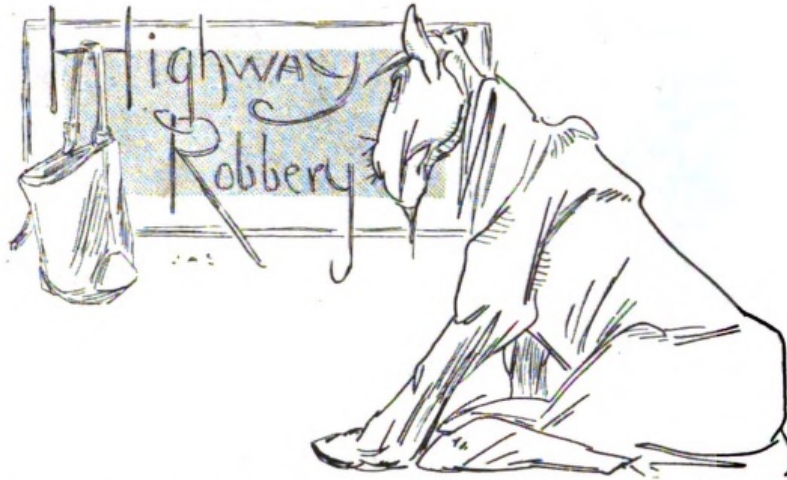
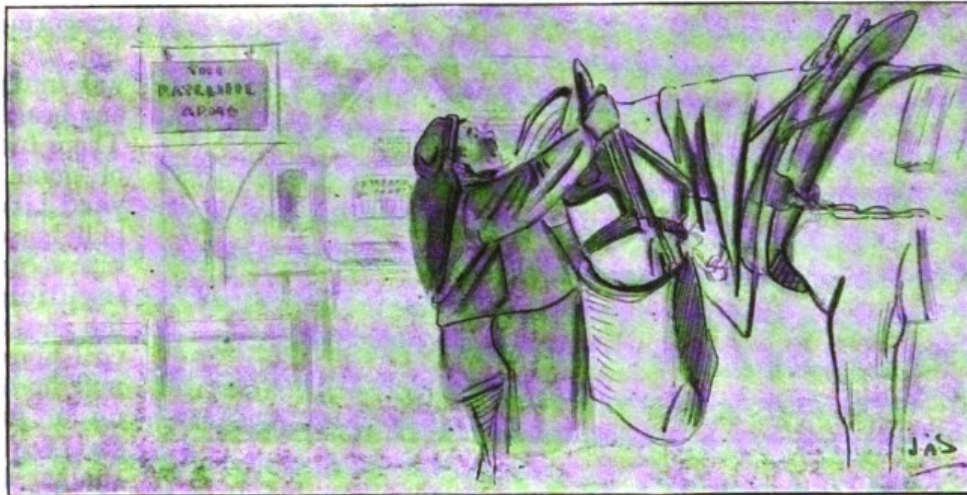


*Animal Actualities.*

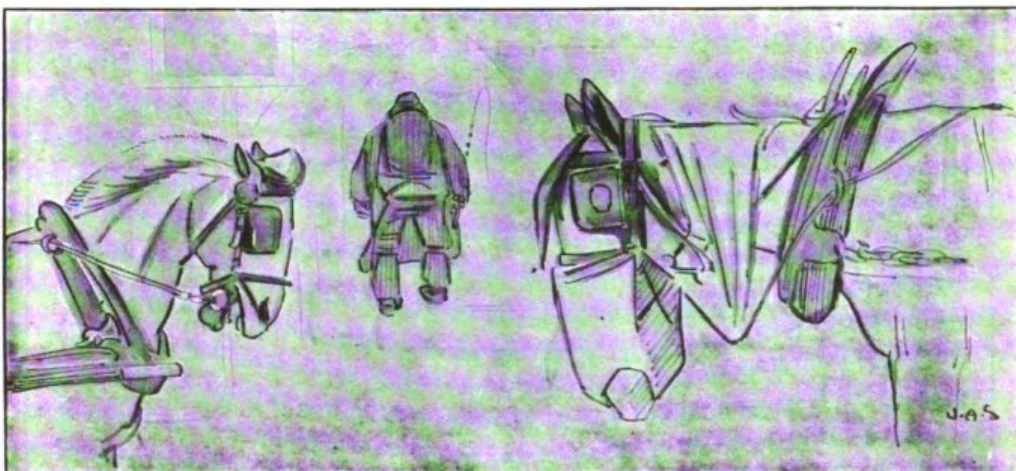


THIS tale is a warning to all zealous philanthropists who are apt to rush at deeds of charity without reasonable reflection. At pulled up, as coal-dealers will—and certain other people. He took thought for his horse's refreshment first, swung out the nose-



REFRESHMENT FOR BEAST—

the Ratcliffe Arms Inn, Almondbury, near Huddersfield, in Yorkshire, a coal-dealer bag from under the cart, and buckled it over the feature it was designed to adorn. This



—AND MAN.



SIGHT.

duty performed, the coalman faded imperceptibly away in the direction of the bottle and jug department, intent on experiments in the properties of fluid bodies. With that

bottles and jugs, though with no particular scientific intention, since he carried with him a can of the fluid of his trade. But the milkman had no nose-bag, so that h's

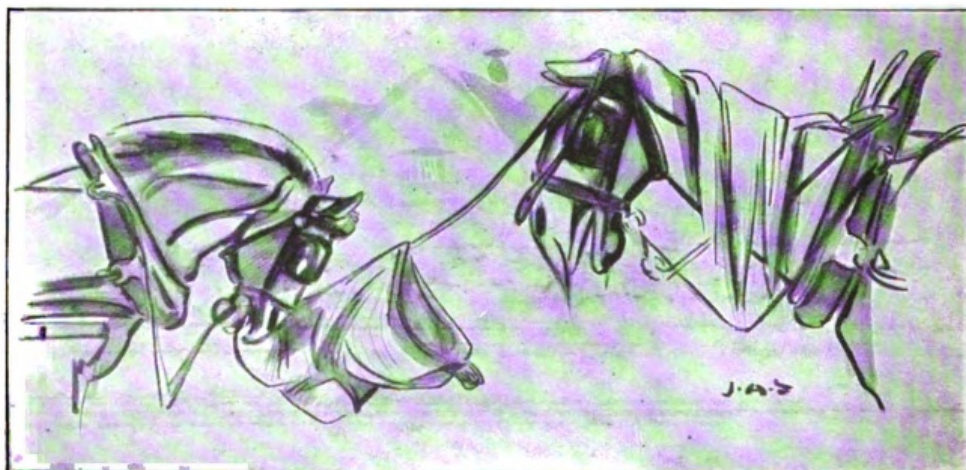
horse was left with his nose unembellished and his hunger unsatisfied. But the situation was intolerable to any healthy horse. There hung a bag of good corn a yard from the milk-horse's nose, but actually (and invidiously) on the nose of the coal-horse. The milk-horse moved up a step, and sniffed; then another step, and



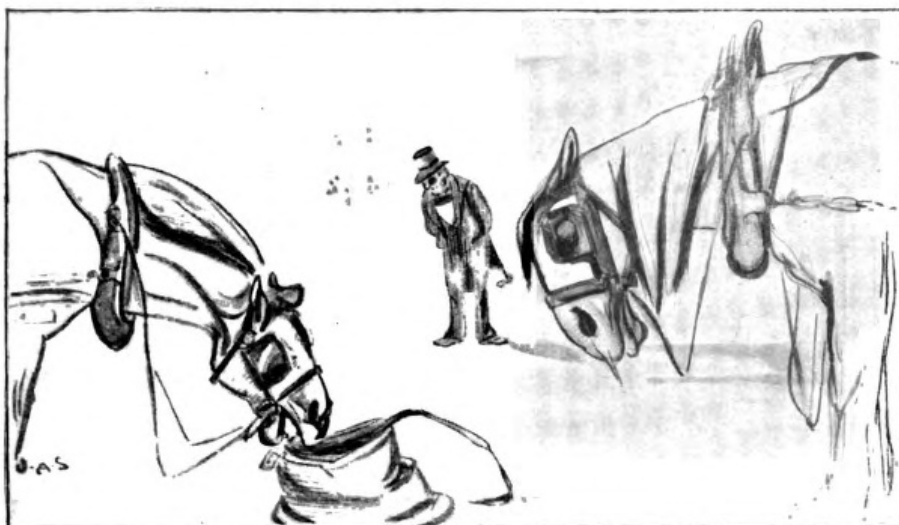
SMELL.

a lively milk-cart dashed up and came to a stand also, the horse face to face with the coal-dealer's animal. The milkman, like the coalman, drifted away to the region of

sniffed again; and when smell joined its temptation to sight Nature could bear no more. A plunge and a snap, and the milk-horse had laid hold of the nose-bag and was



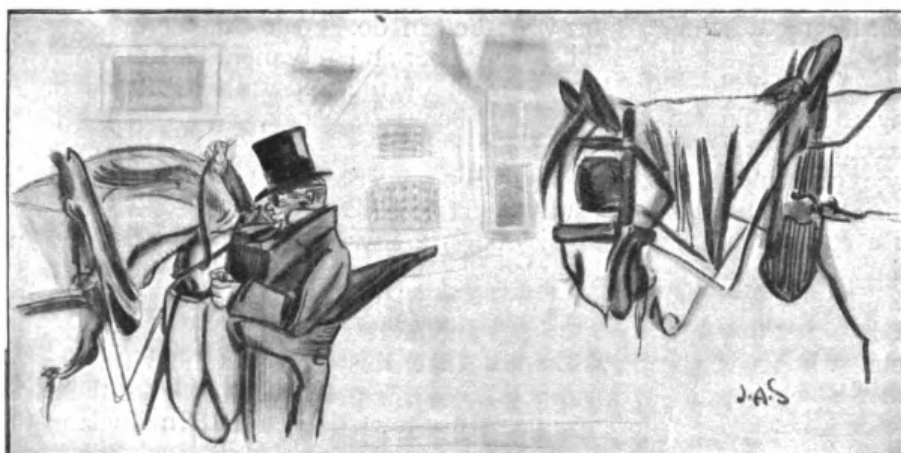
FEEL.



TASTE.

pulling vigorously. The coal-horse pulled, too, but there was treachery in one insecure buckle, and the milk-horse won the tug. Down came the bag, and the milk-horse backed a yard or two, dragging it with him, and then began such a meal as he could manage to munch from the ground, while the de-spoiled coal-horse glared mournfully. But at this moment a dear old philanthropist in spectacles came along, and, observing a poor, hungry horse suffering inconvenience in reaching so low for its dinner, he instantly came to the rescue, raised the fallen bag, and strapped it securely—on the milk-horse, of course.

For he was a benevolent old gentleman, and did not guess that the milk-horse was a thief. So that a surprise awaited the coal-dealer when he issued forth, and he might have supposed



"PHILHIPPOPHY."

the milk-horse a cleverer thief than he actually was, but for the explanations of Mr. Fred Parkin, who observed the whole comedy.



AMAZEMENT.