



YOPPY *the AUTO-
BIOGRAPHY
of a MONKEY*

YOPPY
THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY
OF A MONKEY



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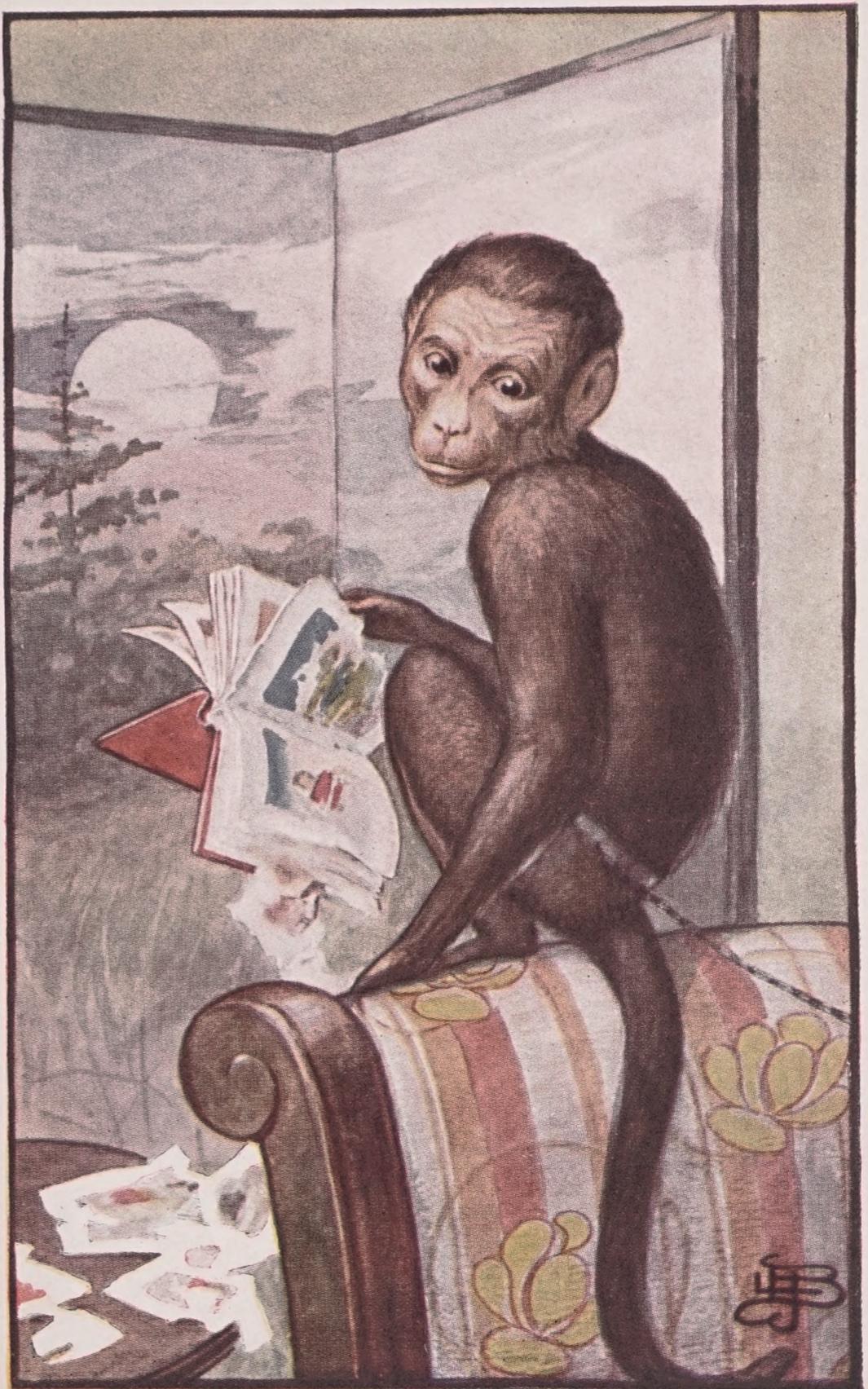
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YOPPY

The Autobiography of a Monkey



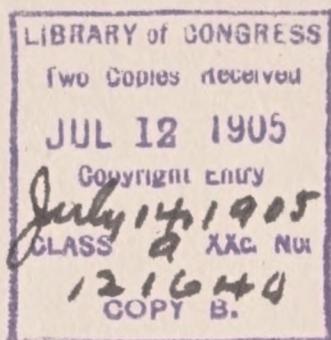
Illustrated Animal
Autobiographical Series

YOPPY
The Autobiography
of a
MONKEY

by
Mollie Lee Clifford

H M CALDWELL Co.
BOSTON-NEW YORK

PL 10
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COLONIAL PRESS
Electrotyped and Printed by C. H. Simonds & Co.
Boston, U. S. A.

TO
My Husband
MY DEAREST FRIEND
AND THE LITTLE DAUGHTER
WHOSE FAITH IN MAMMA'S SHIP NEVER WAVERED
I AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATE THIS
MY FIRST BOOK

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Y O P P Y

CHAPTER I.

MY NATIVE HOME

I WAS a very happy little fellow when I lived with my mother in the wilds of South America. I used to find no end of amusement playing with my little neighbour monkeys among the branches of the trees, or swinging on the vines that grew in luxurious abundance in our forest home. It was great fun to watch the wild animals prowling through the underbrush, knowing that they could not catch us, no matter how they might try. We were especially fond of tormenting the jaguars, or American tigers, for they are our sworn enemies.

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I used to enjoy the nuts, berries, and fruit that grew in our forest home. It was so nice to be able to gather our own fruit, and to have it perfectly fresh whenever we wanted it.

There were hundreds of little monkeys like myself, and all as full of life as it is natural for young monkeys to be. But I was going to tell you my own story instead of that of the other monkeys.

I loved my mother dearly; no human child ever loved their mother more. She was always anxious about me whenever I was out of her sight, and used to box my ears very often, but I dare say that I deserved it.

Mother often warned me against being too venturesome, particularly against meddling with any kind of a trap, and, above all things, she warned me to skip into the thickest branches of the tree whenever I saw a man with a gun.

I remember of having once seen a mother monkey shot; that was the way the wicked hunter secured the baby monkey, which the mother held in her arms. This seemed to

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be a favourite way for hunters to catch baby monkeys, for a mother monkey would never part with her baby so long as she had strength enough to hold it. Sometimes the baby was shot, too, which was doubly sad.

The cruel shooting affair made my mother more sad and anxious about me. It made me serious, too, for fully half an hour; then I forgot all about it, and was as full of pranks as ever. It is not in the nature of a monkey to grieve over the troubles of others; at least, for only a short time.

After witnessing the killing of that mother monkey, and the capture of her little son, my mother repeated her warnings all over again, and for the time being I was greatly impressed.

We monkeys are peculiar animals, as you would readily believe if you were owner of one of us. We are always glad that we are living, and nothing but cruel treatment can sadden our hearts for any length of time. So, as I have said, I forgot all about the tragedy, and began to cut up capers, as was my usual habit.

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The morning following the shooting affair, I was in the highest spirits. I began the day by pinching my mother's nose and biting her tail, whereupon she boxed my ears, and I yelled. My crying was of short duration, however; my spirits bubbled over, and I was up and at it once more.

I was old enough to pick up my own breakfast; instinct teaches us what is good to eat and what isn't, and early that particular morning I scrambled down from my bed of leaves among the thick foliage of the tree where my mother and I always slept. I very soon found a breakfast which suited me exactly. I ate it, then sat on one of the lower branches, thinking what I should do next, when I heard the crackling of twigs in the underbrush.

I leaned over the branch and saw a huge jaguar prowling about beneath me. I knew perfectly well that he was looking for his breakfast, and would have greatly relished a tender little fellow like me, but I had no idea of letting him eat me, yet I could not resist having a little fun with him.

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I kept very quiet. I did not wish him to discover me, at least not at that moment. I waited until the beast was directly under the branch where I was sitting; he had not seen me. Slowly he made his way through the underbrush, sniffing the air occasionally, when suddenly I swung myself down, being careful to take a firm hold with my tail, then I pulled the jaguar's ear, and was back on my branch in a twinkling, while the animal uttered a howl of rage. To think a nice little monkey had been so near him, and he must still hunt for his breakfast!

My mother, who had seen my performance, called me to her, and gave me such a lecture as I had never heard before. I was impressed again for about five minutes, and then scrambled down the tree-trunk. As if I would allow one of those beasts to eat me! What could mother be thinking of!

Delighted with my morning's prank, I left my mother crying and scolding in the tree-top, while I danced about on the stout branches as I made my descent, regardless

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of mother's crying, scolding, or her warnings of any kind.

Dear, dear mother! how little I thought when I left her in our tree-top home that morning, how very little I thought that I would never come back to her again.

I made faces at her as I scrambled down the tree; I boxed the ears of a little playmate as I passed him; I pulled my grandfather's tail, and nearly upset him as he sat munching his breakfast. In my scurry to get away, I came very near sprawling headlong the remainder of the way, and, to my horror, the jaguar whose ear I had pulled was crouching beneath the tree.

I came within an ace of being eaten alive. As I came sprawling down the tree-trunk, the jaguar opened his mouth and stood ready to receive me, but just then I struck one of the lower branches, which I grasped, while I regained my footing, and I decided at once that I had business in some other part of the tree. So, instead of being eaten alive, I made grimaces at my would-be devourer, and ran up the tree laughing and

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chattering, while mentally I congratulated myself on my miraculous escape.

Away I went from one tree to another, chattering gleefully as I pulled down birds' nests, rummaging in holes in the tree-trunks, and having a delightful time as I went on my way. Once, I must have poked my fingers too far in a tree hole, for something bit me. After that I was glad to keep my fingers and my nose out of such places, and decided to amuse myself by eating fruit and berries instead of meddling with what did not belong to me.

When I had been rambling about for some time, I came to a clearing in the woods, the existence of which I had never known before. It was hot there, the sun poured down with a vengeance, but I was determined to explore this clearing, and see all there was to see.

Presently I came upon a queer-looking box. I had never seen anything like it, so I began to examine it. One of a monkey's strongest characteristics is his bump of curiosity.

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On making my examination, I found some pieces of cocoanut, and in one corner there was a pile of sugar. I did not know at the time what it was, but have learned since, as I have learned everything else, by keeping my eyes and ears open.

Without dreaming of danger, I crawled into that box, and picked up a piece of the cocoanut. It is not often that we monkeys find our cocoanuts broken for us, so I was very much pleased at what I found. I tasted the sugar and found that it was good, then I sat down to enjoy myself.

The box was not very large, but it was cool, and I began licking the sugar from the floor. Suddenly my head struck against something that dangled from the top of the box. I heard a click, the door shut with a snap, and I was a prisoner.

I remembered my mother's warning when it was too late. I tried my best to open the trap, but it held me firmly. I cried and screamed at the top of my lungs, but I was too far away from my tree-top home for

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my mother to hear me. Then a hunter came and took me away, far, far away from my native home, and I thought my heart would surely break.

CHAPTER II.

A JOURNEY

MY voyage from South America to the United States was anything but a pleasant one. I was homesick and heart-broken; I took very little notice of the sailors or passengers who came to look into my prison. In vain they tried to make friends with me. I hated them all. I hated my prison home, and, above all, I hated my captor.

Even the steamship on which we made our voyage was disagreeable. She pitched and rolled, and kept me jiggering from one side of my cage to the other; it was impossible to get a decent nap, and I heartily wished myself back with my mother in the jungle.

When the sea was unusually rough, and the ship was unusually pitchy, and the sky

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was full of angry-looking clouds, while the wind whistled through the rigging, making such mournful sounds as I had never heard before, I always wanted my mother; at such times I cried for her and would not be comforted.

But there came a day when the pitching and rolling ceased, the angry-looking clouds floated away, and the wind no longer shrieked and moaned; the sun shone brightly, and far away we could see land once more. At last we were in New York harbour, and every one on board seemed to take a new interest in life. Even I, for the first time since my capture, began to take an interest in things about me. My captor took me out of my cage and carried me to the upper deck, where I could see everything.

It was a glorious morning, and I enjoyed my breakfast of bananas, while I tried to take in the sights. I have not time to describe everything I saw, but I shall always remember how exhilarated I felt, sitting on the upper deck that morning, while I

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watched the many crafts sailing up and down the river. Ever so many of those crafts had whistles; some sounded soft, others were shrill, while others said, "Tute-tute" in the hoarsest voices. We passed under a mammoth bridge, and saw so many high buildings, and ever and ever so many wonderful things that I cannot remember. It was a memorable day.

When our ship drew near the pier, my captor put me back in my cage. Then a small boy came along and made faces at me. I threw my banana peel at him. He laughed, so did I. I certainly was beginning to feel like myself. When our ship reached the pier, there was such noise and confusion that I longed to get out and dance about. I began to feel glad that I was living, and I am sure that the racketing on board the ship and on the wharf was quite enough to arouse a dead monkey.

I watched with deepest interest the bright faces of the passengers as they hurried toward the gangplank. Every one seemed glad that the voyage was over. As I sat

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watching the hurrying crowd, I heard my captor say:

"Well, Yoppy, perhaps we had better be moving." Whereupon he locked the door of my cage and started toward the gang-plank.

"So my name is to be Yoppy," I thought. It was not a very pretty name, but I supposed I must answer to it. I presume my captor thought that anything was good enough for a monkey. But it did not matter in the least what he called me, for life had indeed begun to be interesting.

As we left the pier, I heard a strange sound. I had never heard anything like it before. I peeped through the bars of my cage, and saw what I have since learned was a hand-organ, and there upon the organ, prancing and throwing kisses to the people, was a little monkey exactly like myself.

I chattered and squeaked as loudly as I could to attract my country fellow's attention. My captor carried me to where the other monkey stood, and I made friends with him on the spot.

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I learned from the organ monkey that he, too, was a captive; that he had travelled with the organ-grinder ever since he had come to the country; that he did not enjoy it, and often actually suffered through the thoughtlessness and selfishness of his master.

While we chatted, our captors grinned at each other, and pretended that they knew what we were talking about. They seemed much amused at the earnestness of our conversation. Human beings are so easily amused. We were not allowed to chat a great while, for the organ monkey's master was anxious to catch more pennies, and my captor was anxious to catch a train; so my new friend and I were obliged to part, very much to our disapproval.

I saw many strange sights as I was carried through the streets of New York. There were no end of dirty-faced children, who seemed to take a great fancy to me. They followed us a long distance, much longer than I should have followed a human child, even if it were in a cage. As these children followed us, they kept up a lively

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chatter, which I enjoyed very much. They also made faces at me. I promptly returned the compliments, while they pranced after us, laughing and shouting in the highest spirits.

When we reached the station where we were to take our train, I fully believed my last hour had come. Such roaring and thundering, rattling and banging, I had never before heard. But it all proved to be the noise from the engines, and the racket of the truckmen and baggagemen, and I found that I was much more frightened than hurt.

The captor took me into a car where there were a great many people, all more or less interesting, whom I enjoyed watching. I attracted a great deal of attention, and received a number of gifts. One little girl, with long yellow curls, gave me a cookie. I thanked her in my own way, and began to nibble it, while she stood watching me.

The cookie was very nice, so I broke off a bit, and, with my most engaging manner, offered it to the little girl. She laughed and drew back, as if she did not care to eat

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after me. Perhaps it was because I had held it between my toes while I scratched my back, or it might have been because she had more in her bag. At any rate, she refused my bit, and I ate it all without any help from any one.

There were other small girls who sat near me. I made friends with them all. One gave me an apple; another gave me a handful of peanuts; while still another gave me a gum-drop, and laughed merrily when it stuck in my teeth, as I tried to chew it. I liked those little human folks very much indeed, but above all I liked my little cookie girl best.

I wanted to kiss her. I chatted socially with her. I stuck my hands through the bars of my cage and took hold of her hands. They were not at all like mine; they were soft and white. She only grinned when I wanted to kiss her; she did not seem to understand. I liked her so much. I cried when she left the train, and she herself seemed sorry to leave me.

After my little friend had gone, I was

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very quiet for a long time, then I fell asleep and dreamed that I was back in the jungle, with my dear mother's arms around me, and I fancied my troubles were at an end.

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CHAPTER III.

MY NEW HOME

I MUST have slept a long time that day, and probably would have slept longer had we not reached Boston, where we were to take another train for Hyde Park.

Of course my nap was of no further consequence, so I sat up and rubbed my eyes. We were in another railroad station, where there was quite as much racketing as there had been in the station in New York. No wonder a monkey could not sleep.

I did not complain, however, as there is something about a racket that makes me feel very much alive, and just then there was a great deal to see,—a number of men standing in a row and shouting as if their lives depended on the noise they made:

“Kearrage! kearrage! have a kear-idge!”

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Then the newsboys kept up their everlasting shouting:

“Evenin’ pap-ers! *Herald, Globe, Record!*”

There were boys selling pop-corn, and others who sold flowers, but I liked the men and boys who made the most noise best. And there were so many, many people rushing about that I really could not keep track of them.

Again we got on a train and went to Hyde Park, where, at his brother’s, I was to find a new home.

I never could understand why Mr. Arthur, of Hyde Park, made such a wry face as his brother presented me. He did not seem a mite glad to see me, while I should think he would have been delighted. But then, there is no accounting for tastes.

“My dear brother,” said my captor, “you don’t look as if you appreciated my gift, and I brought him all the way from South America especially for you.”

Mr. Arthur, of Hyde Park, grinned and answered: “I suppose it is rather rough on

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you, Sydney, not to appreciate your gift, but I had no idea that you had a grudge against me." A grudge, indeed! the idea!

My captor threw his head back and laughed. Mr. Arthur, of Hyde Park, did the same, then my captor said:

"Oh, he's a nice little fellow; and I'm sure that you will enjoy him. He is very intelligent and very funny, and I assure you, my dear boy, that were I not intending to travel I would not think of parting from him. I am very fond of the little cuss."

"I dare say he is cute," answered Mr. Arthur, of Hyde Park, "and I am sure that the children will enjoy him, but I am not sure how Jenny will take to him."

"Oh, well, if you get tired of him, you can send him to some zoölogical garden, or give him to an organ-grinder," concluded my captor, as he handed my cage to Mr. Arthur, of Hyde Park.

So I became a member of the Arthur family, and I prepared to make the best of my lot, and to make due allowance for all that my adopted people did not know.

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Mr. Sydney Arthur stayed with me a few days, then went on his way; where he went I never knew or cared. I became very much attached to my new master, and we had no end of frolics together. He had such a pleasant face and voice that I could not help admiring him, and the expression of his face was such that I trusted him at once.

Madam Arthur, also, was very nice, and the little Arthurs made delightful playmates; although they would not let me chew the ends of their fingers, or do some other things that would have been great fun for me.

Every evening master used to take me out for a frolic. From the boys I learned to turn somersaults, while from the little girl I learned to dance a rag doll on my knee. I also learned to spank the rag doll, a feat which I always delighted in.

I never liked the idea of being locked in my cage, either at night or any other time. I always cried when master fastened my door.

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One night I watched him, and learned how the locking was done, after which I was determined to help myself to liberty, and have a little frolic on my own hook.

My cage stood on a small table near the sitting-room window. At another window there was a beautiful fern, which was Mistress Arthur's great pride. I often watched her as she watered it and dug up the soil around its roots, and picked off its withered leaves. I resolved that if I ever got out of my cage, I would make such an improvement in that fern that mistress would never recognize it.

I do not know why I longed to get my clutches on that fern. It was certainly very lovely as it was. It must have been the natural tendency of my monkey nature to pull things to pieces. At any rate, the first time I found myself at liberty I went straight for it.

I took special delight in bouncing into the middle of the plant, then I grabbed both hands full of the crisp, green leaves, and, oh, what a racket I had after that! One

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by one I stripped each graceful branch of its tiny green leaves. I threw handfuls into the air; I chewed them, I scattered them about, thinking all the while what a good time I was having. Not content with strewing the leaves about, I began digging my toes into the earth in which the fern had grown so nicely. I threw handfuls of earth at the lace draperies. I nearly blinded the cat, who was just awaking from his morning nap. He was taking a stretch, and was humping his back in the air when a handful of dirt struck him in the eyes. You may readily believe that Mr. Pussy's back came down in a twinkling. He looked daggers at me, he spit at me, and made a funny sound something like this:

“Kah-ah-ah!” Then he scampered out of the room.

“Very well,” said I, “now I shall have things all to myself.”

When once more I turned my attention to the fern, I saw that it needed more pruning, so I proceeded to prune. There were still a few leaves left on the branches, and

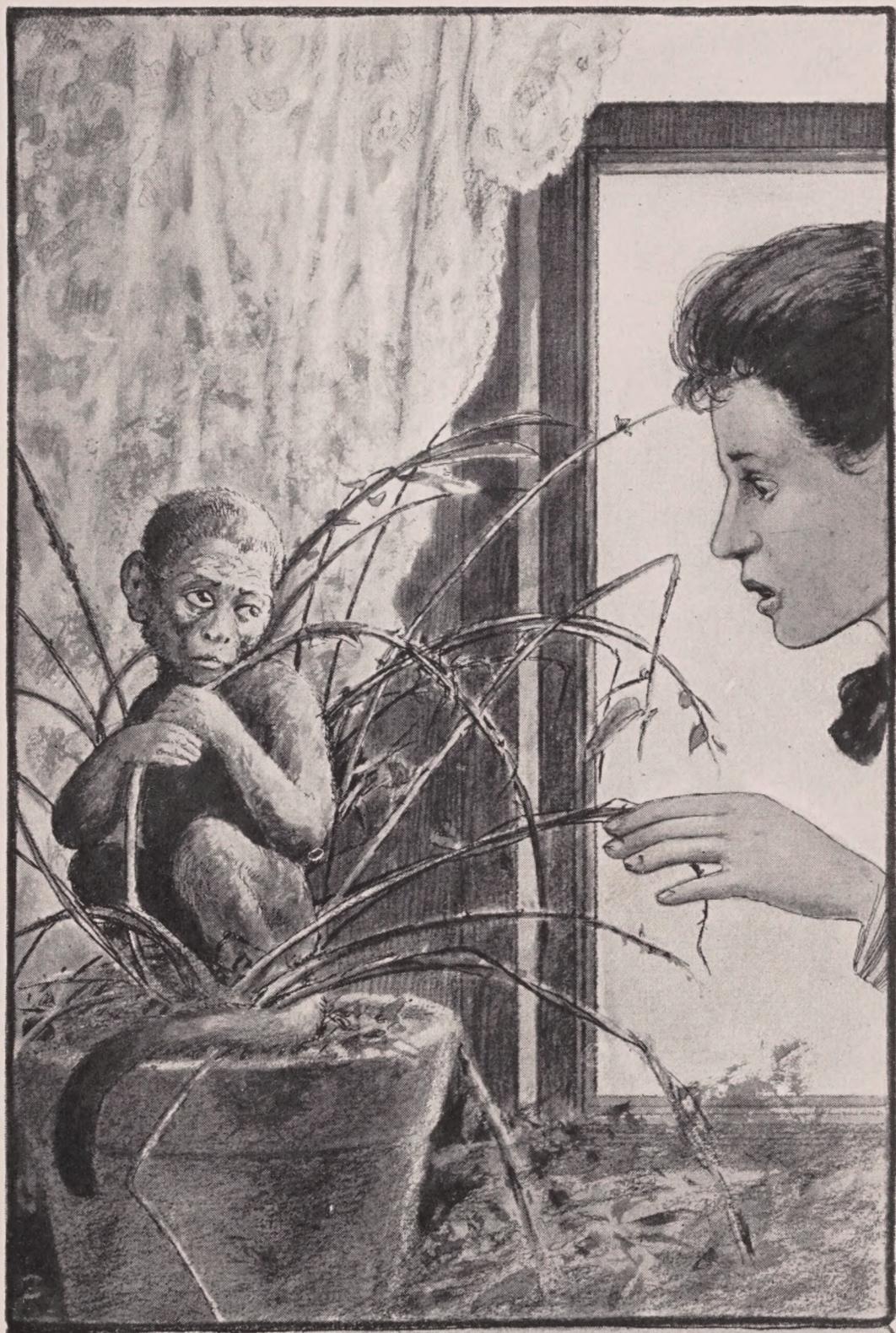
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I stripped every one of them to my most entire satisfaction.

I was sitting in the middle of what was left of the fern, when I heard voices in the music-room. It was evident that master was giving a music lesson to some one. He gave lessons on a violoncello. I had no idea how long the music-room had been occupied, as I had been so busy myself that I had not noted the time. I was wondering what I should do next when I heard the footsteps of my mistress.

I was not certain how she would like the change I had made in her fern. To tell the truth, I was not sure that I liked its appearance myself, but I had had the fun of stripping it, which meant a great deal to a monkey.

I had not long to wait before I learned what mistress thought of my performance, for the next instant she entered the room, and stood for a moment in speechless amazement looking at my work. She was not a bit pleased, and I felt sorry that I had caused her to look so dreadfully. I had not



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My penitent expression failed to move her.

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the least intention of making my mistress feel bad. I had only wanted to have fun with that fern.

I looked in my mistress's face, and made a little noise which meant: "I am sorry; I did not mean to grieve you." My penitent expression did not move her. There she stood as glum as an oyster. Then a bright thought occurred to me: I would make her laugh. I was sure that I would bring back her naturally pleasant expression, so I tried to balance a fern leaf on my nose. It was no use, mistress would not be amused. Then I got out of patience, and threw a handful of dirt at her, which made her open her mouth and stop staring.

"Oh, oh, my beautiful fern!" she wailed, and I began to cry. "You bad, bad Yoppy! what have you done to my precious fern?"

"A sensible way to take on," I thought, as if she could not see what I had done to her precious fern, and such a fuss over a plant! All I have to say is, I'm very glad that I am not so fussy as some folks I know of. While mistress was fussing and lament-

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ing over her fern, the music-room door opened, and Master Arthur walked in.

"What is the matter, Jenny?" he asked, in his own pleasant way.

"The *matter* is there," said mistress, pointing to the fern.

Master looked at the fern and laughed. Oh, how he laughed! It made me feel better at once, and I began to dance. Master went to the music-room door and called some one. The next moment that some one came into the sitting-room. Master pointed to me, then to the fern, and the newcomer laughed, even longer and louder than master had done.

"Well, Herbert, what do you think of him?" master asked.

"I think he's a star," said Mr. Herbert. Whereupon I danced and capered about more than ever.

Tears stood in the eyes of my mistress, as she said: "That is the way with you men folks, but I'm sure that you would not laugh if he had destroyed anything that belonged to you."

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Then she talked about keeping me securely fastened, and a lot more rubbish that I had not time to notice, for I was very much interested in Mr. Herbert.

I knew instinctively that he was a friend to dumb animals. There was something exceedingly attractive in him; something in his face and manner that made me wish to know him better. When he held out his hand to me and said:

"Come, Yoppy, come and see me," I went to him at once. I looked into his eyes, and I trusted him. He smiled on me, and I snuggled up very close to his chin; he laid his face against mine, and called me "a nice little boy." From that day to this I have loved that man as I have never loved any other human being, and so I shall continue to love him as long as I live.

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CHAPTER IV.

MAKING IMPROVEMENTS

A WEEK had passed since the episode of the fern, which Mistress Arthur persisted in calling its "destruction." Master had taken me out of my cage once every day for a frolic. The children came and went, as was their custom, but nothing unusual had happened, a fact that made life rather tiresome for a lonely little fellow like me. We monkeys always like something stirring.

I thought a great deal about my new friend, Mr. Herbert. I longed for him, and wondered how soon he would come back. Since he had cuddled me in his arms, I wanted very much to be cuddled again. There was no one in the house of Arthur who understood how much I wanted to be cuddled, though the entire family was as

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kind to me as they could be. I wanted my new friend, and I longed for him every moment.

He came at last, very much to my delight. He came straight to my cage and opened the door. I came out at once, and crawled into his arms.) I christened him “Ecum” on the spot. I have always called him by that name, and he answers to his name as readily as I answer to mine.

It was a very pleasant half-hour that I spent with Ecum that day. He petted me and stroked my head; he even allowed me to kiss him, and did not seem to mind it in the least. When he went away, I cried. I had begged him, in my monkey way, to take me with him; but he said:

“Not this time, Yoppy,” then he whispered in my ear: “Perhaps if you destroy another fern, they will be glad to get rid of you.”

I would have willingly destroyed a dozen plants, if by doing so I could have gone with my dear Ecum. Another week had passed, and I still pined for my new friend.

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I had tried very hard to unfasten my cage door. I had worked for hours on a new lock, which was only a piece of twisted wire, yet so securely was it fastened that it took all my reasoning powers to understand how to unfasten it. After a great deal of trouble, I succeeded in turning the troublesome thing around, after which I had no difficulty in untwisting it, although I was obliged to use my hands, feet, teeth, and tail.

I drew a long breath of satisfaction when once more I found myself free. I looked about to see what I would do first. I longed to examine the music-room, but there were voices there, and I dared not attract attention, lest my freedom should be of short duration.

I did not know that it was my friend Ecum's day, and that he was with master in the music-room. Had I known who was with him, I fear that I should have risked my liberty for just one cuddle.

As it was, I turned my attention to the dining-room, the door of which stood ajar.

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At first it seemed very dark; the shades were drawn, so that I could not see plainly, but, as my eyes became accustomed to the semidarkness, I began to examine things. I jumped into a chair and looked on the sideboard. Here was no end of fun for me. I did not like the quiet coolness of the stately room. Monkeys never like coolness; we are a warmth-loving race. So I proceeded to improve things. I might add that nature never intended that we monkeys should love order, and I was no exception to the rule.

The first thing I decided was to have a little more light on the subject. I had seen the housemaid raise the shades in the sitting-room, so I knew perfectly well how to raise them in the dining-room. Once she had let one slip through her finger; it flew to the top of the window, and made a delightful racket. Of course, I preferred the noisy way of raising shades. No easy, careful way for me, thank you.

It was but the work of a few moments to raise the shades. I took care that every

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one should go off with a bang, and every man Jack of them turned several somersaults over the roller.

I was delighted with the noise made by the “going off” of those shades; it aroused in me the very spirit of activity. I no longer peeped about carefully, but went about my self-allotted task with a vengeance.

The sideboard was my greatest attraction. Standing there against the wall so prim and proper, it made me feel the way I have heard that some children feel when in the presence of a prim and proper relative,—I wanted to do something shocking, and I suppose I did.

In the centre of the sideboard stood a jar of roses, lovely and fragrant, but too orderly to suit me. I sniffed them, then one by one I pulled them from the jar and tore them to pieces. I took great pleasure in scattering the petals about the room, then I upset the bowl of water. How delightfully it trickled over the edge of the sideboard, and spread itself over the immaculate cover. I wanted to throw the bowl on the floor, but

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I knew that it would make a noise. I also knew that a noise might be heard in some other part of the house; besides, the curtains had made noise enough already. So, for the time being, the rose-bowl was safe.

The silver service stood in a stately row at the back of the sideboard. "I will see to you presently," said I, as I drew the stopper from an olive-oil cruet. The oil did not smell very good, so I turned my attention to the vinegar-cruet. That did not smell any better than the oil.

"What next?" I thought. I lifted the cover from the silver teapot, and stuck my nose in. There was nothing in it, so I knocked it over. It made more noise than I thought it would, so I was very careful after that.

When I turned about to further examine the silver service, I found I had been sitting in a dish of salted peanuts. As I preferred my peanuts fresh, I peeled the skin from every one of them, then rubbed each one up and down my leg; that was to remove the salt, of course. Then I gobbled them up.

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When I had finished eating the peanuts, I went to the sugar-bowl. It was half-full of sugar. I was sorry then that I had eaten so many peanuts, as I was very fond of sugar; but I was so full that I could not hold as much as I should like to have eaten. When I had eaten all the sugar that I had room for, I took the vinegar-cruet and poured a little vinegar into the sugar-bowl. To my surprise, the sugar turned a horrid brown colour, and sank down in the middle. I poured in a little more vinegar, and the sugar sank lower and lower in the bowl.

Poor, poor sugar, it had lost its snowy whiteness. I could not understand why such a change should take place, and all on account of a slop or two of vinegar. It was too, too bad. I was sorry for the sugar. I made a pitiful little sound to let the sugar know I was sorry, but it did no good. Then a bright thought occurred to me. I would pour in a little oil. And why not, pray? Had not master given me oil when I did not feel well? So I dumped half the contents of the oil-cruet into the sugar-bowl,—

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I was not as stingy with my dose as master was, — but the oil did not make any improvement in the condition of the sugar. I tasted the mess; it was awful, so I pushed the sugar-bowl back in its place; then I poured a little oil on the sideboard cover, after which I looked about to see what else I could find to entertain me.

A dish of chocolate bonbons was the next thing to catch my eye. How sorry I was that I had not an elephant's stomach; so many good things to eat, and my stomach plum full. As I could not eat the bonbons, I nibbled a piece from the corner of each, and scattered them over the sideboard.

I rolled a nougatine under my hand; it made long streaks of brown on the covering. I suppose that the dampness made the chocolate come off; at any rate, wherever the chocolate touched, it made a dark mark. By this time I was in the most delightful mood. I scattered the bonbons all over the sideboard; I danced them up and down; I held them in my toes, and did everything with them that I could think of. With

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every rub the chocolate came off freely, and my work of improvement went on.

When I had tired playing with the chocolate drops, I stood and gazed on my work. There were a few other dishes on the side-board, but nothing more that was worthy of a monkey's attention, except the tooth-picks. They were in a small jar, and all the same size. It could not be expected that a monkey would pass by this neat little affair without giving it a moment's attention; so I chewed up a dozen or more, stuck a few into the chocolate drops, and threw the remainder on the floor.

I surveyed my work again; it was highly satisfactory. I really had made a great improvement in the appearance of that side-board. It no longer looked prim and proper, and I chuckled gleefully over what I had done. I looked around carefully to see if I had neglected anything; but no, everything had received its proper share of attention, and, oh, how I had enjoyed myself!

Y O P P Y.

CHAPTER V.

MORE IMPROVEMENTS

HAVING “done up” the sideboard according to a monkey’s idea, I next turned my attention to the table, which was covered with a snowy white cloth. A dish of fruit stood in the centre. It looked well enough, but far too orderly to suit me.

I began to dance about the fruit dish. It was astonishing to see how the table changed its immaculate appearance after I had danced on it. Everywhere my feet touched, they left tracks,—prints of monkey feet in chocolate-brown. It was quite evident that the chocolate was not all on the sideboard, and the stickiness on my feet rumpled the table-cover so that it was no longer spick and span.

I was satisfied with its appearance, so I

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turned my attention to the fruit dish, which was filled with oranges and bananas. What a shame that I could eat no more! But I could, and did, bite a piece out of every one of those oranges, then I went for the bananas, and stripped them of their peeling, and strewed them all over the table; next I turned the fruit dish bottom side up, and sat on it, while again I surveyed my work.

“So far so good,” I mentally commented. There were the bananas with their jackets off; the oranges with piece bitten from each, and the footprints on the table. Yes, I was more than satisfied with my improvements. I was supremely happy, and what more could a monkey ask?

“What next, I wonder,” I soliloquized, as I sat on the fruit dish meditating. “The kitchen, of course.” Doubtless my mistress would think that some imp had whispered in my ear, but then she would have been mistaken. Monkeys do not need imps to remind them of things, and I was no exception to the rule. So to the kitchen I went.

I heard the housemaid’s firm steps on the

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floor above; she always walked on her heels, and made a great clatter. Just then she was doing the up-stairs work, for which I was thankful.

When I entered the kitchen, the clothes-horse stood there, directly in my path, so to the clothes-horse I paid my respects. The week's washing hung on its bars, every piece in perfect order, according to the human's idea. At each end of the horse were hung the dresses and petticoats, shirt-waists, and other things that could not be folded. Any one except a monkey would doubtless have said or thought that it was too bad to disturb such an orderly arrangement, but it did not trouble me in the least, so at it I went, and began tearing things from the bars.

Sheets, pillow-slips, towels, napkins, table-cloths, and underwear, all were the same to me, nothing was spared, all went in a heap on the floor. I next bounced on the pile, and shook each piece out of its fold. Such exasperating neatness would never be allowed where a monkey reigned supreme. Being stripped of its last garment, the

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clothes-horse stood bare, while I danced among the rumpled clothes, and scattered them as well as I could over the floor. There was a spot of smut on the floor beside the stove. I promptly wiped it up with a pillow-slip. Then I dragged a sheet across the floor, and rumpled up one of the long table-cloths and turned somersaults over it.

Presently I heard some one coming down the front stairs. I knew that it was my mistress, and that I would soon be discovered, so I determined to make the best of my liberty.

I was anxious to crowd all the action into the next few moments, so I jumped on to the kitchen table. There was a brown bag on the table which I had not seen before. In my most reckless fashion, I grasped the bag and tore it open; it was filled with eggs.

Here was an opportunity to make a grand finale to my morning's escapade, and I embraced the opportunity. Seizing an egg, I looked around for a target. The stove funnel, bright and shining, stood be-

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fore me. It was altogether too shiny to suit me, so I banged an egg at it. Oh, me! oh, my! what a mess it made! The egg smashed when it struck the funnel, and trickled down on the stove, where it began to poach. I chuckled gleefully as I noted the white marks on the funnel. Wouldn't the housemaid rave when she saw it! Straight before me stood the dish closet, the door of which was open. I threw another egg in among the dishes; it broke, so I threw another; that broke, too. Then I pegged three more eggs at the bars of the clothes-horse; one fell among the clothes on the floor, the other two broke as they struck the bars, and, of course, fell on the clothes. Such fun!

I was a pretty good shot, and seldom missed my mark. The clock stood on a shelf across the room. It really deserved some attention for its everlasting ticking. I aimed at the clock, and fired. The egg struck; there was a crash and a rattling of broken glass. "Great Scott!" I mentally commented, "I had not reckoned on smash-

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ing its face, but the glass made a fine racket as it fell to the floor."

I was very much excited, and fairly lost my head. The breaking of the clock face brought my mistress to the dining-room. I heard her exclaim as she entered the room. I knew that my liberty was of short duration, so I banged the eggs right and left.

I heard mistress coming toward the kitchen. I also heard footsteps on the back stairs. Truly they were closing in on me! The lamentations of my mistress brought my master from the music-room. My excitement was at its highest pitch.

Nearer and nearer came the footsteps in the dining-room; nearer and nearer came the footsteps on the stairs. I had still one egg left. I must make good use of it, and waited. Just as my master and mistress appeared in the doorway of the dining-room, the door to the stairway flew open, and Bridget, too, appeared on the scene.

There were exclamations from mistress, as she viewed the scene in the kitchen, and my master laughed uproariously, while

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Bridget, from her position in the other doorway, stood with hands raised in the most tragic fashion, and cried, loudly: "Howly Saint Patrick an' all the saints preserve us! Och chone, that I should ever live beneath the same roof with a spalpeen of a — "

She did not finish her tirade, for my last missile had struck her straight between the eyes, and master came forward suddenly and grabbed me by the neck.

"You little rascal," he sputtered, "you are carrying your rampage altogether too far!"

He tried to look severe, but his eyes betrayed him. I knew all the time that he was laughing in his sleeve, while mistress scolded me soundly, and poor Bridget stood leaning against the door, vainly trying to wipe the egg from her eyes, lamenting all the while in true Irish fashion.

When mistress had ceased scolding, and Bridget quieted down, master called some one from the music-room. I looked to see who it was, and my dear Ecum stood before

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me. In a flash I was in his arms, telling him how much I had longed to see him, while he held me close to his shoulder, and whispered such loving words to me that I forgot that I had called down the wrath of the house of Arthur. Ecum said that I was a "nice little boy." I guess he was the only one in the house who thought so that day, but I did not care. I had my Ecum, and for the time being I was happy.

While mistress and Bridget were trying to straighten things out, master was calling Ecum's attention to the various places where my missiles had struck. Ecum seemed to appreciate all I had done, and I heartily enjoyed looking over the scene with him. Every few moments master and Ecum would break out in a new spot, and laugh and laugh until tears stood in their eyes, but neither mistress nor Bridget would laugh for a cent, but went about with the longest faces that you can imagine.

"There is just this much about it, husband," said my mistress, as she picked up a sheet and an egg rolled on the floor, "if

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that little imp stays in this house, Bridget and I are going to move into the barn."

"I will see that he does no more mischief," answered master. "I have a scheme by which I can fasten him in such a way that he won't be able to slip the chain again."

"I tell you what, Mr. Arthur," said my friend Ecum, "if you ever want to dispose of the little mischief, I'll take him to New Hampshire."

"I may be obliged to accept your offer, Mr. Herbert, but I guess I'll try to keep him awhile longer," answered master.

Then Ecum looked at his watch, and said that he must be going. So I was carried, kicking and screeching, back to my detested cage.

Y O P P Y

CHAPTER VI.

IN CLOSE CONFINEMENT

THE day following my “rampage,” as master called it, I was exceedingly quiet. I knew that mistress and Bridget were ready to take my head off if I did any more of what they called my “mischief.” I ate my meals and nibbled my walnuts and peanuts, and looked as innocent as you please, while I planned to get out again at the earliest opportunity.

When master had finished his morning’s work in the music-room, he brought a chain and belt which he fastened to my waist. The other end he fastened to a staple that he had driven in the side of my cage.

“There, sir,” he said, as he grinned at me, “I don’t believe you will trouble your mistress or Bridget again.”

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I gave one of my most beseeching cries, and assumed an attitude of injured innocence, but I could not make the least impression on master. He was determined to keep me in close confinement, and it did look as if he would succeed, but, when master came to take me out for a frolic, I would not play with him. I just sat on my cage and uttered plaintive cries. This had the desired effect, and I was much pleased to hear him say:

"Poor little cuss, it's a shame to keep you so close. I guess I will let you have a little more liberty."

So he left the door of my cage open, that I might go in and out as I pleased, which would not have been so bad if it were not for a miserable poll parrot, who was allowed to live in the sitting-room with me. Of course, Polly knew all about my escapade of the day before, and lost no opportunity of taunting me with my disgrace. And the worst part of all this was I could not help myself.

It did seem as if Polly was always taking

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a mean advantage of me, for not only was I unable to answer in her own language, but I was fastened securely to my cage, which prevented me from reaching Miss Polly and giving her what she justly deserved. I am very sure that, could I have gotten my hands on her, I should have wrung her neck. I will leave it to you, reader, if it is not bad enough to get into a scrape, without having it thrown at your head in the following manner:

“Oh, Yoppy! Yoppy! what have you done? Have a bonbon! How about the fruit dish? Who hit Bridget in the eye? Ha, ha, ha! What a Yoppy! what a Yoppy! what a funny bird you are! Have a cracker! have a cracker! Do, do, do!”

Now just imagine how you would feel to be called a *bird*, and hooted at in that fashion! I made up my mind that, if I ever had a chance, I would give that parrot all she deserved.

In vain I worked on the fastening of my chain, but, try as I might, it resisted all

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my efforts. It certainly began to look as if I was imprisoned for life.

Nearly every day master had pupils. I could hear their voices, and the seesaw of their musical instruments, and I longed to go in there and assist in the lessons. My master played his 'cello beautifully. I loved to listen when he played. Often in the evening my mistress used to sing. She had a lovely voice; it always made me feel as if I wanted to be cuddled whenever I heard her sing, and I sometimes uttered plaintive little cries, but no one came to cuddle me.

The little Arthurs made delightful playmates. I could not have them all the time, as they were at school the greater part of the day, but the boys always brought me something good to eat when they came home. They were very nice boys, and never teased or vexed me, as boys are apt to do.

The little girl, too, was very nice; she was not as jolly and rompy as the boys were, but she was gentle and kind, which is just as attractive in a little girl as jollity in boys.

I was very fond of my people, even Mis-

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tress Arthur, despite the fact that she had scolded me roundly for messing up her dining-room and kitchen. Yes, indeed, I was fond of them all, but I was not fond of being confined in a room with that abominable squawking parrot, where she could torment me to her heart's content, and I could not do a thing to her.

I remember of having heard my present mistress say: "All good things come to those who work and wait." I did not have to work, but I did have to wait what seemed to me an everlasting long time before I had an opportunity to pay Miss Polly for all her impudence and abuse. Many, many times during my days of confinement did I examine the fastening of my chain. Oh, to be able to slip that cross-bar, and gain my liberty once more! What wouldn't I do to Polly Parrot?

I had used all my strength in trying to pull the staple from the side of my cage, but it was of no use, so I decided that brains must do what brawn could not accomplish. I brought all my monkey ingenuity to bear.

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We monkeys are a persevering lot, particularly where our own interests are concerned. I examined my chain again and again, and at last began to understand how it was fastened. I scratched my head several times. It was still rather puzzling. If only I could remove that cross-bar.

"Oh, I have it," I soliloquized, as I scratched my head once more. Some way, scratching my head made my thinker work better, so I worked away with the persistency of my race.

I was rewarded at last by slipping that troublesome cross-bar through several links of my chain. Then, oh, joy supreme, I was free once more!

I uttered a cry of exultation and sprang from my cage.

There was nothing to hinder me from wringing Polly's neck. I also wanted to visit the music-room. I sat on the edge of a chair and scratched my chin. I was considering.

If I went for Polly the first thing, her squawks would arouse the entire household,

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and, even though I succeeded in twisting her neck, as I was fully determined to do, I should still be in the dark in regard to the music-room.

Then I reasoned, and decided that Polly would keep, while I paid my long wished for visit to the music-room. Very cautiously I crept across the room. I gathered my chain in loops over my arm, lest its clinking should awaken the sleeping parrot. Confound her!

I reached the music-room door. I had some difficulty in turning the knob, but succeeded at last, and, with a joyful bound, I found myself in that long coveted spot.

Yes, my term of close confinement had ended. I was free once more!

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CHAPTER VII.

IN THE MUSIC - ROOM

I LOOKED about the music-room with a feeling of the deepest satisfaction; it was all I had expected. There stood the piano, shining as only a well-kept piano shines, and there in a corner was master's 'cello. Of course I did not know the names of the things I saw at the time, but learned them all later.

Beside the piano stood the music-rack; it was filled with sheet-music. What a treat for a monkey to dispose of! There was a statue of Venus on the piano. I did not know who she was until after I had broken off her head. Then there was a man's head and shoulders; mistress called it a "bust." The man's name was Wagner before he died.

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At the farthest end of the piano there was a lion, but it was not as large as the baby lions that live in the jungles. He kept his mouth open all the time, and his tail was curved like the handle of a coffee-pot. I tried to break it off, but couldn't. I went from one thing to another, being careful to make no noise. I examined everything, but at first made no improvements.

Having taken note of everything that was worth while, I decided that I would begin on the sheet-music; then I would wind up by smashing as many things as I could lay my hands on before some one found me on the *rampage*. I like that word, it sounds so monkeyish.

It was quite a task to tear up all of that music. I heard master tell mistress that in the collection were ever so many selections from opera; there were also 'cello parts and marches, waltzes, and two-steps, and everything else that a first-class music-master carries. But opera, march, or waltz was all the same to me. I showed no partiality; all

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were treated alike, and made ready for the waste-basket.

When I had finished my work among the sheets of music, there was ever so much more paper than there had been before I began. I scattered the bits of paper about the room, kicking up quite a whirlwind as I danced around, while I threw handfuls after handfuls into the air. I had a great time having things all my own way, with not a soul to disturb me.

After I had played with the paper as long as I wished, I climbed on to the piano-stool. I touched the keys. They said, "Tum, tum, tum." I decided to have nothing more to do with the piano; it was like the parrot, it talked too much, and I had no desire to make my mistress come until I had had my heart's desire in the music-room.

I next turned my attention to master's 'cello. I examined it closely and found that it had four strings; they were fastened at one end with some queer little pegs, which had flat heads.

I longed to make music as master did,

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so I looked around for a crank. I did not know at this time that master made his music with a stick. I remembered that the organ-grinder, whom I had met in New York, made his music by turning a crank, but I could find none on master's 'cello, so I decided to chew the strings. Two were made of brass wire, the other two were made from cat-strings. I tried to chew the brass ones first; they resisted all my energy, and made my teeth ache, so I gave them up, and turned my attention to the others. I soon had the satisfaction of hearing two delightful snaps, and I knew that those cat-strings were beyond repair.

I next turned my attention to the bridge; it was a funny little thing, and I chewed it until I was tired.

Next I visited master's desk. There was a great deal to be done here, so I began by pulling everything from the pigeonholes and scattering them on the floor. Then I poured the contents of a mucilage bottle over the mess of account books and papers, and left them to take care of themselves.



Improving the music room.

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“What next?” I said to myself, as I looked about the room. My glance swept the piano. There was Venus, as white and stately as ever, but I was not ready to settle her fate.

There were the lace curtains, to be sure. I had not thought of them before. I climbed up the side of a lace drapery, and had a jolly time swinging in its folds. I must take down those curtains at once, so I climbed to the very top.

It was not a difficult task to unfasten the hooks from the rings, and I had two curtains hanging by the gills in a jiffy. There were two more to pull down, so I swung myself across from one window to the other, and had begun to take down the third curtain when I discovered that my chain had caught in the lace.

“Dear me, how troublesome!” I sputtered to myself while I yanked my chain free. I tore several holes in the curtain, but of course that did not matter. I went about taking down the remaining curtains. I had just finished unfastening the third

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curtain when I heard master coming up the garden walk.

There was no time for taking down the other draperies now; I must attend to the occupants of the piano. I did not approve of Venus, standing there so white and clean, neither did I see why Wagner should stay there to keep her company. I sprang to the piano. Master was just passing the music-room window. I knew I must work rapidly if I wished to accomplish all that I had planned, so I seized Wagner by the neck. I danced him up and down several times, then pitched him over the side of the piano. He fell to the floor with a crash; the fall broke his neck. Then I sent Venus flying after him. She fell with a crash, also, and struck her head against Wagner's. Her head came off; so did her feet.

I heard footsteps in the hall, and Polly began to squawk:

“Yoppy’s on the rampage! Yoppy’s on the rampage!”

That reminded me of the grudge I had against her. I would settle her once for all.

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I ran toward her as fast as my dangling chain would allow. I was fully determined to strangle that bird if I never lived to do anything else.

I was beside her in a few seconds. I scrambled on to her cage, and was about to seize her by the throat when my foot slipped, probably because I was so excited; my chain clanked against the cage, I nearly lost my balance, and, while I was scrambling to regain my footing, Miss Polly quietly buried her beak into my arm, just as master walked into the room.

I screamed with pain and rage, and would have given her the worst trouncing that she had ever had, but master interfered. I was caught and caged once more, and, to my intense disgust, was obliged to listen to the mocking of that parrot until it seemed as if I could chop her head off.

Nor was that all, for very soon master discovered my work in the music-room, and such a scolding as I got, while Polly shrieked at the top of her lungs:

“ Oh, oh, oh, Yoppy! what a lobster you

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are! what a lobster! what a lobster! Ha, ha, ha! try it again! try it again!"

Then she would stop long enough to get her breath, and squawk louder than before:

"Ha, ha, ha! Rah, rah, rah, Yoppy, Yoppy! Siss boom bah!"

"What is the matter, my dear?" I heard my mistress ask, as I sat in the corner of my cage, biting the end of my tail.

"The matter is just this, Jenny: that little imp has destroyed more this morning than I can earn in six months."

"Why, you don't mean that he has been out again!" exclaimed mistress. "I thought your latest fastening would prove infallible."

"I thought so, too, but I should like to see a fastening strong enough to puzzle that little imp." Master was *very* angry.

Mistress went to the music-room, and I never heard such a fuss as she made. I heard her exclamations, and I was sorry that I had ever seen the music-room. This was what she said:

"Oh, my beautiful Venus, and my Wag-

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ner! And do look at the draperies! And, oh, my dear! my dear! look at our sheet-music!"

I stopped biting my tail and sat very quiet. I did not even want to wallop Polly. I was very sorry indeed that I had grieved my mistress. I truly had no desire to grieve any one, but when the spirit of mischief takes possession of a monkey, there is no telling how far it will lead him.

Y O P P Y

CHAPTER VIII.

“ON THE ROAD TO DINGLEBERRY”

AFTER my visit to the music-room, my master decided that I was too expensive a pet to keep. I heard them talking it over, and I knew that I was to be banished for ever from the house of Arthur. I would have been very much grieved were it not for the fact that I was to be given to Ecum. Nevertheless, I was sorry to leave my people.

It was Wednesday morning again, and the day of my banishment. My mistress was unusually kind to me that morning. She fed me with her own hands, and told me that she was sorry I was such a troublesome pet. I answered in my own way, telling her how sorry I was. I am not quite sure that she understood me. The little

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Arthurs, too, seemed sorry to have me sent away. They would have kept me in spite of my mischief, but my master said an emphatic "No!"

I cried when little missy came to say good-bye. I felt very solemn indeed as I gave my hand to each of those little humans, for I loved every one of them. Why shouldn't I when they had been so kind to me?

There was one thing that I could not understand. When I tore my mistress's fern to pieces, and made no end of improvements, and in the kitchen and dining-room, master thought it was very funny indeed; but when I went to the music-room and made improvements there, that seemed to be altogether another matter. I could not understand it all. Human beings are such queer creatures.

I cried when I took my final leave of my old master and mistress. I would gladly have taken them with me had I been able to do so.

Ecum came at last and took me away,

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and I soon forgot my troubles and devoted myself to my new master.

The journey from Hyde Park to Boston was not very interesting, and I was glad when we were in the car that was to take me to my new home. When the train started, Ecum opened my cage. I was glad to get out, and immediately popped up before an old lady who occupied a seat behind us. She screamed and said:

“Mercy on me! what a nasty little beast!”

I wanted to jump into her face, but my chain was not long enough. I always want to tease people when I know they are afraid of me.

“I won’t let him hurt you,” said Ecum, politely, while the very mischief shone in his eyes.

I made a lurch toward the old lady’s bonnet; she threw up her hands and cried:

“Heavens! what an imp of Satan.”

I did not know what that meant, but I did want to play with the old lady’s bonnet or snatch her spectacles. I looked into

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Ecum's face, and saw encouragement there. I had no desire to do any real harm, but I did want to have some fun, so I decided to scare the old lady again. I knew by the expression of Ecum's face that he loved to hear people squeal as well as I did. I would not have you think that my Ecum was cruel, for indeed he was not. His heart was far too tender to make anything suffer, but he did like fun.

But to go back to my old lady, who had settled herself and her parcels, while all the time she kept an eye on me. I had been sitting on the back of our seat, eating an apple. I had cuddled up very near Ecum's shoulder, and had peeled my apple as best I could with my teeth, and, when the old lady was not looking, I had thrown the peeling into her lap. She had evidently decided that I was not dangerous, so concluded to take a nap. It was while she was nodding that I had filled her lap with apple peeling.

It occurred to me as I sat there munching my apple, that it would be great fun to

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awaken the old lady. I was not sure whether Ecum would approve of this or not, so I quietly drew my chain farther and farther away.

I had measured the distance between the back of our seat and the old lady's lap. I knew exactly how much chain I needed, so I went to work in my innocent way to procure it. All this time I had been nibbling and munching my apple, while I examined the lay of the land. Having planned my course of action, I was in no hurry to carry it out. I snuggled a little closer to Ecum's neck, and began to examine his coat collar.

"You mustn't touch Ecum's collar," he said, as he felt my hands; then fumbled in his pocket for his handkerchief, while I tried to stuff my apple core into his ear.

"What are you doing, you little rascal?" he said, as he wiped out his ear. Every one who sat near us laughed. Ecum laughed, too, and threw my apple core out of the car window. After that he wiped my hands, and I sat for some time watching the country as it whirled past us.

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I could not understand why everything went tearing on in such a manner. I appealed to Ecum for information, but either he did not understand me, or could not make me understand him. At any rate, I never learned why everything along the road ran away from us.

All this time I had not lost sight of my old lady, who had gone back to her napping. A fleshy man across the way had left off watching me, and had his face in a newspaper. I looked about and observed that every one was occupied one way or another; even Ecum had slid down in his seat, and was looking straight before him. Now was the time to create a commotion. I needed a few inches more of chain before I carried out my intention. Softly, very softly, I crept down in the seat, and began playing with Ecum's finger. He turned and looked at me in a drowsy fashion, then his eyelids drooped, and I knew that he was getting sleepy.

Once, twice, thrice, I unwound the chain from Ecum's hand. I had all the chain

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I needed, but did not wish to arouse his suspicion, so I sat quietly patting his hand. Once he opened his eyes and muttered something that sounded like "Nice little boy," then he closed his eyes again. I waited a few moments longer, then climbed to the top of the seat.

There was nothing to hinder me now from carrying out my purpose. I drew a long breath and gathered up my chain, and let it down carefully over the back of the seat. Everything ready, I chuckled to myself as I thought of the commotion I should make. Every one was attending to his or her own business; so was I.

The next instant I had pounced into the old lady's lap, and had grabbed her by the nose. Such a shriek as she gave! The thunder of the cars was nothing in comparison with the noise she made, and all on account of one little monkey's jumping into her lap.

The fleshy man's paper went down with a rattle. Every one looked at the old lady

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and laughed, while I scrambled back to my seat.

“Oh, you *nasty* little thing!” sputtered the old lady, as she felt her nose. I suppose she thought I had taken off a bit. I think I did pinch it pretty hard, so I held up my hands to assure her that I hadn’t a piece of her nose, whereupon the passengers at our end of the car roared, and Ecum laughed until there were tears in his eyes.

“Thank goodness I shall get out at the next station,” the old lady snarled. She was the only person around me who was not grinning.

As usual, I got the worst of my prank, for Ecum put me back in my cage, after telling me I had been at large long enough. He tried to look serious, and, although he kept his face straight, there was still a bright gleam in his eye that could not deceive me. I think it was the recognition of a kindred spirit that made me love him as I did.

At the next station my old lady gathered

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up her boxes and bundles. Ecum took her largest packages and helped her from the car. Just as she was leaving, I heard her say:

“Young man, I know that you are a true gentleman, even though you do carry a monkey around to frighten people to death.”

As Ecum took his seat again, the conductor stuck his head in the doorway and shouted:

“Next station is Dingleberry!”

I could not see much that was going on after Ecum put me in my cage, so I curled up and tried to take a nap. It seemed to me that I had been asleep but a few moments when I heard that same conductor shouting again:

“Dingleberry! Dingleberry! Don’t forget your parcels!”

The next moment Ecum had taken my cage, and was hustling out of the train with so many noisy people that I very much feared we would get upset or smashed before we left that noisy station.

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CHAPTER IX.

THE LITTLE SHOP AROUND THE CORNER

ON our arrival at the little shop around the corner that was to be my abiding-place, I was introduced to my new mistress. She was standing in the doorway, and seemed very glad to see Ecum.

“Oh, what a little darling!” was the first thing she said, as she held out her hand to me.

I looked into her face and read: “Kindness to dumb animals.” I knew that I could trust my new mistress even as I trusted my new master. Ecum opened my cage, and I crawled into her arms. She held me very close, and petted me as I love to be petted, and I knew that I should be happy with my new friends.

I tried to show my approval by patting

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her cheek, and she seemed to like it. I had heard Ecum call her "Mollie." I thought it a very pretty name, but one that no monkey could pronounce, so I called her "Te-te-te-um," and I was surprised to see how readily she learned to answer to this name. She always called me "Yoppydil," which I really liked much better than "Yoppy."

When mistress gave me back to Ecum, I smacked my lips at her, and she allowed me to touch my lips to her face, which was more than any other woman had done. I am sure that she showed good taste. Don't you think so?

After Ecum put me into my cage, he turned to my mistress and said:

"Well, Mollie, don't you think it is about time to think about supper?"

"Dear me, Henry! I had forgotten all about supper, I have been so taken up with that little dear."

"So you like him, do you?"

"I do, indeed," answered mistress. "I have always wanted a monkey."

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Before they left me, mistress gave me a cup of milk and a nice biscuit. Ecum held the cup while I drank, and mistress broke small pieces from the biscuit and gave them to me.

"We must teach him to be neat, and regular in his habits," I heard mistress say. "There is nothing like training a pet to good habits. I believe the monkeys who die of consumption are not cared for properly. I shall see that Yoppydil has wholesome food, and good air, and a daily bath."

Ecum grinned at what mistress said, but I did not understand what she meant by a bath until the next morning, as I had never had one in my life.

When Ecum and mistress returned from their supper, I was introduced to some friends of the family. First came two little girls, whose names were Mattie and Hannie. They were the foster sisters of my mistress. Both were good to look at. Mattie was fair, with fluffy curls and blue eyes, — just like Ecum's. Hannie was a veri-

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table gipsy; her hair was very dark, so were her eyes.

I made friends with Mattie at once, she was such a nice little thing, but when I held out my hand to shake hands with Hannie, she drew back and said:

“Deliver me from such a pet as that.” I promptly showed my teeth, and gave her to understand that there was no love lost on either side. I learned to think more of Hannie when I knew her better, for, although she did not like monkeys, she did love all other dumb animals.

The next friend of the family who came to see me was Teddy Cartland. He was a tall boy with an honest face, and from the beginning I knew that I could trust him. We became firm friends.

The morning following my arrival, I learned that the shop was larger than I had at first thought it. I found that my room was a sort of storeroom, at one side of which there were a number of boxes and barrels. Beyond my room was the workroom, where several bakers were kept busy

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making bread and pies and things. Beyond the workroom was the salesroom, where mistress and a bright-eyed girl did the selling. The shop was called a "Wholesale and Retail Bakery," and my Master Ecum was its—dear me! what is that word? Oh, yes, I know, its *proprietor*.

"So far so good," I said to myself when I learned all about my new home. There was one thing which was certain: that I need not go hungry, with such stacks of food at my command. The only trouble that I could see was that I could not go into the workroom and help myself.

I had not been in the shop twenty-four hours before I decided that if I ever did slip my chain and get into that workroom, I would mix up messes of which no baker ever dreamed.

I do not know whether Ecum was aware of my intention or not; at any rate, that very morning he came to my room, and with a little brass padlock fastened my chain to a staple in the wall.

After Ecum had fastened my chain, my

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mistress came to my room with a basin of water, a towel, and a piece of soap. It was then I learned what the word "bath" meant.

"Now, Yoppydil," said mistress, "I am going to give you your bath, then you may have your breakfast."

As I have said, I had never had a bath in my life, and did not know what was expected of me. The first thing that mistress did was to rub the white stuff, that she called "soap," on the sponge.

"Now hold out your hands, Yoppydil," she said.

I didn't understand, so I made a funny noise, which meant, "I don't know what you mean."

Then she took my hand and began to rub it. I liked the performance very much. There was a lot of froth on the sponge and on my hand. It looked good enough to eat, so I tasted it and found that it was like a great many other things in this world, not so good as they look. When mistress had finished washing and

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wiping my hands, she did the same thing to my face and neck, then my body and legs. She wiped me dry with a coarse towel, then brushed my hair.

Oh, how good I felt after that bath! I told mistress in a confidential way how much I liked being washed. You must remember that I could not talk English, but I could and did talk my own language quite fluently.

I once heard my mistress tell a visitor that she understood from my wearied expression and gestures every meaning that I wished to convey. I was very glad to have mistress understand me; it always encouraged me to ask for what I wanted. If she did not understand me the first time I asked for a thing, she would offer me different things until she found the right one.

After that first bath I was always ready for another, and I always had one every morning unless mistress was out of town. My daily bath made me feel so frisky that after it I always wanted to

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play pranks on any one that came my way.

In due time I was introduced to the other pets at the shop. There was Freddy, the dog, a thoroughbred field spaniel, then there were the two cats or kittens, whose names were Pauline and Cornelia. Freddy was a very handsome dog, with an intelligent face. His ears were long and silky, and I thought as I looked at them what a good time I should have pulling them.

The kittens, too, were pretty creatures. They were twins, I think; at any rate, they were sisters and exactly the same size.

Every morning, after mistress had given me my bath and my breakfast, she would feed Freddy and the little cats. I never understood why she washed me before I had my breakfast, and did not brush Freddy or the cats until after they had eaten. There are a great many things that monkeys do not comprehend, although we do know a great deal.

At first Freddy did not know what

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to make of me. He seemed very shy, particularly so when I tried to hang to his ears. But after awhile, when he found that I would not hurt him, or at least only a little, he became one of my best friends.

The cats, too, were afraid of me at first, but on a closer acquaintance we became the best of friends, and there was not in all the town a happier lot than we pets at the little shop around the corner.

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CHAPTER X.

GETTING ACQUAINTED

THE same morning on which I was presented to the other pets, my mistress put the two small cats on my shelf, saying as she did so:

“Now, Yoppydil, you must be good to my kitties.”

I knew very little about kitties. I had not been very well acquainted with the house cat at my former home. It is true that I had thrown dirt into his eyes, and had called forth his deepest disapproval; he had snarled and hissed at me, and there our acquaintance had ended. So when my mistress at Dingleberry brought her little cats to me and bade me be good to them, I had not the slightest idea of what was expected of me. So I began my

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acquaintance by trying to poke my fingers in the cat's eyes. This evidently was not the thing to do, for mistress said:

"No! no! Yoppydil! That isn't the way to treat your company." Then mistress stroked the cat's back.

I reflected a moment, then did as I had seen mistress do, only I rubbed the fur the wrong way.

"That's a nice boy, Yoppydil," said mistress approvingly; "now let missy show him just how to do it."

She took my hand and rubbed it over the cat's back the other way. This process of "poaring" made the hair smooth, instead of making it stand on ends. After that I had no further trouble with rubbing the cat's fur the wrong way.

My next move was to examine Polly's ears. Polly was a soft, purring little thing, and I knew at once that I should like her for a playmate. She did not object in the least to my pawing her over. After I had examined her ears I smacked my lips at her, which meant that I wanted

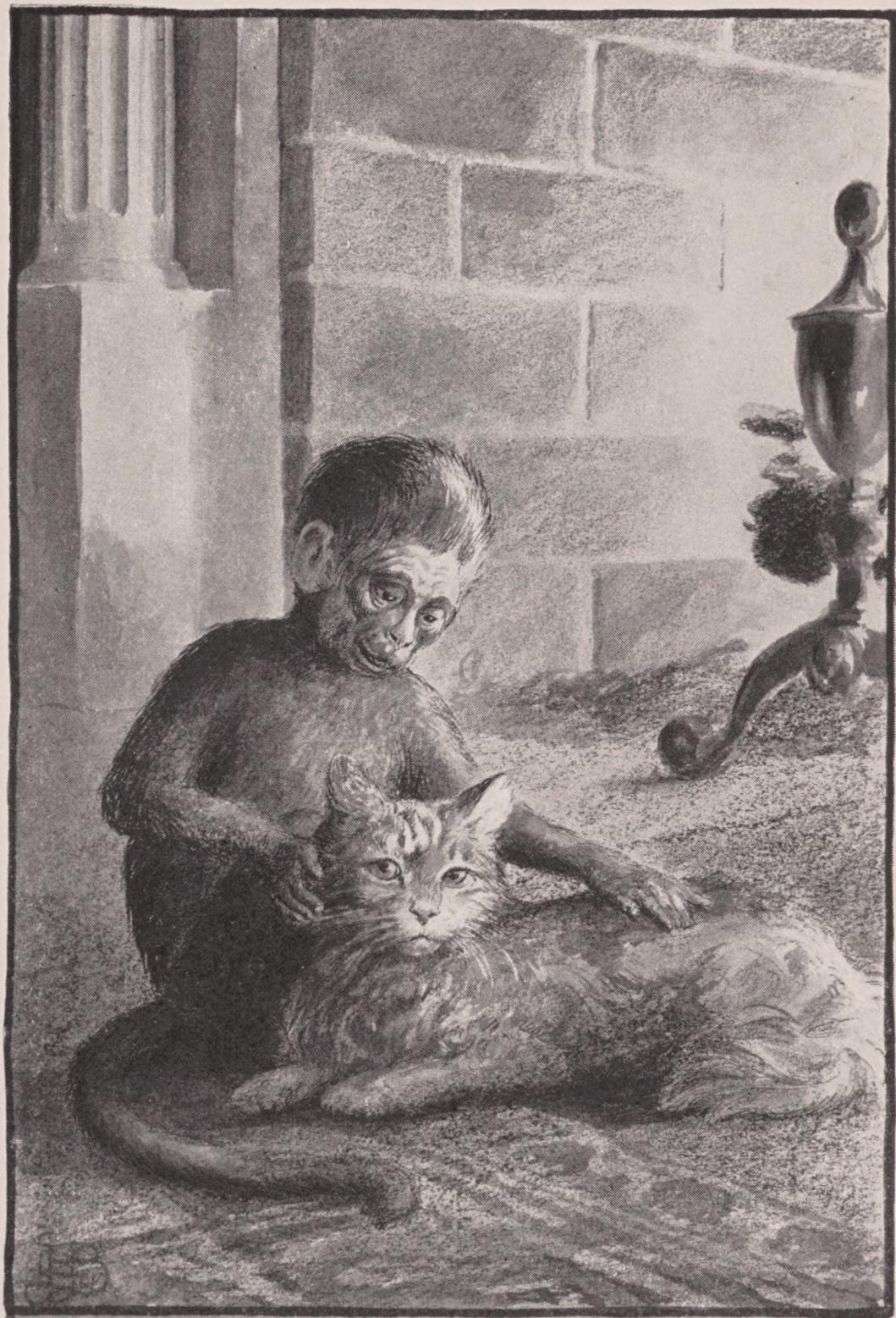
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to kiss her. She returned the compliment by rubbing her nose against my face.

I was delighted with Polly. I stroked her back and talked to her in my monkeyish way. To be sure, I did nearly all of the talking, for all Polly could say was, "Mew."

But it did not matter in the least whether Polly talked or not. I had "gab" enough for both; at least so Ecum had said, and what he says is always true. So I chattered to Polly, and she purred at me, and kept rubbing against me, first one side, then the other. It was very nice indeed. Such a dear, soft little thing as Polly was.

Meanwhile Connie had been on a tour of investigation around my house—that cat was always curious—she had managed to stick her nose into every crack and crevice in the wall, and had come back with her nose and whiskers covered with cobwebs. She at once turned her attention to my chain, and if there is one thing that a monkey dislikes more than any-



Polly and I.

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thing else, it is to have any one pull his chain or meddle with his tail. Miss Cornelia did both, and I screamed at the top of my voice. I might just as well have kept quiet, for all the good my screaming did. That cat paid not a particle of attention to my cries, but kept on dabbing my tail and clawing my chain.

I begged her to stop. I tried my best to make her understand that I wished her to let me alone, but she kept on dabbing and boxing, until I lost my patience and pulled her whiskers. Even that did no good. What could I do? I wanted to enjoy Polly. I had taken her in my arms; I could hear her soft little purring, and I wanted to keep her near me. She was such a dear little pet. I wanted to cuddle her as my mother used to cuddle me. I wanted Connie to go away and leave me in peace.

I turned to mistress, who was watching us, and told her as plainly as I could that we did not want Connie. Polly and I could get along without her; she was a meddlesome little thing.

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I knew that mistress understood me, yet for some reason she failed to do my bidding. I think she must have wanted to see what would happen if Connie continued her teasing.

While I was fussing about Connie, dear little Polly was trying to go to sleep in my arms. Connie came a little nearer. I curled my tail around Polly, then the troublesome Connie began clawing my chain again. Then what do you think? That Connie jumped straight at Polly's head, and began chewing her ear.

That was more than I could endure. I dropped Polly and seized Connie by the tail. I yanked her up and down, and backward and forward until she screamed for mercy. Then before I knew what she was about, she had buried several sharp little weapons deep into my flesh.

I learned a lesson that day. I never knew until that moment that beneath those soft little paws there were sharp claws. Who would ever suspect it of such soft little paws?

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After having felt the prick from those claws I longed to examine them. I assumed my most wheedling air and tried to coax Connie to allow me the privilege of examining her other paws. I would have forced her to let me make an investigation, but you see I was afraid of another attack from those sharp little things. Mistress called them "pricker-picks." I assure you that I had not the slightest desire to feel those "pricker-picks" again. I wished only to examine them.

I heard Ecum's voice in the doorway; he was laughing at me. I wouldn't have thought it of Ecum.

"He is fussing because Connie scratched him," said mistress.

Just then a bright thought occurred to me. It was this: "Surely if Connie had weapons hidden under her soft little paws, of course, Polly had, also." I was not in the least afraid of Polly, so I took her in my arms again. Mistress and Ecum were

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watching me intently, but that made no difference.

I held Polly in my arms as my mother used to hold me. I smacked my lips at her, and told her what a nice little thing she was, then I took one of her paws in my hand. It was such an innocent-looking little thing; it really did not look as if there were any "pricker-picks" hidden away in that soft fur. I looked it all over but could find no sign of anything sharp. I appealed to Ecum. I thought he would help me to solve the puzzle. Why should Connie have sharp things to prick folks with, and Polly have none?

I scratched my head and meditated. "Oh, yes," I knew just what to do. I took Polly's paw between my thumb and finger. Polly purred good-naturedly while I pressed her paw, very gently at first, then a little harder. I gave Ecum a significant look; he understood and answered:

"Yes, Yoppy, you'll find 'em if there are any."

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I chattered wisely as I gave the little paw a still harder squeeze, and behold, out came the claws! There were five of them, and every one of them as wicked-looking as you please. And on my Polly's paw, too. Who ever would have thought it!

I made a noise to Ecum and mistress. They understood and shared my sentiments. I examined the other paws; they all had "pricker-picks." I sat Polly against my knee,—I could have stood her on her head had I wished to do so,—I wanted to examine those wonderful little scratchers. I rubbed my hand across the edge, while once more I made them come out. My, my! but they were awfully sharp.

I was very glad that Polly was not of Connie's disposition, and I am very sure that if she were like Connie I should have got more than I bargained for.

I could not say words, at least I could not talk English, except when I said: "Ecum, Teteteum," and a few other words that meant "yes" and "I am satis-

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fied." Of course those words were not English, but my people understood them, so my language must have been very plain. The word that meant "yes" or "I am satisfied" was pronounced "Um, hum, um, hum."

So of course Ecum and mistress knew what I meant when I said: "You wouldn't think such innocent-looking paws had pins in them, now would you?"

"No, Yoppy," answered Ecum, "you never can tell what is hidden away under velvet cushions."

"Appearances are deceitful sometimes," said mistress.

Nevertheless, Polly and I had become the best of friends, and never while she lived did that dear pussy ever try her claws on me.

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CHAPTER XI.

LITTLE DEEDS OF KINDNESS

I HAD been at Dingleberry but a short time when I learned that every tramp cat or dog that happened to be in the neighbourhood came to our shop to be fed and cared for, and not one of them was ever turned away. If there happened to be a sick cat, mistress always cared for it until it was well; if a stray dog came along, Ecum always kept him and fed him until he found the dog's master.

One day a sad thing happened that made me understand better than I ever had the extent of Ecum's kindness to dumb animals. There were two little French boys who lived near our shop. 'They were very bad boys and never lost an opportunity to torment any dumb creature that came

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in their way, throwing stones at the cats, tormenting the dogs, and doing everything they could think of that was mean and cruel. Once they tried to poke sticks at me through the windows of my room, but Ecum caught them at it and gave them such a raking over that they never dared to come near my window again.

The very sad thing that I am going to tell you about was this. Those bad boys set an ugly bulldog on to a little black dog. I could not see at first, but as the crowd gathered, the dogs came in my direction so that I could see them plainly. The bad boys had been saying: "Sick 'em, sick 'em." The bulldog had fastened his teeth in the little dog's flesh and there was a great commotion. Men rushed from their stores with sticks and brooms. They tried very hard to make the bulldog let go, but he fastened his teeth all the harder.

The poor little dog was crying pitifully when Ecum came to the back door of the shop. Seeing what was the matter, he went to a cupboard and came back with a

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bottle, which he hurriedly uncorked and held to the bulldog's nose. The next moment the bulldog had released the little dog, and stood licking his chops in the funniest way, while Ecum took the little dog in his arms.

"What is that stuff?" one of the men asked, as Ecum tucked the bottle under his arm.

"Ammonia," he answered, carrying the little dog into the shop, where he placed him on a bed in the corner.

"Now, you poor little thing," said Ecum, as he bent over the wounded dog, "we'll see what can be done for you."

There was a horrible wound in the dog's side; the flesh was torn in two places, and he was whining pitifully.

"Bring me some milk and water, will you, Mollie?" Ecum asked as mistress appeared in the doorway. Mistress hastened to do Ecum's bidding.

The dog understood that Ecum was his friend, and was trying to help him. When Ecum began to bathe the wounds, the little

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dog licked his hand, and certainly there was gratitude shining in that little dog's eyes. When Ecum had finished bathing the wound, mistress brought a bottle of vaseline and a strip of white cloth. I was very much interested, as Ecum and mistress wound the cloth around the dog's body, after having applied vaseline to the wound. I wanted to assist in the operation, but, when I made my wants known, Ecum said:

"Never mind about it, Yoppy; I guess Mollie and I can manage this affair without your help."

The little dog stayed all night and slept on the little bed in the corner. Mistress used to call it the "Wayfarer's bed."

The next morning, after Ecum had dressed the wounds, he left the little dog while he went out to find the master.

Some time later the owner came and took the little dog away, not, however, before he had lavished no end of thanks on my Ecum.

"Mr. Herbert, you are one man in a thousand," the man had said. I did not

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know what that meant, but knew from the expression of the man's face that he meant something very nice. Besides, Ecum looked pleased, and told the man not to mention it.

After the man went away, Ecum took me in his arms, and in a very low voice said:

"Dear little Yoppy, I wouldn't like to have your sides torn the way that little dog's were."

I quite agreed with him, and told him so, as I tucked my head under his chin.

A few days later Mattie and Hannie brought a blind rat to the shop. It was in a trap, and Hannie said that she did not like to kill it, so brought it to Ecum to find out what was best to do with it.

"Give it to the dog," said Teddy Cartland. "He'll make quick work of it."

"As if we would be so cruel," answered Hannie, scornfully.

"I guess we won't give it to the dog," chirped Mattie.

"Show it to Yop," put in Teddy again.

They held up the trap where I could

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see it. I promptly showed my teeth. I never did like the looks of a rat.

Just then Ecum appeared in the back doorway.

"Here's Henry now," shouted the little girls. They were very fond of Ecum.

"And, oh, Henry, we've got a curiosity!" exclaimed Hannie.

"Yes, Henry, we've got a blind rat," put in Mattie, "and we don't know what to do with him."

I chattered and showed my teeth, while Ecum examined the occupant of the rat-trap.

"He is blind, poor fellow," commented Ecum.

Teddy began to laugh. "I hope you aren't foolish enough to spare that rat's life just because he's blind," said Teddy, grinning all the while.

"That's about what I'm going to do, Teddy," said Ecum, as he took the trap and carried it into the yard.

"Aw, give it to the dog; that will be lots more fun," said Teddy.

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"There," Ecum said, as he opened the trap and allowed the rat to escape under a woodshed. "I never did take a mean advantage of anything, and I won't begin on a poor blind rat."

"You are a dear boy," said my mistress. "Of course you would not take advantage of anything weaker than yourself."

"I'm glad you approve of my course, Mollie. There's nothing like sympathy," answered Ecum, while his face shone with happiness that comes from performing little deeds of kindness.

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CHAPTER XII.

LITTLE WORDS OF LOVE

I HAD observed, much to my envy and disgust, that Ecum was extremely fond of my mistress. I had often watched him and my mistress when they came to my room. I observed that when there was no one else around, Ecum would take mistress's hand in his, and, to make a bad matter worse, she seemed to like it.

Sometimes they would sit side by side on a flour barrel, then Ecum would put his arm around her waist. I made a great fuss about it, but it did no good. The more fuss I made, the worse they acted. They really seemed to enjoy my discomfiture.

I was madly jealous of my mistress. I did not want Ecum to love any one or anything except myself. To be sure, mis-

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tress was a nice body in her own way, well enough to give a fellow a bath and his meals, or to feed the cats and the dog, or to cuddle me when I could not have Ecum. But when it came to seeing her so familiar with him, it was more than I could bear.

Sometimes Ecum and mistress took their meals at the shop. At such times mistress would bring a small table, and on this she would spread a spick and span covering. Then she would bring a lot of good things that always made my mouth water.

To be sure, I always had my share of them, but I wanted to sit at the table and help myself, a proceeding that neither Ecum nor mistress would allow; no matter how much I teased or fussed, it was always:

“No, no, Yoppydil, you must eat in your own dining-room.”

I often thought, as mistress arranged the table with its snowy cover and pretty dishes, how I should like to jump into the middle of it and upset everything.

There was one vegetable that my people used a great deal, and of which I was very

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fond. They were called sweet potatoes. I never ate anything in all my life that tasted so delicious as they did, yet it was by an accident that Ecum learned of my fondness for them. It happened this way:

One day — it was the first time I had seen sweet potatoes — Ecum and mistress were preparing to eat their dinner, and mistress brought a dish of those delicious articles and set them on the table. There were other things, but those baked sweet potatoes took my fancy at once; their odour reached my shelf and entered my nostrils. I was wild for a taste of one, so I made the biggest fuss. Ecum cut a potato in two pieces, then in his own easy manner he began to dig out the inside. When the potato was opened, I smelled it all the more, so of course I made more noise.

“Great Scott, Yoppy!” said Ecum, “you are enough to drive any one wild.” Then he threw the peeling at me. I caught it on the fly, and immediately turned it inside out and began to eat what had stuck to the skin.

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I cannot tell you how good that potato tasted. I could not keep still while I was eating it, but kept up a satisfied chatter until there was nothing left but the peeling. I made a great fuss for more. This time Ecum did not dig out the inside, so I had it all. My, my, how good it was!

After that I had a sweet potato every day for my dinner. I liked them better than any other kind of food, and my Ecum always kept them on hand, even when they were so expensive that the storekeeper in Dingleberry could not sell them, and Ecum used to send to Boston for them.

One day, as he took his place at the table, mistress brought a deep dish filled with some kind of soup that she called "clam chowder." Very soon the odour reached my nostrils, and I was wild to get my hand into it. How good it did smell!

I immediately began to make a fuss. Mistress brought my sweet potatoes, but I wanted soup. I yelled at the top of my lungs, until Ecum threw a clam at me. I gobbled it at once, and yelled louder than

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ever for more. He threw another clam, which I devoured as speedily as I had the first, then another, and yet another followed until mistress declared that I would be sick.

I did not care in the least what mistress said. I wanted more clams. I would have them or raise the roof with my outcries. She gave me a tin dish full of soup; it was good, but there was not a clam in it, so I set up another howl. Then what do you think? My Ecum lost his patience and spoke to me in a way that I had never heard him speak, and what do you think he said? Just this:

“Shut your mouth, Yop, or Ecum will whip you.”

To have him speak to me in this manner was such a surprise to me that I did shut my mouth, and kept it shut for fully five minutes, and Ecum and mistress sat eating as if there was not a monkey in all the world. If my tongue was still, my brain was busy, very busy, indeed. I had observed my ball tucked away in one corner of my house. I decided to play with it.

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It was very solid, the kind that boys play baseball with. Teddy had given it to me, and very often he came to play ball with me. I always enjoyed playing ball with Teddy, but this time I thought I could manage it myself.

I looked at Ecum. He was helping himself to more soup.

"It is so good that I must have some more," he said, as he gave mistress one of those looks that always made me crazy.

"I am glad that you like it, dearie," answered mistress, as she beamed across the table. "I do so like to please you."

"You always do," said Ecum, with another look across the table that made me feel wicked. Such nonsense from two grown-up humans!

I listened again, and heard Ecum say: "Yes, Mollie, your chowder is A1. It could not be improved."

"Oh, yes, it could," thought I, "and I will show you how." With this thought, I threw my ball straight into the souptureen.

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There was a splash, a scream, and several exclamations, as Ecum suddenly pushed his chair back and nearly upset the table, and mistress in her haste nearly tipped over backward. The table-cloth was splashed, Ecum was splashed, and mistress was covered with soup, even to her hair and face. I fully expected a whipping. I almost knew I should have one, but I laughed until I cried, all the same.

Neither mistress nor Ecum would eat any more soup. Mistress turned what was left into the swill-pail, and she said that I was a naughty boy. How strange they should have changed their minds so suddenly regarding that soup and, too, after they had said it was so good! I never could see how my ball should have spoiled the flavour, but human beings are such queer animals, one never knows how to take them. And the strangest part of it all was that I did not get a whipping. Humans are queer; they seldom do what is expected of them.

The day following my affair with the

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soup-tureen, mistress did not come to the shop. It was the first time since I had come to live in Dingleberry that mistress failed to give me my bath. I learned from Freddy that mistress had gone to the sea-shore to stay a week.

Ecum gave us our meals regularly, but we did miss our mistress very much indeed. I think Ecum missed her, too. He did not seem quite as jolly as usual, although he came to see me oftener than he did when mistress was at home. Once I heard him ask Freddy if he missed Mollie. Freddy wagged his tail, and looked very much as if he would like to say:

“Yes, indeed, master, I miss her very much.”

Even Polly and Connie seemed lost without their “missy,” but she came back at the end of a week.

I screamed and chattered joyfully when I saw her, and sprang into her arms, telling her how lonely I had been without her, while Freddy nearly wagged his tail off, and the cats rubbed around her feet, and

covered her skirt with hair. I am sure from the way that mistress looked and acted that she was glad to be at home again, glad to see the cats again, and glad to see Freddy and me.

It was indeed a happy time, and ought to have lasted longer, but, while we were in the midst of our jubilation, Ecum appeared in the back doorway. He had been to the station to meet mistress, but had missed her, so came back to find her with us. When mistress saw Ecum, she dropped me without ceremony, and walked straight into his open arms. She threw her arms around his neck, and they kissed each other, not once, but half a dozen times, and such words of love as he poured into her ears! Oh, I could have bitten her head off, I was so furious.

Then I heard her say: "Dear boy, how I have missed you." And Ecum looked into her eyes as he never looked into mine, and answered:

"But not so much as I have missed you."
In a few minutes all my love for my

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mistress had turned to hate. I made the biggest racket I was capable of making. I scolded, yelled, rattled my chain, and even threw a handful of sawdust, but they paid no attention; they just stood there utterly regardless of my existence. Yes, there they stood,—my Ecum with his arms around my mistress, and she with an arm around his neck, and all because she had been away one little week.

And Freddy, the great goose, sat looking on with a world of affection in his eyes, as if he fully approved of the affair. The cats, too, purred around their feet, as if nothing unusual was taking place, while poor little me was nearly broken-hearted. Cats and dogs are stupid creatures at best; no wonder they take serious matters so calmly. As for me, I was wild with jealous rage. Yes, wild! and determined to have revenge as soon as I had an opportunity.

I continued to cry and rattle my chain; I chewed the ends of my fingers; I threatened to chew the end of my tail, and all

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the satisfaction I got was that Ecum called me a “noisy rascal.” Then he and mistress went home, and left me to nurse my wrath all alone.

Two hours later, when Ecum and mistress returned to the shop, I was very quiet, although I had not forgotten my wrongs. I thought of all that had passed, of Ecum’s affection for that woman. I knew now that he loved her as he would never love me. I forgot all that my mistress had done for me, I only remembered the scene of two hours before, so, when she came to give me my good-night cuddling, I uttered an angry cry and buried my teeth in her arm. She gave a frightened scream, as if she had seen a mouse, and Ecum came hurrying to her side.

“Yoppydil has bitten me. He must be jealous,” she said, while she held one hand over the bitten arm.

I was sorry the moment I did it. Some way, with that bite, my hatred for her flew away. I tried to tell her how sorry I was, but she did not look at me. When Ecum

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saw the bitten place, his face looked like thunder-clouds. He told mistress to go straight to the doctor, while he hunted for a switch.

It was the first and last time that my Ecum ever whipped me, but he gave me such a switching that time that I never wanted to bite any one again.

I did not get my bath, or my usual lovings, for more than a week, and, oh, how sorry I was that I did it.

CHAPTER XIII.

LITTLE BITS OF NONSENSE

THE bakers at our shop were never allowed to smoke in the workroom, so they used to come to my room to fill their pipes whenever they had time to smoke. I had often watched them in this performance, and often longed for one of the pipes, that I might join them. It was always so interesting to see how they did it, and they did enjoy it so much. I had long watched for an opportunity to snatch a pipe from one of the bakers' mouths, but they all seemed to divine my intention, for, whenever I went near one of them, no matter how innocent or unconcerned I appeared, those bakers would hold on to their pipes and say:

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"I guess not, Yoppy; I want this smoke myself."

So I was obliged to wait a very long time before the opportunity came that gave me my heart's desire. One day my friend Tackner, who was the head baker, came to my room to have his smoke. He had just begun to dig out the burnt tobacco when Ecum called him to the workroom. In his haste to answer Ecum, Mr. Tackner must have forgotten about me, for he left his pipe on a barrel. You may be sure that I lost no time in securing the long coveted pipe, and proceeded to dig out the burnt tobacco.

I had seen the bakers fill their pipes, so that I knew just how to do it. I had observed that the bakers used knives to dig out their pipes. I had no knife, but I had fingers, so I used them, and found that they worked very well.

I was scraping out the burnt tobacco when Tackner returned to the back room. He looked all around, felt in his pockets,

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then exclaimed: "Where in thunder is my pipe!"

I made a funny little noise to attract his attention.

"So you've got it, have you, you little rascal," he said, as he stood grinning at me.

I chuckled as I thought of the fun I was going to have. I made another noise, and kept on digging out the tobacco. I rapped the pipe on my shelf, as I had seen the bakers rap their pipes, then gave it a final scrape with my finger.

By this time Ecum and the bakers were standing in the doorway, watching me. Seeing that they wished to be entertained, I tried my best to amuse them. I gave the pipe three sharp raps on my shelf, then swung it over my head, held it in my toes, and did a great many other nonsensical things, while the bakers laughed as if they would burst. When I tired of playing with the pipe, I decided to fill it, and try my hand at smoking.

I had no tobacco, so, as no one offered

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me any, I stuffed my pipe with sawdust from my shelf. I remembered that the bakers always put their pipes in their mouths, and sucked air through them, then they would hold a little stick with fire on the end of it over the pipes. I always observed that when they did this that steam or something came out of their mouths, then they would sit on a flour barrel and puff away as if smoking was the most delightful occupation in the world.

I followed the example of the bakers to a letter, but when I had filled my pipe, I found that I had no stick with which to strike fire. I looked at my pipe, then at Ecum, and made a sound that meant: "I want a little stick with fire on the end of it."

"You want a match, don't you, Yoppy?" asked Ecum.

"Um hum, um hum, eew-ew-o-o-o. Tu-tu-tute," I answered.

"Give me a burnt one," I heard some one say.

I did not know what a burnt one meant,

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so I snatched the match, as Ecum called it. I examined it closely, and found that it did not look exactly like the matches that had fire on the end. However, I tried to use it.

I thought of the way my friend Tackner used to get fire on his match, so, of course, I must do likewise.

Tackner used to strike fire by scratching his match on the seat of his trousers. I did not wear trousers, but I could strike my match in the same place. I did so, and scratched so hard that the match hurt me. I dropped the match and fell to rubbing the injured part, while again I repeated my "Ew-o-o-o, tute-tu-tute."

Of course the bakers laughed. They always laughed whenever I did anything a little out of the ordinary.

I fussed for another match. Ecum gave me another, but it was just like the other, black at one end. I tried my best to light it, not where I had scratched it at first, but just on my shelf. It would not light, so I rubbed my finger over the blackened

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end and made a noise, that expressed my doubts. I almost knew that it was not like the kind the bakers used.

After several attempts to strike a light, I threw the burnt match away in disgust, then sent the pipe after it. It broke, of course; pipes always break when you throw them on a stone floor.

The baker tried to persuade me to try another match, but I would have nothing to do with it, and after that day, whenever any one offered me a match with the fire burned off, I would chatter as loudly as I could, and show my teeth in the most savage manner. I would either chew the match up, or throw it in the face of the one who gave it to me, giving him to understand distinctly that I knew a live match from a burned one, and I would not be fooled.

I often watched the bakers when they were moulding bread. I could see them distinctly from my shelf in the back room, and how I longed to go into that work-room! I was absolutely certain that, if I

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were allowed to help, I could mould a piece of dough as well as any baker, and I am sure that I could have made a loaf of bread such as no baker had ever seen.

One day Ecum brought me a piece of dough, so I had an opportunity to test my skill. I was delighted with the dough, and thanked Ecum in my own way, then I began to mould it. It took me some time to get it into the shape I desired, and some way the dough turned very dark. I could not understand why my loaf should turn so dark, while the baker's loaves were as white as could be; still I was not discouraged. When I tired of moulding the dough with my hands, I danced on it, which, of course, improved it amazingly. I moulded my loaf according to my idea. I dipped it into my drinking-cup, then rolled it in the sawdust.

"Very good," I said, as I prepared to put it in my little pan. But just at that moment Teddy came in sight, and I changed my mind. I plunged the dough into my drinking-cup once more just to

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make it more juicy, then I waited for Teddy. On he came, all unconscious of what was waiting for him. He had nearly crossed the room when I let the dough fly straight at his head.

Oh, me! oh, my! wasn't he mad! When it struck, it sounded something like the explosion of a torpedo. Of course, it attracted the bakers' attention, and you should have heard them laugh.

Yes, Teddy was mad,—madder than a wet hen. He never liked to be the laughing-stock of the entire baker-shop force; and would you believe it? My Ecum was the greatest hector budget in the crowd.

I thought Teddy never would forgive me for plugging that piece of dough at him, but he was very good-natured, indeed, and never harboured ill-feeling toward any one.

That noontime, when Ecum returned from dinner, I was sitting on Teddy's shoulder, scratching his head, and he was telling me what a darling I was.

Ecum asked the bakers to come and see
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the two monkeys. I could not see any monkey beside myself, and Teddy called Ecum a "big chump."

Then the spell was broken. I knew that it was time to plague Teddy, so I stopped being good, and began to claw his nose, while Ecum stood by, his face beaming with fun, while he clapped his hands and kept repeating: "Go for him, Yop; give it to him."

I did until Teddy left in disgust. Then Ecum and I had our loving time, which was the happiest time in all the day for me.

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CHAPTER XIV.

ANOTHER MOVE

I HAD been at the bake-shop about six months, and had learned to regard the place as my home, when one morning Ecum came to me and said:

“ Well, Yop, how would you like to change your boarding-place? ”

I did not know what he meant, but gave him to understand what was agreeable to him was agreeable to me. Teddy was sitting on a flour barrel. His face wore a broad grin when Ecum asked me about changing my boarding-place.

“ What do you suppose your mother will think of having a monkey around? ” asked Teddy.

“ Oh, I guess he and mother will get along all right, ” answered Ecum. “ You

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know she has a particular weakness for dumb animals."

"Yes, I know that she likes them, but your mother is a heap sight more particular than my mother, and my mother couldn't be hired to keep a monkey in the house," observed Teddy.

In spite of Teddy's discouraging remarks, that same afternoon Ecum took me to his home. The homestead was a large, old-fashioned house, with very large rooms, in which there were a great many interesting things that made me feel as if here indeed were many new worlds to conquer.

I thought I should not like Madam Herbert,—she was Ecum's mother, and was known to the members of the household as "Nana." She sputtered awfully when Ecum brought me home,—said I was a nasty little nuisance, that she never could keep anything in order; that if her house was to be turned into a menagerie, she would clear out, and so forth, and so forth.

During this tirade Ecum was grinning

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in a significant way he used on some occasions. I learned afterward that he always looked this way whenever mistress or Nana said things that they did not really mean, or when he knew that they would change their minds.

As for me, when I had studied Nana's face a few moments, I thought that her bark was worse than her bite, so to speak. I was sure of it later in the day when she and I were alone. She told me that I was a nice little Yoppy, and would you believe it, she opened my cage door, and allowed me to come out and romp over her in my most hilarious manner. And, although I pinched her nose and pulled her hair, and did lots of other things that my mistress would never allow, Nana just seemed to like it. After that she and I were the warmest friends, notwithstanding the fact that she often declared me the "plague of her life."

The first day of my arrival, Ecum carried my cage to an up-stairs room, where he placed it with me in it on a table beside

the window. From this window I could see the orchard, the river, the Eastern railroad bridge, and far in the distance I could see the woods and hills. It was a lovely view, and I felt certain that I should be happier here than I had been since I left my mother.

The room in which I was to live was large and airy. There were four windows. At two of them there were bird-cages in which lived Dicky and Danny, two tiny canaries that sang from morning until night. At every other window except mine there were plants, such lovely plants! They made me think of the jungle. The room was a sort of den, music-room, sitting-room, and general workroom. It was very cosy, with its couch and pillows, its soft warm carpet, its pretty draperies, and pictures. Near one window stood mistress's sewing-machine, where she made the most delightful racket whenever she stitched. Then there was her desk and bookcase and a sewing-cabinet, where all sorts of mysteries were tucked away. I hoped that the

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time would come when I could explore its regions, and learn more of its mysteries.

In one corner stood Ecum's 'cello; beside it stood a music-rack, where sheets of music and a lesson book were tucked in. In this corner every evening Ecum would sit and practise his music lesson, while mistress would sit at her desk and scribble for hours.

I should have been very lonely in my new home were it not for mistress. She was with me much of the time, but my very happiest time was when Ecum was at home. Sometimes mistress left me alone. At such times I bent my energies on trying to open my cage. One morning I had worked unceasingly on my cage door, and was rewarded by discovering a way to unlock it. I opened it at once and walked out. I had longed to examine the contents of that mysterious cabinet. Now, at last, the opportunity was mine.

There was a pretty flowered curtain hung across the front of the cabinet. I thrust it aside and poked my head within. A work-basket was the first thing to take

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my eye. I pulled it on to the floor. The next half-hour I was the happiest monkey in monkeydom. There were pins, needles, spool cotton, silks, buttons, tape measures, and no end of other things. I pulled yards and yards of thread from the spools, and tangled it in such a way that no one could unravel it, then left it in a snarl on the floor.

The next thing that attracted my attention was a little red thing that looked like a strawberry. I chewed it, and got a mouthful of sand or something gritty. I learned afterward that the little red thing was called an "emery bag," and wasn't good to eat.

The buttons were in a neat little box, the hooks and eyes in another; the pins were standing in prim rows in a paper; the needles were tucked nicely in a cushion; the spools were in little pockets at the sides of the basket.

I turned the buttons on the floor, and scattered them toward all the points of the compass. I upset the box of hooks and

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eyes, and strewed them about among the buttons, then I chewed up the box. Next came the pins. Such precision could never be tolerated in the land of monkeys. So I pulled every one from the paper, and scattered them far and wide. Then came the needles. I pulled every one of them from their soft little cushion, and away they went after the pins. I stuck one into my finger, which made me squeal, but, of course, there was no one to blame but myself.

I grew nervous over the work-basket. It occurred to me that I was spending too much time with it, so I dumped it bottom side up, and turned my attention to the cabinet once more. On the next shelf I found a box of paper patterns. Each of these patterns were standing on its edge in almost as good order as the pins had stood in their paper; each pattern was pinned together, and looked as if they had never been out of order. I had seen mistress take this box from its hiding-place in the cabinet, run her finger through the pat-

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terns until she found the one that she was hunting for, which she would take out, and put the box back in its place. It could not be expected that I would be content to do as mistress did, so I pulled the patterns out, all in a bunch. No mincing matters for me, if you please.

Having emptied the pattern box, it was my duty to examine the patterns to see what further improvements I could make. I began by taking out the pins, then I opened the patterns and unfolded every piece. It was no easy task, I assure you, but I did it all myself, and was much gratified with the result. After pulling those patterns all to pieces, I turned somersaults in them, and mixed them up in such a manner that it took mistress several days before she could sort them out, and tell "t'other from which." It was a grand mix-up, to be sure, and, oh, how I enjoyed it!

On the next shelf, tucked away, I found the family mending; each article lay in its own place, waiting its turn to be mended. I pulled all on to the floor and

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left them. Family mending did not interest me very much, so I turned my attention to mistress's desk.

Here, indeed, could be found a rare treat for any monkey. I had often watched mistress as she sat at this desk, writing, writing, writing, as if her life depended on her task. At such times she paid no attention to any one, but worked steadily until she had finished what she called her "stint." She never allowed me to sit on her shoulder or come anywhere near her while she was writing. I wondered what it meant, and could see no sense in her everlasting scribbling. Now was my opportunity to look into the mysteries of that desk, so I went about it in true monkey fashion.

At one side of the desk there was a pile of paper that mistress called her "manuscript." It was covered with mistress's handwriting, but it looked more like hen scratches. I had heard mistress tell Ecum that she was writing a "five-act drama." I did not know what that was, and never

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could get any sense out of it. Another thing that puzzled me was why mistress should take so much trouble to cover those sheets so sparingly with her five-act drama when she might have covered the paper with one splash by just upsetting the ink-bottle.

I decided to give mistress a lesson. I was very sure that she would thank me for showing her the easier way. It was but the work of a moment to turn the contents of the ink-bottle over those sparingly covered sheets, and such a delightful mess as it made. I dragged the sheets apart that the ink might cover all the pages, and I patted my hands in the ink as it slowly spread itself, and when I slapped my hands in the ink, it spattered over everything. I was in a most blissful state of mind. And after that, everything that I touched showed the prints of monkey fingers in black and white, or black and any other colour, as it happened.

Despite all my efforts to cover those sheets of five-act drama, there were some

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that the ink did not reach, so I chewed the remaining ones, or tore them to bits, and I was convinced that I had done much better work than my mistress ever had.

There were other interesting things in the desk. I ransacked it from top to bottom, pulled everything from the pigeon-holes, chewed everything that was chewable, tore everything that was tearable, reduced photographs to pulp in the shortest time imaginable, and then looked around for new worlds to conquer. What should I do next? Just then I heard the voice of my mistress. She had come from her morning's trip to market, and, while I was perfectly satisfied with what I had done, I began to have grave doubts as to how mistress would take it. I decided that to be on the safe side I had better go back to my cage, which I did in the biggest kind of a hurry.

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CHAPTER XV.

WHAT MISTRESS THOUGHT OF IT

I HAD barely time to scramble into my cage when I heard mistress coming up the stairs. She was never slow in her movements, and this time I am quite positive that she came up-stairs two steps at a time. I bounced into the corner of my cage and cuddled down in a heap. I waited a few seconds, then I heard mistress calling:

“Missy’s coming, Yoppydil.”

Yoppydil made no reply. Just at that moment he was trying very hard to keep his eyes from blinking. It is very difficult for a monkey to keep his eyes closed when he isn’t asleep. Well, mistress arrived on the scene, and I waited in doubt as to how she would accept the improvements I had made. Human beings are so uncertain that

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one never knows how they are going to take things. Then again, I remembered that in all the improvements I had made in household arrangements, no one had ever thanked me. Mistress, however, might look at things differently.

I could not help chuckling to myself as I peeped from the corner of my eye and saw the expression of blank amazement with which mistress regarded the changes. Ecum came trotting up-stairs behind her, and soon stood in the doorway looking over her shoulder. Then she found her voice.

“Oh! oh! oh!” she exclaimed, as she took in the state of affairs at her desk.

Ecum took in the state of affairs also, and laughed as I had never before heard him laugh.

“My precious manuscript,” continued mistress, when she discovered what was left of her five-act drama. “It is ruined! just ruined! every mite of it; three whole acts and two scenes of the fourth, the work of weeks; and my patterns, and my work-basket!”

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Ecum laughed and laughed. I kept very quiet indeed. There are times when even a monkey feels like being very quiet.

"Henry Herbert, how *can* you laugh when that little imp has done so much mischief?" came from mistress as she crossed the room, sat down beside her desk, and began to cry.

I might have known that mistress was no different from other human beings, and that she would not be any more appreciative than the others whom I had tried to help. Instead of telling me what a good boy I was, she sat crying over what I had done, but what could one expect, for, after all, my mistress was only human.

I never could bear to see any one shed tears, so I crawled from my cage and went directly to mistress. I climbed into her lap and tried to pull her handkerchief away from her eyes. I patted her face, kissed her neck and ears, but she paid no attention to me.

I made all the plaintive little sounds that I could command, just to let her know how

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sorry I was. I appealed to Ecum, who stood watching me, but he only smiled, and would do nothing to help me.

After a few moments, mistress took her handkerchief away from her face; her eyes were very red. I looked imploringly into them, and begged her to forgive me and love me again. I smacked my lips at her, and made more plaintive sounds, but it did no good; she just allowed me to sit in her lap while another tear trickled down her cheek.

I felt very serious. I had never before failed to win her forgiveness. I crawled on to her arm, and made one more effort to be forgiven. Then with a solemn air I began to trace with my finger the lines the tears had made down her cheek.

I never knew exactly what moved mistress to forgiveness, nor did I understand what Ecum meant when he said:

“That little rascal knows more than we have given him credit for.” But this I did understand, that mistress began to laugh, and took me in her arms, saying:

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"Oh, Yoppydil! Yoppydil! you have been a naughty, naughty boy, but you are a little darling all the same, and you are only a monkey at best."

To be sure, I was only a monkey at best or any other way, and if mistress or any one else expected me to be anything but a monkey, they would be very much mistaken.

But that was not the worst of it. After mistress had forgiven me, and I had been petted by her and Ecum in turn, I was sent back to my cage, and had my door fastened with a padlock. And no amount of monkey ingenuity could unfasten that padlock while the key was in Ecum's vest pocket.

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CHAPTER XVI.

WHEN APPLE BOUGHS WERE RED

FOR several weeks after my destruction of mistress's five-act drama, and the various other bits of what she called "mischief," I was kept in my cage the greater part of my time. I had quite given up the idea of opening the padlock, and tried to make the best of my confinement.

It was very lonely to be shut into a cage when my people were away, but they had not fully learned my likes and dislikes. I loved company, and was never happy alone. To be sure, I had my daily airing with mistress, and an evening frolic with Ecum, and sometimes in the evening I was allowed to play with Freddy and the cats. I always shared my peanuts with Freddy, and he always liked to have me shell them, as

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he was only a dog and had nothing but his teeth to work with, and, of course, he never could get the brown skin from the peanuts as I could.

It seemed the most natural thing in the world for me to sit on the hassock and feed Freddy, as I could do it so easily. Freddy himself did not think it at all strange, but Ecum and mistress thought it was the queerest sight they ever saw.

I used to sit on the hassock, with my feet on the floor and a bag of peanuts between my knees. I would sometimes shell a peanut, give Freddy the first piece, then put the other half in my own mouth. In this way we soon ate a half-pint of peanuts, which was as many as we were allowed to eat at a time. Sometimes when I had eaten all I wanted, I would give all that was left to Freddy, and whenever I grew tired of feeding him, he would sit up and beg. It *was* a funny sight to see a big dog like Freddy sitting up and begging a little monkey like me to feed him.

I always enjoyed playing with Polly.



share my peanuts.

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Since my coming to Dingleberry, Polly had grown to be quite a large cat, but she was as gentle and affectionate as ever. Connie and I were never on very intimate terms; she, too, had grown, but she never was and never would be like my Polly.

I suppose I ought to have been satisfied with my privileges, but I was not. I longed to roam at large over the old house, and to examine things about the premises, and to do exactly as I pleased without any interference from any one.

When the apples and pears were ripe, I had the most delightful time helping to pick them. On sunny days, when the weather was very warm, Ecum would take me into the orchard and fasten my chain to the limb of a tree, then what a glorious time I had! At first Ecum scolded at my way of picking. He objected to my taking a bite from every apple that I could get my hands on. After awhile I understood that I must eat one whole apple and let the others alone. During our picking season, Ecum taught me to get the apples

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that were out of his reach. It was very pleasant to hear him say:

“That’s the boy, Yoppy. Nice little boy, Yoppy. I guess he knows how to pick apples.”

“I guess I do, I guess I do,” I used to say in my own language. Then Ecum would look pleased and say: “There’s another apple, Yoppy,” whereupon I would climb to the limb to which he pointed and would secure the apple. Mistress would sometimes stand under the tree and hold her apron to catch the apples.

It was a great temptation, such lovely red apples! I just wanted to bite every one of them, but Ecum always said:

“No, no, Yoppy mustn’t,” so of course I had to mind.

One day Teddy came to help us pick apples. I dare say Ecum thought me very clever because I learned to pick apples so dexterously, but it was nothing strange at all. Why should I not learn? Why, my dear people, monkeys or any other animals are bright if they are given good care.

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But I am wandering from my subject. I was telling about Teddy, who was one of the humans who always have an exciting influence over me. In Teddy's presence I always acted more hilarious than I did in the presence of any one else. Ecum used to say that I always showed off when Teddy was around, and perhaps I did. When Teddy came to the orchard that day, I screamed with delight. I was always glad to see my old friends, and was particularly fond of Teddy.

It has been said that human children always like to show off before visitors, and in this respect I think that young monkeys are like them. At any rate, I always felt like cutting up didoes whenever any one was watching me. So when I saw Teddy, I began to caper. I pulled a large apple from the branch over my head and made motions to throw it at him. Ecum stood watching me. I knew by the expression of his face that he was willing for me to do anything I pleased to Teddy. I was in no hurry, however, but kept playing jug-

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gler with my apple. I would hold the apple on my nose and try to balance it there, but it would not balance worth a cent. Then I would hold it over my head, and make Teddy think I was going to throw it. When I did this, he would scold and say:

“Don’t yer do it, Yop, don’t yer do it.”

I did not, at least not that moment, but once when Teddy was talking to Ecum, and was not thinking about me or my apple, some way — I never knew exactly how it happened — I rather guess the apple slipped, for it left my hands suddenly, and went spinning through the air, and just at that moment, unfortunately for Teddy, he turned his head, and my apple went whack against his nose.

“Genie crip, Yop, what’s yer doin’ there!” exclaimed Teddy, as he clapped his hand over his nose.

Ecum and mistress just howled; laughing was no name for it. I laughed, too, it was so very funny, but, like all my

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pranks, there was a serious ending to this one. Poor, poor Teddy! I had made the blood come out of his nose. It trickled through his finger. I saw it, and did not feel like laughing any more. I climbed down to the lowest limb of the tree, and tried to reach Teddy. He had taken his handkerchief and was mopping the blood from his nose. He would not let me comfort him; I guess he was mad. I wanted to examine his nose, and find out just what made the blood come, but Teddy was so out of sorts that he would not come near me. I was sorry, very sorry, indeed, and I told Teddy so, as plainly as my monkey language could express it, but it was of no use, for Teddy went away holding his handkerchief up to his nose. Just before he left the orchard, he turned to Ecum and said:

“ You just wait until I come over to help you pick apples again. You won’t set yer old monkey to throwing apples at me.”

The idea! as if Ecum was to blame for
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that accident, or was it an accident? I'm sure I can't remember, for it happened some time ago, so the reader must draw his own conclusion.

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CHAPTER XVII.

UNDER NANA'S MANAGEMENT

LATE in the fall, after the apples were all picked and stored away for winter use, Ecum and mistress took a trip to New York. I fussed a little when they went away, but was soon consoled, for scarcely had their carriage rolled away from the door before Nana was standing beside my cage with the key to my padlock in her hand.

"Now, Yoppydil," she said, "I am going to have things managed differently. I never did believe in keeping you hived up in that cage, and, while you are under my care, I shall do as I please."

By the time Nana had finished her speech, she had the lock unfastened and the door open.

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Of course, I agreed with her fully, and told her so with my "Um hum, um hum," and straightway crawled out of my cage.

Ecum and mistress had bidden me an affectionate good-bye, and told me to be a good boy. If course I intended to be good. How on earth could I be otherwise, shut up in a cage that was fastened with a padlock? Now, however, all was changed. Dear old Nana had set me free, and for the time being I was happy indeed.

"There 'ittle Yoppydil," said Nana, as I started toward the door, holding my chain carefully coiled over my arm lest it might get caught in something.

"Um hum," I answered, "um hum," in tones of delight.

"So you like it, darling? I knew you would," continued Nana, as she followed me down-stairs.

It took but a few moments to find the kitchen, and Nana looked so pleased to see me enjoying myself that I decided at once to make thinks interesting.

Perhaps it would have been wisdom on

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Nana's part had she left the key to my padlock in her pocket, but Nana always liked to manage things according to her own ideas, so I will leave it to the reader as to whether or not she was wise.

The first thing I did when I reached the kitchen was to go straightway to the sink, climb its side, and take a drink from the drops that ran from the faucet.

Nana thought this a wonderful thing for me to do, as I smacked my lips, and made a sound which meant that I was very much pleased at being allowed to help myself.

The door-bell rang, and Nana left me in the kitchen while she answered the ring. Nothing could have pleased me better. I looked about to see what there was to examine. There was the clock on the kitchen mantel. I had seen a clock before. Its slow, monotonous tick-tick made me feel as if I would like to shake more life into it.

I was on the shelf beside it in a moment, and opened the door at once. There was a thing that made the tick-tick by swing-

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ing to and fro. It was about as large as a butter cracker, and looked like Ecum's watch, only it was not so bright and shiny. I examined it closely, then took it in my hand. The tick-tick stopped. I took it from its fastening and laid it on the shelf. I should have thrown it on the floor, but I knew that it would make a noise.

On closer examination I found that the clock had two doors. I opened the inside one, and such a sight as met my gaze! There were wheels and wheels enough to delight the heart of any monkey. I determined on the spot to become a clock-maker, or perhaps I meant to be an "unmaker." I'm sure I don't know which. I had never learned much about putting things together, but I was a master-hand at taking things apart.

So I set to work to remove the wheels from Nana's clock. For some time I worked away with all my might, trying to dissect that machinery, giving a pull here and a poke there. I was certain that I

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should have the contents of that clock out in a moment if I only could get at it.

I decided to take the clock in my lap, then I could manage it nicely.

I had succeeded in pulling it around cornerwise, and was struggling to take it across my lap, when my foot slipped, and the clock turned a somersault and landed on the floor.

Dear me! dear me! what a crash it made! I think my hair must have stood on ends. The noise brought Nana into the kitchen, and of course she had something to say. Human beings always have something to say whenever anything is broken. This is what Nana said:

“Oh, Yoppy, Yoppy! what have you done? My mother’s clock that I have treasured for years!”

I sat on the edge of the shelf looking the picture of seriousness. I had not the slightest idea that matters would turn out as they had. And there was the clock, or what was left of it, on the floor, and I had not had the satisfaction of taking it apart

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myself, and there stood Nana almost ready to cry. She was saying: "I guess, Yoppy, that I shall be obliged to tie you up. You are too full of mischief to be allowed to roam at large."

So I was fastened to a chair, on which I sat for some time meditating on the ways of human beings; while Nana went back to her company.

After the caller had gone, Nana came back to the kitchen to see if everything was as it should be. Of course I was very quiet. Who wouldn't be after such a disappointment and shock as I had had?

"Now, Yoppydil," said Nana, holding up one finger, "Nana is going up-stairs, and I want you to be a good boy."

I made a little noise that meant, "Yes, oh, yes, I will be good." Then she left me.

I had really intended to be good, for, as far as I could see, there was nothing else to do. There was nothing within my reach except the chair I sat on and the kitchen stove. Oh, yes, to be sure, there

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was the stove. Could I do anything to that?

I was not sure. Sometimes stoves are dangerous things to play with, sometimes they are not. It depends wholly on how much fire there is in them.

I crept toward the stove and held out my hand cautiously. There was not much heat at that end. I touched my finger to the shelf at the back. It was warm, but not hot, so I climbed upon it and sat down. It was very comfortable.

On the back of the stove, and within my arm's length, stood a kettle. I stood upright and looked into it. It was filled with something that was dark coloured and smelled very nice. I drew the kettle toward me and sniffed its contents. It smelled very good, indeed, of sugar and spice and everything nice. I scraped a little of the stuff from the side of the kettle and tasted it. It did not taste so good as it smelled; it bit my tongue, and I did not like it at all.

“What was the use of having anything

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that wasn't good to eat?" I thought, as I began to drag the kettle nearer the edge of the stove. It was exceedingly heavy, yet, with a great deal of puffing and grunting, I succeeded in landing that kettle and its contents on the floor. And would you believe it? that kettle made a great deal more noise than the clock had made.

Of course Nana came hurrying down-stairs. I knew that she would after hearing that racket. I waited in almost breathless suspense for what would happen next.

"Oh, my Chili sauce!" was all that Nana said, as she stood looking at the mess.

So it was *chilly* sauce that had burnt my tongue. I did not think there was anything very *chilly* about it, but I did think it was something *saucy*.

I fully expected that I should be banished to my cage once more. But no, Nana only fastened me in the cellarway, and I grinned at the prospects before me.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A LESSON IN PIE-BAKING

IT was baking day, and Nana stood in the pantry mixing pie crust. She had fastened my chain to a flat-iron that I could not lift, and had placed the iron on the wood-box at the end of her work-bench. In that way I could easily reach one end of the bench and watch her make pies.

Nana had placed another iron on a piece of oilcloth which she had donated for my especial use, and from the weight of the flat-iron one could easily see that she intended the oilcloth to stay where it was put.

So, after tugging at the iron, and finding that I could not lift it, I sat on the handle and nibbled a cookie, while I watched the progress of pie-baking. I

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had eaten my cookie, and was watching Nana with the greatest interest, when it occurred to me that I, too, could make a pie. I was very sure that I could do exactly as Nana was doing if I had the material to work with. My fingers Itched to get hold of a piece of dough, so I made a great rumpus until Nana gave me a piece.

"There," she said, "take that, you noisy rascal," as she threw the dough at me.

I seized the dough, and was delighted with it. I made all sorts of pleasant sounds to show Nana how much I appreciated her kindness, then I proceeded to make my pie.

At first the dough stuck to my fingers, and for some reason it began to turn dark, just as the bakeshop dough had turned when I tried to mould it. I held the dough up for Nana's inspection, and asked in my own way why it did so. She did not understand, as all she said was:

"O Yoppydil, how dirty your hands are!"

I tried to make my dough into a patty-cake, as Nana was making hers. I found

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that I could not make pies or anything else without the proper material. I wanted some of the white stuff that Nana scattered over her dough. I made my dough into a ball, and laid it on the bench, while I sat for some time watching Nana. I did not quite understand, but I could see how deftly she worked. It seemed to be the white stuff that made Nana's work so easy.

From my point of observation I could see everything that Nana did. At first she would scatter white stuff over the board, then she would roll out a piece of dough; sometimes she would sprinkle a little of the white stuff over the dough. When nicely rolled out, she would spread the patty cake on a plate, then put something dark, that she called "mince meat," into her pies; she would then put on a covering and bake it.

I knew by this time that it was the white stuff, so I began to fuss for some. I longed to get at Nana's end of the bench and help myself. I tried again to lift the iron, but it would not move. Then I made

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the biggest row until Nana got out of patience and exclaimed:

“For goodness’ sake, Yoppy! What do you want now?”

I held my hands toward the thing that the white stuff was in, squealing all the while.

“Oh, you want my flour-sifter, do you?” she said. “Well, you can’t have it, but I will give you some flour.”

That was exactly what I wanted, and, as Nana put some on my end of the bench, I expressed my appreciation as well as I was capable of expressing myself. I scattered the flour over my piece of dough, and over a large portion of the bench, while Nana stood watching me. I tried to persuade her to give me her rolling-pin, but she gave me a clothes-pin instead, which answered every purpose, and again I expressed my delight. Nana was really becoming quite intelligent.

I could not handle my dough as skilfully as Nana did hers, but I did the best I could. When I had succeeded in getting

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my pie crust into shape, a new difficulty arose,—I had no plate on which to bake it. By the time I had my crust ready for baking, Nana had become very much interested in my work. Indeed, it was high time that she did appreciate my cleverness. So when I held up my crust and puckered up my mouth with a “Tu-te-to-tu-tute,” she knew perfectly well that I wanted a plate. She went to the cupboard and brought out a tin one. It was a funny little plate with figures around the edge, or was it letters? They were like these: A, B, C, etc. Nana said the plate belonged to my Uncle Charles—that was my Ecum’s brother. As soon as Nana laid the plate on the bench, I straightway clapped my pie crust into it, and began to tuck the edges in, just the way Nana had done.

Having finished tucking the edges in, I fussed for some mince meat. Nana gave me a spoonful, but it smelled so good that I tasted it. It tasted so good that I ate every mite of it, and decided to bake my pie without it.

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When I thought the pie was all ready for the oven, I learned one thing more. I had seen Nana make little slits with a knife in her pie crust. I had no knife, so I made little marks in my pie crust with my fingers, chattering all the while to Nana in the most confidential manner. I am sure that she understood from my tones and expressions that I was perfectly willing to follow her example, and do everything that she did.

When my pie was ready, I held it up with an air of triumph for Nana's approval.

"Well, well, Yoppydil," she said, "you do beat all the creatures that I ever saw." Then she kissed me on my head and added, "You darling."

I thought I would throw my pie on the floor and hear it smash, but Nana took it from my hands and put it in the oven. While the pie was baking, I had some raisins and another taste of mince meat; then Nana washed my hands, and helped to pick the dough from my fingers. Next she cleaned the flour from my end of the

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work-bench, while I sat on the handle of the flat-iron and chatted to her in my most affable manner.

When my pie came out of the oven, it was several shades darker than Nana's pies. I looked at her pies, then at my own, and asked her what made the difference, but either she did not understand, or was incapable of explaining. At any rate, I never learned why Nana's pies were such a nice light brown and mine was so near black.

When my precious pie was cool, I ate a part of it, and gave a part to Freddy. He must have smelled it, for he was very fond of pie crust. I offered to feed Nana with the remaining portion, but she grinned at me and said:

"No, I thank you, sir, I'd rather be excused." Strange that she would not even taste it, after I had taken so much pains with it.

I sat for some time thinking what I would do next, when I noticed that Nana had pushed her cake-board over toward

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my end of the shelf. Nana was fussing around the stove, and was not paying any attention to me. There was a piece of crust rolled out on the moulding-board, all ready to be put over a pie. In a flash it occurred to me that I would appropriate that crust for my own use, so I reached for the board. I could barely reach the corner, but I had no difficulty in pulling it toward me and securing the nicely rolled pie crust, and, when Nana came to the pantry to finish her pie, I was sitting on the handle of the flat-iron, tucking the pie crust under my legs and around my sides as I had seen Ecum tuck in his carriage robe.

Nana said that she had a great mind to spank me, I was so naughty. She did not spank me, but she scolded me until I cried, then she petted me, and told me that I didn't know any better.

Didn't I, though? That was as much as Nana knew about it.

But the worst part of that performance was that never again was I allowed to assist in her pie-baking.

CHAPTER XIX.

A LITTLE MORE ROPE

IT was the last day that Nana and I were to be alone. She had told me that morning that she expected to see my master and mistress before supper, and that I must make the most of my holiday.

Oh, yes, I would be delighted to make the most of my holiday if only I could have a chance, for, since the day I had taken Nana's pie crust and had used it for a lap-robe, she was a little more careful where she tied me, and how much rope she allowed.

My rope, or, more correctly speaking, my chain, had been fastened to a staple in the cellarway, which gave me liberty to sit on the kitchen door-sill. I wanted more "rope," as Nana called it, and I knew just

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how to get it. I had learned that a series of plaintive noises from me never failed to bring a response from Nana, so I made as many of those noises as I considered necessary, and very soon Nana dropped the broom and dust-pan and came to see what I wanted.

I put my head on one side and looked as pensive as I could, while I scratched my head slowly and thoughtfully, occasionally making one of my faint little sounds. It had the desired effect sooner than I had expected. Nana looked very sympathetic as she said:

“ You poor little abused darling, shut up out here all alone! ”

I made another doleful little sound, and assumed my most beseeching expression.

“ You want more rope, don’t you, Yoppydil? Well, Nana will give you more. Yes, she will.”

Just what I wanted exactly. Nana brought a piece of rope and fastened it to the end of my chain. This rope gave

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me about a yard more scope. Yes, indeed, this was exactly what I wanted.

"There, darling," Nana said, looking as pleased as could be, "I guess you will like that much better."

"I guess I shall, I guess I shall," I repeated in my monkey language. Then Nana went about her business, and I set myself about mine. Yes, indeed, now I could make the best of my few hours of liberty.

Just inside the cellar door stood the sink, and under the sink there was a door. I longed to explore beyond it, and had made every effort to do so, but my chain was always too short. Now, however, I could explore at my own sweet will.

I pulled the door open and peeped in. Here were untold treasures: oil-cans, blacking brushes, scouring materials, and all sorts and sizes of kettles and things. And in the farthest corner stood a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"Very good," said I, as I began to pull things out. First I took the blacking brush

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and the saucer in which I had seen Nana mix her blacking. I had been very much interested in the shining of Nana's stove, and I should like very much to have blacked it myself, but, as I could not reach the stove, I decided to give the floor a shine, including as much of the woodwork about the sink as I could reach.

The blacking in the saucer was somewhat dry, so I poured in a little oil from the oil-can, and then tried to get some blacking on my brush. It did not stick as I should like to have it, so I rummaged under the sink for more blacking. I soon found the very thing I wanted — a package of powdered blacking. Oh, me! oh, my! what a treat for a monkey!

As there seemed to be plenty of blacking, I could see no reason why I should waste a lot of time mixing it in the blacking saucer, besides, the saucer was already full of oil. I dumped the entire package on the floor, and prepared to give the floor such a shine as it had never known before.

There must have been nearly a pound

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of that black powder, into which I poured more oil from the oil-can. How black and shiny it looked as it spread itself over the kitchen floor! I slopped the blacking brush into it. Of course, it made spatters all over the woodwork around the sink. I viewed the spatters with monkeyish approval, and fell to polishing the floor.

As far as I could reach I daubed the blacking, rubbing it into the floor as well as I could, adding more oil as I thought it was needed, until that particular part of the floor shone like a spandy new stove. Then I blacked the woodwork about the sink as far as I could reach. It was great fun, and I thoroughly enjoyed it.

When I had used all the oil I wanted, I turned the can on its side. The oil trickled from the snout, and ran across the floor in a most delightful stream. In the height of my jubilation, I seized the bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla. Nana called this her "spring medicine." I did not approve of spring medicines, so poured it

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down the cellar stairs, and stood the bottle on its head in the corner.

Next I gave the floor another shine, and then rubbed what was left, or rather what I could take up on the brush, on the cellar stairs. The effect was delightful. I was in a perfectly blissful state of mind, and was thoroughly satisfied with my work as I viewed it from the cellar doorway.

Now that my work was finished, I could play, so I took the empty sarsaparilla bottle and began to dance it up and down. Just then some one gave the door-bell a yank and startled me, which made me give my chain a yank, and caused me to drop the bottle. It went thump, thump, thump, down the cellar stairs, and with a crash it smashed on the concrete floor. I might have known that something would smash just as I was having a good time.

I heard Nana descend the stairs, and heard a commotion in the hallway, then I heard the voices of Ecum and mistress. I knew that my liberty was nearing its end.

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"I thought you were not coming until afternoon," I heard Nana say.

"We changed our plan, mother," answered Ecum.

I seized the blacking brush, and fell to polishing with all my might. I thought that if Nana found fault with my work she must be very hard to please.

I heard Ecum and mistress going upstairs. Nana came into the kitchen. Perhaps she had heard the noise that pesky bottle made when it went thumping downstairs. I think she did not want Ecum to know that I was out of my cage, as her voice was much lower than usual as she spoke to me from behind the cellar door.

"I'm afraid, Yoppydil, that you have been doing mischief," she said, then she swung the door back. There I was scrubbing away as if my life depended on it.

"For the Lord sakes!" Nana gasped, as she took in the situation. I wish you could have seen the expression of her face; truly, it was a study.

Then Ecum and mistress came down-

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stairs and into the kitchen. I kept right on polishing.

"Where's Yop? He isn't in his cage," I heard Ecum ask.

"He's there," said Nana, waving her hand toward me in the most tragic manner. "I had him fastened in the stairway, and he fussed for more rope, which I gave him, and this is my reward."

There was one particular spot on the floor that needed a great deal of polishing, so I polished with all my might.

Ecum began laughing, just as I knew he would, and mistress laughed just as I thought she would, but poor Nana looked as if she wanted to cry. When Ecum and mistress had stopped laughing, I heard Ecum say:

"Well, mother, you always did have your own way, and you probably always will, but I would advise you hereafter to let well-enough alone. You see, mother, it doesn't always pay to give a monkey all the rope he asks for."



I get a scrubbing.

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"I didn't expect any sympathy from you," answered Nana.

Then mistress changed her dress, and straightway put me to soak in a wash-bowl of soap-suds, and Nana, wearing a most martyred expression, took a pail of water and washed away all traces of my forenoon's work. Truly, the more you do for some folks the less you are appreciated.

CHAPTER XX.

IN THE TIME OF APPLE BLOSSOMS

THE long, cold winter had passed, and once more the birds were singing in the orchard. The trees were lovely with blossoms, and, as I climbed about among the branches, I was one of the happiest monkeys in all the world.

Every morning Ecum or mistress would take me to the orchard and fasten my chain to the limb of a tree, so I was able to frolic in the tree-top, or lie on the cool green grass with Freddy and the cats.

Freddy seemed to think that he must lie at the foot of my tree and keep an eye on me. Dear, stupid old Freddy! I knew a great deal more than he did. Even the cats were more brilliant than Freddy, for both of them could climb trees, and Freddy

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could not climb if his life depended on it.

I loved Freddy very dearly, and I loved Polly also. I should have loved Connie if she had allowed me to love her, but I did not care very much if Miss Connie would have nothing to do with me, for I was certain that every one else in the family loved me. My life was full of love.

Polly had grown so large by this time that I could no longer hold her in my lap or carry her under my arm, yet we were just as good friends as we had always been.

One day Polly came into the orchard and began rubbing against Freddy, as if she was in some kind of trouble. There seemed to be something she wanted Freddy to do, but Freddy, being only a dog, could not understand her rubbing and "prow-owing."

When Polly found that Freddy could not, or would not, understand her, she ran toward the house, talking all the while as if there was something on her mind.

Freddy looked at me, and I looked at
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Freddy. Our eyes said: "There's something wrong with Polly." Very soon we learned what it was, for Polly came back to the orchard, and laid a tiny black kitten at Freddy's feet.

Freddy looked at the kitten, then at Polly, and his tail began to wag as he smelled of the kitten.

It was a cunning little thing, so I came down from my perch on the apple-bough to pay my respects to Polly's baby. This was the first time we knew anything about it.

We all decided that it was a very nice kitten. I gave Polly a hug, while Freddy licked the kitten with his tongue, of course. Still Polly was not satisfied, but kept fussing and rubbing against Freddy.

Freddy arose from his lounging position and began to examine the kitten. It was a funny little thing, and made a great piece of work when it tried to walk. After Freddy had given the kitten a thorough examination, he sat down and assumed a very serious attitude.

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"Whatever can be the matter?" I thought, as I, too, began to examine the kitten.

Presently Freddy began to lick the kitten's face. This apparently pleased Polly, although I could not understand why until I found that, instead of having two bright little eyes, as a kitten nine days old should have, there were crusts or scales formed over its eyes, and Polly expected Freddy to remove them.

Every day for a week Polly brought her kitten to Freddy for treatment. At the end of a week the scales came off, but Polly's baby was hopelessly blind. Instead of finding two little eyes, there were only two holes. Poor, poor Polly! Poor, poor little blind kitten!

We were all very sorry for Polly, and comforted her as best we could. Freddy was particularly kind, and licked her face, neck and ears, to show how thoroughly he sympathized with her, but Polly was not to be comforted. Then one day the poor little blind kitten disappeared, and not even

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Freddy could comfort the sorrowing mother.

That night I heard Ecum and mistress talking it over, and I knew that Polly's baby was safe from all suffering. Mistress was not like herself that evening, and when Ecum asked her why she was so glum, she answered:

"Why, Polly's baby, of course. You don't suppose I could put the little creature to sleep without feeling dreadfully about it."

"It was the most merciful way," said Ecum.

I do not know why it was, but I did not feel like romping that night myself, so I retired early, went to sleep, and dreamed that Polly had another baby, and that baby had a pair of good eyes.

A few days later, while I was playing in the orchard, I heard the music from a hand-organ. I was fond of any kind of music, so I stopped catching caterpillars and listened. Presently the organ-grinder

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came in sight, and with him came a little monkey just like me.

The organ-grinder stopped to play near our house, and I screamed and chattered at the top of my lungs. I wanted so much to go out and see that other monkey.

My cries soon attracted the attention of mistress, and very soon I was on her shoulder, while she carried me toward the garden gate. I lost no time in making the acquaintance of my countryman, or, rather, my countrywoman, for this little monkey was a girl.

The girl monkey's name was Florine. We made friends at once, and were chatting as sociably as you please, when, to my indignation, I heard the organ-grinder say, as he pointed to me: "How much you sell him?"

"He isn't for sale," answered my mistress.

"What, not sell monkey!" said the organ-grinder, very much surprised. "I gif you twenty-fife dollar for him."

"I wouldn't sell one of my pets for a

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hundred dollars," answered my mistress, and I knew that she meant every word that she said.

The organ-grinder looked incredulous. "What," said he, "you no sell him for hunner dolla? You make no money on him."

"That isn't what we keep him for," answered mistress. "He is a pet."

The organ-grinder made a wry face, threw his strap over his shoulder, and started off, muttering: "Mexicans make plenty money, anyway."

I was very sorry to part with Florine, and I tried to coax mistress to keep her, but she shook her head and said:

"No, no, Yoppydil, missy can't do it." Then she carried me back to my tree, where she left me, and I returned to my occupation of catching caterpillars.

Presently I heard the clanging of fire-bells. Every one in the neighbourhood rushed out of their houses. The fire-engines shot down the street; boys shouted,

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"Fire! fire! fire!" dogs barked, and a general uproar ensued.

I was very much excited myself, and, as mistress came hurrying out of the house, I screamed for her to take me. But she called back, as she hurried down the garden walk: "No, no, Yoppydil, missy will be back soon." Then she went to see the fire. It was on the next street. From my tree I could see the smoke and some of the fire, and could hear the firemen shouting. I was wild to go to the scene.

I was so absorbed in watching it that I did not hear the approach of the Italian organ-grinder until he had unfastened my chain, and was pulling on it with force enough to pull a dozen monkeys from the tree-top. I did not like the appearance of the Italian; his face bespoke cruelty, and I was very angry when he pulled my chain, but he was so strong that, struggle and scream as I would, he soon had me out of my tree, and was hurrying away with me through the orchard. I screamed as loudly as I could, and scratched and bit him until

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he nearly knocked me senseless with a blow. Then he crawled through a little gate at the foot of the garden and hurried along the river-bank.

By night we were far, far away from my home, and I thought I had lost my dear home and my Ecum for ever and ever.

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CHAPTER XXI.

WHILE THE SUMMER DAYS WERE PASSING

FOR two days following my abduction, that wicked Italian remained in the woods. I suppose that he was afraid Ecum would find him and punish him for stealing me. We slept on the damp ground at night. I would have run away had not my captor fastened me securely. He must have been very much pleased with me, for he told me over and over again that I was as good as twenty-fife dollar. He even talked in his sleep about it, the miserable sinner!

Our food consisted of dry bread and water from a spring. Florine did not seem to object to it in the least, and she nibbled her crust with as much relish as I should have eaten fruit or sweet potatoes. When

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I sputtered to Florine about our food, she said that it was about all they ever had, except when the people along the roadside gave her peanuts or cookies. For my part, I could never get accustomed to such food. Had I not lived on the best of everything? Delicious bread and milk and my sweet potatoes,—would I ever see them again? And such luscious fruits as my Ecum always brought to me. Do you wonder that it nearly broke my heart to be obliged to eat such miserable stuff as that stingy old thing gave me? How I hated that man! But what was one helpless little monkey to do? I must eat what was supplied me or starve. Indeed, it is a wonder that I lived to tell the tale.

Nor was the question of food the worst part of the situation. I had not been with the organ-grinder but a few days when I learned that I was to be trained for an organ monkey. Only think of it! I, who had been reared in comfort and in an atmosphere of love, to be obliged to go about the streets begging pennies, and perform-

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ing as Florine was obliged to perform. I, who had been accustomed to taking a nap whenever the inclination seized me, and those naps on the softest of beds; I, who had been the pet and pride of my master and mistress, must now submit to all sorts of indignities. I must travel from morning until night, whether I was well or ill, it would make no difference to that organ-grinder.

Through the dusty streets, under the hot summer sunshine, we went, the Italian grinding out the same old tunes, while Florine and I were obliged to perform incessantly, turning somersaults, dancing, and capering about, and making clowns of ourselves, all to amuse a crowd of thoughtless spectators, who cared only for their own pleasure, and did not care a rap how much Florine and I suffered from fatigue, excessive heat or cold.

From town to town we went, gathering in the pennies as we passed on our weary way. I never knew the name of any of the places that we visited, nor did I care;

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one place was as bad as another; and it mattered not how tired we were at night, we were obliged to get up very early the next morning, and perform all day long again. It often happened that a number of organ-grinders would spend the night in the same shanty where we were supposed to sleep. On such occasions there was very little sleep for any one, for those Italians would drink and carouse nearly all night, and we monkeys always suffered the next day for want of our rest.

In July we went to the seashore, where we found ever so many idle, pleasure-seeking people. There were ever so many women, who sat on the hotel piazza with nothing at all to do; the children, too, were thick as hops at those resorts, and every one seemed to be enjoying themselves.

Florine and I always liked to visit the hotel piazzas. We almost always got something good, either peanuts, candy, or fruit, but no one ever thought of giving us a drink, so that we were nearly choked from thirst most of the time.

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We spent a number of days at a place they called "Long Beach." It was on the coast of Maine. There a lovely beach stretched more than a mile along the shore, and it was very interesting to watch the waves roll in; there seemed to be no end to their work. I loved to watch the ocean and the ships, too. Sometimes the ships would look very large and near the shore; at other times they would look like tiny white specks. There were days when the air was delightful, and, had we been cared for as monkeys should be, we should have been very comfortable. But other days the sun would pour down with such vengeance that it seemed to Florine and me that we could not live through the day. Then there were cold days, when the wind blew straight from the ocean, and it would be impossible for us to get warm.

On one of these scorching days the ocean was very calm, and there was not a breath of wind anywhere. Our captor kept us performing in the dusty road until I could scarcely stand. How little that wretch

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cared for our comfort, so long as we gathered in the pennies for him!

We were performing before a cottage when I noticed that Florine looked queer. She was standing at the shady side of a fleshy woman, who afforded her ample shelter from the hot sun. Just at that moment I was acting; it would soon be Florine's turn. I paused between my acts of turning somersaults to look at her. She put her hand to her head and made a pitiful noise, then her body began to sway, as if she were dizzy. The next moment our little Florine was lying in the dust, writhing and frothing at the mouth.

The lady who owned the cottage near where we had been performing seemed to know just what to do for Florine.

"The poor little creature is overcome by the heat," said the lady, as she took Florine in her apron.

"Oh, my! aren't you afraid that it will bite you?" put in one of the spectators.

"Not in the least," answered the lady of the cottage. "I once owned a pet

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monkey, and I know something of their needs."

The Italian did not seem to know what to do, so the lady told her maid to bring some water and a cloth. She bathed Florine's head, neck, and hands, and very soon her eyes opened, but she still looked very queer.

"You t'ink she die?" the organ-grinder asked, as the lady continued bathing Florine.

"Not if you take good care of her," answered the lady. "They are such delicate creatures that they never ought to be exposed to the sudden changes of the seashore. It is too warm this morning to have them performing in the hot sun."

The organ-grinder answered: "I t'ink Florine is sick."

"No wonder. It is surprising that the poor little thing isn't dead! It's a shame to have those little creatures exposed so. They ought to be cared for as tenderly as children."

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"I t'ink I take my monkey 'way," the organ-grinder said.

"See that you take good care of her," said the lady, looking severely at the Italian.

"I will, I will," he answered. "I pay much money for her. I can't 'ford to let her die."

"That is all those miserable Italians ever think of," I heard the lady sputter, as our captor swung the organ on his back, and took Florine and me away from the cottage.

From the extreme heat that day, the weather changed suddenly, and before we had gone half a mile, instead of sweltering as we had been, it was cold enough to make our teeth chatter.

The effect of this change on Florine was pitiful. I was nearly frozen, but Florine shook like a leaf, and cuddled very close to me. I put my arms around her and tried to protect her from the cold wind. I would have done anything for Florine, I loved her dearly.

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No matter how much we suffered, it made no difference to our captor. He kept on grinding out those everlasting tunes, and we, poor creatures, were obliged to give our continuous performances, rain or shine, hot or cold, until at last poor little Florine began to droop under the strain, and it was plain to be seen that she was not long for this world.

CHAPTER XXII.

IN THE SHANTY BY THE ROADSIDE

MY heart aches when I think of poor little Florine, and what she suffered those days, as she pined away for want of rest and proper care, while our heartless captor, who thought of nothing but money, would urge her to perform when she could scarcely stand.

She never fully recovered from the effect of the prostration on that terrible hot day. She coughed incessantly, and lost flesh until she was a mere skeleton. She was so tired and worn out that she was always thankful when night came, and then I used to cuddle and comfort her all I could, but I knew that my little companion would not suffer long.

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The hot summer was drawing to a close, so was the life of my little Florine. She was so sweet and gentle those last days that I loved her more than ever, yet I was utterly powerless to save her, dying, as she was, from exposure and want of care.

It was the last night in August, a night that I never shall forget,—hot and sultry. Our captor had taken us to a deserted shanty by the roadside, where we were to spend the night. We had often stayed here, but never before under such circumstances.

This shanty was a favourite rendezvous for organ-grinders. Sometimes there would be as many as half a dozen who would spend the night there. On such occasions, the hours were made hideous by their carousing, and no monkey, respectable or otherwise, could have slept in such a pandemonium.

On this particular night they were unusually hilarious. They had been drinking a great deal from bottles which they carried, and the stuff they drank made them

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more noisy than ever. They sang and danced, and made the worst racket imaginable.

There was no light except what came from an ill-smelling torch that one of the men had made from a stick, some cotton stuff, and some oil. He had stuck the stick in a knot-hole in the floor, and had lighted the torch. It sputtered and sizzled, and cast queer shadows into the corner.

It was anything but a pretty sight to see those wicked-faced men lying around the floor in their drunken condition, and whenever they made an extra lot of noise, poor little Florine would cling to me and shudder.

I did everything in my power to make her comfortable. She wanted water, but I could not get it, although I cried and tried to attract our captor's attention, but he was too drunk to notice my cries. To make things more interesting, those Italians began to play on their respective organs, each playing a different tune. It was enough to drive any one crazy.

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After awhile the men grew sleepy or stupid; the revel ceased; the torch burned low. I drew Florine very close to me, patted her face, and held one of her feeble little hands in mine. I told her how dear she was to me, and then we went to sleep.

When I awoke it was growing light. I found our captor bending over us. I held Florine still clasped in my arms, as my mother used to hold me.

I spoke to her, but she did not answer me. Dear little Florine had found that sweet rest that knows no waking. She would never again suffer from want or exposure, but what would become of poor little me?

I must have looked pitiful, sitting there in the corner holding all that was left of my little companion. I wanted to keep her little cold, stiff body; yes, I wanted to *keep* that little dead body, for I loved Florine dearly. Even this comfort was denied me, and perhaps it was just as well.

In the gray dawn of the early morning

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I sat on a stone wall beside the shanty, and watched the organ-grinder dig a grave for my little dead companion.

The Italian seemed to feel bad enough in his way, but I knew that his sorrow was not very deep, for he thought only of how much money Florine had cost him, and not of any love that he bore her.

When the grave was made, the Italian put Florine in and covered her with earth. How different was this burial from that which Ecum and mistress had given a tramp kitten. There was no pretty box with soft lining for my little Florine, which showed how little the Italian cared for her, now that she was dead. She was just thrown into her grave and covered with earth, and I saw her no more.

So we left Florine in that quiet spot near the old stone wall, near which the wild rose bushes grew. It was indeed a fitting resting-place for my dear little companion, who had died from exposure and want of care.

I wonder if the time will ever come when

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the Humane Society will prevent organ-grinders from carrying monkeys about, to make them suffer and die, as did my poor little Florine.

CHAPTER XXIII.

AS THE AUTUMN DAYS CAME ON

THE day of Florine's death and burial was a sad one for me. How I should miss her! Her presence had been such a comfort, and, now that she was gone, I was very sad indeed.

As usual we had gone on our weary way. I did not feel in the least inclined to turn somersaults or dance hornpipes, but I was obliged to do so, nevertheless, for, had I refused, I should have been whipped unmercifully.

When noontime came at last, I was very glad to rest. We had our dinner under some willows, that is, if you can call a loaf of stale bread and a piece of dried beef a dinner. I never ate meat; they say it isn't

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good for monkeys, but I always nibbled my crust whether I liked it or not. Sometimes we had water, and sometimes we had not. I think in those days I was always thirsty. Once, as we were passing the cottage where a kind-hearted woman lived, my captor asked for a drink. The woman gave it to him, but when she offered me a drink, my captor would not let me have it until the woman had given him five cents.

"You are a wicked man," the woman said, as she gave him the coin. "I only hope the day will come when you organ-grinders will not be allowed to carry those poor little creatures about."

While I was nibbling my crust under the willows that day, I saw a man coming toward us whose form looked strangely familiar. I stood upright and waited. Nearer and nearer came the form. My heart began to go pitapat. Could it be? Yes, it was Teddy Cartland coming straight toward me.

As soon as I knew it was Teddy, I gave a scream of joy. I rushed toward him,

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but my chain prevented me from reaching him.

"Hello! What's this?" said Teddy.
"I really believe that is Yop."

Oh, the joy of that moment, when I knew that Teddy recognized me. I jerked my chain with more violence than I should have dared had not Teddy been near me. I struggled to break my chain, but was not able to do so.

"Hello, Yoppy!" exclaimed Teddy.
"It is you, isn't it?"

"It is, it is!" I tried to say, as I scrambled up his trouser leg, for, seeing that I could not go to him, our Teddy came to me.

How I hugged him! and such a pitiful tale as I told, while he held me close to his breast, and told me how much he had missed me. I tried to tell him my whole pitiful experience, but monkey expressions are limited at best.

When I had poured out my tale of woe, not knowing what else to do, I began to

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whimper, which must have touched Teddy in a tender spot.

"You poor little chap," he said, as he patted my head, then to the organ-grinder:

"Say, where did you get this monkey?"

"I buy him," answered the Italian; "I buy him long time 'go."

"That's a lie!" said Teddy. "You stole him from a friend of mine in Dingleberry."

I screamed with excitement, for I knew when Teddy was aroused that he meant business. I clung to him and danced on his shoulder. I was not afraid of the Italian when I was near Teddy.

Meanwhile the organ-grinder muttered, while he kept jerking my chain:

"Donello no tell lie. American man tell lie. I buy monkey long time 'go. He no name Yoppy, he name Florine."

"We'll see about that," said Teddy. Then the hateful Italian pulled my chain so hard that I was obliged to leave Teddy and sit on that detested hand-organ.

"You be a good boy, Yoppy, and Teddy

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will get a policeman," said Teddy, then he hurried away in the direction of the big hotel.

I did not know what Teddy meant. I only knew that I was a very homesick monkey. The Italian waited until Teddy was out of sight, then he swung the organ, with me on it, over his shoulder, and started off in another direction. After travelling several miles through woods and fields, we came to a railroad station, where my captor bought a ticket for Boston. That night we slept in the Italian quarters in Boston, and I was the most miserable monkey on the face of the earth.

But where, oh, where was Teddy? and why did he let the wicked organ-grinder carry me off again?

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CHAPTER XXIV.

THOSE DAYS I SPENT IN BOSTON

THE morning following our arrival at the Italian quarters, the organ-grinder left me in care of an old hag whom he called "Mother Christella." She was the worst-looking specimen of humanity that I ever saw. Her hair was black as night, her face was dark and horrible to look at, and I am sure that no animal would have trusted her. She wore a dirty ragged gown, and smoked a very black pipe.

The room in which my captor left me was dark and dirty. There were no bright spots anywhere; no pictures on the wall, so utterly unlike my home in Dingleberry, where everything was cheerful and home-like. I felt very much out of place in such

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surroundings, and a more homesick monkey never lived.

I did not offer to make friends with Mother Christella, neither did she pay the slightest attention to me.

I was very quiet. Indeed, I had not the slightest idea of what was to become of me. I missed my home. Oh, how much I missed my home in Dingleberry! I missed my good food, and my daily bath; I missed Freddy and the cats; I missed Nana and my mistress, and, above all other things on earth, I missed my dear, dear Ecum.

I was thinking of my home and my dear ones when my hated captor returned. He carried in his hand a small parcel, which he opened, displaying a bright piece of cloth.

He spoke in his own tongue to Mother Christella. She answered him with a sort of grunt, and went to a box, where she rummaged a few moments. Presently she brought out a spool of black thread and a needle, which she gave to the organ-grinder, who began at once to cut the cloth.

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As the Italian cut and sewed the bits of cloth, I began to feel a little interest. It looked as if he were making doll's clothes. To my consternation and disgust, I soon learned that those garments were intended for me.

My captor had already insisted on calling me Florine, now he would add insult to injury by dressing me in petticoats. This — this was more than I could endure, and I rebelled most emphatically when he attempted to dress me.

I screamed and thrashed, and bit and scratched, all to no avail. The hateful old thing beat me most unmercifully, until I was glad to surrender, and be dressed in girl's petticoats or anything else.

I had my revenge later, however, for at the first opportunity, while I was riding on the organ behind the Italian's back, I tore the petticoat to shreds, and I pulled off the jacket and threw it into the street. Then I sent the cap flying after the jacket, and felt better.

You should have seen my captor when,

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at our first stopping-place, he discovered what was left of my gay suit of clothes. There was only the belt of the skirt and a few strings, as if the skirt had been blown to tatters by a March gale.

Furious! Of course he was, and poor little me had to stand the brunt of it. He boxed my ears soundly, which made me see no end of stars, then he took me back to the den of filth, and made me another suit of clothes: hat, petticoat, and jacket, in which I was dressed, and once more we went on our way.

Just why my captor persisted in calling me Florine, and dressing me in girl's clothes, was something that I could not understand. I have learned since that he did it to disguise me so that Ecum could never find me.

On our way up-town we made a number of stops. I found no opportunity to tear my second suit to pieces. As the pennies did not come very fast in this locality, my captor carried me a long distance before he made another stop.

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When he did stop, he found that I had once more torn my costume to ribbons, and once more I was carried back to Mother Christella's quarters, and beaten as I had never been beaten before.

How I detested that man! I could have bitten his head off and chewed it to pulp if I had been large enough. I felt very wicked, indeed, as I sat rubbing my sore places.

When I was in my happy home in Dingleberry, where every one loved me, there was not in all the land a better-natured monkey than I, but with cruelty and privation, and the common suffering that every organ monkey must endure, my once sunny disposition had truly turned to bitterness.

I wish those good people who have done so much for other animals would do something for the long-suffering organ monkey. There ought to be a law prohibiting the use of monkeys as money-catchers for those heartless Italians, and, believe me, there is no one who can realize the extent of the organ monkey's suffering, even when the

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owners are at their best. In their hearts they think of nothing but the everlasting desire for pennies.

The time came when I had not spirit enough to battle for my rights, and again was dressed and went about in petticoats, answering readily to the name of Florine, as if there had never been such a monkey in the world as Yoppydil of Dingleberry.

The first two weeks of September were frightfully hot, yet I was obliged to wear those detestable rags, and to give a continuous performance of somersaults, horn-pipes, and jigs until it seemed as if I must soon go the way of little Florine. I was so, *so* tired.

At the seashore the nights were usually cool, while in Boston they were most unbearable. We always slept or tried to sleep at Mother Christella's. Such a place for a well-bred monkey! The smell alone was enough to make one ill, to say nothing of the filthy surroundings.

I began to lose what little flesh I had; my strength also began to leave me. I

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wondered how much longer I should be able to do what was required of me, and how long before I, like Florine, should find rest in death.

The fifteenth of September came, and was the worst day that I had ever experienced. The sun poured down on the streets of Boston with a vengeance. There was not a breath of wind, and the air was almost suffocating.

At noon my captor sought shelter under the trees on the Common; he himself could endure it no longer. We ate our bread, and, much to my surprise, my captor gave me a banana, which I ate with a relish, notwithstanding the extreme heat and my failing strength.

We stayed under the tree a long time. The Italian seemed very much overcome by the heat, which I was glad of. He ought to experience *some* of the suffering.

I begged him to take off my flannel suit, but he would do nothing of the kind, so I tried to make myself comfortable by

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crawling under the seat, where I took off my hat and filled it with dirt.

I was well supplied with water that day, for the Italian went often to the fountain. I washed my face in the font at the foot of the fountain, while my captor drank and wet his head. I think that his head ached. I hope so, don't you?

Toward evening, when the sun hung low over the trees, we started on our way again. I know that my captor must have felt ill, else he would never have lost so much time.

So up and down the streets we went again, through one short street to Washington, then up another to Tremont, while the Italian ground out those tiresome tunes, and I tried to perform my silly antics to amuse any one who cared to watch me, while the air grew closer every minute.

At last the sun sank below the trees. It seemed a trifle cooler, but I was nearly exhausted.

We were performing near the old burying-ground near the Park Street Church.

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There were a number of persons watching me. I played drum-major, danced a horn-pipe, turned several somersaults, and felt very miserable indeed, while the people about us laughed and clapped their hands, and I heard one man say: "That's the cutest monkey I ever saw."

I cared nothing for his praise. I wanted to rest, but there seemed to be no rest for poor little me.

After I had performed all the tricks that I knew, I stood on the edge of the organ doffing my hat to the crowd, while I tried my best not to drop in my tracks. I had made my most elaborate bow, and was putting on my hat, when suddenly I heard a voice call my name, *my own name*. A voice that I would have known among a thousand voices, and that I loved better than anything else on earth.

My hat fell to the ground. I gave one heartrending scream. I scanned the faces in the crowd, and there before me was my Ecum. Dear, dear Ecum! He had found me at last. The next moment I was

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clasped in his arms, and I knew that my long weeks of suffering were at an end.

My master Ecum had no trouble in proving his property, for I myself was the best witness my master could have.

The organ-grinder was sent to prison for a year, and I hope, if he ever steals another monkey, that they will give him ten years at hard labour.

The evening following the trial, I arrived at my own dear home in Dingleberry, and, oh, how good it was to be there! Every one was glad to see me. My mistress and Nana cried over me, and Freddy nearly wagged his tail off, while the most cordial welcome beamed from his eyes. And Polly, too, was so glad to see me, and purred her welcome in her own gentle manner, and rubbed against me until I was nearly smothered with cat hairs, yet, even cat hairs were acceptable after my dreadful summer's experience.

We are a most happy family, and have everything that animals need to make us comfortable and happy. Nana saves all

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the bread crusts for the pigeons that come every day for their dinner, while mistress saves all the scraps that our cats and Freddy won't eat. Mistress says:

"It is too bad to throw away or burn anything that a hungry creature can eat."

So every day she carries the scraps out behind the barn, where she knows the stray cats will find them.

There is a little girl at our house now. Her name is Margaret, and she is a true "Band of Mercy" girl. She has sunny hair and blue eyes. They say she looks like my Ecum. She is such a kind-hearted little thing, and does so much to make us happy, that I do not feel in the least jealous of her, despite the fact that she sits on my Ecum's knee, and calls him "papa."

Yes, indeed, we are a happy lot, and I think it is safe to say that in all this world there is not a happier animal than Yoppy.

THE END.

JUL 12 1905





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