

TRAINING A MONKEY.

CHICAGO WOMAN SATISFIES HER THIRST FOR KNOWLEDGE.

Secures a Baby Monkey and After Bringing It Up to Full Growth Concludes That the Simian Race Is Prone to Do Wrong.

DONACITA IS THE cause of all sorts of queries propounded by the members of the Lake View women's club, of Chicago. In short, Donacita is being talked about, and soon all the world will know of Donacita, for Donacita's mistress is preparing the manuscript which shall tell a scientific magazine all about the wonderful monkey which she adopted when it was but one month old, and made an object of constant study and scientific investigation.

When Mrs. Benjamin B. Wiley, of No. 28 Waterloo court, Chicago, sent to Central America for a young capuchin monkey it was for the purpose of testing, by actual experience and observation, how near the monkey, the evolutionists' avowed human progenitor, approached to-day the human family in habits, instincts and intelligence. To this end she has aimed not to teach the creature she has had under experiment any of the tricks so generally learned by imitation, but rather to ascertain how far by the natural process of affiliation, the untaught wild creature could be made to approach the human family. So from the day the monkey, at the age of one month, toothless and almost hairless, and fresh from the forests of Nicaragua, was deposited, a very sick and helpless bundle of weakly, moaning monkeyism in its new mother's arms, it has been subjected to the same maternal care a child would have received.

For four years has this strange relationship been kept up. For four years has this little creature slept in a bed like a little Christian, fed on the diet the family takes on, been taught and had moral principles instilled in its diminutive self. For four years has it been petted and scolded and spanked and praised and loved—like any other darling.

And what result? Some few profess to see a marvelous development, which places the animal alongside of its human kin, while others contend that "a monk's a monk, for a' that."

Be that as it may, an undoubtedly clever little beastie is this capuchin monkey. Its brown eyes sparkle with intelligence. Every phase of feeling and emotion is by turn expressed in this creature's mobile features. Yet, not alone by facial expression are its thoughts conveyed, for it talks—in plain, understandable, monkey language. This language, Mrs. Wiley says, is phonetic in character, and consists of 13 basic sounds. These, with their varying inflections, constitute the monkey's language. The same tone is always used to express the same emotion, and from long familiarity with each tone and its inflections, the monkey's mind upon any and all subjects is clearly discerned by its mistress. Thus: a half note in C indicates contentment of mind. The same note, with a sharp, rising inflection, shows that her ladyship's mind is in a perturbed condition. The same note, ending in a trill to G, indicates extreme danger, such as when a boy is chasing her. When she is hungry there is a plaintive note in E, without inflection. When her hunger is satisfied, she expresses thanks by a soft, dropping inflection to the same note.

Although her own language is purely phonetic, she is quite mistress of the English language, so far as understanding it goes, tone apparently being no factor therein. To demonstrate that her speech was understood Mrs. Wiley uttered in exactly the same tone of voice different commands, such as, "Dona, shut the door;" "Dona, leave those grapes alone;" "Dona, come to me," and in no instance was there any confusion of action and thought. The monkey obeyed each command, though given in exactly the same voice and in the same manner.

There is one point, however, human-like though she be in other respects, upon which Donacita radically differs from at least a goodly proportion of the human family. She is devoid of all moral sense—is absolutely conscienceless. She steals and lies afterward about it in the most flagrant manner. She breaks every commandment without a blush, or, so far as has yet been discovered, any sense or appreciation of her natural depravity. And all her misdeeds are simply thrown away upon her in this respect. After four years of untrifling effort to inculcate in her principles of right and imbue her with a nice distinction between right and wrong, the truth must be admitted, she is irretrievably bad and utterly devoid of all sense of moral obligation. True, she shows, like many another culprit, a knowledge of transgression, and exhibits fear and a dread of the consequences of her actions, but of the moral obliquity involved Donacita is innocent of in a very name.

Music of any kind or loud noise is her especial aversion. She will run shrieking from the sound of a hand organ, putting up her tiny hands to her ears to shut out all sound of the hated noise, and will sit with a most comical look of distress on her face until the music ceases.

The falsity of the old tradition that animals possess an instinctive knowledge of the harmful properties of plants has had a practical demonstration by

Donacita, she, one day, eating the berries of a poisonous vine found growing in the garden. For a time her life was despaired of, but prompt and energetic measures, together with a stomach pump, saved the little creature's life.

Of her mistress she is inordinately fond, refusing to eat or be comforted in any manner in her absence. The object next to her mistress in her affections is a little orphan cat, and this affection is returned in due measure, albeit this tyrannical Donacita, through a pure love of mischief, sometimes occasions her cat friend much pain by extracting his whiskers, which she gravely uses as toothpicks.

Is this fin de siècle monkey capable of reasoning?

Mrs. Wiley asserts, after much study and observation, that it is not. She has made various tests and finally gives it as her opinion that the brain of her pet is one lobed and incapable of entertaining two ideas at the same time, hence the reasoning power is wanting.

EFFECTS OF CIGARETTES.

Remarkable Experiments Performed by Prof. H. C. Bumpus.

Some definite facts and figures showing the exact effects of smoking cigarettes have at last been obtained by a scientist, who has experimented upon young college students, says the New York World. This scientist is Prof. H. C. Bumpus, professor of comparative anatomy at Brown university.

The student to be experimented upon first lay down on a couch, and his right arm, which was bare to the shoulder, was extended upon a low table, with the palm of the hand upward. Prof. Bumpus then took up a narrow strip of bamboo about three feet in length and very light.

Upon one part of the wrist over a bone and in a place where it would be steady a cork was fastened. To this the bamboo strip was affixed. Another cork was placed on the wrist directly over the vein, where the pulse beat is most easily felt.

The end of the bamboo strip rested on this second cork and it rose and fell with each pulsation. This motion was plainly visible to all the class of Brown university students who surrounded Prof. Bumpus during his experiments.

The first record taken was the normal pulse of the student on the sofa. This fluctuated from 62 to 67 a minute, rising in one instance to 71. The total beats of the normal pulse for five minutes was 332, or an average of 66 2-3.

The Brown student on the sofa then began to smoke a cigarette, "inhaling" the smoke, as do nearly all cigarette smokers. His pulse immediately jumped up.

The first minute it reached 75, which was a higher record than any normal pulsation could show for a single minute. During the first five minutes the pulse fluctuated from 71 to 77 a minute.

The total for the whole five minutes was 376. This showed that cigarette smoking made a normal pulse which averaged 66 2-3 a minute jump to an average of 75 1-5 beats a minute.

Upon a second trial, and after waiting three minutes his pulse went up to 83, making a total of 396, or an average of over 79 for five minutes.

A third trial was then taken after the student had smoked two cigarettes. His pulse by this time remained steadily over 80.

In one instance it reached the extraordinary height of 89 beats per minute. The total for five minutes was 420 beats, an average of exactly 84 beats per minute. It will thus be seen that the normal pulse of the student lying upon a lounge and unaffected by cigarettes, averaged 66 2-3 beats per minute, and that after smoking two cigarettes it reached an average of 84 beats per minute. The cigarette smoking had added more than 17 beats per minute to the normal pulse, an acceleration of almost 25 per cent.

Each beat of the pulse could be easily counted by means of the rising and falling of the bamboo strip, and Prof. Bumpus held a watch in his hand, while one of the Brown university students made the record. After this practical exhibition of the exact physical effects of cigarette smoking the popularity of cigarettes has rapidly declined at Brown university.

One Staying Sultor Killed by Another.

Charles Carr for the past eight years has courted Mary Clements at Columbus, Ohio. Recently George Ross has paid her attentions. All parties are colored. The other night Carr had escorted her home. Ross went to the house about midnight and asked admittance. He was refused, and then broke in the door. A fight ensued until both were exhausted, and they took seats on opposite sides of the room. Each was afraid to sleep, and neither would leave the room. Mary left them thus when she went to her work at 4 o'clock in the morning. About 6 o'clock Ross began to nod, and his head sank upon his breast. He was asleep. Then Carr struck him over the head with a chair repeatedly. An hour later the police found Ross dead. Carr was arrested. He says Ross threatened that when daylight came he would end the watch by murdering Carr. The woman was arrested and confirmed Carr's story of the threat.

"I can see no reason," said the S. P. P. A. boarder, "why it should be thought advisable to dock a horse's tail." "Probably," suggested the Cheerful idiot, "they are docked for being behind."—Indianapolis Journal.

No man can be a leader who has not the courage to sometimes stand alone.—Ran's Horn.

IN DENTIST'S TRADE.

False Teeth Supplied Where Natural Motars Would Answer.

"It is not to my interest to tell this to the public," said a dentist to a New York Journal reporter yesterday, "but it is nevertheless a fact, which no dental surgeon will undertake to gainsay, that there is scarcely ever any necessity for a person to lose a tooth, no matter what ails it. If people were better posted in this matter few would have artificial teeth, because they would not have their natural teeth extracted.

While many dentists encourage the extraction of teeth because they can make much more money by making a set than by filling or 'treating' a tooth I do not do so. I treat people conscientiously, and, as you see, I have a pretty good trade. For instance, if a tooth aches for no apparent cause, the chances are that it is what we call a 'dead tooth.' The nerve is dead. It should in that case be 'opened'—that is the enamel covering the bone on the outer end should be drilled off and a steel probe forced through the fibrous bone as far as the root. If a bad odor adheres to the probe when it is withdrawn, that is proof that the nerve is dead and that the tooth is beginning to ulcerate. The nerve should be extracted with a hook probe, when it will be seen to be dark, instead of white, its natural color. An antiseptic should be injected into the opening thus made with the probe, then a demulcent, and when it has ceased to gather pus or gas, or to be painful, it should be filled with a temporary filling, and if at the end of say eight days the pain has not returned it can be filled permanently. This tooth may last for many years. It is the kind of tooth which, when neglected, swells a person's cheek, which old-fashioned dentists have at times cut in order to get at the seat of the trouble.

"Ulcerated teeth can be treated in a similar manner, with equally good results. This is the kind of trouble which is most prevalent and which has been the cause of people losing more teeth than any other ailment. "A decayed tooth that is not painful, if properly filled, should last for years. And even if painful, it could be preserved if treated as above and filled when the pain has been dispelled. "People should have their teeth examined by a competent and conscientious dentist occasionally, and as soon as a cavity is discovered it should be filled. "There is scarcely a tooth that cannot be saved by a good dentist. If a dentist advises you to have a tooth extracted and you know it is not hopelessly gone, no matter how painful, go to another dentist and tell him that you want that tooth saved at all hazards. He will save it for you. This may not, from a mercenary point of view, be business, but it is the truth."

A NEW STORY OF GRANT.

He Did Not Have More to Eat Than He Needed.

D. R. Garrison told a story to Gen. Schofield at the Dent house which illustrates to a certain extent the kindheartedness of Gen. Grant, says the St. Louis Republic. Grant was a great lover of horses, and while he was president he came on a visit to St. Louis and Mr. Garrison, at that time president of the old Pacific road, took him out to his farm. They started off in a buggy for a drive, and after going some distance met an old man going along on a horse. The man was in his shirt sleeves and wore a straw hat, but Grant recognized him, and, stopping the buggy, he got out and, walking up to the old man, put out his hand and said: "Hello, Uncle Ben! How are you and the old woman getting along?"

The old man was Uncle Ben Sappington. He welcomed the president and said that he was getting along very well. He remarked that they were happy as long as they had enough to eat and a pipe and a little tobacco.

"Uncle Ben, wouldn't you like to be postmaster of Meramec township?" asked the president.

Uncle Ben said he would not object and Grant shook him by the hand and said: "God bless you and your wife, Uncle Ben, I think of you often."

When Grant got back in the buggy the tears were streaming from his eyes and he said to Mr. Garrison: "Poor old Uncle Ben! He has a big heart. I remember," he said, "when I and my wife, living in that house over there, did not have any more to eat than we needed, and old Uncle Ben would come around to the house at night and leave a basket of provisions on our doorstep. He was afraid to come and give them to us, thinking that he would possibly hurt our feelings. God bless his memory!"

Uncle Ben was made postmaster and after living to a ripe old age he joined the great majority and was followed by Grant a few years ago.

A Matter of Patience.

"It seems to me, Josiah," said Mrs. Corantassel, "that we ain't keepin' up with the times."

"Never you mind, Mandy," was the reply; "never you mind. The styles keep a changin' so often 'an' so fast that if we jes' tick right whur we air, they're bound ter come our way in the course of time, an' we'll be right in the swim without no effort whatsoever."

Not Vain.

"How vain you are, Effie? Looking at yourself in the glass."

"Vain, Aunt Emma! Me vain? Why, I don't think myself half as good looking as I really am."—Punch.

She—it is no use to-king. You are not the man I married. It's despairingly—I wish I wasn't.—Harlem Life.

IS LIKE KING CRAFT.

EUROPE'S HEIRS APPARENT ARE DYING, TOO.

Only One Lusty Crown Prince Among the Mixed-Marriage Cursed Royal Families—Russia, Austria, Greece, Germany and England Affected.



EUROPE'S heirs apparent seem to be in a very bad way. In at least three of the great powers the men who stand next by right of succession to the thrones itself are enfeebled, suffering from very present diseases, and one is on the brink of the grave.

In several other nations the princes next in line to the crown are sickly, and it is only by a careful suppression of the real truth that distressing rumors are not circulated about them. It is truly a most remarkable state of affairs for the royal families of Europe.

The most serious and the most potent danger lies in the Russian empire.

George, grand duke and czarvitch, is now dying in a villa in a remote corner of the Caucasus of consumption, breathing painfully with but a single lung.

In Austria the Archduke Ferdinand Francis, heir presumptive, is in a most precarious state of health, he too being



PRINCE OF SWEDEN.

a victim of consumption. For years past, ever since the death of Rudolph, crown prince, in 1889, the hope of Austria has centered in this young nephew of Emperor Francis Joseph. His father is the heir apparent, it is true, but Archduke Charles Louis, next in line to the throne, is now an old man, having been born in 1823, older and with far less hope of living, so feeble is he, than is the emperor himself.

King Humbert of Italy does not find in his only son and heir a man of an iron frame and a masterful will like his. Of an entirely different calibre is the young Prince of Naples, a slight, delicate boy, yet in the early twenties, who has so delivered himself over to the obsequious flattery and the cajolments of the foreigners in Naples and Rome that he has weakened his frame by dissipation, and bids fair to have a very short lease of life, indeed. His condition is even more serious than is hinted at in the Italian news of the day.

If the remaining royal families are carefully investigated, a strange fact may be noted—that there is, with one exception, no heir to a throne in Europe who is strong and lusty and gives promise of a vigorous reign after the present ruler passes away. The possible exception is Prince Royal Gustavus of Sweden, a young man of thirty-seven years of age, the son of King Oscar II., who married Princess Victoria of Baden, a granddaughter of famous old William I. of Germany, and who has developed no vices and acquired no maladies. This prince is an energetic, athletic young man, has literary tastes, and will in all likelihood enjoy a long life.

For years the King of the Hellenes, George I., has been the victim of a disease of the kidneys, a hereditary



ENGLAND'S AND RUSSIA'S HEIRS APPARENT.

complaint, and he has unsuccessfully visited Aix-les-Bains for treatment. There is little question that Prince Constantine, his eldest son, is in the incipient stages of this disease, though there is nothing very marked or serious as yet.

The little Crown Prince William of Germany, despite the military regime his enthusiastic father, William II., has made him undergo, is wonderfully delicate. Though the oldest of that big family of boys that makes up the first household of Germany, this 13-year-old has not nearly the vital force the dash and the audacity that his brother next in age, Eitel, possesses. Eitel is his superior in general health, weight and height, and the general impression in Germany is that Eitel will be the next Emperor. It is noticeable among those who

have seen the boys playing together that Eitel quite appreciates his greater power of body. He is a splendid specimen of young Germany, tall, vigorous and strong of arm and leg, while young William is almost weak and puny beside him, thin and narrow chested and easily tired.

Belgium is ruled over to-day by Leopold II., born in 1835, a still vigorous middle-aged man. He shows no signs of breaking down, and is one of the healthiest sovereigns of Europe. Prince Philippe, Count of Flanders, his brother and two years younger, has for a score of years been incurably deaf, and is the most of the time in wretched health. Prince Philippe is heir to the throne, from the fact that Leopold II. has no sons.

So far as Great Britain is concerned, it has often been remarked that H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, can hardly be regarded as a man of fine physique and likely to live many years longer. While there is no indication of any special disease, the prince is a man who has lived so well and so actively that in middle age his constitution is considerably impaired. He would hardly be a fair risk for a well conducted insurance company.

His son, the Duke of York, has never entirely recovered from the attack of typhoid fever he had some years ago, though he has always been in better physical condition than his brother, the Duke of Clarence and Avondale, ever was. Nor is the new baby, Queen Victoria's great grandson, as healthful a child as could be wished. It is generally believed that he will not sit upon the throne.

The czarvitch had a terrible fall from the maintop of a ship to the deck during the trip around the world of the three princes (himself, the present czar and Prince George of Greece) in the summer of 1891. This fall seriously injured George's spine, and he had to discontinue the trip and return home. Then consumption, a malady now hereditary in the family of the Romanoffs, set in. In vain he sojourned in Athens and Algiers. Finally he settled down in the Caucasus, where he has lived since the close of 1892.

The romance alluded to concerned a pretty telegraph girl of Tiflis, Mile. Iach, whom George ardently desired to marry, and probably did, morganatically. It was only upon the stern command of his father, the czar, that he finally gave her up. After the late czar's death his condition grew rapidly worse. Late this spring he expressed a strong desire to see once more the palace of Peterhof, where he had been brought up. The change of climate proved serious for him, especially as the Peterhof palace at that time had fallen into an unsanitary condition. He then was taken to Denmark to visit his grandfather, King Christian. The climate of Denmark proved quite as dangerous for him as the cold of northern Russia.

and materially hastened his coming death.

While the czarvitch is to-day the foremost invalid in Europe, attention is being directed more and more towards Duke Francis Ferdinand of Austria. The story of the Hapsburgs, the royal house of this empire, has been unhappy, for epilepsy has pursued the entire family and seized many of its members. In 1888 everyone of ninety-eight archdukes and archduchesses of this family had that dread disease in some form or other.

That consumption should have seized Francis Ferdinand, who, since the death of Rudolph, has been the idol of the Austrian people, is remarkable, for his life has been a vigorous one. For years he has been an untiring officer in the Austrian army, and noted for his skill and endurance. He spends the days sitting silently in a tent pitched in a little garden on the bay of Cigala. His sole amusement is looking out upon the sea, save on the infrequent days when he takes a short donkey ride. He will spend the winter in Egypt and he may never return from that country.

It seems to be general debility that is sapping away the life of young Victor Emanuel, prince of Naples. Of late he has been cruising about the Levant in hopes of getting strength. Though very young—he was born in 1869—this prince has made himself a distinguished person in Italy. His greatest popularity has been, not among his own people, but in the foreign colonies of Naples and Rome, where he has cut a wide swath among the pleasure-loving higher class of those merry Italian cities.

Trained to Sit Up.

The Princess of Wales, to the great discomfort of whoever may be acting as the maid in waiting, never puts herself at ease in traveling. Hour after hour she retains a bolt upright position, and never thinks of removing her bonnet or lying down. She attributes the habit to her rigid bringing up, and in speaking of it recently said to a friend: "We were never allowed to lie down during the daytime when we were children, for fear of making ourselves untidy, and I am so accustomed to the habit now that I should never dream of removing my bonnet while on a journey."

ABOUT APPENDICITIS.

The Necessity of Resort to an Operation Questioned.

It is many a long year since so much unscientific and unnecessary butchery has been indulged in as is recorded in the treatment of appendicitis in the last few years, says the New York Ledger. Severe pain and certain symptoms that might be attributed to a dozen other causes are charged to appendicitis and a continuation of them suggests experiments to the minds of the doctors and the operating table looms up in the immediate future as the only hope for life. There are yet many physicians who insist that operations of this sort are absolutely necessary, but it is a hopeful sign of the times that some of the more conservative and experienced doctors declare that only in exceptional cases is surgery positively necessary. As a simple home treatment several patients have been immediately relieved by drinking large quantities of pure salad oil. This appears to have a beneficial effect upon the entire lining membrane of the alimentary canal; the oil seemed to spread over the surface, allaying irritation and softening whatever food products may have lodged in the appendical sac. The non-surgical theory put forth by one member of the medical profession that no infant was properly equipped for life until by surgical means it had been deprived of the vermiform appendix and thus fortified against future danger is too silly to deserve a moment's consideration. Millions of people have lived and died without ever knowing that was such a thing, and the proportion of deaths that can by any possible means be attributed to this cause is extremely small. Some day doctors and patients will realize that a thorough washing out and cleansing of the interior of the body is quite as beneficial as the same process applied to the exterior. It is asserted by those who have had sufficient experience to entitle their statements to consideration that the thorough washing out of the digestive apparatus by means of tepid water properly purified would prevent at least half of the diseases from which humanity suffers.

THAT FEMALE TYRANT.

She Flouts Her Husband's Opinions and Allows Him No Freedom.

She contradicts him at the head of his own table; interrupts his anecdotes to set him right on an utterly unimportant little detail—say, the date of a transaction, which he makes the 7th of September, and she asserts was the 8th, says the National Review. She interferes in all his arrangements and questions his authority in the stables, the fields, the church, the consulting-room; she apportion his food and regulates the amount of wine he may take; should she dislike the smell of tobacco she will not allow him the most transient whiff of the most refined cigarette, and, like her brother with his victim, she teaches the children to despise their father by the frank contempt with which she treats him and the way in which she flouts his opinion and denies his authority. If she be more affectionate than aggressive, she renders him ridiculous by her effusiveness. Like the "Sammy, love" which roused Dean Alford's reprobation, she loads him with silly epithets of endearment before folk, oppresses him with personal attentions and treats him generally as a sick child next door to an idiot. All out of love and its unreasoning tyranny she takes him into custody—in public as in private life—and allows him no kind of freedom. Robust and vigorous as he is, she worries over his health as though he were a confirmed invalid; in the heyday of his maturity coddling him as if he were an octogenarian bordering on second childhood. She continually uses the expression, "I shall not allow my husband to do so and so," or, "I will make my husband do this and that." Never by any chance does she confess his right to free action, bound as he is in the chains of her tyrannous affection. In the end she makes him what she has so long fancied him to be—a backboneless valetudinarian, whom the sun scorches to fever and the east wind chills to pneumonia—one who has lost the fruit by "fadding" about the flower.

Stephen Girard, Hero.

A tablet "in commemoration of the courage and humanity displayed by Stephen Girard during the epidemic of yellow fever prevailing in Girard college, in Philadelphia, in the year 1793" was unveiled in Girard college in Philadelphia yesterday. The incident discloses a phase of character in the philanthropist not generally understood. During the fever epidemic he abandoned his business and his luxurious home and assumed the superintendency of a yellow fever hospital. He took up the work others recoiled from, and did the work because it was his duty.—New York Evening Post.

A Difference of Opinion.

"Aha!" said Mrs. Strongmind, as she and her husband sat in one of the Paris cafes listening to the band. "See there—there is a woman playing in that orchestra. She is gradually getting her rights here in France, anyhow."

"Think so?" laughed Mr. Strongmind. "I don't. That woman is playing second fiddle."

Cesar's Mistake.

Julius Caesar was a thin man, tall and with a very wrinkled, seamy countenance. His forehead was broad and full of small wrinkles, his eyes were not large but described as exceedingly bright and quick. His nose was of more than usual size and his chin full and prominent.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The New Way.

Upperton—"How do you manage to get such perfect-fitting clothes?" De Style—"Buy them ready made."