

"Might get a deaf and dumb nurse," suggested Brown.

"Capital, if we could afford it, but we aren't millionaires, and then I suppose it would be awkward to have her around, but we can easily take care of the—the—collection ourselves. Nothing could be easier. One or the other of us is here most of the time."

"Why, Harvey, you talk as if you were going to do it."

"I believe I shall, upon my word. The idea thrills me. Can't come any harm from it. Say, let's try it."

"I'll get the monkeys if you'll get the baby—that's fair." Brown had a sly twinkle in his eyes.

"By Jove! it's a bargain. I'll have a baby here inside of three hours, and I shall hold you to your part." Thereupon he seized his hat and left the room.

Brown hesitated for a moment, then followed his companion down the long flights of stairs, but when he had reached the front door Harvey had disappeared in the throng on the street. He still looked on the whole affair as a huge joke, notwithstanding his knowledge of his roommate's eccentricities and his liability to act on the impulse of the moment. More to keep up his end of the joke than anything else, he sought the Italian quarter of the city.

Several hours later he reached the top of the stairs and stopped, perspiring and out of breath before the door of his room. He held on one arm a grave-looking monkey, with a comical rim of whiskers about its face, and on the other a droll little fellow, with sharp, bead-like eyes and an enormously long tail. There was a movement within as he approached the door, and upon entering he found Harvey already there. There was a strange look in his face.

"By George, Harve," he cried, "I never was so glad in my life to get home before. The boys on the street took me for an organ-grinder, and the monkeys acted like the very great merciful! He jumped three feet."

A feeble wail came from the bed. Harvey jerked his finger over his shoulder and said in an awe-stricken way:

"I've got a—one, Brown. Put the monkeys in the room there