

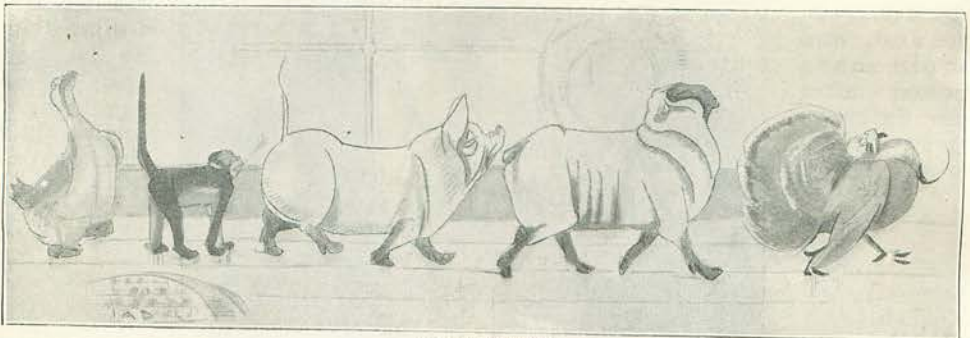
## *Animal Actualities.*



**T**HIS is a tale of friendly attachment among five animals of divers species, with no common bond between them beyond isolation among human creatures and confinement on shipboard.

In the year 1880, when the Rev. F. H. Powell was no clergyman, but a midshipman

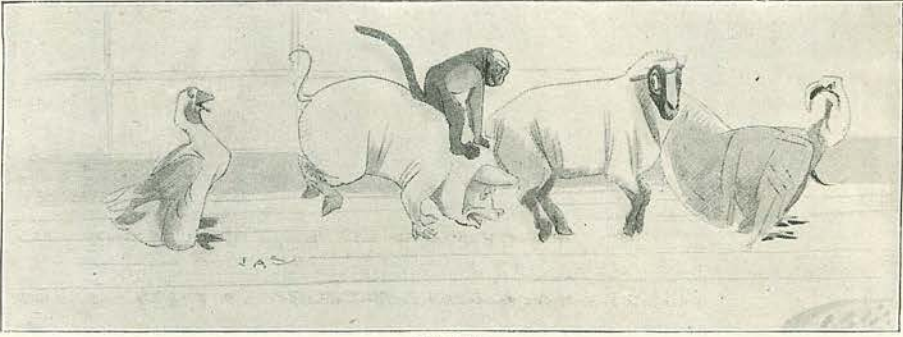
aboard at St. Helena; a turkey, and a goose—survivors also, orphans, waifs, or what you will; and a monkey, Jacko. Jacko was no dependent waif, but a passenger of note, on his way home at the instance of Mr. Powell himself. To these four entered a pig, taken on board when the coolies had left; for Hindu coolies and pigs agree ill, and never



CHURCH PARADE.

on the ship *Bann*, that vessel took voyage from the East to the West Indies, carrying 800 coolie emigrants. The journey accomplished and the coolies landed, the *Bann* took in sugar for Greenock, and at this time the lower animals on board comprised a sheep—the last survivor of a family taken

travel in the same ship together. And now, to the astonishment of the whole ship's company, a quaint companionship sprang up between these five of such widely differing sorts. They were allowed to wander about decks in daytime. The turkey, the sheep, the pig, and the goose associated readily—possibly



JACKO UP.

because of a certain farmyard affinity between them; the monkey was longer in gaining admittance to the club. He was an exotic creature, and there was something near to human about him that seemed to mark him as not of the pig and turkey "set." But for

that day they would give themselves an extra clean up—all except the pig—and parade the decks in procession. But invariably ere long the monkey would perceive the advantages of riding, and with a sudden spring he would mount the pig, seize him by the ears, and go



IN THE STRAIGHT.

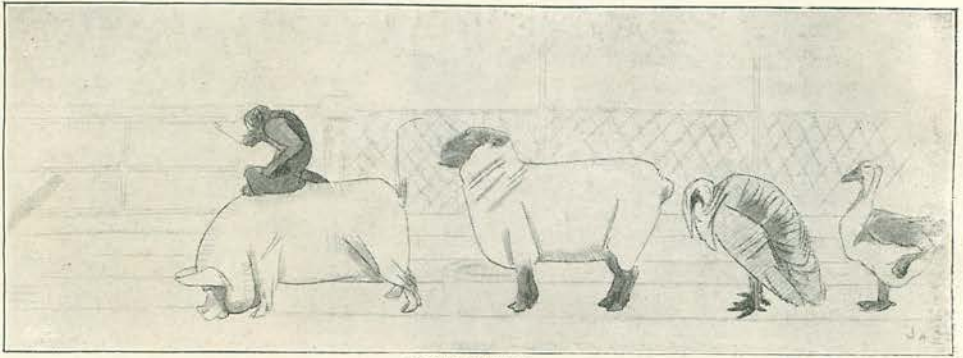
his own part he took a most extreme fancy for the goose; and before long all were happy together, and the club of five "passengers" made great merriment for the officers and crew of the *Bann*.

Sunday was the great day for the club. On

off at a gallop, sitting astride the pig's neck. The pig, for his part, would tear off at his hardest, grunting and protesting, rushing and bucking, with the rest of the club toiling excitedly in the rear. But none of his antics availed to rid him of his jockey,



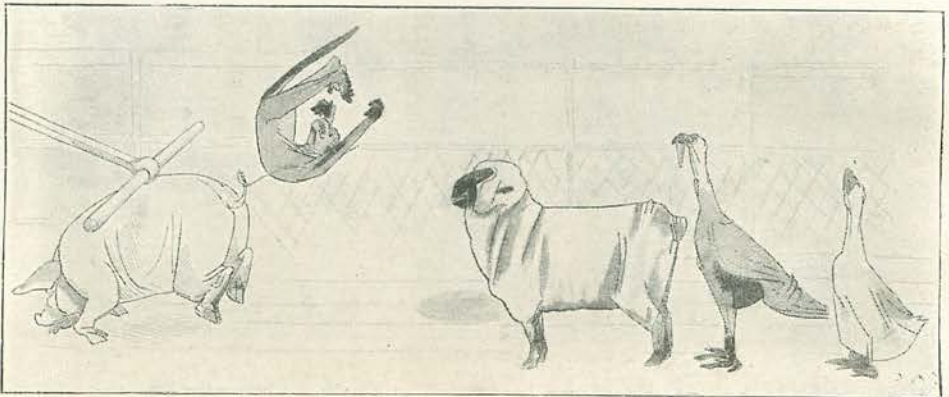
A CHECK.



CONSIDERATION.

who stuck in his place, chattering and grinning with joy, and dragging merrily at the pig's ears. But the pig had a last resource. After a few frantic rounds of the deck he would stop and consider the matter thoughtfully. Rushing was of no use, bucking and

with his small and thoughtful eye. Then, with a sudden rush, he would dash under that crank—barely the height of his back—and with a terrific shock Jacko would go flying and tumbling into space, an outwitted and a sorely bruised monkey. And on the instant



DISASTER.

shying were wholly ineffectual. There still remained scraping. Sagely revolving his project in his mind, the pig would walk slowly in the direction of the main pump. He would measure the space between crank and deck

the whole club would gather round to enjoy the discomfiture of the cleverest member. And so the pig's triumph endured till Jacko, after two or three tumbles, learned to jump for the crank and sit there.



DONE!