THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

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February Prices
—AT—
BICKEL'S

An immense stock of Seasonable Footwear to be closed out in order to reduce our extremely large stock.

Ladies' Fine Shoes.

Ladies' $1.25 fur trimmed felt slippers	$ 75
Ladies' $1 50 fine Dongola patent tip shoes	1 00
Ladies' 75c felt slippers	35
Ladies' $1.00 fine Jersey leggins	50
Ladies' 60c ten button fine Jersey over gaiters	40
Children's 75c fine Jersey leggins	35
Children's 85c fine patent leather shoes	55
Children's 75c fine Dongola shoes, spring heels	45
Infants' 35c fine shoes, many styles to select from	18
One lot Misses' fine shoes	75
One lot Ladies' fine slippers	50
Ladies' Lamb-wool soles	15

Men's Fine Shoes.

Men's $1 50 fine satin-calf shoes	$1 00
Boy's $1.25 fine satin-calf shoes	90
Little Gents' $1.00 fine satin calf shoes	70
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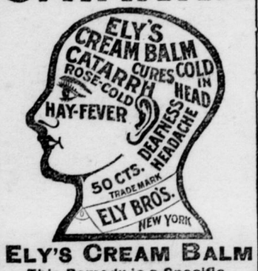

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The Simple Life

By CHARLES WAGNER

Translated From the French by Mary Louise Hendee

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CHAPTER XI.

SIMPLE BEAUTY.

SOME one may protest against the nature of the simple life in the name of aesthetics or oppose to ours the theory of the service of luxury, that providence of business, fostering mother of arts and grace of civilized society. We shall try briefly to anticipate these objections.

It will no doubt have been evident that the spirit which animates these pages is not utilitarian. It would be an error to suppose that the simplicity we seek has anything in common with that which misers impose upon themselves through cupidity or narrow minded people through false austerity. To the former the simple life is the one that costs least; to the latter it is a flat and colorless existence, whose merit lies in depriving oneself of everything bright, smiling, seductive.

It displeases us not a whit that people of large means should put their fortune into circulation instead of hoarding it, so giving life to commerce and the fine arts. That is using one's privileges to good advantage. What we would combat is foolish prodigality, the selfish use of wealth and, above all, the quest of the superfluous on the part of those who have the greatest need of taking thought for the necessary. The lavishness of a Maecenas could not have the same effect in a society as that of a common spendthrift who astonishes his contemporaries by the magnificence of his life and the folly of his waste. In these two cases the same term means very different things. To scatter money broadcast does not say it at all. There are ways of doing it which ennoble men and others which degrade them. Besides, to scatter money supposes that one is well provided with it. When the love of sumptuous living takes possession of those whose means are limited the matter becomes strangely altered. And a very striking characteristic of our time is the rage for scattering broadcast which the very people have who ought to husband their resources. Munificence is a benefit to society; that we grant willingly. Let us even allow that the prodigality of certain rich men is a safety valve for the escape of the superabundant. We shall not attempt to gainsay it. Our contention is that too many people meddle with the safety valve when to practice economy is the part of both their interest and their duty. Their extravagance is a private misfortune and a public danger.

So much for the utility of luxury.

We now wish to explain ourselves upon the question of aesthetics—oh, very modestly and without trespassing on the ground of the specialists. Through a too common illusion simplicity and beauty are considered as rivals. But simple is not synonymous with ugly any more than sumptuous, stylish and costly are synonymous with beautiful. Our eyes are wounded by the crying spectacle of gaudy ornament, venal art and senseless and graceless luxury. Wealth coupled with bad taste sometimes makes us regret that so much money is in circulation to provoke the creation of such a prodigality of horrors. Our contemporary art suffers as much from the want of simplicity as does our literature—too much in it that is irrelevant, overwrought, falsely imagined. Rarely is it given us to contemplate in line, form or color that simplicity allied to perfection which commands the eyes as evidence does the mind. We need to be rebaptized in the ideal purity of immortal beauty which puts its seal on the masterpieces. One shaft of its radiance is worth more than all our pompous exhibitions.

Yet what we now have most at heart is to speak of the ordinary aesthetics of life, of the care one should bestow upon the adornment of his dwelling and his person, giving to existence that luster without which it lacks charm. For it is not a matter of indifference whether man pays attention to these superfluous necessities or whether he does not; it is by them that we know whether he puts soul into his work. Far from considering it as wasteful to give time and thought to the perfecting, beautifying and poetizing of forms, I think we should spend as much as we can upon them. Nature gives us her example, and the man who should affect contempt for the ephemeral splendor of beauty with which we garnish our brief days would lose sight of the intentions of him who has put the same care and love into the painting of the lily of an hour and the eternal hills.

But we must not fall into the gross error of confounding true beauty with that which has only the name. The beauty and poetry of existence lie in the understanding we have of it. Our home, our table, our dress, should be the interpreters of intentions. That these intentions be so expressed it is first necessary to have them, and he who possesses them makes them evident through the simplest means. One need not be rich to give grace and charm to his habit and his habitation. It suffices to have good taste and good will. We come here to a point very important to everybody, but perhaps of more interest to women than to men.

Those who would have women conceal themselves in coarse garments of the shapeless uniformity of bags violate nature in her very heart and misunderstand completely the spirit of things. If dress were only a precaution to shelter us from cold or rain a piece of sacking or the skin of a beast would answer. But it is vastly more than this. Man puts himself entire into all that he does. He transforms into types the things that serve him. The dress is not simply a covering; it is a symbol. I call to witness the rich flowering of national and provincial costumes and those worn by our early corporations. A woman's toilet, too, has something to say to us. The more meaning there is in it the greater its worth. To be truly beautiful it must tell us of beautiful things, things personal and veritable. Spend all the money you possess upon it; if its form is determined by chance or custom, if it has no relation to her who wears it, it is only toggery, a domino. Ultra fashionable dress, which completely masks feminine personality under designs of pure convention, despoils it of its principal attraction. From this abuse it comes about that many things which women admire do as much wrong to their beauty as to the purses of their husbands and fathers. What would you say of a young girl who expressed her thoughts in terms very choice indeed, but taken word for word from a phrase book? What charm could you find in this borrowed language? The effect of toilets well designed in themselves, but seen again and again on all women indiscriminately, is precisely the same.

I cannot resist citing here a passage from Camille Lemonnier that harmonizes with my idea:

"Nature has given to the fingers of woman a charming art, which she knows by instinct and which is peculiarly her own, as silk to the worm and lacework to the swift and subtle spider. She is the poet, the interpreter of her own grace and ingenuousness, the spinner of the mystery in which her wish to please arrays itself. All the talent she expends in her effort to equal man in the other arts is never worth the spirit and conception wrought out through a bit of stuff in her skillful hands.

"Well, I wish that this art were more honored than it is. As education should consist in thinking with one's mind, feeling with one's heart, expressing the little personalities of the inmost, invisible 'I'—which, on the contrary, are repressed, leveled down, by conformity—I would that the young girl in her novitiate of womanhood, the future mother, might early become the little exponent of this art of the toilet—her own dressmaker, in short—she who one day shall make the dresses of her children, but with the taste and the gift to improvise, to express herself in that masterpiece of feminine personality and skill, a gown, without which a woman is no more than a bundle of rags."

The dress you have made for yourself is almost always the most becoming, and, however that may be, it is the one that pleases you most. Women of leisure too often forget this; working women also in city and country alike. Since these last are costumed by dressmakers and milliners in very doubtful imitation of the modish world, grace has almost disappeared from their dress. And has anything more surely the gift to please than the fresh apparition of a young working girl or a daughter of the fields wearing the costume of her country and beautiful from her simplicity alone?

These same reflections might be applied to the fashion of decorating and arranging our houses. If there are toilets which reveal an entire conception of life, hats that are poems, knots of ribbon that are veritable works of art, so there are interiors which after their manner speak to the mind. Why, under pretext of decorating our homes, do we destroy that personal character which always has such value? Why have our sleeping rooms conform to those of hotels, our reception rooms to waiting rooms, by making predominant a uniform type of official beauty?

What a pity to go through the houses of a city, the cities of a country, the countries of a vast continent, and encounter everywhere certain forms identical, inevitable, exasperating by their repetition! How aesthetics would gain by more simplicity! Instead of this luxury in job lots, all these decorations, pretentious, but rapid from iteration, we should have an infinite variety; happy improvisations would strike our eyes, the unexpected in a thousand forms would rejoice our hearts, and we should rediscover the secret of impressing on a drapery or a piece of furniture that stamp of human personality which makes certain antiques priceless.

Let us pass at last to things simpler still; I mean the little details of housekeeping which many young people of our day find so unpoetical. Their contempt for material things, for the humble cares a house demands, arises from a confusion very common, but none the less unfortunate, which comes from the belief that beauty and poetry are within some things, while others lack them; that some occupations are distinguished and agreeable, such as cultivating letters, playing the harp, and that others are menial and disagreeable, like blacking shoes, sweeping and watching the pot boil. Childish error! Neither harp nor broom has anything to do with it. All depends on the hand in which they rest and the spirit that moves it. Poetry is not in things; it is in us. It must be impressed on objects from without, as the sculptor impresses his dream on the marble. If our life and our occupations remain too often without charm in spite of any outward distinction they may have it is because we have not known how to put anything into them. The height of art is to make the inert live and to tame the savage. I would have our young girls apply themselves to the development of the truly feminine art of giving a soul to things which have none. The triumph of woman's charm is in that work. Only a woman knows how to put into a home that indefinable something whose virtue has made the poet say, "The house top rejoices and is glad." They say there are no such things as fairies or that there are fairies no longer, but they know not what they say. The original of the fairies sung by poets was found and is still among those amiable mortals who knead bread with energy, mend rents with cheerfulness, nurse the sick with smiles, put witchery into a ribbon and genius into a stew.

It is indisputable that the culture of the fine arts has something refining about it and that our thoughts and acts are in the end impregnated with that which strikes our eyes. But the exercise of the arts and the contemplation of their products are restricted privileges. It is not given to every one to possess, to comprehend or to create fine things. Yet there is a kind of ministering beauty which may make its way everywhere—the beauty which springs from the hands of our wives and daughters. Without it what is the most richly decorated house? A dead dwelling place. With it the barest home has life and brightness. Among the forces capable of transforming the will and increasing happiness there is perhaps none in more universal use than this beauty. It knows how to shape itself by means of the crudest tools in the midst of the greatest difficulties. When the dwelling is cramped, the purse limited, the table modest, a woman who has the gift finds a way to make order, fitness and convenience reign in her house. She puts care and art into everything she undertakes. To do well what one has to do is not in her eyes the privilege of the rich, but the right of all. That is her aim, and she knows how to give her home a dignity and an attractiveness that the dwellings of princes, if everything is left to mercenaries, cannot possess.

Thus understood life quickly shows itself rich in hidden beauties, in attractions and satisfactions close at hand. To be oneself, to realize in one's natural place the kind of beauty which is fitting there—this is the ideal. How the mission of woman broadens and deepens in significance when it is summed up in this: To put a soul into the inanimate and to give to this gracious spirit of things those subtle and winsome outward manifestations to which the most brutish of human beings is sensible! Is not this better than to covet what one has not and to give oneself up to longings for a poor imitation of others' finery?

CHAPTER XII.

PRIDE AND SIMPLICITY IN THE INTERCOURSE OF MEN.

IT would perhaps be difficult to find a more convincing example than pride to show that the obstacles to a better, stronger, serener life are rather in us than in circumstances. The diversity and, more than that, the contrasts in social conditions give rise inevitably to all sorts of conflicts. Yet, in spite of this, how greatly would social relations be simplified if we put another spirit into mapping out our plan of outward necessities! Be well persuaded that it is not primarily differences of class and occupation, differences in the outward manifestations of their destinies, which embroil men. If such were the case, we should find an idyllic peace reigning among colleagues and all those whose interests and lot are virtually equivalent. On the contrary, as every one knows, the most violent shocks come when equal meets equal, and there is no war worse than civil war. But that which above all things else hinders men from good understanding is pride. It makes a man a hedgehog, wounding every one he touches. Let us speak first of the pride of the great.

What offends me in this rich man passing in his carriage is not his equipage, his dress or the number and splendor of his retinue. It is his contempt. That he possesses a great fortune does not disturb me, unless I am badly disposed. But that he splashes me with mud, drives over my body, shows by his whole attitude that I count for nothing in his eyes because I am not rich, like himself—this is what disturbs me, and righteously. He heaps suffering upon me needlessly. He humiliates and insults me gratuitously. It is not what is vulgar within me, but what is noblest, that asserts itself in the face of this offensive pride. Do not accuse me of envy. I feel none. It is my manhood that is wounded. We need not search far to illustrate these ideas. Every man of any acquaintance with life has had numerous experiences which will justify our dictum in his eyes.

In certain communities devoted to material interests the pride of wealth dominates to such a degree that men are quoted like values in the stock market. The esteem in which a man is held is proportionate to the contents of his strong box. Here "society" is made up of big fortunes, the middle class of medium fortunes. Then come people who have little, then those who have nothing. All intercourse is regulated by this principle. And the relatively rich man who has shown his disdain for those less opulent is crushed in turn by the contempt of his superiors in fortune. So the madness of comparison rages from the summit to the base. Such an atmosphere is ready to perfection for the nurture of the worst feeling. Yet it is not wealth, but the spirit of the wealthy, that must be arraigned.

Many rich men are free from this gross conception—especially is this true of those who from father to son are accustomed to ease—yet they sometimes forget that there is a certain delicacy in not making contrasts too marked. Suppose there is no wrong in enjoying a large superfluity, is it indispensable to display it, to wound the eyes of those who lack necessities, to flaunt one's magnificence at the doors of poverty? Good taste and a sort of modesty always hinder a well man from talking of his fine appetite, his sound sleep, his exuberance of spirits, in the presence of one dying of consumption. Many of the rich do not exercise this tact and so are greatly wanting in pity and discretion. Are they not unreasonable to complain of envy after having done everything to provoke it?

But the greatest lack is that want of discernment which leads men to ground their pride in their fortune. To begin with, it is a childish confusion of thought to consider wealth as a personal quality. It would be hard to find a more ingenuous fashion of deceiving oneself as to the relative value of the container and the thing contained. I have no wish to dwell on this question. It is too painful. And yet one cannot resist saying to those concerned: "Take care; do not confound what you possess with what you are. Go learn to know the underside of worldly splendor, that you may feel its moral misery and its puerility." The traps pride sets for us are too ridiculous. We should distrust association with a thing that makes us hateful to our neighbors and robs us of clearness of vision.

He who yields to the pride of riches forgets this other point, the most important of all, that possession is a public trust. Without doubt individual wealth is as legitimate as individual existence and liberty. These things are inseparable, and it is a dream pregnant with dangers that offers battle to such fundamentals of life. But the individual touches society at every point, and all he does should be done with the whole in view. Possession, then, is less a privilege of which to be proud than a charge whose gravity should be felt. As there is an apprenticeship, often very difficult to serve, for the exercise of every social office, so this profession we call wealth demands an apprenticeship. To know how to be rich is an art, and one of the least easy of arts to master. Most people, rich and poor alike, imagine that in opulence one has nothing to do but to take life easy. That is why so few men know how to be rich. In the hands of too many wealth, according to the genial and redoubtable comparison of Luther, is like a harp in the hoofs of an ass. They have no idea of the manner of its use.

So when we encounter a man at once rich and simple—that is to say, who considers his wealth as a means of fulfilling his mission in the world—we should offer him our homage, for he is surely mark worthy. He has surmounted obstacles, borne trials and triumphed in temptations, both gross and subtle. He does not fail to discriminate between the contents of his pocketbook and the contents of his head or heart, and he does not estimate his fellow men in figures. His exceptional position, instead of exalting him, makes him humble, for he is very sensible of how far he falls short of reaching the level of his duty. He has remained a man. That says it all. He is accessible, helpful and far from making of his wealth a barrier to separate him from other men; he makes it a means for coming nearer and nearer to them. Although the profession of riches has been so dishonored by the selfish and the proud, such a man as this always makes his worth felt by every one not devoid of a sense of justice. Each of us who comes in contact with him and sees him live is forced to look within and ask himself the question, "What would become of me in such a situation—should I keep this modesty, this naturalness, this uprightness which uses its own as though it belonged to others?" So long as there is a human society in the world, so long as there are bitterly conflicting interests, so long as envy and egoism exist on the earth, nothing will be worthier of honor than wealth permeated by the spirit of simplicity. And it will do more than make itself forgiven; it will make itself beloved.

More dangerous than pride inspired by wealth is that inspired by power, and I mean by the word every prerogative that one man has over another, be it unlimited or restricted. I see no means of preventing the existence in the world of men of unequal authority. Every organism supposes a hierarchy of powers; we shall never escape from that law. But I fear that if the love of power is so widespread the spirit of power is almost impossible to find. From wrong understanding and misuse of it those who keep even a fraction of authority almost everywhere succeed in compromising it.

Power exercises a great influence over him who holds it. A head must be very well balanced not to be disturbed by it. The sort of dementia which took possession of the Roman emperors in the time of their world-wide rule is a universal malady whose symptoms belong to all times. In every man there sleeps a tyrant, awaiting only a favorable occasion for waking. Now, the tyrant is the worst enemy of authority, because he furnishes us its intolerable caricature, whence come a multitude of social complications, collisions and hatreds. Every man who says to those dependent on him, "Do this because it is my will and pleasure," does ill. There is within each one of us something that invites us to resist personal power, and this something is very respectable, for at bottom we are equal, and there is no one who has the right to exact obedience from me because he is he and I am I. If he does so his command degrades me, and I have no right to suffer myself to be degraded.

One must have lived in schools, in workshops, in the army, in government offices, he must have closely followed the relations between masters and servants, have observed a little everywhere where the supremacy of man exercises itself over man, to form any idea of the injury done by those who use power arrogantly. Of every free soul they make a slave soul, which is to say the soul of a rebel. And it appears that this result, with its social disaster, is most certain when he who commands is least removed from the station of him who obeys. The most implacable tyrant is the tyrant himself under authority. Foremen and overseers put more violence into their dealings than superintendents and employers. The corporal is generally harsher than the colonel. In certain families where madam has not much more education than her maid the relations between them are those of the convict and his warder. And woe everywhere to him who falls into the hands of a subaltern drunk with his authority!

We forget that the first duty of him who exercises power is humility. Haughtiness is not authority. It is not we who are the law; the law is over our heads. We only interpret it, but to make it valid in the eyes of others we must first be subject to it ourselves. To command and to obey in the society of men are, after all, but two forms of the same virtue—voluntary servitude. If you are not obeyed, it is generally because you have not yourself obeyed first.

The secret of moral ascendency rests with those who rule with simplicity. They soften by the spirit the harshness of the fact. Their authority is not in shoulder straps, titles or disciplinary measures. They make use of neither ferule nor threats, yet they achieve everything. Why? Because we feel that they are themselves ready for everything. That which confers upon a man the right to demand of another the sacrifice of his time, his money, his passions, even his life, is not only that he is resolved upon all these sacrifices himself, but that he has made them in advance. In the command of a man animated by this spirit of renunciation there is a mysterious force which communicates itself to him who is to obey and helps him do his duty.

In all the provinces of human activity there are chiefs who inspire, strengthen, magnetize their soldiers; under their direction the troops do prodigies. With them one feels himself capable of any effort, ready to go through fire, as the saying has it, and if he goes it is with enthusiasm.

But the pride of the exalted is not the only pride; there is also the pride of the humble—this arrogance of underlings, it pendant to that of the great. The root of these two prides is the same. It is not alone that lofty and imperious being, the man who says, "I am the law," that provokes insurrection by his very attitude; it is also that pigheaded subaltern who will not admit that there is anything beyond his knowledge.

There are really many people who find all superiority irritating. For them every piece of advice is an offense, every criticism an imposition, every order an outrage on their liberty. They would not know how to submit to rule. To respect anything or anybody would seem to them a mental aberration. They say to people after their fashion, "Beyond us there is nothing."

To the family of the proud belong also those difficult and supersensitive people who in humble life find that their superiors never do them fitting honor, whom the best and most kindly do not succeed in satisfying and who go about their duties with the air of a martyr. At bottom these disaffected minds have too much misplaced self respect. They do not know how to fill their place simply, but complicate their life and that of others by unreasonable demands and morbid suspicions.

When one takes the trouble to study men at short range he is surprised to find that pride has so many lurking places among those who are by common consent called the humble. So powerful is this vice that it arrives at forming round those who live in the most modest circumstances a wall which isolates them from their neighbors. There they are, intrenched, barricaded with their ambitions and their contempts, as inaccessible as the powerful of earth behind their aristocratic prejudices. Obscure or illustrious, pride wraps itself in its dark royalty of enmity to the human race. It is the same in misery and in high places—solitary and impotent, on guard against everybody, embroiling everything. And the last word about it is always this: If there is so much hostility and hatred between different classes of men it is due less to exterior conditions than to an interior fatality. Conflicting interests and differences of situation dig ditches between us, it is true, but pride transforms the ditches into gulfs, and in reality it is pride alone which cries from brink to brink, "There is nothing in common between you and us!"

We have not finished with pride, but it is impossible to picture it under all its forms. I feel most resentful against it when it meddles with knowledge and appropriates that. We owe our knowledge to our fellows, as we do our riches and power. It is a social force which ought to be of service to everybody, and it can only be so when those who know remain sympathetically near to those who know not. When knowledge is turned into a tool for ambition it destroys itself.

And what shall we say of the pride of good men? For it exists and makes even virtue hateful. The just who repent them of the evil others do remain in brotherhood and social rectitude. But the just who despise others for their faults and misdeeds cut themselves off from humanity, and their goodness, descended to the rank of an ornament for their vanity, becomes like those riches which kindness does not inform, like authority untempered by the spirit of obedience. Like proud wealth and arrogant power, supercilious virtue also is detestable. It fosters in man traits and an attitude provocative of I know not what. The light of it repels instead of attracting, and those whom it deigns to distinguish with its benefits feel as though they had been slapped in the face.

To resume and conclude, it is an error to think that our advantages, whatever they are, should be put to the service of our vanity. Each of them constitutes for him who enjoys it an obligation and not a reason for vainglory. Material wealth, power, knowledge, gifts of the heart and mind, become so much cause for discord when they serve to nourish pride. They remain beneficent only so long as they are the source of modesty in those who possess them.

Let us be humble if we have great possessions, for that proves that we are great debtors. All that a man has he owes to some one, and are we sure of being able to pay our debts?

Let us be humble if we sit in high places and hold the fate of others in our hands, for no clear sighted man can fail to be sensible of unfitness for so grave a role.

Let us be humble if we have much knowledge, for it only serves to better show the vastness of the unknown, and to compare the little we have discovered for ourselves with the amplitude of that which we owe to the pains of others.

And, above all, let us be humble if we are virtuous, since no one should be more sensible of his defects than he whose conscience is illumined, and since he, more than any one else, should feel the need of charity toward evil doers, even of suffering in their stead.

"And what about the necessary distinctions in life?" some one may ask. "As a result of your simplifications are you not going to destroy that sense of the difference between men which must be maintained if society exists at all?"

I have no mind to suppress distinctions and differences, but I think that what distinguishes a man is not found in his social rank, his occupation, his dress or his fortune, but solely in himself. More than any other, our own age has pricked the vain bubble of purely outward greatness. To be somebody at present it does not suffice to wear the mantle of an emperor or a royal crown. What honor is there in wielding power through gold lace, a coat of arms or a ribbon? Not that visible signs are to be despised—they have their meaning and use—but on condition that they cover something and not a vacuum. The moment they cease to stand for realities they become useless and dangerous. The only true distinction is superior worth. If you would have social rank duly respected you must begin by being worthy of the rank that is your own; otherwise you help to bring it into hatred and contempt. It is, unhappily, too true that respect is diminishing among us, and it certainly is not from a lack of lines drawn round those who wish to be respected. The root of the evil is in the mistaken idea that high station exempts him who holds it from observing the common obligations of life. As we rise we believe that we free ourselves from the law, forgetting that the spirit of obedience and humility should grow with our possessions and power. So it comes about that those who demand the most homage make the least effort to merit the homage they demand. This is why respect is diminishing.

The sole distinction necessary is the wish to become better. The man who strives to be better becomes more humble, more approachable, more friendly even with those who owe him allegiance, but as he gains by being better known he loses nothing in distinction, and he reaps the more respect in that he has sown the less pride.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Wild Dogs of Africa.

Of the wild dog of central Africa an explorer writes: "The wild dog is common enough. He is an ugly looking beast, with a pied body, coarse hair, short head and large, upright ears. These wild dogs play fearful havoc with game, occasionally clearing out whole districts precisely in the same manner as the red dhole of India, before which even the tiger is said to retreat. They have a wonderful power of scent, wonderful boldness, endurance and pertinacity, and their loose, easy gallop covers the ground far more quickly than it appears to do. They usually hunt in considerable packs, although I have sometimes met them in threes and fours. I have never heard of wild dogs actually attacking man, but they often behave as if on the point of doing so, and unarmed travelers have been literally treed by them before now."

A Monkey Detective.

A monkey brought a criminal to justice at Singapore some time ago. A native with a little boy, a bear and a monkey traveled lately through several villages in the Straits Settlements and made a good sum of money by his animals' tricks. One day he was found with his throat cut, the boy and the bear lying murdered close by, while the monkey had escaped up a tree. The bodies, with the monkey, were being taken to the police station when the monkey suddenly rushed at a man in the crowd, seized his leg and would not let go. The man seemed so alarmed and anxious to get away that the police became suspicious and searched him, with the result of finding part of the money belonging to the murdered native. The balance was discovered at his house.