

and come over here. Be easy. Confound it, don't make so much noise."

"Say, this is getting mighty serious, Harve." Brown looked at the bundle on the bed as if it were an infernal machine set and with the clock work still going. "Where—where did you get it? Of course you only borrowed it for a few moments for a joke. The mother of it is right round here somewhere." He looked around the room apprehensively, as if expecting to see a matronly form lurking in some of the corners.

"No, Brown, it's ours. I've adopted it. There's no backing out," and there was an awed tone in his voice.

"You're crazy, you're stark mad, Harve! Oh, my gracious!"

"The child began to scream and kick lustily. It was a finely developed baby, apparently about a year old. It was clean and well-dressed. Its head was well-shaped, and its face gave evidence of intelligent ancestors. It had evidently cried until it was completely exhausted."

"Is it—ah—weaned?" asked Brown, after an awkward pause.

"Dunno."

"Look here, didn't you ask them what to feed it on and how to take care of it, or are you a derved idiot?"

"Confound it, Brown, to tell the truth I had to lie infernally before they would let me even look at the child. Said my wife had just lost one of that age and was prostrate with grief. I told such a pitiful tale that the good old matron actually shed tears."

Brown gave a prolonged whistle.

"After I had answered questions for two straight hours and given references to sixty-five ministers they let me have it. But it came hard. It seems that asylums don't farm out their babies to everyone who comes along. I—what in thunder's that?"

A fearful shrieking and chattering was heard from the adjoining room. Both men sprang to the door, and opening it, found the two monkeys engaged in mortal combat. Before they could be separated the smaller one had been badly lacerated. To add to the confusion the baby began a series of terrifying shrieks and the Irish chambermaid in the adjoining tenement commenced to