NOISES OF THE ANIMAL WORLD ARE REALLY MUSICAL

According to a musical authority, a cow is set to a perfect fifth, octave, or tenth; the barking of a dog to a fourth or fifth; the neighing of a horse is a perfect chromatic scale; while the donkey brays in a perfect fourth. Yet it is thought that the quality of the donkey's voice might be improved.

Perhaps the following little parable has been going the rounds of the exchanges, and also has had a hand in making dog owners, under some such alluring caption as "Useless Information,"&c., just why some enterprising vaudeville manager has not captivated by the brilliant possibilities it suggests, and sprung on the suffering public a dog opera, a dog symphony, a superior rendition of "The Pilgrim's Chorus," by a specially selected barnyard chorus, is one of those things that can only be explained as a fortunate oversight.

Local musical authorities are not inclined to place unlimited faith in the statements therein contained. To be accurate, they are peculiarly persis

They didn't believe there was anything in it, but short of bringing the animals to their attention and setting them to try their voices knew of no way of settling the question, and from such a course they began to be convinced, on the face of the probable just remonstrances of their respective lands.

A matter of fact, the statement is all right as far as it goes. The only trouble is that it does not go far enough. The donkeys are not so limited in the expression of their emotions. Take the dog's barking for instance as the most familiar expression. Everyone knows that different dogs have different barks, that a true love of dogs knows the voice of his own as surely as he does his own voice.

And even the same beast has as many different barks as he has emotions. You remember, in the first act of "Peter Pan," Nana, the dog, said to the children that she was Nana, the beast, but her frightened bark.

The horse, full grown, is rather a silent animal. He rarely gives voice to his feelings. When he does, it must be considered that he is rather partial to the chromatic scale. A horse's neighing in four cases out of five takes in part of that scale, and a real good, prolonged whinny will take in the whole of it. It is not of the course, they make the same thing, although said of the horse: "He said among the trumpets, "Ee Haw!" and ameliorate the battle afar off."

When one is hungry, horrid or human, it is no laughing matter, and the paroxysms of mirth. The neigh of a mare for hay has been noted. It is short and sharp. She has apparently no time to daily with all the notes of the chromatic scale. We demand for oats a trifles more leisurely. Oats are not upstart theory, first enunciated by Prof. Gardner, and applicable only to monkeys. As far back as 1800 there was published in Vienna a curious little book by G. E. Wetzel, called "A New Discovery of the Language of Animals, Founded Upon Reason and Experience," and others before it, but none of such elaboration, if unconvincing or thunderous in its utterance of those who are animals.

He actually published a sort of rudimentary dictionary of this language, and tried to translate into his native German dialogues of dogs, cats, chickens, and other members of the animal kingdom.

He printed an animated conversation—composed of little abrupt cries—in which it is alleged some captive frogs were planning their escape. As he weakly admits, however, that several of them did escape, it is fair to conclude that he had not thoroughly gathered the drift of their remarks.

That animals do talk, or have some means of communication, at least with those of their own species, seems perfectly plausible. That any mere man has so far succeeded in understanding their language is more than doubtful.

A young colt, for instance, has one word or accompaniment that is a strange howl. There is another for his mother, another still for his own bearing. This one makes him all alone without doors, and a bit uneasy were unmistakably different from any of these. Possibly his mother and the other horses understood exactly what he said in each case. His owner merely understood that he did not say the same thing.

That animals do not talk, this belief is a natural one. They might almost be conceived of as having the liberties of the equine menu. She likes the meat and fish, the bread, and the luxury of the luscious mince. As for the donkey and his cousin, the ass and the mule, all three must, eight and nine on the octave, be credited with most frequently using it. Sometimes, in fact, they make a sudden drop of two octaves. Sometimes, of course, they use some of the interpenetrating notes; but most frequently they give hideous vent to their feelings "in a strong and shrill voice."

That there is the human ear nothing nothing is forgotten. Whether the animals prove nothing. Music is entirely a question of taste. Some there who find it in Wag-

The moaning of a cow set to a perfect fifth is more musical than the barking of a dog set to a perfect octave. Another dog might have put it quite differently, and made his meaning equally clear, although his voice was tattered on one of whose horns was tattered on one of whose horns was tattered on one of whose horns was tattered on one of whose horns was tattered on one of whose horns was tattered on one of whose horns was tattered on one of whose horns was tattered on one of whose horns was tattered on one of whose horns was tattered on one of whose horns was tattered on one of whose horns was tattered on one of whose horns was tattered on one of whose horns was tattered on one of whose horns was tattered on one of whose horns was tattered on one of whose horns was tattered on one of whose horns was tattered on one of whose horns was tattered on one of whose horns was tattered on one of whose horns was tattered on one of whose horns was tattered on one of whose horns was tattered on one of whose horns was tattered on one of whose horns was tattered on one of whose horns was tattered on one of whose horns was tattered on one of whose horns was tattered on one of whose horns was tattered on one of whose horns was tattered on one of whose horns was tattered on one of whose horns was tattered on one of whose horns was tattered on one of whose horns was tattered on one of whose horns was tattered on one of whose horns was tattered on one of whose horns was tattered on one of whose horns was tattered on one of whose horns was tattered on one of whose horns was tattered on one of whose horns was tattered on one of whose horns was tattered on one of whose horns was tattered on one of whose horns was tattered on one of whose horns was tattered on one of whose horns was tattered on one of whose horns was tattered on one of whose horns was tattered on one of whose horns was tattered on one of whose horns was tattered on one of whose horns was tattered on one of whose horns was tattered on one of whose horns was tattered on one of whose horns was tattered on one of whose horns was tattered on one of whose horns was tattered on one of whose horns was tattered on one of whose horns was tattered on one of whose horns was tattered on one of whose horns was tattered on one of whose horns was tared