

JOCKO—A True Story.

BY ISABELLE JOYCE.

The great circus was out on parade and Jocko came. Everything was in confusion about the grounds in preparation for the afternoon performance, and no one thought to take a peep into the monkey cage where another member had been added to the family.

Hundreds of strot worms stood about gazing at the wonderful side show pictures, patronizing the red lemonade and peanut men and striving to pass the time before the hour for the show to begin. The smell of sawdust permeated the air and brought real joy and fond memories to the hearts of the few old timers in the crowd who sniffed and recalled their first circus.

Criers were drumming up patrons. Mounted on high boxes, they enumerated the endless chain of marvelous features to be seen in the "three great rings." And then "A grand concert will follow the main show and will enlist the services of some of the greatest artists in the world. All this can be heard for the small sum of ten cents—a dime."

From one corner of the grounds came the boom of a drum and the subsequent announcement that "now could be seen the most wonderful side show ever exhibited," while a few feet away the family differed about "Punch and Judy" offered amusement to as many as could crowd about the little improvised theatre.

The atmosphere was full of circus,

you the greatest troupe of trained monkeys in the world. They will be entered in a pony race once around the track. The champion rider, Jocko, the finest monkey bareback rider in the world, holds the record in pony racing. He is number 4 and wears the bright red coat."

Out came the ponies and their little riders. They are lined up at the starting point and everyone's eyes are strained for a look at Jocko. Down goes the flag, and the ponies are off like the wind, their riders clinging to their necks.

Jocko is in the lead. A quarter of the way he whirled, the others vainly endeavoring to gain on him. He is half way round, and the crowd is cheering the plucky little rider, when suddenly he seems to lose his hold and slips back on the pony's haunches. His grip is gone but he has not lost his heart, and tries desperately to regain his hold.

Startled by the monkey's unusual movement, the pony leaps forward. Jocko tries to steady himself by hanging to the pony's tail, but is thrown suddenly backward to the ground. In his little monkey heart Jocko trusts his faithful mount to stop, but the pony, unable to understand what it is all about, dashes madly on, dragging his little rider.

Cheers die on the lips of the spectators as the little fellow is bumped and kicked over the rough course. Attendees rush out, but the pony finishes the distance before he can be stopped,



"JOCKO TRIES TO STEADY HIMSELF BUT IS THROWN SUDDENLY BACKWARD TO THE GROUND."

and to the great events of the day had been added the coming of Jocko. Jocko's mother wore a look of real monkey pride when her associates came in from the street show, and it was not long before Jocko became the pride of the entire monkey family.

His whims were indulged with a forbearance that proved beyond doubt the love of his guardians. They never scolded, never molested. It was only when some one of their number, out of sorts, perhaps, gave him a stronger reprimand than the ordinary monkey rebuke. They fought his battles, crooned over him in his mishaps, romped with him and stood up for him like one great parent.

Jocko was not like other monkey children, and soon grew to know his power. He wrangled his little self around their hearts, and when he grew big enough to go out in the street parade the pride of the monkey family knew no bounds.

First he traveled in a cage with his older associates. His little red coat, brighter in hue than any of the others and embroidered most elaborately in gilt for Jocko had his friends among the circus people—made him a conspicuous figure in the group.

Jocko was the real monkey in the crowd. He imitated the others, made them play "understander" for him while he practiced all kinds of acrobatic feats, and he soon became an expert performer. The joy of his guardians, therefore, was complete when they saw him riding about the big arena perched on a pony's back.

They squeaked in true monkey delight at their protegee's fine "horse-ship," for Jocko became the finest monkey bareback rider in the menagerie. Day after day he rode his pony to victory. Day after day the monkey family waited excitedly for his "turn." They were there to squeak approval when he came bounding into the cage and to fill his little monkey soul with joy and adulation.

One day the circus showed in a big city, and great preparations were made for an unusually fine display. After a great street parade the company came marching into the grounds. The noon meal over, Jocko could hardly wait for his "turn," and went romping about the cage teasing first one and then another. In turn for the little pinches and pokes he gave the others, he received only a loving tap on his tiny head and a sly little dig now and then. It was the happiest family under the big canvas.

The show was on and one after the other went in to perform. "Ladies and gentlemen," sang the crier after awhile, "We will now introduce to

and Jocko has ceased to struggle. As tenderly as if he had been a baby they picked him up. His little heart still beat faintly, and through his little eyes he looked up at them. They were the men who had watched him from babyhood, and he knew their grief.

The band stopped the "circus music" abruptly as one of the men bore Jocko to the animal tent. It was the man who, but a few minutes before, had placed Jocko on his favorite mount. It was he who had fastened the strap but for which the little fellow might have jumped to safety instead of to death.

Caring little for those who saw, the big, burly fellow carried Jocko in one arm and hid his face in the other as he made his way to the monkey cage. He had taken the little fellow out only a short while before, had romped with him all the way to the big tent and had given him a parting pat as the ponies darted off. And he was bringing him back dying.

Tenderly he laid him inside while the other monkeys, dazed to see the little fellow come home in any other way than a romp, gathered about chattering their misunderstanding. They soon saw that Jocko's life was fast going away. The poor little maimed body lay pathetically still, and but for the old light in the eyes they could not have recognized their bright, loving little charge.

He looked up at them piteously. They had been so proud of him, and he had loved them all. His little eyes blinked a pathetic farewell to his faithful guardians.

Outside in the big tent the band dashed around the main ring. But there was no joy in the monkey cage, for Jocko had ridden his last race.

A Four-Legged Furlough.

The children of a reading class were asked the meaning of the word "furlough." Mary answered that it meant a mule. "Oh, no," said the teacher. Mary insisted and said she had a book home that said so. The next day she appeared with it and in triumph opened it to the page where there was the picture of a soldier standing beside a mule. Below the picture were the words: "Going home on his furlough."

Tit for Tat.

It is quite generally known that the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, D. C., was founded by an Englishman, but by comparatively few that the British Museum was founded by Benjamin Thompson, an American.

A SOUTHERN TALE.

An interesting Story of One Phase of Plantation Life.

It was Christmas eve in the cabin, but the cupboard was empty and the fire upon the hearth was nearly out; for it was not the old-time Christmas that darkeys had known "befo' de war" when their mistress and master were alive. All day long the snow had been falling, and now it lay white and glistening under the shining heavens as if there was really nothing but "peace on earth and good will toward men."

Far over the white covered hills the lights of Christmaside blazed through the trees from the old mansion that had been many years dark and deserted. But its cheeriness brought no comfort to the two darkeys shivering over the half dead coals; for the people who had lately moved into their old homes were strangers and knew nothing about the little cabin nestled among the pines far away under the hills. The tale started down their black faces as memories of the Christmas of long ago rose before them, when they had shared all the joys of that old home. Memories of blazing hearths and bright lights, of the happy voices of their own white people ringing through those dear halls, and of the strain of the banjo from the quarters now far away.

"Mamma, you seek'n ole marse an' miss up in Heab'n knows how bad we is off, dis Christmas eve!" A darkey with a head as white as the hills over which he had been gazing from the cabin window, addressed his companion huddled over the other side of the hearth. "She had been 'mammy' in the ante bellum days, and the appellation clung to her.

"Lord! dey'd cert'nly be hut' of dey does," she replied with a groan—"fur dey knows what we bin use ter in dem ole Christmas times w'en dey wuz live, an' alu' know de wantin' of nuffin' no more an' dey's. Law, kin jes about my eyes now," she went on reminiscently "an' see dat ole kitchen table pile up wif cakes and pies, an' Aunt Sarah an' ole Mimie bakin' tell dey ve'y smell ob 'em make me sick. Den long 'bout dark I an' Miss Alice 'mence to set de table out dere in de big hall, fur ole marse to make de alleg'nings Christmas mornin' an' I kin heab Miss Alice now a keep sayin' put plenty glasses, mammy, case I want ev'body to drink marse an' miss heaf in de mornin'. An' didn't sum ob dem niggers drink ole marse an' miss heaf"—here both old darkeys chuckled in spite of themselves—"tell dey' haf to be kerried down to de quarters bodily! An' dat Christmas dinner!" She clasped her hands rapturously over her tattered breast. "Dat tu'key dress all in holly, roas' brown an' stuff wif nuts! An' dat plum puddin' s'ont in de house in er blaze ob fire! Den w'en de white people eat tell dey cudn't eat no longer, dere wuz jes as much let fur de darkeys. Lord A'mighty! heaf is wishin' fur what de vey dogs sniff up jey nose at, dat day!" She stopped and wiped her eyes with the corner of her apron; there were a few minutes silence, and the other old darkey announced solemnly: "Ise gwine ter pray!" Both knelt down, and he began aloud:

"Oh, Lord King ob Heab'n an' erf, Who s'ont de cible Jesus dat fir' Christmas eve so menny thousan' yeah ergo, look wif pity erpon dis ole lonesome cabin settin' out heaf in de wilderness ter nite, whar dey ain't so much as er tu'key feav'r to 'mind us ob de blessed time. Dee knows how it wuz in de ole time long ergo, w'en Christmas wuz de happiest time ob all de year, case Dee knows how much s'ot ole marse sot to his surbants an' nev'r stint we all no mo' an' erf he did hiss'ef. Dee knows how de cider an' appul toddy flow'd same as water den, an' chestnuts an' appuls wuz er poppin' in de fireplaces. Ebby sense ole marse die it git w'en an' w'ose wif us. 'Pear like de fast blow ergo, w'en de mansion wuz sole; an' den all our people move 'way tell I an' mammy onliest ones left; den times git so hard we blee'd to let too, an' move down heaf in de mashes whar we is ter nite. Las' yeah our 'tatoes fro's bite, an' we w'ose an' ebber. Sum white folks I moved up into de mansion lately, but dey is cum frum whar dey ain't no culud folks, I reek'n, an' ain't know our people gwine suffer lessen dey he'p us; so we is lef lonesum dis Christmas wifout enny one ter look to scusin' Dee. Frum Dee only, kin we spee' he'p—oh, sen' down er angul frum on high."

"Sen' down er Christmas angul, Lord!" broke in a quavering voice from the other side of the fireplace. "Sen' er angul to wa' po' trimlin niggers, the first voice went on—"an' let him shine he bright beams in dis darksum cabin ter-nite, like dey shine on dem shepherds ob ole, and dey fell down on der faces an' wuz too skeer'd to speak."

"Oh, sen' down er angul, Lord!" the two voices struck in together on the same key, the other leading off again: "Sen' down er angul frum on high an'—"

Outside a gentle voice broke upon the prayer, and like the shepherds of old, the two darkeys fell forward upon their faces, and waited with breath suspended for another sound of the angelic response.

"Dory to Dord in de highest, an' on erf peace dood will to men!" Then, lo! the door opened and in came a tiny child. She was all in white, and she had great blue eyes and hair like a golden halo around her lovely face. In one hand she carried a bunch of holly, and the other was laden with sweetmeats, as she said:

"I am de 'litle angel, an' have tum to 'ou to-night to tell 'ou all 'bout Jesus, an' how He tum dat fir' Christmas;—an' see!—I've bought 'ou lots of doodies jes like de 'litle durl in de story mamma wead me 'fore she put me to bed."

Two black faces rose slowly from the floor and gazed awe-stricken upon the angelic countenance beaming upon them. They had prayed for a Christmas angel to come down into their little cabin, but even their strong faith was not prepared for the sudden revelation of one in flesh and blood. They gazed upon the heavenly apparition, neither one daring to speak, till suddenly a new light broke over the rapt face of "mammy." Raising herself bolt upright she gazed fearlessly upon the celestial visitor and said:

"Luk'e dis ain't er angul, after all; it's er litle chile frum up de mansion, case I seen her yesterdy wif 'er ma pass dis cabin." Then going over

to the child she said coaxingly: "Nebber mind honey, mammy an' Uncle Luke gwine ca'r you home, and she began to wrap her ragged shawl over the little visitor, murmuring all the while: "Jes erlike Miss Alice fur all de wurrl!—Got her berry blue eyes, an' er golden hair!"

A little later the two old darkeys were on their way to the mansion, bearing their precious burden. Along the white road they trod, their bundled feet making huge tracks in the newly fallen snow, till on the hill among some fine old lombardies, their lost home blazed out in old-time splendor. Some servants were searching the grounds with lanterns, and just then a lady with golden hair like the child's came out of the front door, and when she saw the old darkeys with their bundle between them ran out crying:

"Oh, my darling! my poor lost child! where have you been? We have been searching everywhere for our baby!" And taking the child in her arms, she kissed it again and again, while everybody crowded around with questioning glances.

"Mamma, Ise only payed Ise de Christmas Chile like 'ou wead me 'bout an' see—I foun' dose poor old colored people we passed yesterdy, an' a weal live mammy like 'ou use to have!"

The child pointed to the two shivering darkeys, who stood bewildered in the glare of the open door; then taking them by the hands she led them in the hall, down into the dining-room blazing with lights and decked in Christmas greens—the old dining-room that had been as much lost to them as though they had at one time really owned it. Then as the family gathered eagerly around, she seated the strange couple by the bright warm fire; till suddenly as the light from the chandelier shone on their faces, the lady with the golden hair ran to them crying:

"Uncle Luke! and dear old mammy! and falling on the old negroes' laps she showed her arms around her still crying: "Mamma, I have found you at last! don't you know me?"

"Miss Alice! oh, my Gode! an' cum back to de mansion!" Both of the old darkeys had now recognized the young mistress of their far back days, and held out their arms crying for joy.

"Mamma, dear old mammy! and Uncle Luke our faithful old carriage driver!" Miss Alice looked from one ragged darkey to the other, laughing and crying by turns, while their faces shone with such radiance in the fire light that everybody laughed and cried too.

What a happy Christmas it turned out to be after all. Back at the old mansion with their own white people!—could they be dreaming? The clock in the great hall struck twelve and the lights were still blazing among the evergreens, and the fire upon the hearth sputtered and sparkled as cheerily as ever; while nestled among the pines, far away under the hills, the little cabin went dark and dreary. But "mammy" deep in the mysteries of apple-roasting for Uncle Luke's red-hot poker, and the demjohon near by, had no time to think of its dreariness now.

The little Christ Child tucked in her tiny bed and was not forgotten. Many tears and kisses fell on her baby lips that night, as she slept and dreamed of the Christmas morn that was fast breaking over the sleeping earth.

FOUR CENTURIES TO BUILD.

St. Peter's Cathedral One of the World's Wonders.

St. Peter's at Rome is the largest temple of worship in the world. It stands on a ground which was formerly the site of Nero's circus in the northwest part of the city, and is built in the form of a Latin cross. The height of the dome from the pavement to the top of the cross is 448 feet, considerably higher than the Capitol at Washington. The great bell alone without the hammer and clapper, weighs over nine and one-quarter tons. The foundation was laid in 1450 A. D. During the time that work was in progress, forty-three Popes lived and died. While it was dedicated in the year 1823, it was not entirely finished until 1850. The cost was \$70,000,000.

The Blessings of Sleep.

Sleep! "God bless the man who first invented sleep!" While I am asleep I have neither fear nor hope, neither trouble nor glory, said Sancho Panza. Blessings on him who invented sleep, the mantle that covers all human thoughts; the food that appeases hunger; the drink that quenches thirst; the fire that warms; the cold that moderates heat; and lastly, the general coin that purchases all things; the balance and weight that makes the shepherd equal to the king and the simple to the wise.

Weight of a Dollar.

"Can any one tell how many \$1 bills it takes to weigh as much as a \$20 gold piece?" was asked of a number of clerks in a large mercantile house. The answers showed a remarkable range of opinions. One member of the party, whose business it was to handle money in large sums, suggested the number would be from 1,000 to 1,200. Others guessed down to 500 but none lower.

The number is from thirty to thirty-one, according to the condition and cleanliness of the bills.

Real Enjoyment.

"Did you enjoy yourself at the seashore?" "Did I? I should say so," replied the young man with the bright red band. In a short time he had a headache every morning for two weeks.

At some of our seashore resorts, sea water is used as a medicinal beverage, mostly to reduce obesity. It is brought in by fishermen from far out, to be safe from any pollution. Three glasses daily is the usual dose.

In an old cathedral in the Netherlands the monks exhibit a phial, which appears empty, but is very dark. They tell the visitor that it is one of their most precious relics, for in it is preserved some of the darkness which Moses spread over the land of Egypt.

Wake Up, Old Man

Wake Up!

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