

"when you went out to catch the poachers in the Valley Wood, eh? You remember that?"

Yes, I did. But how did he know all this about me? What was he? Was I going mad? Was it all some hallucination? I shut my eyes, opened them again; there he sat, still smiling, still gazing at me with his bright eyes, that seemed to twinkle with suppressed merriment as he watched my bewilderment.

For I was bewildered—and amazed. *What* was this strange being who had so mysteriously appeared, who knew all about my past? Creepy tales my old country-bred nurse had told me when a boy flashed across my mind: tales of goblins, and ghosts, and nameless horrors. And then—that horrid tolling bell! Of that too I had heard. It meant death to the hearer.

I tried to laugh and shake off the horror that was fast paralysing me; what a mockery of a laugh! My lips were dry, my teeth chattered, the hair seemed creeping on my head.

The little man laughed again as he watched my terror, and his bright eyes twinkled the more.

"Do you recall," he asked again, "the old oak room that is haunted at Helmhurst? Do you remember the night you spent there—before it was closed—when you saw—or dreamed that you saw—all manner of strange things, and how you roused all the house with your scream? Do you remember how you used to sit and dream in the woods all day, thinking that you would be a poet, and make the world echo with your songs? You little dreamed that you would settle down as a steady-going London merchant, a lonely old bachelor, with no illusions left, no more dreams of fame, but only fortune to console you, eh?"

I could stand it no more; I must get away from

this—man—with his glittering bright eyes, where I cared not, stay I could not. I jumped up, let down the window; death lay that way. A miserable choice—death or the—well, I knew not what.

"Do shut that window, my dear sir. I shall perish of cold."

I shut it, and sat down again.

"You are anxious to get to your destination? By the bye, can you tell me the time?"

I did not answer.

"You seem disturbed; you look afraid, of what? Of *me*? Surely you are not afraid of *me*?"

How he chuckled as he asked me if I was afraid of *him*. I was—but could not speak. Besides, he knew almost more about me than I did myself. What was the use of telling him what he already knew?

"Afraid of me? He! he! he! My dear Will, you used not to be in the old days; I distinctly remember your bullying me upon occasion."

What was coming next? I wondered. There was something familiar now in the voice, even in the look of my tormentor.

"Bullying *you*?" I gasped.

"Yes, me—me, Arthur Mayhew."

"Arthur Mayhew? Arthur—tell me—how did you come here? What are you?—what—Is it a dream? Why—"

"A dream, no! A reality, of course. I'm your old boy-chum, Arthur, back unexpectedly—even to myself—from the States. I got in at —, where the train stopped, while you were asleep, and have had a very amusing time bewildering you."

"But—how did you know me?"

He pointed to the place where my bag was stowed away, with my name painted on the side.

A comedy of errors. All's well that ends well.

ANIMAL JEALOUSIES.

BY ALEXANDER H. JAPP, LL.D., F.R.S.E.

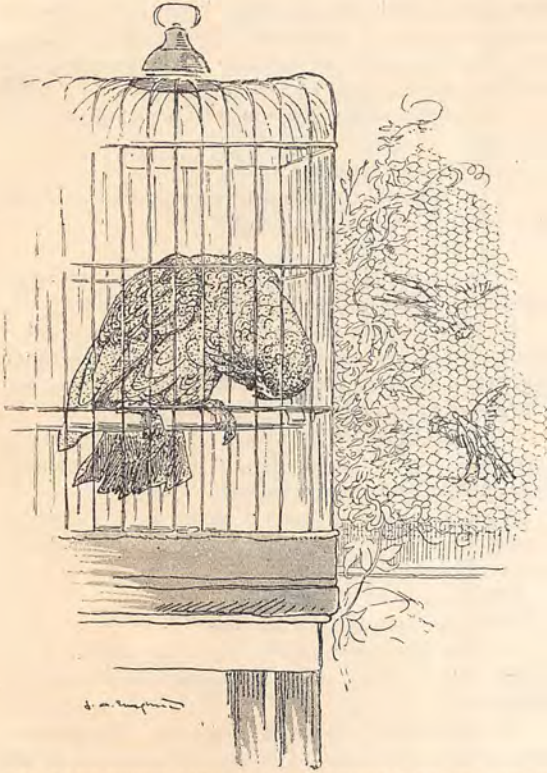


HAT animals can be deeply affectionate, that they can devote themselves wholly to a master or mistress, implies that they can be victims of jealousy. Of course, the most striking developments of jealousy are

to be found among the animals brought most closely into contact with man in his domestic and social life—cats, dogs, and birds—but others, such as horses and cows, can show it very clearly on occasion.

Everyone knows how certain wild animals—deer notably—fight for the females, and this is only one form in which individual jealousies are made subservient to the range of purposes Mr. Darwin classed under two laws, which he named "Natural Selection" and "Survival of the Fittest." Some of the illustrative instances we shall give, our readers will, we think, regard as very curious and suggestive in several ways.

Only the other day I stood in front of a good-sized aviary belonging to a friend of mine, in which were many birds—parroquets, love-birds, canaries, etc. I was greatly taken with the appearance of a young mealy canary-bird, with a dark red crown, and I could not help showing my admiration of this pretty specimen by chirruping and tweeting to it as well as I could. It soon understood what I meant, and came quite close to the wires, eyed me with careful regard sideways and, having satisfied itself that I meant



"HE CAME ROUND AND CONDESCENDINGLY SMOOTHED DOWN HIS FEATHERS."

kindly, began to "tweet-tweet!" in return, and we were soon engaged in a nice conversation, in the intervals of which my little mealy turned his tiny figure from side to side as if to show off his points to me, while the tail went flirting up and down in such a way as betokened the utmost pleasure. But this was too innocent to continue long, and soon the idyllic peace was destroyed by a duet of protest against my attentions to this bird. Just a foot or two behind me a grey parrot in his cage had been placed on a little table in the shade of leafy branches, and his desire for attention and admiration was too strong to allow this any longer to go on in peace. He began to cry and scream and require that I should turn round and talk to and admire him. "Here, here! Pretty Poll, pretty Poll! Scratch Poll! Here, here!"—the aspirate so treated that it sounded more like "Year, year!" So the parrot demanded; while a much larger and older canary came down from a branch in the aviary and thrust himself

near to me, and "tweet-tweeted!" turning on me his black eye interrogatively.

I wished to see how the triangular battle for my suffrage would end, and so I continued to pay all my attentions to the mealy. This in a few minutes became too much for the big, handsome canary, which seemed to say plainly, "Put off your time admiring that small slip of a creature. Look at me! I am double his length, and a bright yellow Norwich, with fine crest, and superior in every way."

I did not take any notice of him, and suddenly he dashed at my pretty little mealy with open beak, making it fly up and disappear in some crevice of the roof, while the grey parrot behind me got angry, threw out its ruffled feathers, and screamed with impatience, chagrin, and disappointment. I turned round then and talked to Poll and tried to soothe him, but it was some time before he came round and condescendingly smoothed down his feathers at last, patronisingly asking me to "Scratch Poll!" and putting his head close to the wires to enable me to do so. After a little of this I turned round and cast a sudden glance at the aviary, but the big-crested Norwich still stood on the place my little mealy had occupied, and the little mealy was not to be seen. Was there ever a clearer case of jealousy, or a case which would more have prompted one to say how like human nature in certain aspects are these birds?

No one who has had pets can long have missed tokens of this passion in which, in so many ways, the "lower brethren" resemble men and women. How one dog will come and nose about and try to push aside another, and move himself nearer to his master to get all his attention and patting! Only the sense of discipline keeps the one dog from flying at the other in such circumstances, and sometimes, indeed, discipline does not suffice.

Miss F. P. Cobbe gives a good illustrative instance in an article, "Dogs which I Have Met,"



"THEY NOTICED SOMETHING SUSPICIOUS IN THE LOOK OF THE MASTIFF" (p. 703).



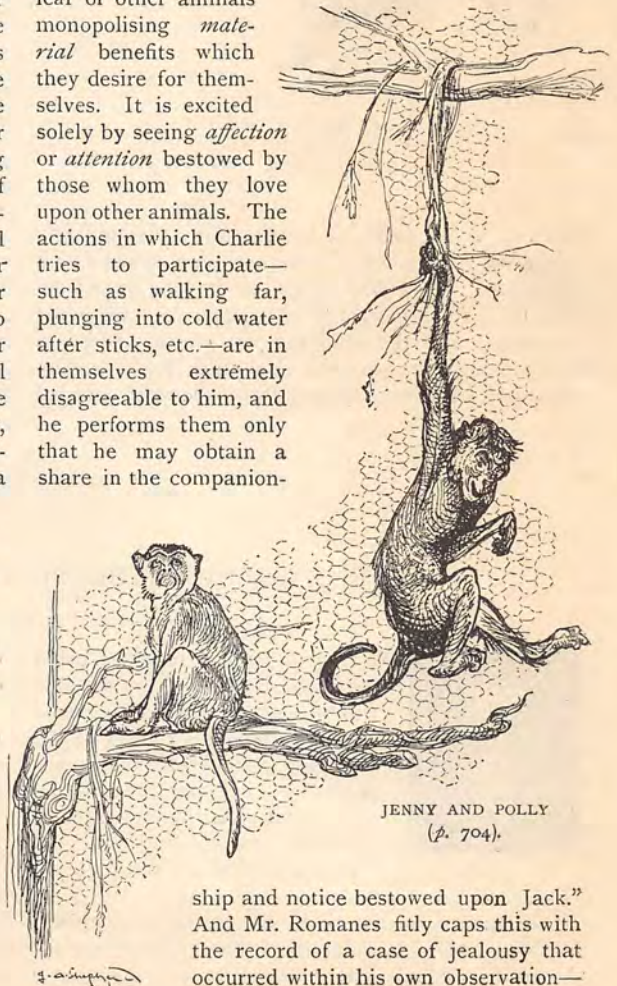
“GROWN OLD AND NOW WALKED WITH DIFFICULTY.”

in the *Cornhill Magazine* for December, 1872, to this effect:—

A hardy mastiff had for long occupied sole place in the affections of the family, when a little toy terrier was introduced, on which, of course, caresses were lavished. What was the surprise of the members when the little toy terrier disappeared, and at the same time they noticed something suspicious in the look of the mastiff. Search was made for the terrier without result, but on the third day a servant, going near to the coal-hole, heard a faint whine and moan of anguish. Looking in, there was the toy terrier imprisoned, lying helpless under a heavy weight of coal and dust, and utterly unable to extricate himself or even to move his limbs. None could tell whether Leo, the mastiff, had actually enticed the terrier into the cellar and scratched coals over him, or whether this had chanced by accident; but Leo had, at all events, carefully abstained from giving any assistance to his tiny companion, and Miss Cobbe adds that, under the old Egyptian law, which punished as murderers in the second degree men who witnessed a murder and did nothing to prevent it, Leo would have been severely chastised. He had yielded to jealousy and acted, under the feeling, as men and women are apt to do in determining to rid themselves of rivals in the affections of those they love.

Mr. Romanes, in his “Animal Intelligence,” has quoted from Mr. A. Oldham an account of the conduct of a dog, Charlie, who had grown old and now walked with difficulty. When a Scotch terrier was brought to live in the house and was treated with much favour all Charlie’s old vigour revived, and he exhibited agonies of jealousy, spending his life in following, watching, and imitating the terrier. Several times he started with a party, but, finding that Jack was not present, turned back. Though before he had eaten nothing but meat, he tried to eat any food given to Jack. If Jack was caressed he watched for some time and then whined and barked.

“Such jealousy,” adds Mr. Romanes, “seems to me a very advanced emotion, as it has passed beyond the stage when it may be supposed to be caused by a fear of other animals monopolising *material* benefits which they desire for themselves. It is excited solely by seeing *affection* or *attention* bestowed by those whom they love upon other animals. The actions in which Charlie tries to participate—such as walking far, plunging into cold water after sticks, etc.—are in themselves extremely disagreeable to him, and he performs them only that he may obtain a share in the companion-



JENNY AND POLLY
(p. 704).

ship and notice bestowed upon Jack.” And Mr. Romanes fitly caps this with the record of a case of jealousy that occurred within his own observation—

that of a terrier which took great pains and manifested paternal delight in teaching his puppy to hunt rabbits. In time the puppy outgrew his father in strength and fleetness, so that, in spite of straining



A CHECK.

every nerve, the father at length came to be gradually distanced. His whole demeanour then changed, and every time that he found his son drawing away from him he used in desperation to seize the tail of the youngster; and the strangest part of the affair was that, although the son was now much stronger than the father, he never resented this exercise of paternal

authority, even though the rabbit were close under his nose.

Few who have had much to do with horses will not acknowledge that they have sometimes met with strange traits of jealousy in them, and will not be surprised at what has been told by M. Cheville in the *Lyon Médical*, for April 18, 1875. He declared that he had seen a mare refuse her food and kick her stall to pieces from jealousy. Whenever the groom coaxed or petted another horse, her stable companion, she would do this. He also stated that in a stable where a cow and a donkey were confined together a curious scene was witnessed whenever the dairymaid came to milk the former. No sooner was the maid seated on her milking-stool than the donkey would leave its stall, come close to her, and rest its head on hers while she continued milking, showing that the poor animal was jealous and anxious to claim a share of her attention.

Dr. Andrew Wilson, in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for April, 1883, tells that amongst the ingenious experiments of his monkeys was the feat performed by "Polly," a little macaque, of utilising the bars of the perch as a gymnastic pole, round which, in company with "Jenny," she used to spin like an acrobat. More ingenious still, he says, "Polly" used to twist the straw of her cage into a rope, which she attached to one of the projecting bars of her perch, and then, seizing the extemporised rope, would swing round and round after the fashion of a roasting-jack, evidently enjoying the recoil of the straw as a means of continuing her amusement. A more difficult feat, he remarks, was that of "Polly," in her imitation of an acrobat, in a backward spring. Jumping forward from the perch to the side of the cage, she sprang backwards, and in an instant regained the perch. "Jenny" watched this performance with interest, and essayed to do it, but her attempts were clumsy and unsuccessful, and she could not disguise her disappointment and her jealousy of "Polly's" superior performance.

THE MYSTERIOUS HOUSE IN THE LATIN QUARTER.



HAD never had the remotest belief in spirits nor the slightest possible fear of ghosts, and all the personal experiences of my friends of the Psychological Society of "things unspeakable" had not induced me to care one rap for any spectre that flits. Consequently, the old "Haunted House" in the Latin

Quarter had no terrors whatever for me.

The rooms exactly suited my cousin and myself, and as she, too, was strong-minded and an independent American, we both determined to ignore the warnings

of our anxious friends, and to locate ourselves in this desirable spot before the winter.

We arrived in Paris late one evening, and the next morning, before it was fairly light, we were on our way to the studio where our "cours," or class, was conducted.

Who that has had any experience of French student life does not remember the dire discomfort of every first morning of the model—the hurried toilet by candle-light, the coffee luke-warm, drunk standing, the roll hastily tucked away into muff or pocket, to be eaten on the way? The Artists' Quarter at 7.30 a.m., in the uncertain light of an early winter's day, is a