

THE GOLDEN WEDDING.

"I shall be shut up in state prison," answered the child. "Anything else?" asked the judge. "I shall never go to Heaven," she replied.

"How do you know this?" asked the judge again. The child took the Bible, and turning to the chapter containing the commandments, pointed to the injunction, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor."

"Has any one talked to you about your being a witness here against this man?" inquired the judge. "Yes, sir," she replied. "My mother heard they wanted me, in every way, and last night she called me to her room and asked me to tell her the ten commandments, and then she knelt down and prayed, and she prayed that I might understand how wicked it was to bear false witness against my neighbor, and that God would help me, a little child, to tell the truth as it was before him."

Voltaire, in his "Philosophical Dictionary," says that "Peter was half hero and half tiger." Macaulay declares that "to the end of his life he lived in his palace like a hog in a sty, and when he was entertained by other sovereigns, never failed to learn their tapestried walls and velvet state beds unequivocal proof that a savage had been there."

When William III, visited him in London, the air of the room was so foul that a window had to be opened before the English King could enter. The nastiness of himself and suite ruined the visit, and he was banished, where the imperial party were lodged; and the owner applied for and received compensation from Parliament.

Peter, when the fit was on him, literally cained everybody—from his cook to his counselor, from the meanest peasant to the highest noble—sparring neither age nor sex. He would get upon the table and flog the host who was unlucky enough to entertain him. He would stand at the door of the Senate House and flog each Senator that went in.

When Peter "meant business" it was a more serious matter. Incredible as it may seem, it is nevertheless well-authenticated that one of his own sisters—it is said, more than one—received a hundred strokes of the whip on her back in the presence of the whole court. In 1713, Alexis, his only son who out-lived infancy, was for some offence of no great seriousness, several times tortured in the presence of the diabolical father, and a few hours later died—either from the effects of the torture or by assassination.

For sympathizing with Alexis, the Princess Golitsyn, the bosom companion of the Empress Catherine, was publicly whipped by soldiers. For the same reason the brother of his first wife, Eudoxia—who he had thrown into prison—was tortured, and then broken alive on the wheel. Nothing ever told of Nero is more horribly grotesque than this, yet this man, or monster rather, is paraded before the world as Peter the Great.

The following beautiful illustration of the power of truth, is from the pen of S. H. Hammond, formerly editor of the Albany State Register. He was an eye-witness to the scene in one of the higher courts in New York. A little girl, nine years of age, was offered a witness against a prisoner, who was on trial for a felony committed in her father's house.

"Now, Emily," said the counsel for the prisoner, upon her being offered as a witness, "I desire to know if you understand the nature of an oath?" "I don't know what you mean," was the simple answer.

"There, your honor," said the counsel, addressing the court, is anything further necessary to demonstrate the validity of my objection? This witness should be rejected. She does not comprehend the nature of an oath."

"Let us see," said the judge. "Come here my daughter." Assured by the kind tone and manner of the judge, the child stepped toward him, and looked confidently up into his face with a calm, clear eye, and with a manner so artless and frank that it went straight to the heart. "Did you ever take an oath?" inquired the judge. The child stepped back with a look of horror, and the red blood mantled in a blush all over her face as she answered: "No, sir."

"I shall be shut up in state prison," answered the child. "Anything else?" asked the judge. "I shall never go to Heaven," she replied.

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PENACOLA.

A Quaint Old Florida Town and Harbor. (Harper's Weekly.) If the southern tourist will leave the beaten track of travel at Mobile, and go by steamer to Pensacola, he will enjoy a very pleasant break in the monotony of railroading. Mobile and its bay are full of historic landmarks, and when the steamer leaves Fort Morgan and heads to sea for the short run down the coast, there is much that is of interest in the marine landscape.

The approach to Pensacola, as the Mary Morgan runs in, is of every varying beauty. Long lines of sandy beach and dark woodland point in converging lines to the distant harbor. Closer in is the tall light-house pointing finger-like heavenward, with a background of dark trees and peeping cottages, below which runs like a ribbon of satin, the snow-white beach for miles. Presently the long ocean swell ceases, and we are passing the forts. On the left are the ruins of Fort McRea, now only a few massive arches of tough masonry tottering amid the surges rippling under their gloomy shadows, while opposite is Fort Pickens, gray, straight-faced, and sturdy, crouching as it were, on the land's end of historic Santa Rosa Island. In spite of its battle record it looks quite modern, with the great guns gazing vigilantly out to sea. In the distance the remains of Fort Barancas lie sleeping with the memories of General Jackson and the Spanish commandant who blew it up at the capture of the place by the American army in 1812.

As we enter the harbor we find it landlocked and of immense magnitude, its further shores appearing as if on the horizon. It is a shelter for the navies of the world. To the left appears the town, fronted by the massive buildings of the navy-yard, the great derricks holding aloft boilers for expectant hulks. The size of the place can only be guessed at from the steamer's deck by house roofs and distant spires. The lower part of the town has an essentially nautical flavor. The sandy streets are filled with a motley crowd of mariners. The talk is of ships and cargoes, and the bell of the Norwegian chapel, nestling almost under the yards of the ships at dock, mingles with the forecastle bells striking the hour, tolled maybe by some ancient quartermaster of a sexton; and strangely out of place seems a back-country ox-cart, whose great, broad wooden-tired wheels "squeak and rattle" beside the iron wheels, rolling silently over the sand.

The wharves are immense structures, thickly laced with car tracks, walled in by masses of closely packed shipping, whose interlocked spars and masts are as a forest through which a road is cut out. Here the smaller iron steamers, those "ocean traders" of the coast, and the three-masted to secure a share of the vast forests of lumber annually exported, which by train loads continually pour on the docks. Out on the broad harbor are fleets of vessels clustered about great timber rafts, which have been floated out to them, and from which their gapping holds are being rapidly filled. They are towing out rafts to vessels further distant. Here are two just spreading their wings to sail. There is one just arrived and dropping anchor, and in the offing more are inward bound. It is an animated scene rendered doubly delightful by a balmy air, a cloudless sky, and the odors of pine fresh cut.

Effects of Tobacco on Youth. (Popular Science Monthly.) Dr. G. Decaisne has made special observations of the effects of tobacco in thirty-eight youths, from nine to fifteen years old, who were addicted to smoking. With twenty-two of the boys there was a distinct disturbance of the circulation, with palpitation of the heart, deficiencies of digestion, sluggishness of the intellect, and a craving for alcoholic stimulants; in thirteen instances the pulse was intermittent. Analysis of the blood showed, in eight cases, a notable falling off in the normal number of red corpuscles. Twelve boys suffered frequently from bleeding of the nose. Ten complained of agitated sleep and constant nightmare. Four boys had ulcerated mouths, and one of them contracted consumption, the effect, Dr. Decaisne believed, of the great deterioration of the blood, produced by the prolonged and excessive use of tobacco. The younger children showed the more marked symptoms, and the better children were those that suffered less. Eleven of the boys had smoked for six months; eight, for one year; and sixteen for more than two years. Out of eleven boys who were induced to cease smoking, six were completely restored to normal health after six months, while the others continued to suffer slightly for a year.

RELIGIOUS AND PHILOSOPHICAL. HUMAN PROGRESS. What does it mean when we are bidden to work together with God, or when it is the work of God in the world of men if it be not the slow track of human progress, the improvement of man physically, materially, mentally, and morally? Is not the inventor working out the emancipation of man from the enslavement of toil? Is not the poet making us more tender and the philosopher making us more wise? There is no line that can be drawn around the sphere of the Divine action. You cannot shut God up in your pretty provinces. You cannot make a parochial monitor of the Infinite Spirit.—[Heber Newton.]

GOETHE'S MORAL HERESY. Starting from the idea of the satisfaction of desire, and with a strong prejudice against all systems of self-denial, he perceived, further, that chastity is the favorite virtue of medievalism, that it is peculiarly Catholic and monastic. Then, as his mind turned more and more to the antique, he found himself in a world of primitive morals, where the woman is half a slave. He found that in this ancient world friendship is more and love less than in the modern—to this point, Winckelmann had called his attention—and, since he had adopted it as a principle that the ancients were healthy-minded and that the moderns are morbid, he jumped to the conclusion that the sentimental view of love is but a modern illusion.—[Prof. J. B. Selley.]

LAW AND CHANCE.

Men are now in the great arenas of principle, the great arena of scientific study, and the advancement has been great, but as a universe of races and nations the world is yet very far away from intellectual perfection. Even now we say, "Let us take our chances," when they should say, "Let us seek the law and follow it." There are persons to-day who will not start on a journey without carrying a charm against danger in the form of some sacred emblem; who will not become one of a party of thirteen, who will not start on a mission on Friday. One cannot believe that the infinite God would rely on any certain day or horoscope to do certain things, or that Fridays or thirteens would deter Him from doing other things. But men have not yet fully escaped the superstition that the earth contains fairies and elves who will interfere with their special business to look after those unlucky enough to have crossed their knife and fork, or spilled the salt at the table, or have looked at the moon over the left shoulder. Astronomers say that Arcturus has for centuries been travelling toward the earth at the rate of 3,000,000 miles a day, or that in a month it travels the distance which intervenes between the earth and the sun. Yet, with this great velocity Arcturus will not reach the earth within 80,000 years. Such a vast kingdom must be governed by a great power; those laws apply to the smallest details in the life of mankind as well as to the working of the great world. It must be the mandate of one great mind and one set of great, clearly defined and self-evident principles.—[Prof. Swing.]

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION. The church is not a sort of tank in which so much religion is stored, and out of which people may fill their own buckets if they are so inclined. Religion is, rather, more like the rain, without which no grass can grow, without which no fruit can swell. It is like the dew which needs to fall over the woods and fields and gardens alike, and without which all natural life would be dried up. When we talk of religious education we think of the influence which should descend upon and pervade every so-called Christian society, having, it may be, different forms, but having for one thing in common, a high motive, purpose, and effort to lead a righteous life, desire to know and do the will of God; desire, that is to say, to know and do what really are the laws by which we should be guided; desire to follow them, and not merely please ourselves. Then, which is the more common, the course and work of no more educational department, confined to one section of instruction.—[Prebendary Jones, in the Quiver.]

Some Practical Hints. For a Cold.—A writer in the House-keeper gives the following: "I send you a good recipe for colds, whooping-cough, or pneumonia. It is simple and cheap. We have used it for several years, and think it is much better than any cough medicine we ever bought. It is simply onion syrup made by slicing onions into a bowl, and putting three or four large spoonfuls of sugar over them; cover with a saucer, set on back of stove an hour or two, when there will be a rich syrup. Dose, one or two tea-spoonfuls at a time as often as necessary. I believe this saved our little girl's life when she had typhoid pneumonia."

To Keep Honey in the Comb.—Take a stone jar, one that nothing sour has previously been in. Pack the comb in the jar with comb, or dry cloack. Take a muslin cloth, double it, and put it over the jar double; then put a plate or pie-pan over the cloth, then cut the cloth one-half inch from the edge of the plate. Now put sealing-wax around the edge of the plate and jar. If made airtight the honey will keep for years. The jar should be kept in a dry place. To open the jar, take a knife and put it between the plate and jar, and raise the plate up. To reseal, take a hot iron and melt the wax on the plate and jar. Do not leave the jar open several days without sealing.

To Render Beeswax.—Fill a kettle two-thirds with water, one-third water; boil till soft. Have a tub of cold water, put a coarse muslin cloth over the tub; dip the comb out of the kettle, put in the tub, and strain while hot in the tub. Take the beeswax out of the water, and put in the kettle with one half cup of beef-tallow, to prevent burning; let it boil; then put in one-half or two-thirds cup of corn starch, powdered, to clear it. Take from the stove quickly or it will scorch. Dip the beeswax in pans well greased.

To Keep Hams and Shoulders.—Take one pint of sorghum molasses, one pound of ground black pepper, and boil. Then put on the jars, with one ounce and a half of nutmeg, and one ounce of cloves, and kne-joints, where the string is put in to hang up. It must be put on before smoking. Leave hung up in the smokehouse all summer and fall. The flies will not disturb it.

To Keep Sausage.—Take fresh sausage, salt and season as for table. Pack in a tub, with one ounce of nutmeg, and one ounce of cloves, and kne-joints, where the string is put in to hang up. It must be put on before smoking. Leave hung up in the smokehouse all summer and fall. The flies will not disturb it.

To Make Socks and Stockings Wear Good.—Take linen wool-thread, single, or three threads cotton yarn, and put with one thread woolen yarn.

FOOL GOLD. (Bill Nye, in New York Mercury.) It is singular how soon a plain, unassuming tenderfoot becomes an experienced miner and mountaineer—in his mind—and how soon he begins to converse about difficult and dangerous terms in mining. He begins in two days to talk about blossom rock, surface indications and float. Inside of a week he converses freely on the subject of "colours, milling ore, refractory ore, contact copper stains, carbonate formations, dips, spurs, variations assessment work, ore on its dump, ore in sight, mill runs, true fissures, mineral in place, pyrites, etc., etc."

One summer day I went out into the mountains with hope springing eternal in my breast. I did not tell any one what my scheme was, but I fully intended to brew a comfortable fortune from the wretches of the earth. As I wrote these lines I learn that the aforesaid bowels remain intact.

There were two of us in the expedition, and our bedding consisted mostly of two patchwork quilts. Old hardened miners do not travel through the mountains with patchwork bed quilts, unless they desire to promulgate their fresh and guileless natures.

We labored under the delusion that hunting for gold and hunting for blackberries was a good deal similar, but it is not. Nothing could be less ditto. We hunted for two weeks before we found anything that looked like gold, and our supply of toothsome viands was beginning to get low. How well I remember the beautiful day that I found my first nugget in the bed of an old stream in a wild and rocky gulch. There was a little water, standing in a slight

WHERE BACHELORS SHOULD GO.

A Country With Nine Women to Every Man. (Springfield Republican Association Letter.) On Friday morning I looked out of my cabin window to find that we were tied up at the most yellow wharf that I ever saw, and in front of a large barn-like building. I did not dream that we were at Ansonia, but going on dock we found the Custom house for Paraguay, and that when we went ashore we were in the city of the republica incognita. A very nice little city we found it to be. Not that it is pretty or pretentious, or worth visiting—but it is an interesting, republican go ahead place.

Most of the houses are small and old, and are built without any regard to being on the streets. You cannot imagine a more irregular assemblage of houses, but the symmetry with which the public buildings are built offsets this. The President's house, Government house, arsenal, barracks and Custom house stand on wide boulevards, and with the exception of the latter, are as well built as the similar buildings in any American city of the same rank.

The word "Ansonia," you know, is not Spanish for "ascension," as we used to believe when school boys, but for assumption, and in the case of the Paraguayan city is well bestowed, for it is not often in South America that there can be found a city that is more assumed politically, socially and generally. Remember that fifteen years ago it was sacked by the Brazilian army, and look at it now as a busy trading town of 50,000 people, many of them of fine cultivation.

In short, one need not fear to be proud of seeing such a city built by virgin forests on a beautiful hill that slopes from sunny farm lands to the grand, wide Parana I will not go into the details, but assure you that, though isolated, Paraguay is a State worth knowing. Situated in the warm heart of South America, it lies under the shadow of the Sierras, and between the two great rivers, Parana and Paraga. Into its territory there have come three and one-half centuries of sadness and misfortune. Spain had no colony that was more enslaved; and though the Jesuitical control gave it a bright day, it was long the prey of cruelty and fraud.

Revolutions came at length and resulted in independence. From 1817 until 1869, first Francia and then the Lopez tyrants held the country under a cruel despotism. Then Solano Lopez involved the State in war with Brazil, and after the sack of Assunition, and the ravage of the country, the tyrant was shot and the reign of terror gave place to a reorganization of the republic, which was modeled after the United States. Appropriations are voted by Congress, and that body also fixes the salaries of officials.

The President receives \$6,000 the Vice-President \$3,000, the Ministry \$15,000, Congressmen \$500 and the Judge of the Supreme Court \$150. The population is about 300,000; and what is strange about it is that there are only about 30,000 men and 270,000 women. Of course, the females are the farmers, producers and laborers. They work slavishly and are very poor. While the men sit at home and drink and smoke they idly support the support the families.

Burdette in a Michigan Cemetery. (Brooklyn Eagle.) I like to get away from the live men and seek the companionship of the dead ones. I believe I love the dead people. It is good to stroll about among the tombstones and look down upon the graves of them that sleep. You seem to catch some of the sweet quiet of their dreamless repose, and as you read their names and think of them all this grim, nameless fear of death passes away.

One day, away out in Blissfield, Mich., I left the little (and the town is usually about all I do leave after collecting my feet) and went to the cemetery, and there, in the early March afternoon, and strolled out to the acre where the sleepers await the resurrection dawn. I glance at the stones as I pass along the little mounds and wonder that people should live so long. Most of the quiet ones—could they hear me as I walked, through the grass and rustling leaves, I wonder—most of them seemed to have dropped asleep in good old age, far down the quiet afternoon of life, like an old man falling asleep in his armchair watching the fading sunlight die away and his meadows and brown stubble fields. How tenderly you feel toward the dead, you have never known as you stand among them.

Recreation. There is a homely saying among the fishermen "that those who will not mend their nets will soon be unable to catch fish," and one is seldom found so imprudent as to let a hole grow larger and larger until the net is useless.

The nearest approach to absolute rest is sleep, and of this every man, woman and child should have abundance, proportioned to his constitution and occupation; but there is a relative rest, quite as important, and more neglected by most busy men and women, this rest is recreation. The "I haven't time" excuse, although as popular as it is sadly treacherous, is a man owning property can afford to invest a thousand dollars though he withdraw it from active business, if he is sure that the money will enable itself. We all have twenty-four hours every day to invest, and if one hour withdrawn from business can be better invested, is it not a wise thing to do it? Relaxation, however, to be profitable, must be wholehearted. It is not rest for the business man to bring his affairs and worries home with him.

It is not rest for the student to brood over theories and formulas when he walks, neither is it rest to take one's fears and anxieties to our friend's table. If we have no heart to throw off these burdens, we should make the effort in spite of ourselves. We have been bound to our careers as the convict is to his ball and chain, and it is time to master circumstances, instead of being their slaves.

Mental slaves are more independent upon the physical condition than we are inclined to think. Irritability means overstrained nerves; the "blues" and "black butterflies" are other names of indigestion and poor circulation. Recreation, it is to be remembered, is neither dissipation, nor yet absence of activity. Complete change of thought is relaxation; and Hood is quoted by a recent writer as saying that the Quaker always enjoys life, for he makes a pleasure of his business and a business of his pleasure.

depression of the gravel, and in this little puddle lay my nugget! It was a pebble as large as a robin's egg, literally full of yellow, glittering metal, that made my heart jump around in my throat in a most tumultuous manner. I examined the little pool of water more carefully and found another larger and even richer nugget. I was crazy. I began to feel arrogant and purse proud. I knew what I was to look down on the poor. I sat down on a big boulder and tried to look upon my former associates in the same way that I did before prosperity had come upon me. I began to invest my money where it would be safe and still yield me a fair interest.

By and by I began to get hungry. I went down to camp and ate a little fried salt pork that had been left over from the midday banquet. I showed the bonanza to my partner, and told him that he had better take the gold and go to town for more grub. He did so. My two days passed and I toiled on. My partner did not return. A horrible fear came upon me. Perhaps he had taken the proceeds of my nuggets and meandered away to some other clime. I could not endure the uncertainty, and started on for town. He was not there. He had fled. I inquired everywhere, but could learn nothing of him till I went to an outfitting place, where one of the clerks said that a man answering to the description of my partner had been there a few days before and had tried to "straddle some fool grub," he said. And the boys had told him to leave town inside of thirty minutes or they would hang him, and probably he had skipped.

Then I asked him what "fool grub" was, and he told me. It is generally a streak of yellow mica that runs through a pebble and under water, looks like gold, only a little too bright. He said that from the number of these nuggets that had been brought in that season he judged that the fool killer must have been drawn on a jury somewhere and prevented from attending to routine business.

Women in Action on Board Ships of the Royal Navy. (Notes and Queries.) In 1812 her Majesty's ship Swallow fought two French vessels off Fejees. It was on June 16, and after a most obstinate action she succeeded in driving them both in under the batteries of the town. The following anecdote, as narrated by one of the officers of the Swallow, is told at some length in the Naval Chronicle, xxviii, 196:

"In the gallant and sanguinary act on there was a seaman named Phelan, who had his wife on board. She was stationed—as is usual when women are on board in time of battle—to assist the surgeon in the care of the wounded. From the close manner in which the Swallow engaged the enemy, yardarm and yardarm, the wounded, as may be expected, were brought below very fast; among the rest, a messmate of her husband, (consequently in her own) who had received a musket ball through the side. Her exertions were used to console the poor fellow, who was in great agonies and nearly breathing his last, when by some chance she heard her husband was wounded on deck. Her anxiety and already overpowered feelings could bear no more, she rushed instantly on deck and received the wounded tar in her arms. He faintly raised his head to kiss her; she burst into a flood of tears, and told him to take courage. "All would yet be well, but scarcely pronounced the last syllable when an ill-directed shot took her head off. The poor man, who was closely wrapped in her arms, opened his eyes once more, then shut them forever. \* \* \* \* \* Phelan and his wife were sewed up in one hammock, and it is needless to say, buried in one grave."

The narrator adds to the pathos of the above story telling how, only three weeks before, a fine boy had been born to them, and how poor Tommy fared until they put into Port Mahon. The sailors agreed "he should have a hundred fathers, but what could be the substitute of a nurse and a mother?" Happily there was a Maltese goat on board which proved as tractable to its faithful owner as the immortal dumb foster mother of Roman story.

In Rodney's battle with De Guichenon of the Pearl Rock, Martinique, April 17, 1780, there was a woman on board the Sandwich, Rodney's flagship, who "fought a 24 pound gun, and afterward attended the whole night upon the wounded men."

THE GREATEST TONIC. PHILADELPHIA, August 9, 1885. DEAR SIR: Having had occasion to give the preparation of Malt in the market an extensive and prolonged trial, I have at last decidedly settled on Johann Hoff's Malt Extract as the best and most reliable preparation, as being the best and most reliable, and containing the largest quantity of essence. It has always given me entire satisfaction. Respectfully yours, ALBERT L. A. TIBOLDT, M. D.

FOR DYSPEPSIA. GERMAN HOSPITAL, PHILADELPHIA. TO MORITZ EISENER, Sole Agent of Johann Hoff's Malt Extract for the U. S. A., 320 Race Street, Philadelphia. DEAR SIR: Please send one dozen of Johann Hoff's Malt Extract to the above hospital. I am very much pleased with it and my patients could not do without it. J. RAAB, M. D., Resident Physician of the German Hospital, Philadelphia.

THE GREATEST TONIC. Mr. M. EISENER: I have used the Johann Hoff's Malt Extract sent me with very good effect. WILLIAM FEPPER, M. D., Dean of the University of Pennsylvania.

Weak and Debilitated. GERMANY HOSPITAL, VIENNA, AUSTRIA. Johann Hoff's Malt Extract has been largely used in the above hospital, and has been found to be of use to the medical profession for general debility and convalescence, for which it has proved to be a most estimable remedy. (Signed) DR. LOEFFL, Chief Physician of H. M. the Emperor's Great Hosp., DR. POEHLER, House Physician.

FOR NURSING MOTHERS. Johann Hoff's Genuine Malt Extract has been chemically investigated in the laboratory of Prof. von Kietzinsky, and has been found to be the best and most reliable preparation, which are of great benefit in cases of imperfect digestion and bad nutrition, also affections of the chest, for convalescence and general debility. Prof. DR. GRANTZSTETTER, University of Vienna, Austria.

Weak Children. I have brought suit against Messrs. TARRANT & CO., for bottling and selling another preparation upon the reputation of my Genuine Malt Extract for which I have received 55 Medals from Exhibitions, Medical Societies, etc., etc.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS! None genuine without signature of "JOHANN HOFF" and "MORITZ EISENER" on the neck of every bottle. JOHANN HOFF, Berlin, Germany. Beware of Imitations! None Genuine unless having the Signature on the Neck of Every Bottle of Sole Agent for United States and Canada. BISNER & MENDELSON, Sole Agents for United States, 318 & 320 RACE STREET, PHILADELPHIA, U. S. A.



RECEIVED 58 AWARDS EXHIBITIONS AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETIES. The only Genuine JOHANN HOFF'S MALT EXTRACT in the U. S. A. It is the GREATEST TONIC and NUTRITIVE FOOD. The Genuine contains ONE THIRD MORE of the best than any other Malt Extract in the market.



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