

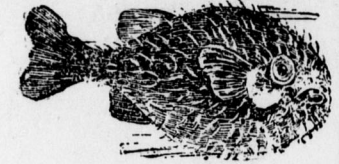
PETS FROM THE PHILIPPINES



A Kalong bat.
Dr. Felix L. Oswald

The Island of Luzon has been called the "Pearl of the Philippines," and, like Cuba, is a marvel of scenic charm and productiveness. The two islands enjoy the same climate of perpetual summer, their mountain ranges are almost exactly of the same average height, and are clothed by their very summits with evergreen forests.

In the coast hills of Luzon the dawn



PORCUPINE FISH.

of day is heralded by the multitudinous screams of little monkeys. Tree cats occasionally raid the top branches and give the monkeys some reason for screaming. The hills echo the bay of wild dogs; wild pigs rustle about the jungle, and jackals prowl along the beach in quest of sea spoil. There are three varieties of deer in the uplands, and all sorts of curious rodents can be trapped in the Sierras.

As a consequence the cities of the Philippines swarm with pets, and the supply is beginning to overflow into the zoological curiosity shops of the seaport towns of the United States. The Luzon contributions chiefly represent the tribe of the macaques (pronounced makaks).

Luzon exports a mischievous rock-bat, and the ringed lemur, a sort of night-monkey, with owl eyes and a bush tail that can be made to encircle his neck like a shawl. The sudden opening of those big eyes has a weird effect; but their owner is a comparatively harmless Filipino, and needs not much persuasion to nestle in the overcoat pocket of his protector. If, moreover, that pocket should happen to be furnished with handkerchiefs, he will wrap himself up like a pet gray squirrel, and express his delight in a curious chuckle.

But at about 6 or 8 o'clock in the



WINGED LEMUR—A COMPARATIVELY HARMLESS FILIPINO.

evening, according to the season of the year, the Lemur torquatus wakes up and begins to explore his boarding house; cautiously at first, then in wider and wider leaps, taking jumps of ten or twelve feet without ever miscalculating his distance by a hairbreadth.



A REPRESENTATIVE OF THE TRIBE OF THE MACAQUES.

He will hop on his master's knee, down again, and up on an armchair; there he will crouch for a moment with a quivering bush tail, then double up for a spring and land on a bookshelf at the opposite end of the room, or on his own cage, but never on the lamp. He inspected that the moment it was brought in, and touched the chimney long enough to satisfy himself that it had better be admired from a distance. "Mono bruxo"—"ghost monkey"—the Filipinos call him. He never appears in the daytime, and would he but be quiet in his nest in a hollow branch, his existence would never be suspected. But curiosity is apt to get the better of his discretion, and if a hunter strikes his nest tree with an axe, a black face with a pair of still blacker eyes will

peep down from a knothole to inquire the cause of the disturbance.

The hunter then marks the tree, and an hour later returns with a bag and a forked stick. Master Torquatus has gone to sleep by that time, and is roused when the fork gets a good hitch in his fur and twists him out of his dormitory.

A bushy-tailed and extremely wide-awake islander is the Luzon dwarf fox, which is often caught in the Sierras and caged as we would cage a gopher or weasel. "Perrito" means literally "doggy," and there is really something puppyish about the appearance of the young hill foxes, but their ears soon get too sharp to leave a doubt about their affinity.

The perrito is a true fox, although not nearly as heavy as a Kentucky fox-squirrel, and quite able to live on a vegetable diet. He will eat bread, berries and grapes, and the Filipinos even get him used to boiled rice, flavored with a few drops of oil; but the instincts of his species revive if he is turned loose in a room enlivened by scampering rodents.

A nursing perrita hides her whelps as best she can, bundling them away in the darkest corner of an old cracker-box, or even in the lee of a jack-boot. A week after they have their eyes open the pretty little animals will venture out of their own accord, have a leaping match after a cockroach or grasshopper, or roll about on the floor, pawing one another like playful kittens.

As the days go by they become more enterprising, and contrive to scrape a gopher out of his wire trap without waiting for the assistance of their keeper. In default of other fun, they will tiptoe their way to the stove, where a Newfoundland puppy lies snoring on his rug. For a minute or longer they will stand, closely watching the young giant; then they will crouch down and approach with a catlike wriggle, until one of them touches the sleeper. Upon that all will scamper back, frightened at their own boldness.

The Luzon kalong bat, with his enormous skin wings folded, is hardly as

twenty different species, besides a variety of pretty parakeets, including the "spike-tail," a grayish green pet with a passion for nest-building, and ready to begin operations at short notice. A swarm let loose in a vacant room, with a row of nest-boxes, will waste one day fighting for building lots, and after that they will almost forget eating and drinking in their eagerness to forage for material.

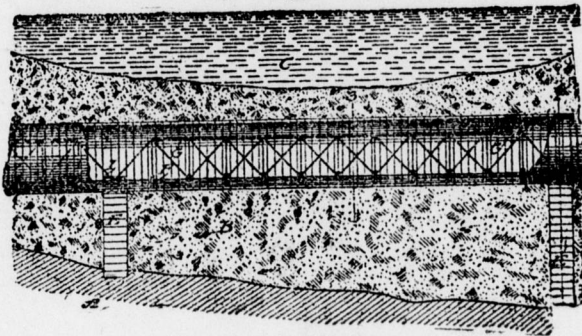
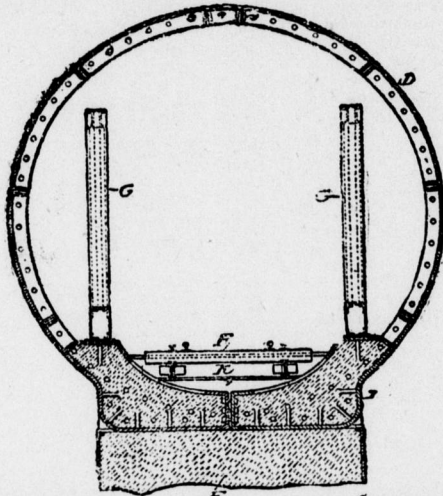
Ready-made nests would spoil half their fun, and they are never happier than in a tussle with an old cotton bedquilt or a little bale of hay. Plucking out shreds of bedding, a billful at a time, is just what suits their idea of a picnic, and they never stop screeching while daylight lasts.

They are about the most restless of all feathered creatures, but in the matter of noisiness they are far surpassed by another feathered Filipino—the great hornbill, a creature with a head a foot and a half long, and a voice that has been described as something be-

Plan For a Tunnel Under the Hudson.

Charles M. Jacobs, the consulting engineer of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, has devised a new system for the construction of tunnels through silt and other loose materials naturally ill adapted for such structures. In the Scientific American this is said of his device:

"In driving tunnels through the ordinary run of material, such as solid rock, loose rock, cement, gravel or hardpan, it is sufficient either, as in the case of solid rock, to make an excavation larger than the gauge required by traffic and line the excavation with masonry or concrete, or, as in the system so largely adopted in London tunnels, a metallic tube may be driven



(From the Scientific American.)

BRIDGE TUNNEL SYSTEM PROPOSED FOR PENNSYLVANIA ROAD.

Tunnel tube is carried through soft bottom on piers, avoiding steep grades, which boring through solid rock would require. Upper diagram is cross section of tube, showing interior bridge girders.

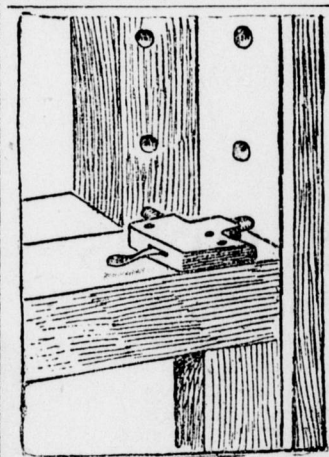
tween the bray of a donkey and the screech of a locomotive.

Captive hornbills are rather subdued, perhaps because their keepers have learned the trick of drowning every screech with a dash of cold water.—Ycuth's Companion.

VENTILATING SASH LOCK.

Catch Which Holds the Window Frame at Any Point.

In nearly all the sash catches now in use the device is operative only when the sashes are entirely up and down. An improvement in these is that invented by Homer F. Livermore, which is shown in the accompanying cut. Instead of being placed in the middle



NEW WINDOW SASH LOCK.

and top of the sash it is fastened at the top, but at the left-hand side. It has two bolts, one engaging in the upper sash and the other in the window frame. Holes may be bored at suitable points in the upper sash and in the window frame, and by this means either sash may be lowered or raised and locked fast in that position.

Located.

No matter how widely some people travel, they remain provincial, and hold the village they live in as the starting-point of all knowledge. A private soldier once introduced himself to Lincoln as the brother of the man who gave the Fourth of July oration in Topeka. An Andover clergyman is said to have fixed the town he hailed from with equal precision.

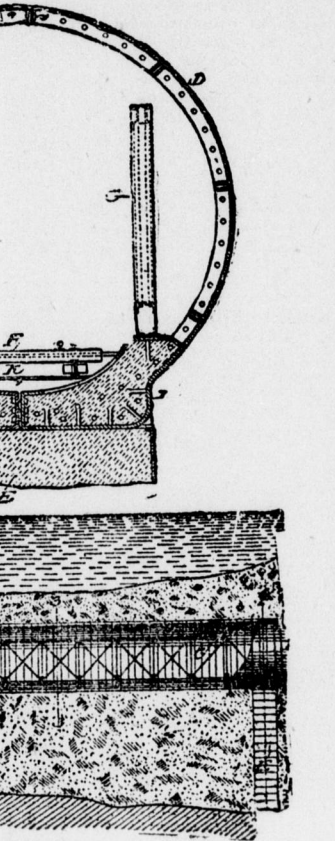
He was present at a gathering of noted scholars and professors in Berlin. A distinguished German philologist, just introduced to him, asked what part of America he came from.

"Andover," said the clergyman, with proud confidence.

"Eh? Where is Andover?"

"Next to Tewksbury," replied the American.

It is harder to remember a virtue than a fault.



A Chimney on Stilts.

On the road between Bowling Green and Auburn, Ky., a few miles from the latter town, is a cabin with the chimney built of a novel and economic style of architecture.

Heavy wooden stilts, with a platform

on top, support the chimney proper, which is merely a pile of bricks a few feet in height. Directly under it is a small window.

The house has the appearance of having been built without a chimney and then having had one stuck on it in the most convenient spot.

There is one physician in the present United States Senate and four physicians in the present House of Representatives. There is one clergyman in the present House of Representatives.

My hearers, if we secure the present and everlasting welfare of our children, most other things belonging to us are of but little comparative importance. Alexander the Great allowed his soldiers to take their families with them to war, and he accounted for the bravery of his men by the fact that many of them were born in camp and were used to warlike scenes from the start. Would God that all the children of our day might be born into the army of the Lord!

But we all need the protecting wing. If you had known when you entered upon manhood or womanhood what was ahead of you, would you have dared to undertake life? How much you have seen through! With most life has been a disappointment. They tell me so. They have not attained that which they expected to attain. They have not had the physical and mental vigor they expected or they have met with rebuffs which they did not anticipate. You are not at forty or fifty or sixty or seventy or eighty years of age where you thought you would be. I do not know any one except myself to whom life has been a happy surprise. I never expected anything, and so when anything came I was not prepared for it. A favor or comfortable position or widening field of work it was to me a surprise. I was told in the theological seminary by some of my fellow students that I never would get anybody to hear me preach unless I changed my subject. That when I found that some people did come to hear me it was a happy surprise. But most people, according to their own statement, have found life a disappointment. Indeed, we all need shelter from its tempests.

The wings of my text suggest warmth, and that is what most folks want. The fact is that this is a cold world whether you take it literally or figuratively. We have a big fire called the sun, and it has a very hot fire, and the stokers keep the coals well stirred up, but much of the year we cannot get near enough to this fire to get warmed. This world's extremities are cold all the time. Forget not that it is colder at the South Pole than at the North Pole, and that the Arctic is not so destructive as the Antarctic. Once in awhile the Arctic will let explorers come back, but the Antarctic hardly ever. When at the South Pole a ship sails in, the door of ice is almost sure to be shut against its return. So life to many millions of people at the south and many millions of people at the north is a prolonged shiver.

But when I say that this is a cold world I chiefly mean figuratively. If you want to know what is the meaning of the ordinary term of receiving the "cold shoulder," get out of money and try to borrow. The conversation may have been almost tropical for luxuriance of thought and speech, but suggest your necessities and see the thermometer drop to fifty degrees below zero, and in that which till a moment before had been a warm room. Take what is an unpopular position on some public question and see your friends fly as chaff before a windmill. As far as myself is concerned, I have no word of complaint. But I look of way by way and see communities freezing out men and women of whom the world is not worthy. Now it takes after one and now after another. It becomes popular to depreciate and defame and execrate and lie about some people. This is the best world I ever got into, that it is the meanest world that some people have ever lived in. The thing that ever happened to them was their cradle, and the best thing that will ever happen to them will be their grave.

Thus at sundown, lovingly, safely, completely, the hen broods her young. So, if we are the Lord's, the evening of our life will come. The heat of the day will have passed. There will be shadows, and we cannot see as far. The work of life will be about ended. The hawks of temptation that hovered in the sky will have gone to the woods and folded their wings. Sweet silences will come. The air will be redolent with the breath of whole arbors of promises sweeter than jasmine or evening primrose. The air may be a little chill, but Christ will call us, and we will know the voice and heed the call, and we will come under the wings for the night, the strong wings, the soft wings, the warm wings, and without fear and in full sense of safety, and then we will rest from sundown to sunrise, "as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wing."

My text has its strongest application for people who were born in the country, wherever you may now live, and that is the majority of you. You cannot hear my text without having all the rustic scenes of the old farmhouse come back to you. Good old days, you have seen and knew nothing much of the world, for you had not seen the world. By law of association you cannot recall the brooding hen and her chickens without seeing also the barn and the haymow and the wagon shed and the house and the room where you played and the fire with its crackling log before which you and the neighbors and the burial and the wedding and the deep snowbanks, and hear the village bell that called you to worship and seeing the horses which, after pulling you to church, stood around the old clapped-out meeting house, and those who sat at either end of the church pew and saw all the scenes of your first fourteen years, and you think of what you were then and of what you are now and all these thoughts are aroused by the sight of the old hen-coop. Some of you had better go back and start again. In thought return to that place and hear the cluck and see the outspread feet, the wings under the wing and make the Lord your portion and shelter and warmth, preparing for everything that may come, and so avoid being classed among those described by the closing words of my text, "as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wing, and ye would not be able to throw the responsibility upon us." "Ye would not." "Aha, for the 'would nots!' If the wandering broods of the farm heed not their mother's call and risk the hawk and dare the feshet and expose themselves to the frost and storm, surely their calamities are not the mother's fault. They would not!" God would, but how many would not?

When a good man asked a young woman who had abandoned her home and who was deploring her wretchedness why she did not return, the reply was: "I dare not go home. My father is so provoked against me that he will not receive me." "Then," said the Christian man, "I will test this." And so he wrote to the father, and the reply came back, and in a letter marked outside "Immediate" and inside saying, "Let her come at once; all is forgiven." So God's invitation for you is marked "Immediate" on the outside, and inside it is written, "He will abundantly pardon." Oh, ye wanderers from God and happiness and home and heaven, come under the sheltering wing. A vessel in the Bristol Channel was nearing the rocks called the Steep Holmes. Under the tempest the vessel was unmanageable, and the captain was that the tide would change before she struck the rocks and went down, and so the captain stood on the deck, watch in hand. Captain and crew and passengers were pallid with terror. Taking another look at his watch and another look at the sea, he shouted: "Thank God, we are saved! The tide has turned." On a minute more and we would have struck the rocks!" Some of you have been a long while drifting in the tempest of sin and sorrow and have been making for the breakers. Thank God, the tide has turned. Do you not feel the lift of the billow? The grace of God has brought salvation as appeared to your soul, and, in the words of Boaz Ruth, I commend you to "the Lord God of Israel, under whose wings thou hast come to trust."