

THE CANE-BOTTOM CHAIR.

By W. M. THACKERAY.
In tattered old slippers that rusted at the bars.
And a ragged old jacket patched with cigars.

QUEEN LOG.

Queen was a necessary ingredient for a Sand-
wich.
Ours was a purely petteionary party, that
summer, at Crab Falls. Now and then a

Do keep still. You'll spoil all if you
move.
"But what is this in my ear?"
"O, nothing but a toad-stool. There,
I've moved it, and I'll lift this lichen off
your eyelid, so that you can take a look
at yourself. You can't think how beau-
tiful you are."

This the girls considered the best
joke possible. With shouts of laughter
they disengaged and picked up me.
But at sight of my face there was exclamation:
"Why, Queen Log, what is the matter?
Are you hurt? You are as pale as a
sheet. You look as if you had seen a
ghost. Don't stare so, Dolly. Do
speak. What is it?"

"Afraid, with Will to take care of
me! I should think not. Oh, Dolly,
give me another kiss! Only think, if
you hadn't been a log, that day, I should
never have seen him. How strangely
things turn out! There, that's for Dolly,
and that's for Queen Log. Bless her,
always. How droll it was! Vive la
reine!"—Harper's Bazar.

ROBINSON CRUSOE.
He Resides in Versailles, Ky., and is a
Descendant of the Original Robinson,
Who was not a Myth at All, but a Real
Personage.
[From the Woodford County (Ky.) Weekly.]
The iconoclasts have robbed us of
William Tell, and reduced Pocahontas
to a prosaic savage, and now it is
Oliver by establishing the real existence
of a hero of fiction heretofore regarded
as a myth. The story of Robinson Crusoe
made its appearance in 1719. The
rare simplicity of the style, the natural-
ness of the incidents, the interest sus-
tained throughout and the interesting
lessons inculcated, gave it instant popu-
larity, which it has always retained; and
to-day, after the lapse of 150 years, no
similar production possesses such
charms for the youthful reader. Defoe
was a fierce partisan in the struggle of
thirty years' duration, which gave con-
stitutional liberty to England, and this,
together with his great literary success,
aroused the enmity and envy which
pursued him relentlessly through life. The
charge that he had stolen his materials
from the narrative of Alexander Selkirk
proceeded from his enemies, but was
totally unfounded. Selkirk voluntarily
went ashore on the island of Juan
Fernandez, where he spent four years,
but the island was frequented by ships,
and the duration of his exile was a mat-
ter of his own choice. The incidents of
his story bear no particular resemblance
to those of Crusoe's life. Peter Serrano,
who was ship-wrecked on an island in the
Caribbean sea in the sixteenth century,
and whose story is related in Garcilaso's
"History of Peru," published in London
about the year 1700, probably gave
Defoe the foundation of his romance.
Defoe aimed, above all else, at proba-
bility, and the story does not contain an
inconsistency nor an impossible incident.
The title has been taken for
granted as an invention of the great
novelist, but this is incorrect. It was
stated some time since in a magazine
article that Defoe first met with the name
of Robinson Crusoe on a tombstone in a
graveyard at Lynn Regis, an important
English seaport. The rarity of the name,
and possibly the fact that its owner had
been a sailor, commended it
for his purpose. The Crusoe family is
an old one in Lynn, and there is no
other family of the name known than
the one that hails from that locality.
Curiously enough they have usually
been seafaring people. During the war
between France and Great Britain in
the early part of the present century,
John Crusoe, of Lynn Regis, was in the
navy, and participated in the glorious
action of Trafalgar. In 1815 he emigrated
to America, and settled in
Fayetteville, N. C., where he resided for
many years. A diary of his voyages in
his own handwriting is in our possession,
and gives evidence of scholarship and a
mind of more than ordinary caliber. In
1835 Capt. Crusoe revisited Europe, and
his diary is filled with interesting inci-
dents of his journey, some of which we
reserve for future publication. His
grandchildren are now, and have been
for some years, highly-esteemed resi-
dents of our town, and one of them
bears the name of Robinson De Bantz
Crusoe. From this gentleman we learn
that Robinson has always been a family
name with his people, and this is con-
firmed by the diary of Capt. Crusoe,
who speaks of a nephew named Robin-
son, whom he saw on his visit to Lynn
Regis in 1835.
These facts we believe to be perfectly
authentic and reliable. The antiquar-
ians are welcome to give them full in-
vestigation. Meanwhile Versailles may
let the outside world bubble with Cen-
tennial enthusiasm and political excite-
ment, content in the possession of a
genuine Robinson Crusoe.

A HUSBAND OF THE PERIOD.
You, love, I'm breakfasting quite late;
But then, you know, it's Sunday,
And we who work for six or seven days
Deserve our comfort on a day.
You're rather early home from church;
I hope you liked the sermon;
That velvet cloak, dear, by the way,
Looks charming with your ermine.

Wit and Humor.
High water—twelve cents a quart for
milk.
The greatest gift of preaching—know-
ing when to stop.
When do two and two not make four?
When they stand for twenty-two.
A Norwich man who sells onions is
down in the directory as a dealer in
bulbs.
When a daughter of a floriculturist
wants ammoniac, she goes to her poppy,
of course.
As soon as the novelty wears off, a
man never wakes a baby up for the
purpose of hearing it laugh.
The supposed reason why they call a
sensational report a "canard" is because
one canardly believe it, you know.
It is said the stomachs of persons living
on the sea coast, where oysters and
clams are abundant, rise and fall with
the tide.
DOM PEDRO is anxious to meet the
poets of America. So were we—before
we went into the newspaper business.—
Worcester Press.
BRITON'S naive answer, when re-
proached for having dissected his sister-in-
law, was: "Mon Dieu, madam, the
woman was dead."
In China very few women can write,
and, consequently, there is not much
postoffice flirtation between the sweet
sixteen sheathens and heathens.—Nor-
ristown Herald.
YALE has a Prof. Beers as well as a
President Noah Porter. A college with
Yales, Beers and Porters in-Cider puts
the malt-o-blush. Beers is greatest on
Hebrew Lager-imit.