

A PET AND A NUISANCE.

JOCKO IN DISREPUTE WITH THE NEW YORK HEALTH BOARD.

Josef Hoffmann's Eccentric Monkey Makes a Tightrope of Mrs. Kaufman's Clothesline, Picks Potty Out of a Skylight and Steals Pennies and Milk.

For two years now Jocko has been having things pretty much his own way in a back yard in East Fourth street. But at last he has run up against a snag. Doubtless if Jocko had been content with his own back yard and had not gone about prowling for new back yards to conquer, his name today would not be on the blotter of the health board's big book. At the weekly meeting of the board it will be decided whether he may keep up his domestic proclivities unmolested or whether in the future he is to be chained to a ring in the area steps.

Jocko is the pet monkey of Josef Hoffmann, who does a brisk business in the basement at 87 East Fourth street. A sea captain, who had come home from a voyage to South America for coconuts, brought back Jocko with him, and gave the animal to Mr. Hoffmann. If Jocko had stuck his long, sharp claws into Mr. Hoffmann's heart he couldn't have secured a deeper hold on that portion of the latter's anatomy than he did on the first day of his installment in the basement in East Fourth street.

Every twenty-four hours which have passed since then have only soldered more firmly the ties between the monkey and his master. So fond, indeed, has his owner become of the curious little animal that he has never had the heart to correct him in any way. The result was the usual one. Jocko was spoiled.

JOCKO AND THE CLOTHESLINE.

So one day, as Jocko was sitting ruminating in the back yard, with a leg swung about the trellis and his tail wound around the grape vine, he spied Mrs. Kaufman, of the third floor, back hanging her washing out to dry.

Mrs. Kaufman closed the window, leaving her linen, which she had got up at 6 o'clock to wash, hanging in the sun. Jocko waited a whole minute after he heard the sash bang. Then, with a cat-like movement, he gained the top of the high back fence, scampered up the fire escape of an adjoining building, made a well-calculated leap of three feet and landed on the nearest point of vantage of the taut ropes of Mrs. Kaufman's clothesline.

Like a tightrope walker, Jocko tripped along the line. He put up one paw to his whisker, just as the real performer does when he smirks and throws the intimate kiss to the audience. Then Jocko began his aerial feats in earnest.

When Mrs. Kaufman went to haul in her line that evening she stood as one amazed. Her stockings strewed the ground below like the fallen leaves of Vallambrosa. Her tablecloths and sheets, where they were not torn in places, were tracked in a pattern in which the chief figure was the imprint of a muddy paw. Some of her linen was actually missing. Mrs. Kaufman had to get up early the next morning again, pull out her thread and needle, and after mending for almost an hour, do her whole wash over.

But Jocko never ran amuck among Mrs. Kaufman's wash any more. He had experienced a new sensation, and having once satisfied himself with that he began to cast about for fresh fields and pastures new. Of course, if he wanted to make use of Mrs. Kaufman's or any other person's convenient lines, Jocko never hesitated to use them as a public thoroughfare. But as a diversion, clotheslines had lost their seductive charms for the monkey.

THE HATTER PROTESTS.

So while looking about another morning for something "new and strange" he clambered up on to the roof of the extension built out from a hat store on the Bowers. The skylight was open and Jocko began dropping odd bits which he picked up off the roof down into the room below. His Simian Majesty was scared away.

Then Jocko's instinctive feeling of dislike for the Hyman family asserted itself. The next day and the next Jocko quietly perched himself on the rim of the skylight over the extension of the hatter and began picking away the putty about the panes. But Jocko had not progressed far in his operations before he was found out. Then Mr. Hyman's patience gave out for he saw his living apartments threatened with a leak. He was not so complacent as his neighbor, Mrs. Kaufman, who satisfied her grievance by shouting out vengeance from her back windows upon the monkey. The latter went right down to the board of health and lodged a complaint against Mr. Hoffmann's pet.

One of Jocko's tricks is to go out early in the morning and steal the pennies which are placed in milk pitchers, and another is to gather up letters which the postman leaves under the basement gates near the monkey's home. Whether he views the Italian at the corner with instinctive hatred or as a natural friend it is impossible to say, but sure it is that when Jocko wants a peanut or a fig he makes no scruple of bagging one from the stand. Another one of Jocko's cunning ways is to stick his snout into any writing bottle of milk or dish of pudding that is set out of a back window to cool, and then make his escape with his stomach full of the delicacy.

Pending the result of the inquiry Mr. Hoffmann is a little anxious for fear the health board may compel him to imprison his dear Jocko. But Jocko runs about as usual with no fear for consequences at all. One shake of his right paw against his left whisker "fixed" the sanitary inspector. And if that was not sufficient Jocko knows enough to question the right of the health board to interfere in his case at all.—New York World.

Echo Answers, "Where?"

"Mother, don't the angels wear any clothes?"
"No, darling."
"Then where do they put their pocky bankies?"—London Judy.

ONE OF THE FIRST PIANOS MADE.

Interesting History of an Old Musical Instrument That Has Traveled.

In a music store on Third street, between Marion and Columbia, there is an old piano which attracts much attention. The old musical instrument is of the upright style and is in a fair state of preservation, though it is nearly one hundred years old. It has a keyboard with white keys for the regular notes, and black keys for the sharps and flats. Just like the pianos of today. These, when deftly touched, cause the ancient instrument to discourse most eloquently.

No one could tell its great age by hearing it played on. Its tones are still harmonious and tuneful, though, of course, it cannot be compared with the best pianos of today, when volume or modulation of tone is considered. Its front is ornamented with wooden scrollwork, behind which is a crimson cloth of fine texture. The frame on which the strings are stretched is of wood, while the frame of the modern piano is of iron. The double row of keys is followed to this day, and the interior construction is much the same as in vogue at present.

The fact that the ancient instrument is in such a good state of preservation is a high tribute to the old time piano makers. They built their instruments to last. This is said not to be the case with many of the present piano manufacturers. The superannated instrument has an interesting history. The Nineteenth Century had counted off but three years when it was bought by an English gentleman for his family of the makers, J. & J. Hopkinson, of Regent street, London. It was made in the year 1802 and sold in 1803. It passed as an heirloom from one member of the family to another until it came into the possession of a branch that left London for America in the year 1864. The voyage was made in the celebrated ship Robert Lowe. During the voyage a heavy gale was encountered, and the piano was washed overboard with other things, but was finally fished out of the briny ocean.

The family that brought the instrument to America settled at Victoria, B. C., and they passed away one by one until only two sisters were left. Finally one of these died and the other became insane with grief. Then it became necessary to administer on the estate of the sisters, and the piano was sold by order of the probate court. The instrument then fell into the hands of a gentleman named Johnson, who resided in Victoria.

In 1889 Mr. Johnson sold the instrument to a gentleman who had it in his possession for the past twenty-two years. During that period it has been at Port Ludlow, Olympia, Whidby Island and Seattle. Once it was in a fire, in which \$8,000 damage was done, and it was saved. It was moved from Seattle to Victoria twice. Finally the last owner traded it off for an instrument of modern make, giving good boot.—Seattle Telegraph.

Latest Fashion in Clothes and Children.

The small woman who fervently prayed that there might be no "best clothes" in heaven certainly ought not to be unhappy now, for even the best clothes are simple, and are made so that she can move and be happy in them. Silks, satins, laces and flummery on children are only evidences of the folly of their mothers, for the wisest and wealthiest women dress their children in the simplest and plainest manner. You see, babies who quote Shakespeare at five, or who are looking for microbes at seven, are counted had form, while those who dig in the sands for precious stones, or build houses that are washed away by the incoming waves, are the ones who are going to be healthy and wise.—New York Sun.

A Lazy King.

George IV was a mere puppet of a king. His servants came in to open his window curtains at 6 or 7 in the morning. He breakfasted in bed, read the morning newspapers through, transacted what business was brought to him and then took a long doze of three or four hours. At 6 in the afternoon he rose, dressed for dinner and returned to bed again between 10 and 11. Being unable to sleep much, he found pleasure in ringing for the servants, ringing his bell forty times a night. He wished to know the hour, instead of looking at his watch he rung for a servant. If he wished a glass of water, instead of reaching his hand for it, he rung again for a servant.—New York World.

When You Travel.

Don't wait until you reach the station, a few minutes before it is time for the train to start, before you find out the time for starting, arriving at your destination and the time of connection. Other passengers wish to take the same train, and must buy tickets. And don't argue the question of the price of your ticket with the ticket seller; the price is settled by the managers and directors of the road. If the price is unjust, address a communication to them and stay at home till the price is satisfactory, or pay it and keep still.—Christian Union.

A Hint to the Wealthy.

"My health is getting worse and worse; I've tried every climate and none of them afford me any relief," said a rich New York invalid to a friend. "I'll tell you what to do: Move to Sing Sing, and board at the penitentiary. There is no record of a millionaire ever having died within its walls."—Texas Siftings.

What He Wanted to Say.

"Prisoner at the bar," said the judge, "is there anything you wish to say before sentence is passed on you?" The prisoner looked wistfully toward the door and remarked that he would like to say "Good evening," if it would be agreeable to the company.—Exchange.

The Extremes of Speech.

"I spent a wretched evening with Joe. He almost talked me to death."
"I spent as miserable a one with Fred. He wouldn't talk at all."—Kate Field, Washington.

WAR AND AERIAL SHIPS.

POSSIBILITIES REGARDING FUTURE FLYING MACHINES.

How Fast Navies and Expensive Land Fortifications Might Be Rendered Useless—Antiquity of the Idea of Flying. Some Schemes of the Ancients.

Regarding the rate of propulsion of the future flying machine, Professor J. Elfteth Watkins, the distinguished mechanical expert, declares that it simply depends upon the size of the propeller used and the rate at which the fans are revolved. In his opinion the old theory that the atmosphere was too tenuous a medium for a propeller to act upon has been demonstrated to be nonsense. Sufficient resistance is offered by it to render possible an enormous speed, so that it would not be too much to surmise that a properly constructed air ship might accomplish the distance between Chicago and New York within an hour's time.

Necessarily, however, there would be a limit to rapidity of flight, inasmuch as a propeller ceases to propel after a certain number of revolutions per second has been reached. It is open to any one's observation that a vessel's propeller, operating in the water, often revolves much faster when the craft is moving slowly than when it is going fast.

Attention was called by Mr. Hazen to the tremendous revolution which the introduction of practical air ships would work in the methods of offense and defense in war. Fortifications, on which it is suggested that Uncle Sam shall expend \$20,000,000 as soon as possible, would be of little use against flying machines that could drop dynamite and other explosives from aloft. Likewise ships of war, however heavily armored, would be at the mercy of hostile aerial navigators.

COSTLY GUNS RENDERED USELESS.

In such a case batteries of a description altogether new would have to be devised for shooting vertically, and the general defending a position on terra firma would be obliged to assail the winged foe with volleys of bombs directed upward, as one would shoot ducks on the wing. Should such a state of affairs come to pass, it seems likely that the conflicts of the future between nations will have to be fought out in the air between squadrons of flying men-of-war. About that time one would imagine, it would be considered that the period had arrived, so long looked for by military thinkers, when there could be no more fighting because it would be too vastly destructive.

Having achieved the conquest of the waters, it is natural that man should likewise desire the mastery of the air, and thus in all ages the human race has been ambitious to fly. The earliest attempt in this direction recorded by tradition is the mythical account of Daedalus, who, having constructed the celebrated labyrinth for Minos, king of Crete, was so unfortunate as to offend that monarch, and being imprisoned, escaped with the aid of wings made of feathers cemented with wax.

Another ancient story of Archytas, of Tarentum, who constructed a wooden pigeon that had power to fly, so nicely was it balanced by weight and pitch to motion by inclosed air. If there is any truth in the account, it seems probable that Archytas was a fakir and worked his bird with a string, as is done on the stage. The ancients, generally speaking, made no attempts in the direction of aeronautics, believing that the power of flight could only appertain to the most powerful gods.

OLD SCHEMES FOR FLYING.

Four centuries ago an ingenious gentleman named Laureus Laurus published a statement to the effect that swan's eggs filled with quicksilver, when exposed to the sun, would ascend in the air, but it is not recorded that the experiment was ever subjected satisfactorily to scientific test. In 1670 a Jesuit, Francis Lana, proposed to make four copper balls, each twenty-five feet in diameter and only four one-thousandths of an inch in thickness, from which the air was to be exhausted.

To these balls a basket was to be attached, with a mast and sail, and the calculation was that the contrivance would carry 1,200 pounds. Unfortunately it was discovered that the excessive thickness of the copper spheres would cause them to be broken when a vacuum was created inside of them by the pressure of the atmosphere from without.

Nevertheless, this suggestion approached more nearly to a practical idea in aerostatics than any other offered, up to the time of the invention of the balloon in 1783 by the brothers Montgolfier. So late as 1775 Joseph Gallien, a Dominican friar and professor in philosophy, contended that it would be possible to collect the rarefied air of some lofty mountain top and inclose it in a huge vessel a mile in diameter, which would carry fifty-four times as much weight as did Noah's ark. Famously enough, nearly all the early theorists on this subject imagined that the atmosphere merely covered the earth like a shallow ocean, on which the aerial vessels they had in mind were intended to float, like ships in the sea, with their upper portions in the diffuse ether that lay above.—Washington Star.

Why Milk Sours.

Professor Tolomei, an Italian chemist, concludes that the ozone produced by electric discharges in a thunder storm coagulates milk by oxidizing it, and generates lactic acid. Mr. Treadwell, of the Wesleyan university, in discussing this, states that the action is not a mere oxidation, but is in part produced by the growth of bacteria, which is very rapid in hot, sultry weather.—New York Times.

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