigation consists in hunting her round the cage, and making a scolding noise. If the Hag is in earnest, Sussey hides her head in the hay, and waits till the Hag's temper is over.

The mischief this bright pair do, or are said to do, is appalling. Anyhow, I have tremendous long "monkey's bills" brought up to me for immediate payment, once or twice a week. The damages claimed are for destruction and injury to flowers, bugles and beads, torn off bonnets,—sometimes whole bonnets, alas!—pins broken from brooches; ornaments, etc. taken from tables and cannot be found, teacups, saucers, plates and dishes without end; tumblers innumerable, etc., etc. After they have by any chance escaped into the bedroom, and had ten minutes there all to themselves, the bill will rival that for the Abyssinian expedition.

It is, moreover, very difficult to catch them in the drawing-room, or bedroom, because, if hunted, they run over the mantelpiece and side-tables, and knock over the ornaments like skittle-balls, and no amount