

THE ZOO'S ATTRACTIONS.

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Young Bears From Siberia Added to the Attractions.

INGARHOOS AND WALLABYS.

Carpenter Street Monkey and His Caged Companions.

Philadelphia Times: There were arid distinguished arrivals at the Zoo today. The most notable guests that stored were two polar bears. They to play hide and seek with Arctic cubs in snowy Northern Siberia and captured three months ago by a band of exiled Russian peasants. They were sent to St. Petersburg, where

were bought by an agent for our society and immediately shipped

in a big iron-bound cage. The last hour of the Zoo died in 1884. His heart was due to pneumonia, the result of it lightning, which he struck and instantly killed his partner on a stormy evening in the spring of 1882. When new Arctic bruits were released from travelling box they simultaneously into the pool of water that forms centre of their new quarters. A good bath was a great luxury to them after their long imprisonment. Headmaster Byrne baptised them, Frank and Ned, in honor of his two sons. Ned only hears they are tracheotomies and not be friendly. Bread and milk is a main diet, varied by an occasional pound of mutton. The prisoners would make Magistrate Bob Smith, friend of the oppressed wives, indignant if he should see how Frank, the new prisoner, treating his better half. Indeed, if he not only give him a beating, but frequently confound her fish or bread and milk. He is a despot autocrat. His conduct is in accordance to the old adage, "The

capers about his better half like a fine cavalier, and always allows her

ten years of old horse." It was just at the beginning of the day since the "arrest" of the first party, and the horse was killed by the lightning stroke. Then successors were put in the pit, they rose to live long and prosper, as they put four years old, are in good health and come to the present at the present season to become acclimated for hot hot waves.

FOUR NEW KANGAROOS.

There, there! was the slang salutation to the small duck-billed platypus and a vicious parrot, a pet of the late Signor, when a quartette of kangaroos, four "oozing cusses" from Australia, took their quarters in the snake house.

The landowners of the snake house are of a peculiar type of bush-kangaroos and came direct from a town seventy miles from Melbourne. Jumping animals have a quiet and unobtrusive manner. Kangaroos are natural collar-and-cloth wearers and had several bouts yesterday noon. They seemed petted by the reason given them, the townfolk duck-billed platypus.

It seldom was a problem large kangaroos yesterday he slandered the friends of Miss Ward in a style so vigorous that

the kangaroos were accompanied by cousins, Australian wallabies, the

specimens of their kind in captivity. The scene is next to that of the iguana, which, by the way, is in a surly mood. It is a big, dark-colored offshoot of the iguana, but it is not as big as the other months ago. He is a epicurean with a taste for dainty palate. As the number of nights brought to star actresses to be seen on the stage, they themselves in the night increase the number of the violet roses went up and the so-called in order to avoid bankruptcy, had to change the bill of fare. The iguana is now looking for a new place to live. It is first objected, but finally had to go down to bananas or starve. An obnoxious interest in the snake house is a landscape of an Indian forest, where the snake is a natural artist. It will soon be the background of the anaconda python case. The work is so well that the big reptiles will no doubt be able to and try to find a way out of the imaginary trees, while will have an ambitious struggle in favoring to crush the life out of a terrible presentation of "Stonewall Jackson's Last Moments."

FEARS FOR A BABY REAR.

g, the cute cub bear, was going to
n Friday. She was sick, but yester-

he was recovered and was in a frisky way a good while ago, and had killed hundreds of little pit-bulls. He would have mourned her loss if it would have inspired Low-water, the poetical keeper, to write a lullaby poem.

Another member Charles Crowthers and J. N. Hess had a busy time at the yesterday leveling the camera at the various objects of interest. An old man, named Mr. Brown, who had been taken to be fed to the animals, surprised the keepers and his former owners by the vitality that he displayed while the photographer and the artist were urging him to get up. When a veterinarian Dr. Byrns dropped that Carpenter a monkey into the mammoth of former coconut throwers at yesterday he didn't intend to get up. But he did.

However. About a dozen of alleged wives of our ancestors tried to knock the little stranger and he was only helped by the keeper and a thick pole. The sentiment of the crowd was that the pugilistic craze as much as the padded shouldered about the Fourth and Vine streets. John L. Sullivan.

er Bryne believes that Dominick affrey, the blue-nosed Indian, will

er his lost laurels. Dominick McCauley was boss of the monkeys until four months ago, when he was ousted by John L. Sullivan. Since they have had several fights and McCauley held up his end with credit every time. The old gray-haired monkey, then as Jim Macae, was swinging stick "Johnny Warren" and "Tommy" when Dominick McCauley went for and almost knocked him silly. Yesterday Macae waited until John L. Sullivan's daily nap, when he jumped on him, tore the tail off and then chewed off the remaining stump of L. Sullivan's tail. As a result the ears of the monkey house expect to bury the undiplomatic Jim Macae.

those who from the ranks of moral and women, step into the Christian

...and, need this determination of fact as certainly as those who attempt to build upon the rocky foundations of that love, lives well nigh wrecked and ruined.

summing it was tersely remarked, "It gives the grace, but man must supply the grit."