CHILDREN'S CORNER.

ONE OF HIS NAMES.

St. Nicholas

Never a boy had so many names;
They called him Jimmy, and Jim, and James,
Jeems and Jamie; and well he knew
Who it was that wanted him, too.

The boys in the street ran after him,
Shouting out loudly, "Jim! Hey, J-i-m-m!"
Until the echoes, little and big,
Seemed to be dancing a Jim Crow jig.

And little Mabel out in the hall
"Jim-*my!* Jim-*my!*" would sweetly call,
Until be answered, and let her know
Where she might find him, she loved him so.

Grandpa, who was dignified,
And held his head with an air of pride,
Didn't believe in abridging names,
And made the most that he could of "J-a-m-e-s!"

But if papa ever wanted him,
Crisp and curt was the summons, "Jim!"
That would make the boy in his errands run
Much faster than if he had said, "My son."

Biddy O'Flynn could never, it seems,
Call him anything else but "Jeems;"
And when the nurse, Old Mrs. McVyse,
Called him "Jammie," it sounded nice.

But sweeter and dearer than all the rest,
Was the one pet name he liked the best;
"Darling!" he heard it wherever he was at,
For none but his mother called him that.

MY MONKEY.

BY JIMMY BROWN.

There never was such luck. I've always thought that I'd rather have a monkey than be a millionheir. There is nothing that could be half so splendid as a real live monkey, but of course I knew that I never could have one until I should grow up and go to sea and bring home monkeys and parrots and shawls to mother just as sailors always do. But I've actually got a monkey, and if you don't believe it just look at these pictures of him that Mr. Travers made for me and told me to send to the *Young People* so that Mr. Harper would know that the monkey was genuine and unadulterated. It was Mr. Travers that got the monkey for me. One day there came a woman with an organ and a monkey into our yard. She was an Italian, but she could speak a sort of English, and she said that the "murderin' spalpeen of a monkey was just wearing the life out of her." So says Mr. Travers, "What will you take for him?" and says she, "It's five dollars I'd be after selling him for, and may good luck go wid ye!"

What did Mr. Travers do but give her the money and hand the monkey to me saying: "Here Jimmy! Take him and be happy." Wasn't I just happy though.

Jocko—that's the monkey's name—is the loveliest monkey that ever lived. Toby Tyler may talk about his "Mr. Stubbs," and tell how he understands everything said to him, and begs for crullers and all that, but I tell you "Mr. Stubbs" was just an ordinary illiterate monkey alongside of my Jocko. I hadn't had him an hour when he got out of my arms and was on the supper table, before I could get him. The table was all set and Bridget was just going to ring the bell, but the monkey didn't wait for her. To see him eating the chicken salad was just wonderful. He finished the whole dish in about two minutes and was washing it down with the oil out of the salad bottle when I caught him. Mother was awfully good about it and only said, "poor little beast, he must be half-starved. Susan, how much he reminds me of your brother." A good mother is as good a thing as a boy deserves, no matter how good he is.

The salad somehow did not seem to agree with Jocko, for he was dreadfully sick that night. You should have seen how limp he was, just like a girl that has fainted away and her young man is trying to lift her up. Mother doctored him. She gave him castor oil as if he was her own son, and wrapped him up in a blanket, and put a mustard plaster on his stomach, and soaked the end of his tail in warm water. He was all right the next day, and was real grateful. I know he was grateful, because he showed it by trying to do good to others—at any rate to the cat. Our cat wouldn't speak to him at first, but he coaxed her with milk, just as he had seen me do, and finally caught her. It must have been dreadfully aggrovoking to the cat, for instead of letting her have the milk he insisted that she was sick and must have medicine. So he took Bridget's bottle of hair oil and a big spoon, and gave the cat such a dose. When I caught him and made him let the cat go there was about six tablespoonfuls of oil missing. Mr. Travers said it was a good thing, for it would improve the cat's voice and make her yowl smother, and that he had felt for a long time that she needed to be oiled. Mother said that the monkey was cruel and it was a shame, but I know that he meant to be kind. He knew the oil mother gave him had done him good, and he wanted to do the cat good. I know just how he felt, for I've been blamed many a time for trying to do good, and I can tell you it alwas hurt my feelings. The monkey was in the kitchen while Bridget was getting dinner yesterday, and he watched her broil the steak as if he was meaning to learn to cook and help her in her work, he's that kind and thoughtful. The cat was outdoors, but two of her kittens were in the kitchen, and they were not old enough to be afraid of the monkey.

When dinner was served Bridget went up stairs, and by-and-by mother says, "What's that dreadful smell?" Sure's you're alive, Susan, the baby has fallen into the fire. Everybody jumped up and ran up stairs, all but me, for I knew Jacko was in the kitchen, and I was afraid it was he that was burning. When I got into the kitchen there was that lovely monkey broiling one of the kittens on the gridiron just as he had seen Bridget broil the steak. The kitten's fur was singeing and she was mewing, and the other kitten was sitting up on the floor licking her chops and enjoying it, and Jacko was on his hind legs as sober and busy as an owl. I snatched the gridiron away from him and took the kitten off before she was burned any except her fur, and when mother and Susan came down stairs they couldn't understand what it was that had been burning, and guessed the cook must have put egg-shell on the fire.

This is all the monkey has done since I got him day before yesterday. Father has been away for a week but is coming back in a few days, and won't he be delighted when he finds a monkey in the house.

UNCLE FELIX'S STORY.

In the summer time old Uncle Felix used to sit under the willows down by the creek for hours and hours. When the fish were in a biting humor Uncle Felix didn't like company, but when his line hung idly in the water he would tell stories from noon until sundown.

"De sum en substins ob de matter am dat de big fish skeet off inter deep water wen day hears folks a chinnin'," he would remark, by way of apology for refusing to entertain the boys on busy occasions.

One afternoon the boys came along and, seeing by the empty basket that Uncle Felix wasn't catching anything, they began to pave the way for a story. Charlie had a little book of "nonsense rhymes" in his pocket and, opening it at a place where a leaf was turned down, he pretended to read.

"Wat dat yo're readin'?" asked Uncle Felix.

"About the Jobberwock," said Charlie.

"De wat?"

"The Jobberwock; did you ever here of such an animal?"

"Mos' 'pears to me I has," said Uncle Felix, closing both eyes and letting his head fall back against the tree at the roots of which he was sitting, for Uncle Felix never would admit his ignorance of a thing. "Mos' 'pears to me," he continued, "dat us boys cot a jabberwuck way down in de swamp long while back, wen I was 'bout yo' size."

"How did it happen, uncle?" asked John; and the three boys huddled around the old fisherman, whose eyes were bent upwards, evidently searching for facts in the topmost branches of the willow.

"In dem days," said the old man, "yo' Unkle Felix was wukkin for Moss Billy, en dar annuder darkey named Pomp, de same dat was struck by lightnin' in de yeah '47. In de day time we darkeys hoed co'n, and many a night we treed coons in de swamp. De las' coon hunt we tuk togedder was on a cloudy night "bout fifty yeah back. We slipped long inter de hawt of de woods, tarrin' tro briers en wadin' tro muck, but de dogs fust smell dis tree, en den dat widout findin nary coon. Bimeby old Snap, Pomp's dog, giv a snort en was off. Ob coase we follered heels ober head, en purty soon bof dogs anker'd under a gum tree, en' gun to rip music outen dere froats wussen a whole team ob bullfrogs en an April ebenin."

"Dat coon's up dis gum,' Pomp sez, en I sez: 'Coase he am.' Den Pomp sez: 'I sees de moon up dis gum.' Whar?' sez me, lookin' whar Pomp 'was pintin.' 'Dar,' sez Pomp, sezzee. Sho' nuf dar wuz a roun' ball of fire way up on de top lim'.'

"'Felix,' sez Pomp, kine o' feelin skeered, 'wat's de moon doin' out on a cloudy night like dis fur?'

"'Mitey cu'rus,' says me."

"'Let's run, says Pomp."

"Jess den de moon 'gin to mobe, en Pomp en me drapped down under de bushes. Ez we drapped dar cum a voice from outen de bushes behind us, sayin': 'Ker-wuck! ker-wuck! kerhoo! ker-hoo!' 'Lissen,' sez me, gibbin Pomp's hand a pinch, but Pomp was shakin' all ober wid an ager. Den I spy de moon en hel my bref. De moon was uncurlin' hisself on dat lim, en soon I sees dat he hab a tail en a head en a body, jess de same ez enny animul. De dogs by dis time hed 'gun to sneak off. At dat minnet dar cum annuder voice from outer de bushes sayin': 'Ker-wuck! Ker-wuck! Ker-hoo! Run, little nigger, run!' Up bof ob us bounced, but 'fore we got outen de bushes down cum de moon like a flash ob fire. Pomp yelled loud nuf fur a steam injine wen dar's a cow on de track. 'Way we scampered wid de four-legg'd moon arter up, de dogs runnin' wid der tails twixt der legs yelpin' en howlin' fit to kill."

"Did you get caught, uncle?" asked Charlie.

"Wat's dat? Git cotched? Bress yo' little soul, honey, we made tracks outen de swamp quicker's a flash ob lightnin'. Git cotched? No sir-ree."

"But what was it—the jobberwock?"

Uncle Felix folded his arms around his knees and squeezed himself as though to hold in the laughter with which he threatened to explode.

"Bress yo' souls, chillen, it was no mo' de moon den it was dis old hat ob mine. It was a rale libin coon."

"A coon!"

"Sho's yo' bo'n dat's wat it was, and dis am de way it happen: Young Moss Billy hed cum home from school up dar in Phildelfy. He was a jokin' sort ob a young'un, en he cot a coon en rubbed him all ober wid fussfurus dat bery night."

"Rubbed the coon with prosphorus."

"Deed he did; rubbed him wid dat shiny stuff he'd learn'd 'bout at school en den sot him free, kind o' knowin' dat me and Pomp'd tree him fo' mo'nin. Lawe-a-massy but dem little darkeys was skeered to def fur a monf!"

Just then Uncle Felix felt a nibble at his hook, and indicating to the boys with several energetic bobs of his head that he was through with them for the day, he bent to the task of searching for his supper.

The Sponge Crop.

From the recently issued report of Professor Baird, the Fish commissioner of the United States, we glean some very interesting facts regarding the recent development of sponge culture. Among the more recent enterprises in the way of artificial propagation of aquatic animals, Professor Oscar Schmidt, of the University of Gratze, has been so successful in his preliminary efforts in the artificial propagation of the sponge that the Austrian Government have authorized him to attempt the development of the industry on the coast of Dalmatia. The process is very simple, consisting in selecting the proper season in the spring, dividing a living marketable sponge into numerous small pieces, and then fastening them to stakes driven into the sea bottom. The fragments at once begin to grow out, and at the end of a given time each one becomes an entire sponge. According to Dr. Schmidt, three years is a sufficient length of time to obtain from very small pieces fair sized sponges. In one experiment the cost of raising four thousand sponges amounted to fifty dollars, and this included the interest for three years on the capital employed.

Not many years ago the yellow fever was raging in Buenos Ayres. The number of deaths was increasing daily at an alarming rate. An Irish sexton had charge of one of the cemeteries. As it was becoming uncomfortably crowded, he placed a sign outside the graveyard, which read as follows: "No corpses allowed here except those living in the neighborhood."

Carrie was six years old and quite a model of propriety; but one day she shocked her mother by doing something very much like ordinary naughty children. "Why Carrie!" exclaimed Mrs. B., "how could you do such a thing?" "Other little girls do so," replied Carrie. "But that doesn't make it right, does it?" asked Mrs. B. "No," answered Carrie, with deliberation, "but it makes it a good deal more comf'able." (Comfortable.)

LITTLE FOLKS.

Gracie's first experience in eating a peach: "I've eaten it, cloth and all, mamma; now what shall I do with the bone?"

"Papa, I saw a young sparrow fall out of its nest this morning." "Well, what of it, my son?" "Why, I don't think the Lord could have noted its fall, because the cat got it."

Clara—"Oh! Charley, you naughty boy! I saw you throw your cigar away just as I came around the corner." Charley—"Why didn't you say you wanted it? How was I to know?"

To a little girl whose mother is deaf: Auntie—"Why, Edith! just look at your apron. It is all torn and dirty—what will mamma say?" Niece—"Oh, she won't know the difference; she's terribly *deaf*."

A little fellow who listened intently to a sermon to children at one of our city churches, told the minister at the close that he "kept listening to his talk and was waiting every minute for the sermon to begin."

A little boy was walking with his mamma, and there fell from above on his head an avalanche of soot blown by the wind from a neighboring chimney. "Holloa!" cried he, quite astonished, "some nigger snow."

Another little girl, about 3 years old, was crying for something one day, when her mother said: "Hush, my dear; you know you never got anything by crying." Quick as a flash, the little girl replied, "Yes, I have—a whipping, many a time."

"Boy, what is your father doing to-day?" Well, I s'pose he's failin'. I hern him tell mother yesterday to go around to the shops and get trusted all she could, and do it right straight off, too, for he'd got everything ready to fail up to nothing" 'ceptin' that."

The little ones will keep on saying things. Six-year-old Mabel is industriously engaged in "cleaning out" a preserve jar which her mother had just emptied. Four-year-old Bobby looks at her a while and then blurts out, "Say, sis, don't you wish you cold turn it inside out, so's you could lick it?"

"Father," asked little Johnny, "when you was a boy did you use to think what a great man you would be when you grew up?" "I suppose so," said his father; "why do you ask that?" "I don't know," replied Johnny, "only I heard you say last night that life was full of disappointments; that was all."

Little Gertrude was learning to read, and when she read, "A dun cow," her sister said, "Now, Gertrude, that doesn't mean a cooked cow." She replied, in the quickest way: "I know that: it means one you done milking."

The teacher announced that the subject of his remarks would be found in the words, "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth," whereupon the youngest member of the class exclaimed: 'Oh, don't I know it, and isn't my mother just like the Lord." "Theodore," gravely interrupted the teacher, "let me hear no more such speeches." "I wasn't going to say anything more," sobbed the boy, "but if you think I'm lying, just look at my back."

A teacher in a lower grade in one of of our public schools received a new pupil the other day—a little Miss of 6 or 7 years, named, say, Matie Brown. After taking her name for the school rolls according to custom, the teacher said: "What is your papa's name, Matie?" "Mr. Brown." "Yes, but what is his first name?" "Don't know—his name is just Mr. Brown." "Yes, yes—I know"—then, as a bright idea struck her, "What does your mamma call him?" "Oh! I know what you mean now," the innocent child replied: "ma she calls him a darned old fool!" It is safe to conclude that the teacher did not register the child's father as D. O. F. Brown.

PHYSICAL DEGENERATION.

Decreasing Size of the English People.

A correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* referring to the statement that British heads are smaller than they used to be, and to the idea that this diminution in size is caused only, or chiefly, by the greater educational pressure of our days, says: "I should like to point out that there is good reason to fear that diminution in the size of the skull is but part of a decrease in the size of the whole of the skeleton which appears to be rapidly taking place in this country. It would be strange if such a change did not take place. For while the English climate is very favorable to the vigorous growth of those people who breathe pure air and take a great deal of exercise out of doors, it is more unfavorable than almost any other climate to the growth of those persons who do not get much out-of-door exercise

In the last half century every year a large proportion of the population has been placed under conditions which prevent it from getting exercise and pure air. Half century ago almost all children could stretch their limbs in rough exercise on Sunday and week days. Now that our towns are so large there are hundreds of thousands of children and young people who have no place to play in but the streets, and when they begin to play roughly there the police interfere. Boys who will not have their play stopped too often become "scuttlers." Boys who are more easily discouraged are, I believe, often driven into public-houses and music halls, and the habits of drinking, gambling, smoking and others which they learn there are not conducive to physical and moral growth. The result of the community's madness in not providing play-grounds and public gymnasia (open every day) in every town, and of boys being really forced to pass time in drinking and smoking is that in every town there are now large numbers of undersized men unfit for hard work of any kind.

In no other country in Europe, I believe, are so large a proportion of the inhabitants markedly inferior to those of the best type as in England. The connection between badly grown bodies and badly grown minds and souls is so close that it is astonishing that all religious people do not join in asking the town councils to provide play grounds, play fields and gymnasia. If such places existed, and boys and young men were not merely allowed but encouraged to use them on Saturday and Sunday afternoons—smoking not to be allowed in them—Manchester and Salford would have a much better chance than they now of have of possessing plenty of large-hearted as well as large-headed inhabitants in the future. But many religious people apparently believe that days of rest are not made for men, but that men are made for days of rest, and they therefore allow a great part of the people of our towns to be the victims of Sunday.

Another fact—The man who knows you well may forget all about you when you are ill.

MATCHLESS COLORADO.

A Vivid and Charming Picture of Colorado Scenery near Denver—Through Canon and Gorge and over Rocky Cliff to Idaho Springs and Georgetown.

GEORGETOWN, COL., July 13.—With our competing material for variety and pleasure, the query has many times arisen, why the impetus for sight seeing and travel should be so universally extended to foreign lands to the exclusion of definite knowledge of our own surroundings. Stifling the conjecture however, we gave reins to our own enjoyment in the contemplation of what was before us, and after miles of travel, over plain and valley, arrived at Denver, the heart of Colorado's civilization and growth.

Lazy, indeed, must be the pen that would not incline to enthusiasm in this almost wonderland of experience.

Denver, though still out among the plains, is pleasantly located upon rolling lands that hint the mountain grandeur fourteen miles beyond. While it is not our purpose to enter into the detail already familiar through commercial intercourse, yet it pertains so marvelously to the æsthetic, that to pass it by, would be an indignity, a shame to indulge. Nestling among trees and shrubbery, we forget that she was born upon a plain less than twenty years ago, without a bit of green to mark the place of her nativity.

Arid and sterile was her cradle but with strength and growth, each blad of grass was nurtured, until to-day we see her broad avenues lined with trees and foliage, her lawns and gardens bright with colors, concealing most dexterously the struggle that promoted so luxuriant a verdure.

Next in architectural display, she is the peer of her sister cities in her colossal structures for business and general purpose.

Native enterprise has been most lavish in the adornment of residences, hotels and public buildings, uniting as it has every modern appointment until we can scarcely realize that six hundred miles of dreary waste lie between her and much that would constitute her base of supplies. Thoroughly cosmopolitan with her driveways and park, theatres and balls, churches and libraries, she is truly the "Queen City" of the plains.

Again, her business property is most matured. While mining interests have added directly or indirectly to her native wealth and advancement, to-day she stands, through her commercial intercourse, the great distributing centre of Colorado, and the end is not yet. So with obstructions, natural and compulsory, no wonder we stand in awe before the power, that almost in the space of six days, created out of chaos, so fair a handiwork. Among her most recent gigantic constructions is the Union Depot, occupied jointly by the Union Pacific, with its branches, and the Denver and Rio Grande. In design and architecture, it is most lavish. Upon its tower will be placed an electric light of 15,000 candle light power, and when entirely completed, with its lawns, gardens and fountains will be one of the most commodious, convenient, and elegant structures in this country.

While, however, the work of man with his cities and towns have beguiled, it is the work of God of which we would especially write.

Boarding the Colorado Central train at Denver, we prepared ourselves for one of the most charming scenic gratifications it was ever our experience to know. Few realize the vast contribution to comfort and ease our railroads extend to traveller and tourist, but none have conferred more favors and courtesies, or aided the sight seer by greater facilities than the Colorado Central now under the management of the Union Pacific. Leaving Denver at an altitude of 5224 feet, we began our upward pathway to the mountains. Passing pleasantly and rapidly over fifteen miles of plain and valley, leaving behind us manufacturing establishments, and later Argo, with her smelting works of enormous capacity, we arrived at Golden the "Lowell" of Colorado, and gateway to Clear Creek Canon.

Here began the charm of the trip. With observation car to assist sight-seeing to the utmost, the scenic effect is drunk to the brim.

Following the stream from whence this canon derives its name, for miles the engine forces its circuitous ascent. Before us mountains grand in shape and hue, on either side walls of granite that rise vertically 1,000 to 2,500 feet—overstanding cliffs so mighty in their mighty structure that you feel no fear in passing underneath; yet, having passed, innately thank heaven for a happy escape; the winding and twisting over shifting scenes overtopped by patches of blue and athwarted by bits of sunshine—these are the elements of the trip. Still following the stream that at times is seething and plunging over its rocky bed, we arrived at Beaver Brook, perhaps the wildest in its location and surroundings of this canon's effective wonders. In its vicinity, nature has hurled her rocks in many fantastic shapes until in imagination each can fancy an individual eccentricity. Still climbing our tortuous way among mountains and cliffs, halting now and again for exchange of traffic that marks for the miner the only social excitement of the day, passing placer mining, locations washed again and again, and at some points remuneratively so by the patient John Chinaman, we at last reach Black Hawk at an altitude of 7975 feet amid the center of the mining district. Here, mining directly or indirectly is the routine of all its labor. From this point to Central City, a distance of one mile by roadway, is a continuous trail of cabins and houses that know no distinguishing feature between the two towns, yet are under different corporations and mayorality control. Here lies the climax of the Colorado Central's engineering skill.

To overcome the rapid ascent of over five hundred feet from Black Hawk to Central City, we start upon a most erratic ride. With bravery and daring our engine begins its ascent of the mountains, now backing for half a mile, halting and with turned switch again darts forward and upward over chasm and gulch—then over the city whose depth we left not many moments ago, around precipices and heights, backward and forward each stride adding elevation to our couse, until the iron horse apparently worn out with mighty effort, seethes and hisses his entrance to the little mining village of Central City, 8,516 feet above sea level—and one terminus of the road. Here rich in continued flow of mineral both silver and gold—its inhabitants know no other life than mining. Houses upon crag and base, knoll and valley, in novelty vied with previous effect.

Again pursuing our adventurous pleasure we here sought variety by mounting the primitive coach, and with driver eccentric in history and individuality, the gulch ringing with many a laugh and merry jest, we traced the downward mountain effects of Virginia canon for a distance of six miles. Upon mountain slopes we sighted the prospector's course through his trail of gopher-like holes, and then again inhaled the fragrance of myriads of wild roses, facing formidable precipices and rounding dextrously yawning chasms, guided always by the saucy streamlet at our side, we finally reached the plain that heralded to us, one of the pleasurable resorts of Colorado, Idaho Springs. Here, sheltered on all sides by mountains, with dainty houses and bits of green, possessing springs renowned for medical virtues, we found indeed a fitting home for invalids and tourists. Not alone for this however, lay the charm of Idaho Springs. Within three miles, on the summit of Bellevue mountain, at an elevation of 11,000 feet lay the very acme of our trip.

This "Look out" point, made famous by Bierstadt's "Storm in the Rocky mountains," unrolled a panoramic view before which we stood with uncovered heads. To the east lay the plain, apparently a vast sheet of water in whose midst a line of green traced Denver, thirty miles away; to the south a continued line of myriads of elevations, tinted in shadows and misty in hues, sighting the peaks famous for their attitudes; to the west the vast undulations of the snowy range, crested with white lining the summit of the whole mountain sweep while at our feet lay gorges and chasms, running streams and verdant valley, tracing their travels until lost in the misty distance of their source. Never, while memory lasts can this wonderful scene be effaced! Pen may trace, canvas picture, but only in the personnel of reality can we feel the immensity of this gigantic upheaval, suggesting theories man is powerless to discuss.

Returning to Idaho Springs, the puffing engine once again follows the "Clear Creek" stream of our former acquaintance, and we enter Georgetown, the northern terminus of the Colorado Central. Again we view a town surrounded by mountain heights at an altitude of 8,530 feet, enter a hotel with modern furnishings and gratefully nestle under blankets for the night, conscious of a neighborly stove, a requirement at all times in this high altitude.

Here again are enchanting views and remarkable scenery. At one glance we take in the foaming sprays of "The Bridal Veil" and "Devil's Gate"—only the wise can clear the mystery of their close associations! Another charming resort of this locality is Green Lake hidden away among the mountains at an altitude of 10,400 feet above sea level. Supplied by hidden springs, it gives back its emerald hues from the moss covered rocks that form its bed. Picturesquely alluring with its surrounding mountain heights and massive rocky formations hurled in fantastic shapes. We grieve that we must bid adieu to a spot that we may not see again. Also in the vicinity of Georgetown, situated as it is at the base of the Snowy Range are many of those elevated points from neewhe can be viewed the majesty an glory of her surroundings.

Thus terminated a trip which for variety and effect, could have few peers, and when this artist dreamland can be more generally known, it will have a future, golden, in its culture of the æsthetic. BARBARA.

Dinner in France.

BY JOHN DURAND.

August Atlantic.

Dinner in France is supposed to be the one great event of the day. So it is, but not because it is a feeding operation. On the contrary, this French meal is a domestic symposium, in which head and heart take precedence of the stomach. The interest and value of a meal in France depend more on the social than on the culinary element. Old Izaak Walton's dictum that the company makes the feast, and not the food, is of special significance in France. One rarely sees a Frenchman dining alone, not for the reason that he wants some one to look at, or to drink with, but because he wishes some one to talk to. Conversation, accordingly, renders the French table unique. I am inclined to think that the modern French dinner-table is the substitute for the old *salon* to which the "feast of reason and the flow of soul" used to be wholly confined. In any event, the chief attraction of the French table nowadays is conversation.

"Long John" Wentworth, ex-mayor of Chicago, is entirely bald, except a little tuft of hair behind the ears, and on one occasion, when riding in the cars, he frequently took off his hat and scratched the back of his ears, when a waggish backwoodsman shouted, "Stranger, drive'em up into the clearing and you can catch 'em all in five minutes."

Mamma—"Why, my dear Willie, what in the world is the matter with little Oscar's head?" Willie—"Well, we're playing 'William Tell,' and somehow my arrow won't hit the apple, but keeps pluggin' his eyes and nose."

A newly-married lady was telling another how niely her husband could write. "Oh, you should just see some of his love-letters;." "Yes, I know," was the freezing reply; "I've got a bushel of them at home in my trunk."

WIT AND HUMOR.

When is a literary work like smoke? When it comes in volumes.

Why is the letter G like the sun? Because it is in the center of light.

What is that which shows others what it cannot see itself? A mirror.

Why is the lettler N like a faithless lover. Because it's in constant.

How does a cow become a landed estate? By turning her into a field.

Why is whispering a breach of good manners? Because it is not aloud.

What is an old lady in the middle of the river like? Like to be drowned.

What word may be pronounced quicker by adding a syllable to it? Quick.

Why is a miser like a man with a short memory? Because he is always forgetting.

How does a sailor know there is a man in the moon? Because he has been to sea (see).

The boy who was kept after school for bad orthography said he was spellbound.

A competing hotel "out West" says generously of another that "it stands without arrival.

The old Testament will not be revised for three years yet. People will have to break the ten commandments as they are for the present.

The meanest girl in the universe lives in Philadelphia. "Pa," she said, "I do wish you would lend me your lovely red nose to paint my cheeks with.

Why is a fool in high station like a man in a balloon? Because everybody appears little to him, and he appears little to everybody.

Sad case: The girl who was locked in her lover's arms for three hours and a half explains that it wasn't her fault. She claims he forgot the combination.

The momentous question—Dear little wife: "Well, Charley is on board by this time, but—oh, dear! Look, mamma, if he hasn't left his life-preserver behind!" Mamma: "By the way, do you know, dearest, did he pay his insurance yesterday?"

A California miner the other night displayed no religious sentiment in his discourse. He blasphemed like a Mexican mule driver, and tore round generally. Yet when called upon, he gave every cent he had for the benefit of the heathen. But he wouldn't have done it, if the heathen hadn't held four aces to his three jacks.

Some servant girls are very ignorant. When a lady retired for the night she took out a glass eye and gave it to her maid. Bridget received it with extreme nonchalance, laid it on the table and then stood in the attitude of further waiting. "What are you waiting for?" asked her mistress. "For the other eye marm," replied Bridget.

Young man (in the bright revised version of whose youth there is no such thing as a first commandment with promise)—"Mamma, do you know I'm real glad you're my mother?" Mother (equally surprised and touched)—"Why, my dear son?" Young man—"Because you can't ever be my mother-in-law."

"Yes, sir, I was once connected with the press," said Mr. Jurrings; "I remember it well; it was one night at a circus, when a big storm came up, and the crowd all wanted to get out at the same moment. It's the only time I ever had anything to do with the press, and I'm glad it was the last."
to break the Sabbath if it was all done on that day."

Attorney. "Have you ever been to to this court before, sir? Witness. "Yes, sir; I have been here often." Attorney. "Ha, ha! Been here often, have you? Now tell the court what for." Witness, slowly, "Well, I have been at least a half a dozen times to try and collect that tailor's bill you owe me."

On board a North river (New York) steamboat an old lady said to a very pompous looking gentleman who was talking about a communication: "Pray, what is steam?" "Steam, ma'am, is ah—! steam is—eh! ah!—steam is steam." "I knew that chap couldn't tell ye," said a rough-looking fellow standing by, "but steam is a bucket of water in a tremendous perspiration."

"And so old Jimmy McGinn is dead," said Guffey, the other day; "well, I sympathize with him very much—I feel for him." "Feel for him—why he's dead," said a friend; "and besides I thought he was your worst enemy." "Yes, I know all that," replied Guffey, thoughtfully, "but just think how the old scoundre must be suffering now."

It was a Boston girl who asked, "Why is it that two souls, mated in the impenetrable mystery of their nativity, float by each other on the ocean currents of existence without being instinctively drawn together, blended and beautified in the assimilated alembic of eternal love?" That is an easy one. It is because butter is forty-five cents a pound, and a good sealskin sacque costs as high as $500. The necessaries of life must experience a fall in price before two souls will readily blend in the assimilated alembic and so on.

Life is a strange mass of condradictions. When you expect least enjoyment you obtain the most; where you think you have given the most satisfaction, you have given the least. When you are sick, you would be well: When well, you try to be sick. When you fancy yourself the wisest of men, you are the dadoist of fools. The girl you are most in love with, is least in love with you. What you cannot get you would obtain; what you have you do not value.

The Great Wall of China.

An American engineer who, being engaged in the construction of a railway in China, has had unusually favorable opportunities of examining the famous Great Wall, built to obstruct the incursions of the Tartars, gives the following account of the wonderful work: "The wall is one thousand seven hundred and twenty-eight miles long, eighteen feet wide and fifteen feet thick at the top. The foundation, throughout, is of solid granite, the remainder of compact masonry. At intervals of between two and three hundred yards towers rise up, twenty-five to thirty feet high, and twenty feet in diameter. On the top of the wall, and on both sides of it, are masonry parapets, to enable the defenders to pass unseen from one tower to another. The wall itself is carried from point to point in a perfectly straight line, across valleys and plains and over hills, without the slightest regard to the configuration of the ground, sometimes plunging down into abysses a thousand feet deep. Brooks and rivers are bridged over by the wall, while on both banks of larger streams strong flanking towers are placed.

A MEDICINE, NOT A DRINK.
High Authority.

Hop Bitters is not, in any sense, an alcholic beverage or liquor, and could not be sold, for use, except to persons desirous of obtaining medicinal bitters.

GREEN B. RAUM,
U. S. Com'r Internal Rev.

Washington D. C., Sept. 24, 1879.

Dear Sir—Why don't you get a certificate from Col. W. H. W., of Baltimore, showing how he cured himself of drunkenness by the help of Hop Bitters. His is a wonderful case. He is well known in Rochester, N. Y., by all the drinking people there. He is known in this city, Cincinnati, New Orleans, New York; in fact, all over the country, as he has spent thousands of dollars for rum. I honestly believe his card would be worth thousands of dollars to you in this city and Baltimore alone, and make thousands of sober men by inducing the use of your Bitters. J. A. W.

Prejudice Kills.

"Eleven years our daughter suffered on a bed of misery under the care of several of the best physicians, who gave her disease various names but no relief, and now she is restored to us in good health by Hop Bitters, that we had poohed at two years before using it. We earnestly hope and pray that no one else will let their sick suffer as we did, on account of prejudice against so good medicine as Hop Bitters."—*The Parents*— lars.

Milton, Del., Feb. 10, 1880.

Having used Hop Bitters, the noted remedy for debility, nervousness, indigestion, etc., I have no hesitation in saying that it is indeed an excellent medicine, and recommend it to any one as a truly tonic bitters.

Respectfully,
REV. MRS. J. H. ELLGOOD.

I declined to insert your advertisement of Hop Bitters last year, because I then thought they might not be promotive of the cause of Temperance, but find they are, and a very valuable medicine, myself and wife having been greatly benefitted by them, and I take great pleasure in making them known.

REV. JOHN SEAMAN,
Editor *Home Sentinel*, Afton, N. Y.

Scipio, N. Y., Dec. 1, 1879.

I am the Pastor of the Baptist Church here and an educated physician. I am not in practice, but am my sole family physician, and advise in many chronic cases. Over a year ago I recommended your Hop Bitters to my invalid wife, who has been under medical treatment of Albany's best physicians several years. She has been greatly benefitted and still uses the medicine. I believe she will become thoroughly cured of her various complicated diseases by their use. We both recommend them to our friends, many of whom have also been cured of their various ailments by them.

REV. E. R. WARREN.

Cured of Drinking.

"A young friend of mine was cured of an insatiable thirst for liquor that had so prostrated his system that he was unable to do any business. He was entirely cured by the use of Hop Bitters. It allayed all that burning thirst; took away the appetite for liquor; made his nerves steady, and he has remained a sober and steady man for more than two years, and has no desire to return to his cups, and I know of a number of others that have been cured of drinking by it."—From a leading R. R. Official, Chicago, Ill.

Wicked for Clergymen.

"I believe it to be all wrong and even wicked for clergymen or other public men to be led into giving testimonials to quack doctors or vile stuffs called medicines, but when a really meritorious article is made up of common valuable remedies known to all, and that all physicians use and trust in daily, we should freely commend it. I therefore cheerfully and heartily commend Hop Bitters for the good they have done me and my friends, firmly believing they have no equal for family use. I will not be without them. Rev. ——,
Washington, D. C.

A good Baptist clergyman of Bergen, N. Y., a strong temperance man, suffered with kidney trouble, neuralgia and dizziness almost to blindness, over two years after he was advised that Hop Bitters would cure him, because he was afraid of and prejudiced against the word "bitters." Since his cure he says none need fear but trust in Hop Bitters.

My wife and daughter were made healthy by the use of Hop Bitters and I recommend them to my people.—Methodist Clergyman, Mexico, N. Y.

I had severe attacks of Gravel and Kidney trouble; was unable to get any medicine or doctor to cure me until I used Hop Bitters, and they cured me in a short time.—A distinguished lawyer and temperance orator of Wayne county, N. Y.

Life Insurance.

Although not a day passes that does not contribute its quota of indisputable proofs of the great good conferred upon thousands of people by wise investments in Life Insurance, yet we find many who stand in doubt about availing themselves of this blessing, caused sometimes by disparaging remarks of people who, ignorant of its principles, try to appear wise by condeming that which they never understood, thus accomplishing a much greater amount of mischief in a moment than they could remedy in a year. In such cases there is no doubt but the "sour grapes" fable comes in somewhere. We can recall remarks made five years ago about the Centennial Mutual Life Association of Burlington, Iowa. "It won't exist a year," then "two," &c., some of the prophets have ceased to exist. The Centennial still exists, with all the appearance of vigor enough to last a Century. There is no safer nor cheaper Company in the Country. If you decide to join the "wise men," address C. J. Weatherby, General Agent, Lock Draw 109, Burlington, Ia., for Insurance or Agency.

Home Education.

Have you a daughter to educate? If so, don't fail to send for new prospectus of Callanan College, Des Moines, Iowa. Address,

C. P. POMEROY, Prest.

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