# JONATHAN AND HIS CONTINENT.

## BY MAX O'RELL AND JACK ALLYN.

**Translated by Mme. Paul Blouet. Copyrighted by Cassell & Co., New York. We Publish the Following Extracts from this Book by Special Arrangement through the American Press Association.**

Paul Blouet (Max O'Rell) is a remarkably clever Frenchman, who has devoted his talents mostly to satirizing the Anglo-Saxon race. He has become widely known as the author of "JOHN BULL AND HIS ISLAND," "JOHN BULL, JR.," Etc. This book is his latest production, the material for it being gathered during his recent visit to America.

### CHAPTER XXXVIII.

The great mass of the American people live on tough meat uncooked and iced water unfiltered.

I take it for granted that sheep and cattle are born as old as tender an age in America as elsewhere, but the society for the protection of animals probably prevents their being killed for food while they are young enough to enjoy life, and so the patriarchs alone are reserved for the table.

That which renders the problem of dining almost past solving is that the meat has to be attacked with plated knives which tear but do not cut it. I suppose that, as half the lower class Americans still eat with their knives, it was necessary to abandon the idea of having steel knives for fear of their accidentally gashing their faces. If sharp steel knives were in general use in America the streets would be full of people with faces scarred and seamed like those of the Heidelberg students.

The Americans drink little else but water at table, and one cannot help wondering how it is that the filter seems to be an almost unknown institution in the land. Leave your glass of water untouched on the table, and in a few moments a thick sediment of mud or sand will be visible at the bottom of it.

Down south it is worse still.

At Jacksonville I was waited upon at table by an extremely obliging negro.

One day he brought me some water, put ice in it, and discreetly withdrew behind my chair.

I took up the glass and minutely inspected its contents.

"Epaminondas!" I cried.

"Dat's not my name, sah; I'm called Charles."

"Charles, look at this water; there is a snake in it."

Charles took the glass, looked in it, and then, with a reassuring grin, announced:

"It's dead, sah."

"That is comforting," said I, "but it may have left eggs, which will come to life by thousands inside me."

Charles was facetious, and was not to be put out of countenance for such a trifle. He took up the glass again, re-examined it, and replaced it on the table.

"Dere's no danger, sah; it's a male," he said.

In almost all hotels south of Washington the waiters are colored men. The service is but poor. The negroes are slow—it is the guests who do the "waiting."

At Delmonico's especially, and in the principal hotels of New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Washington you can dine admirably. In the smaller towns you must be content with feeding.

But let us take our seats at the table d'hote of the best hotel in any second rate town that you please in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, or some other state of the Union.

No painted menu. A young woman, with an elaborate coiffure of curls, rolls and bangs, but no cap, approaches, darts a look of contempt at you and, turning her back upon you, gabbles off in one breath:

"Croutaupoturbotshrimpsauceroastbeefturkeycranberrysaucepotatoestomatoesappletartmincepievanillacream."

Do not attempt to stop her; she is wound up, and when she is started is bound to go to the end. You must not hope that she will repeat the menu a second time either. If you did not hear, so much the worse for you. Unfortunately the consequences are grave; it is not one dish that you miss—it is the whole dinner. You are obliged to order all your repast at once, and the whole is brought you, from soup to cheese, at one time.

I was so ill inspired one day as to order some soup to begin with. The waitress refused downright to bring me anything more.

"That is all you ordered," she said to me. "You do not suppose I can make twenty journeys to the kitchen for you."

I rose and sought the hotel keeper. I made the humblest apologies, pleaded that I was a foreigner who had only been in America a fortnight, and was not yet accustomed to the habits of the Americans. I promised solemnly never to transgress again in this way. Mine host went to the young person who was at the head of the battalion of harpies in the dining room, and interceded for me with her. I had the happiness of being forgiven, and was allowed to appease my hunger.

From that day forward, as soon as one of these witching damsels began her incantation, I cried out:

"Hold! Enough! Bring it all in."

Then I would eat the least distasteful of the messes and leave the rest. I can assure you the hotel did not make much profit out of me.

This is how the dinner is served:

The "duchess" begins by flinging a spoon and knife and fork down on the table in front of you. It is for you to set them straight, and I would advise you to do so without any murmuring. When you have taken your soup, the said "duchess" brings you a plate, around which she places a dozen little oval dishes in a symmetrical fashion that one can but admire.

The first little dish contains fish and a teaspoonful of sauce of some kind. It is needless to inquire the name of this sauce. All the fish sauces are the same; only the name varies. The second apparently contains a little lump of raw beef; the third a slice of roast turkey; the fourth mashed potatoes; the fifth a stewed tomato; the sixth cranberry sauce; the seventh chicken salad; the eighth some rice pudding, and the last contains horribile dictu! a slice of apple tart, with a large helping of cheese in the middle of it. These two things are eaten together and are consequently served on the same dish.

You begin at the left. The first presents no obstacles but its bones and is soon disposed of. You turn your attention to the next dish on the right and attack the beef. It is impregnable, you can make no impression upon it. You pass. The turkey is not obdurate and you fall to on that, making little raids on the potatoes, tomatoes and cranberry sauce between each mouthful. Thanks to the many climates of America (the thermometer varies in winter from 75 above zero in the south to 45 below in the north), you have turkey and cranberry sauce all the winter, strawberries six months of the year and tomatoes all the year round.

Oh, the turkey and cranberry sauce! I ate enough of that dish to satisfy me for the rest of my days. No more turkey and cranberry sauce for me, though I should live to be a hundred!

Of course all the meats, placed around your plate, soon begin to cool, and you have no choice but to bolt your food, diving with knife and fork into the little dishes right and left as dexterously as you can.

Finally you come to the apple tart on the extreme right. You carefully lift the cheese and, placing it aside, prepare to eat your sweets without this strange seasoning. Unhappily the pastry has become impregnated with an odor of roquefort, and again you pass. A vanilla cream terminates your repast.

Having disposed of this, you ask yourself why, in a free country, you may not have your various courses served one after the other; why you must bolt your food and bring on indigestion; and above all why the manager of the hotel, in his own interest as a man of business, does not before all else study the comfort of his customers. The answer is not difficult to find. It is the well being of the "duchess," and not that of the travelers, that he devotes his attention to studying. The traveler is obliged to come to his house, and he can treat him anyhow. His "helps" will only consent to stay with him, on condition he gives them heavy wages and light duties. He has no choice but to submit to his servants or to close his hotel. The Americans, free though they may be politically, are at the mercy of their servants, whether in public or private life. This kind of tyranny is hateful. To throw off the yoke of the superior classes is very well; but I am not aware that the yoke of the common people is at all preferable. John Bull commands all his paid servants. Jonathan obeys his.

Thus, in the hotels of America outside of the large cities, with the rarest exceptions, the dinner is served from 1 o'clock to 3, the tea-supper from 6 to 8. You happen to arrive at half past 3, tired out and famishing. You hope to be able to obtain a good meal without delay. Illusion! You must wait until the dining room door is opened, and pass two hours and a half in wretchedness. How often have I entreated, implored! "Could you not get a chop cooked for me, or an omelet, or something? If that is impossible, for mercy's sake give me a slice of cold meat." Prayers and supplications were unavailing. Occasionally a landlord would express his regrets and make excuses for his inability to oblige me; but far oftener I got no kind of response at all. Once or twice I tried making a tempest, without any more success. Another time I tried politeness. "Excuse me," I said, "if I am intruding. I hope that by putting up at your hotel I shall not be too much in your way. I have not the honor to be a citizen of the greatest republic in the world, but am only a poor European who does not know your ways. In future I will take careful precautions. But this time, and just for once, I should be so much obliged for something to eat. I should be distressed to occasion any derangement in your household, but just for once, only once."

Sheer waste of breath. The hotel is as it is; you may use it or stay away.

The Americans are quite right to study the comfort of their servants, but the well being of one class should not exist at the cost of the well being of another, and the people who travel are as interesting as those who serve at table.

Tyranny from above is a sore; tyranny from below is a pestilence.

### CHAPTER XXXIX.

Hotels are one of the strongest attractions in America to Americans, especially the ladies.

When we Europeans travel, we alight at a hotel, because it is impossible that we should have a pitching place of our own in each town we visit, or friends able to receive us; in other words, we go to the hotel, because we cannot help it. When we leave our good bed and table, and set out to see the world a little, we say to ourselves: "The worst of it is that we shall have to live in hotels perhaps for a month or two; but, after all, it cannot be helped, we must put up with hotels since we have made up our minds to see Switzerland, or Scotland, or Italy." Our object in traveling is to see new countries, make pleasant excursions, climb mountains, etc., and to attain that object we must use the hotels as a convenience, as a sad necessity.

In Europe, the hotel is a means to an end.

In America, it is the end.

People travel hundreds, nay thousands of miles for the pleasure of putting up at certain hotels. Listen to their conversation and you will find that it mainly turns, not upon the fine views they have discovered, or the excursions and walks they have enjoyed, but upon the respective merits of the various hotels they have put up at. Hotels are for them what cathedrals, monuments and the beauties of nature are for us.

In February, 1888, I went to see the Americans take their pleasure in Florida. During the months of January, February and March flocks of society people from the towns in the north go to Florida where the sun is warm and the orange trees are in full beauty of fruit and flower. Jacksonville and St. Augustine are in winter what Saratoga, Newport and Long Branch are in summer, the rendezvous of all who have any pretensions to a place in the fashionable world.

But what do they do at Jacksonville and St. Augustine, all these Americans in search of a "good time?" You think perhaps that, in the morning, they set out in great numbers to make long excursions into the country or on the water; that picnics, riding parties and such out of door pastimes are organized.

Not so. They get up, breakfast, and make for the balconies or piazzas of the hotels, there to rock themselves two or three hours in rocking chairs until lunch time; after this they return to their rocking chairs again and wait for dinner. Dinner over, they go to the drawing room, where there are more rocking chairs, and chat or listen to an orchestra until bed time. And yet, what pretty environs the little town of Jacksonville has, for instance! For miles around stretches a villa dotted orange grove.

And the table d'hote!

In France we look well at the bill and study it; we discuss the dishes, arranging them discreetly and artistically in the mind before making their acquaintance more fully on the palate. We are gourmets. In America the question seems to be not, "Which of these dishes will go well together?" but, "How many of them can I manage?" It is so much a day; the moderate eaters pay for the gluttons.

You see women come down at 8 to breakfast in silk attire, and decked in diamonds. And what a breakfast! First an orange and a banana to freshen the mouth and whet the appetite; then fish, bacon and eggs, or omelet, beefsteak or chop with fried potatoes, hominy cakes, and preserves.

"How little you eat, you French people!" said an American to me one day, as I was ordering my breakfast of cafe au lait and bread and butter.

"You are mistaken," I said, "only we do not care for our dinner at 8 o'clock in the morning."

The larger the hotel is the better the Americans like it. A little, quiet, well kept hotel, where, the cookery being done for twenty or thirty persons instead of a thousand, the beef has not the same taste as mutton; a hotel where you are known and called by your name, where you are not simply No. 578 like a convict; this kind of pitching place does not attract the American. He must have something large, enormous, immense. He is inclined to judge everything by its size.

Jacksonville and St. Augustine boast a score of hotels, each capable of accommodating from six hundred to a thousand guests. These hotels are full from the beginning of January to the end of March.

I have almost always accepted with reserve the American superlatives, followed by the traditional "in the world;" but it may safely be said that the Ponce de Leon hotel, at St. Augustine, is not only the largest and handsomest hotel in America, but in the whole world. Standing in the prettiest part of the picturesque little town, this Moorish palace, with its walls of onyx, its vast, artistically furnished saloons, its orange walks, fountains, cloisters and towers, is a revelation, a scene from the "Arabian Nights."

Here the Americans congregate in search of a "good time," as they call it. The charges range from ten to twenty-five dollars a day for each person, exclusive of wines and extras. The American who goes to the Ponce de Leon with his wife and daughters, therefore, spends from one to two hundred dollars a day. For this sum, he and his family are fed, played to by a very ordinary band, and supplied with an immense choice of rocking chairs. On his return to New York, he declares to his friends that he has had a "lovely time." The American never admits that he has been bored, in America specially. The smallest incidents of the trip are events and adventures, and he never fails to have his "good time." He is as easily pleased as a child; everything American calls out his admiration, or at least his interest. Remark to him, for instance, that to go by train to Florida from the north one has to travel through more than six hundred miles of pine forest—which makes the journey very uninteresting—and he will throw you a pitying glance, which seems to say: "Immense, sir, immense; like everything that is American."

The temperature of Florida in winter is rarely lower than 64 degs., and ranges from that to 75; but the climate is moist and enervating, the country a vast marsh, so flat that by standing on a chair one could see to the extremities of it with the aid of a good field glass. Some enterprising American should throw up a hill down there; he would make his fortune. Every one would go and see it.

It is not everybody who can afford the luxury of the Ponce de Leon hotel, but it is everybody who likes to be seen there in the season.

You must be able to say when you return to the north that you have been at the Ponce de Leon. This is how it can be managed. You go to some other hotel near the Ponce. In the evening, dressed in all your diamonds, you glide into the court yard of the great caravansary. Another step takes you to the immense rotunda where the concert is going on. You stroll through the saloons and corridors, and, taking a seat where you can be seen of the multitude, you listen to the music. About 10 or 11 o'clock you beat retreat and return to your own hotel. Wishing to set my mind at rest on this matter, I went one evening, about half past 9, to the Casa Monica and Florida house. There, in the rooms where the musicians engaged by the proprietors play every evening, were at the most a score of people.

Everything is on a grand scale in good American hotels, especially the bills.

I caught the following bit of conversation at the St. Augustine station as I was leaving:

"Hello! you are off, too?" said a young man to a friend who had just installed his wife in the train for Jacksonville.

"My dear fellow, I have been here a fortnight; the Ponce de Leon is magnificent, but the bill is awfully stiff."

"Never mind, old man," rejoined the other, "you will take it off your wife's next dress money."

With few exceptions, the waiters in all the great hotels are negroes. You are served slowly, but with intelligence and politeness. No "duchesses" in the great cities of the north or the fashionable resorts of the south.

Those good negroes have such cheerful, open faces! They seem so glad to be alive, and they look so good natured that it does one good to see them. When they look at one another they laugh. When you look at them they laugh. If a negro sees another negro more black than himself he is delighted; he calls him "darky" and looks on him in a patronizing way. Their great dark eyes that show the whites so, when they roll them in their own droll fashion; the two rows of white teeth constantly on view, framed in thick retrousse lips; the swaying manner of walking, with turned out toes and head thrown back; the musical voice, sweet but sonorous, and so pleasing compared to the horrible twang of the lower class people in the north, all make up a picturesque whole. You forget the color and fall to admiring them.

And how amusing they are!

At the Everett hotel, Jacksonville, I one day went to the wrong table.

"You've come to de wrong table, sah," said the attendant darky. Then, indicating the negro who served at the next table, he added: "Dat's de gentleman dat waits on you, sah."

I immediately recognized my "gentleman," and changed my seat. The fact is that all the negroes are alike at a glance. It requires as much perspicacity to tell one from another as it does to distinguish one French gendarme from another French gendarme.

I never met with such memories as some of those darkies have.

As I have said, the hotels of Florida are besieged during the winter months. At dinner time, you may see from six hundred to a thousand people at table. The black head waiter knows each of the guests. The second time they enter the dining room, he conducts them to their places without making a mistake in one instance. If you stop but a day, you may return a month after, and not only will he recollect your face, but he will be able to tell you which little table you sat at, and which place at that table was yours.

At the door of the dining room a young negro of 16 or 18 takes your hat and puts it on a hat rack. I have seen hundreds thus in his care at a time. You leave the dining room and, without a moment's hesitation, he singles out your hat and hands it to you. It is wonderful when one thinks of it. I give you the problem to solve. Several hundred men, most of whom you have not seen more than once or twice before, pass into a room, handing you their chimney pots or wide awakes to take care of. They come out of the room in no sort of order, and you have to give each the hat that belongs to him. I have tried hard and often, but never succeeded in finding out how it is done.

Another negro in the hall goes and gets your key when he sees you return from a walk. No need to tell him the number of your room—he knows it. He may have seen you but once before, but that is all sufficient—he never errs.

And the negresses! good, merry looking creatures with buxom faces and forms, supple, light, graceful gait and slender waists, aping the fashion, and having very pretty fashions of their own, coquetting and mincing, as they walk out with their "tic'lars" (particulars). The enjoyment of life is written on their faces, and one ends by thinking some of them quite pretty. I have seen some splendid figures amongst them. You should see them on Sundays, dressed in scarlet or some other bright color, with great hats jauntily turned up on one side, and fanning themselves with the ease and grace of Belgravian ladies.

Negresses are not employed as chamber maids in hotels. They go into service only as nurses, and of course children love them. Unhappily for you, it is the objectionable "duchess" that you find again, up stairs this time. The evil is not so great as it is in the smaller towns where these young persons wait at table also. In the best hotels their only duty is to keep the bedrooms tidy. You must not ask any service of them beyond that. If you desire anything brought to your bedroom, you ring, and a negro comes to answer the bell and receive your order.

I remember having one day insulted one of these women—certainly unintentionally, but the crime was none the less abominable for that.

This was it.

I was dressing to go out to dinner, and wanted some hot water to shave with. Having rung three times and received no answer, I grew impatient and opened the door, in the hope of seeing some servant who would be obliging enough to fetch me the water in question. A chambermaid was passing my door.

"Could you please get me some hot water?" I said.

"What do you say?" was the reply, accompanied by a frown and a look of contempt.

"Would you be so good as to get me some hot water?" I timidly repeated.

"What do you think I am? Haven't you a bell in your room?" said the harpy.

And she passed along indignant.

I withdrew into my room in fear and trembling, and for a few minutes was half afraid of receiving a request to quit the hotel immediately.

I shaved with cold water that day.

### CHAPTER XL.

If you go to a changer, he will give you five francs in French money, or four shillings in English, for a dollar. But in America, you are not long in discovering that you get for your dollar but the worth of a shilling in English money, or a franc in French.

The flat that lets for 4,000 francs in Paris, and the house that is rented at £200, or 4,000 shillings in London, would be charged $4,000 in New York, Boston or Chicago.

The simplest kind of dress, one for which a Parisian of modest tastes pays 100 francs, would cost an American lady at least $100. A visiting dress costing 500 francs in Paris would cost $500 in New York. A bonnet that would be charged 50 francs is worth $50. The rest to match.

Here is a dressmaker's bill which fell under my eyes in New York:

| | |
|---|---|
| Robe de chambre | $200 |
| Cloth dress | 175 |
| Opera cloak | 800 |
| Riding habit | 180 |
| Bonnet | 80 |
| Theatre bonnet | 50 |
| Black silk dress | 240 |
| Ball dress | 650 |
| Total | $2,025 |

In this bill, there is neither mantle, linen, boots, shoes, gloves, lace, nor the thousand little requisites of a woman's toilet, and it is but one out of the three or four bills for the year. I am convinced that an American woman, who pretends to the least elegance, must spend, if she be a good manager, from $6,000 to $8,000 a year. Add to this the fact that she loads herself with diamonds and precious stones. But these, of course, have not to be renewed every three months.

A great number of Americans come to Europe to pass three months of every year. This is not an additional extravagance; it is an economy. They buy their dress for a year, and the money they save by this plan not only pays their traveling expenses, but leaves them a nice little surplus in cash.

A hotel bedroom on the fourth floor, for which you would pay five francs a day, is $5 in the good hotels of the principal towns of America. A cab which costs you one franc and a half in France, or one shilling and sixpence in England, costs you a dollar and a half in New York. The proportion is always kept.

The dollar has not more value than this in the lesser towns of the United States. The omnibus, for instance, which takes you to the station from your hotel for sixpence (or half a shilling) in England, and for half a franc in France, costs you half a dollar in America.

Copper money exists in America, but if you were to offer a cent to a beggar he would fling it at you in disgust. When the barefooted urchins in the south beg their formula is: "Spare us a nickel," or "Chuck us a nickel, guv'nor." The nickel is worth five cents. The only use of the cent that I could discover was to buy the evening paper.

The only things cheap in the States are native oysters, and English or French books that have been translated into American.

If expenses are enormous in the United States I must hasten to add that it is chiefly the foreign visitor who suffers in purse. The American can afford to pay high prices, because his receipts are far larger than they would be in Europe. Situations bringing in three or four hundred dollars, as in France in England, are unknown in America. Bank clerks and shop assistants command salaries of a thousand to fifteen hundred dollars a year. A railway car conductor gets $50 a month.

In the grades above in the professions, the fees, compared with those earned in Europe, are also in the proportion of the dollar to the shilling or franc. A newspaper article for which would be paid in France from 100 to 250 francs (and no French paper, except The Figaro, pays so much for articles) is paid for in America from $100 to $250. A doctor is paid from $5 to $10 a visit. I am, of course, not speaking of specialists and fashionable doctors; their charges are fabulous. I know barristers who make over $100,000 a year.

Every one is well paid in the United States, except the vice president.

If I have spoken of the high cost of living, it is to state a fact and not to make a complaint. I went to America as a lecturer, not as a tourist. Jonathan paid me well, and when cabby asked me for a dollar and a half to take me to a lecture hall, I said, like M. Joseph Prudhomme: "It is expensive, but I can afford it," and I paid without grumbling.

### CHAPTER XLI.

"Well, sir, and what do you think of America?"

Without pretending to judge America ex cathedra, I will sum up the impressions jotted down in this little volume, and reply to the traditional question of the Americans.

When one thinks of what the Americans have done in a hundred years of independent life, it looks as if nothing ought to be impossible to them in the future, considering the inexhaustible resources at their disposition.

America has been doubling its population every twenty-five years. If immigration continues at the same rate as it has hitherto, in fifty years she will have more than two hundred millions of inhabitants. If, during that time, Europe makes progress only in the arts and sciences, while the social condition of its nations does not improve, she will be to America what barbarism is to civilization.

While the Hohenzollerns, the Hapsburgs and the Firebrandenburgs review their troops; while her standing armies are costing Europe more than $1,000,000,000 a year, in time of peace; whilst the European debt is more than $25,000,000,000, the American treasury at Washington, in spite of corruption, which it is well known does exist, has a surplus of $60,000,000. Whilst European governments cudgel their wits to devise means for meeting the expenses of absolute monarchies, the Washington government is at a loss to know what to do with the money it has in hand. Whilst the European telegrams in the daily papers give accounts of reviews, mobilizations and military maneuvers, of speeches in which the people are reminded that their duty is to serve their emperor first and their country afterwards, of blasphemous prayers in which God is asked to bless soldiers, swords and gunpowder, the American telegrams announce the price of corn and cattle and the quotations on the American stock exchange.

Happy country that can get into a state of ebullition over a presidential election, or the doings of John L. Sullivan, while Europe in trembling asks herself, with the return of each new spring, whether two or three millions of her sons will not be called upon to cut each other's throats for the great glory of three emperors in search of excitement!

America is not only a great nation, geographically speaking.

The Americans are a great people, holding in their hands their own destiny, learning day by day, with the help of their liberty, to govern themselves more and more wisely, and able, thanks to the profound security in which they live, to consecrate all their talents and all their energy to the arts of peace.

The well read, well bred American is the most delightful of men; good society in America is the wittiest, most genial and most hospitable I have met with.

But the more I travel and the more I look at other nations, the more confirmed I am in my opinion that the French are the happiest people on earth.

The American is certainly on the road to the possession of all that can contribute to the well being and success of a nation, but he seems to me to have missed the path that leads to real happiness. His domestic joys are more shadowy than real. To live in a whirl is not to live well.

Jonathan himself sometimes has his regrets at finding himself drawn into such a frantic race, but declares that it is out of his power to hang back. If it were given to man to live twice on this planet, I should understand his living his first term a l'Americaine, so as to be able to enjoy quietly, in his second existence, the fruits of his toil in the first. Seeing that only one sojourn here is permitted us, I think the French are right in their study to make it a long and happy one.

If the French could arrive at a steady form of government, and live in security, they would be the most enviably happy people on earth.

It is often charged against the Americans that they are given to bragging. May not men who have done marvels be permitted a certain amount of self glorification?

It is said, too, that their eccentricity constantly leads them into folly and license. Is it not better to have the liberty to err than to be compelled to run straight in leash? If they occasionally vote like children, they will learn with age. It is by voting that people learn to vote.

Is there any country in Europe in which morals are better regulated, work better paid, or education wider spread? Is there a country where you can find such natural riches, and such energy to turn them to account; so many people with a consciousness of their own intellectual and moral force; so many schools, where the child of the millionaire and the child of the poor man study side by side; so many libraries, where the boy in rags may read the history of his country, and be fired by the exploits of its heroes? Can you name a country with so many learned societies, so many newspapers, so many charitable institutions, or so much widespread comfort?

M. Renan, wishing to turn himself into a prophet of ill omen, one day predicted that, if France continued republican, she would become a second America.

May nothing worse befall her!

THE END.

### Puss Is All Right.

The cat has ever been regarded as a mysterious creature and has of a consequence been shunned, as amateur swimmers avoid deep holes, by the youth of our land in their literary efforts. The dog and the horse are notoriously what are termed "old stand bys" as subjects for composition, but it is noteworthy that the cat, though even more familiar to all than either of the aforementioned animals, is neglected in all Friday afternoon literature. The kitten is much beloved by reason of its frivolous and gay nature. Its propensity to amuse itself with any light object or, in default of other movables, its own fleeting tail endears it to all young persons, but there is an unnatural gravity and air of absorption in deep philosophical matters about the mature cat which is forbidding, not to say awe inspiring. It may be that its uncanny nature has caused it to be associated with witches. Certainly its habit of being out at all hours of the night gives color to the suspicion that it is a baleful beast. A cat acts as if it knew that the disclosure of its secrets would result in death to all its kind at the hands of an enraged humanity. Now there is something frank and open hearted about a dog. He may bite an enemy, but a cat will scratch its dearest friend. A dog cannot keep a secret. A cat never tells one.—Chicago Mail.

### The Paris Executioner.

There has been considerable talk about Deibler's want of dexterity in dispatching Prado. After every execution we hear the same thing, for Deibler is a little, hesitating man, with anything but an impressive way of doing business. His appointment as executioner caused many heartburnings, for, when Heindrichs died, there were 300 applications for the post. Deibler has married the daughter of Roch, the previous "Monsieur de Paris." He had also served as assistant to Heindrichs, and had made several important improvements in the mechanism of the guillotine. Considering his familiarity with blood, he is a very nervous man, and he has never forgotten Tropman's biting off Heindrichs' fingers during the operation of adjusting the lunette. The fact is that it is very difficult in tilting the bascule to so work it that the neck of the condemned man falls exactly into the hollow of the lunette so that the blade should strike in the right place; but Deibler was only a quarter of a minute in fixing Prado, though, no doubt, it seemed much longer to the waiting crowd, and to Prado.—Paris Cor. Pittsburg Chronicle.

### Flies and Wolves.

When visiting a friend last summer he called my attention to a curious plan for preventing the plague of flies in his house. The upper sash of one of the windows in his sitting room being open for ventilation, there was suspended outside a piece of common fishing net. My friend told me that not a fly would venture to pass through it. He has watched for an hour at a time, and seen swarms fly to within a few inches of the net and then, after buzzing about for a little, depart. He told me the flies would pass through the net if there was a thorough light—that is, another window in the opposite wall. Though the day was very warm, I did not see a single fly in the room during my visit, though elsewhere in the town they were to be seen in abundance. I suppose they imagine the net to be a spider's web, or some other trap intended for their destruction.

My friend mentioned the curious fact that in Russia no wolves will pass under telegraph wires, and that the government are utilizing this valuable discovery, and already clearing districts of the country from these brutes.—Notes and Queries.

### Extraordinary Canine Devotion.

The residence of Enoch McMahan, an old and highly esteemed farmer, near Anderson, Ind., was burned. All the family, except the old man, were away at singing school at the time, and he perished in the flames, his half consumed body being dragged from the burning building with poles by the first persons to arrive after the fire was discovered. It has been a question as to whether or not the old man was murdered and the house robbed and burned to conceal the crime. Leastwise, when the neighbors gathered they found Uncle Enoch's dog, Mingo, howling dismally about the burning building, and from that day to this the faithful animal has never left the place. The house was never rebuilt, and no one has since lived on the farm, yet "Mingo" lingers about the ruins and until recently slept in rain and snow. For months kind hearted people carried him food and water, and they built him a comfortable house on the spot where his master was burned, and like a hermit he stays there day and night, despondent and melancholy.—Indianapolis News.

## OLD AND CURIOUS COINS.

### PIECES OF SCARCE KINDS OF MONEY AND THEIR FANCY PRICES.

**The Goddess of Liberty in Different Positions—Coins from American Mints That Are More Prized Than Those That Were Current In the Days of the Cæsars.**

A craze which of late years has greatly developed and at this time shows no sign of falling off, is that of collecting rare coins. Chicago leads all western cities in the number of its numismatists and boasts some fine collections. It might be supposed that the demand would be principally for coins of great antiquity, but this is not the case. The chief inquiry is for sets of American coins, and some numbers are so rare as to readily command fancy prices. In certain years some descriptions of coins were not minted at all, while in other cases few copies were issued. Other coins are valued because of some error or eccentricity in the die; in fact, any variation from the ordinary types, if in good condition, will bring more than its face value.

ODD SIZES AND DATES.

Of the silver dollars, nearly all the earlier issues are in demand at a slight premium, and that of 1794, in which the goddess of liberty is depicted with flowing hair, is worth $20. As for the dollar of 1804, of which few are known, any copy in good condition will bring $200. The flying eagle of 1838 and 1839, and the coins of 1851, 1852 and 1858, with the liberty loving lady seated, are worth at least $15 each. The one time despised trade dollars, issued 1879 to 1883 inclusive, are at a premium of 10 cents each. Of half dollars, those of 1796 and 1797, with fifteen or sixteen stars, bring $15 each. Others of value are dated 1794, 1801 and 1802, and there are many more, such as 1836 with a liberty cap, 1839 with an "O" mark under the head, and a coin of 1853 with liberty seated, which are worth from $2 to $5 each. The scarce quarters are those of 1823 and 1827, with the head to the left, each valued at $15, while the 1796 fillet head is to be had for $2 and that of 1804 for $1. Twenty cent silver pieces of 1876 bring 30 cents; those of the succeeding year are cheap at $1.50. The dimes of the grandfathers are mostly worth from five to twenty times their face value, while half dimes in silver bring from 50 cents to $3 each, and a special brand of the vintage of 1802 will command $25. Silver three cent pieces run from 20 to 50 cents; nickel fives 15 to 30 cents each, and nickel threes 15 to 25.

COPPER LEADS GOLD.

There is a great demand for old copper cents, the first ambition of every collector being to start even with the procession in 1793 or so and bring it down to date with a coin for each year. It will cost him from $1 to $3 for the various kinds issued in 1793, $3 for 1799, and $2.50 for 1804. With the exception of a cent of 1809 with the head to the left the rest are reasonable in price. Half cents are in demand, and readily command from $4 to $6 for those of certain years between 1831 and 1849. But in these it must not be understood that those of all years are equally in request. Those issued 1840-48 inclusive, with the head to the left, average about $5 each. Washington medals, old fashioned cents, and the copper issues of New York, Vermont, Massachusetts and New Jersey bring, provided they have the necessary earmarks, sums ranging from $1 to $10.

There is not much call for gold coins, but trial pieces are valuable, and good proofs of double eagles of some years, as 1853 and 1856, bring a small premium. Scarce half eagles are those of 1815 and 1822, and worth full $20 each. On other dates from 1795 to 1834 some 20 to 30 per cent. premium is paid. Three dollar gold pieces of 1875 and 1876, with the figure of an Indian princess, bring $6 and $5, respectively. Quarter eagles of early dates run from $3 up to $9, and there are many gold dollars for which a slight advance on their face value must be paid.

Intending collectors need not distress themselves in looking for dollars of the years 1805-35, inclusive, for Uncle Sam was either short of metal or otherwise busy those thirty years and none were coined. There were no cents rushed on the market in 1815, and no eagles from 1805 to 1837, inclusive. The Confederate States made a die for a silver dollar and struck off a few, but ran out of silver. An authentic coin of that issue would bring $1,000. As a contrast to this it may be noted that you can get a penny of the Cæsars for 50 cents.—Chicago Tribune.

### Maxims for the Housekeeper.

The house showeth the owner.
Anger at a feast betrays the boor.
In a good house all is quickly ready.
As the year is so must your pot seethe.
Everything is of use to a housekeeper.
He that is at ease seeks dainties.
Better be meals many than one too merry.
He that saveth his dinner will have the more supper.
Never haggle about the basket if you get the fruit.
There is winter enough for the snipe and woodcock too.
Squeeze not the orange too hard, lest you have a bitter juice.
They who have little butter must be content to spread thin their bread.
Many a good dish is spoiled by an ill sauce.
The biggest calf makes not the sweetest veal.
When the stomach chimes the dinner hour don't wait for the clock.—Table Talk.

### The Daft Motor.

The Daft Electric company continue their experiments with the large motor and trains of cars on the Ninth Avenue Elevated railway in this city. Some weeks ago a train of eight cars was taken up a grade of nearly 2 per cent. at a speed of seven miles and a half an hour. On several occasions a speed of thirty miles an hour, with three cars, has been reached. The regular train speed on the Ninth Avenue road is thirteen miles an hour, but with the electric motor no difficulty is found in maintaining a speed of fifteen miles an hour. A Science representative was one of a party, a few evenings ago, who were carried over the road from Fourteenth to Fiftieth street at a speed approaching twenty miles an hour. The motion was smooth and easy, and there was nothing but the entire absence of smoke, smell and cinders to indicate that the train was not drawn by an ordinary locomotive.—Science (New York).

### As Chicagoans Pronounce It.

Most of the eastern people call it Illynoys, and most of the western people call it Illinoy. The proper pronunciation of the word is 'Eel-en-wah," the ultimate being pronounced a la Francais de Coquelin. Illinois is an Indian-French word signifying "men now on earth." The word is properly pronounced in Mizzoura, where the aboriginals seem to have retained the ancient Iroquois (Ir-ro-kwah) dialect in all its native purity. From them we learn that Saint Louis is Sunt Loo-uh, and that Kansas City is Kayn's Sut-tah.—Chicago News.

### The Alpha and Omega.

There are 202 letters in the Tartario alphabet and twelve in that used in the Sandwich Islands. These are the numerical extremes.

CURES RHEUMATISM.

**Rheumatism**

According to recent investigations is caused by excess of lactic acid in the blood. This acid attacks the fibrous tissues, particularly in the joints, and causes the local manifestations of the disease, pains and aches in the back and shoulders, and in the joints at the knees, ankles, hips and wrists. Thousands of people have found in Hood's Sarsaparilla a positive and permanent cure for rheumatism. This medicine, by its purifying and vitalizing action neutralizes the acidity of the blood, and also builds up and strengthens the whole body.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**

"I was laid up for six months with rheumatism, and used many kinds of medicine without good result till one of my neighbors told me to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. When I had used half a bottle I felt better, and after taking two bottles I think I was entirely cured, as I have not had an attack of rheumatism since." EUGENE H. DIXON, Mosseville, Staten Island, N. Y.

**Cures Rheumatism**

"I had attacks of rheumatism which increased in severity. I took three bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and I am pleased to say the rheumatic pains ceased, my appetite and digestion became better, and my general health greatly improved. I am firmly convinced that Hood's Sarsaparilla cured me, as I have felt no recurrence of this blood disease." WM. SCOON, Geneva, N. Y.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar. (1)

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.

**BEST COUGH CURE.**

For all diseases of the Throat and Lungs, no remedy is so safe, speedy and certain as AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. An indispensable family medicine.

"I find Ayer's Cherry Pectoral an invaluable remedy for colds, coughs and other ailments of the throat and lungs."—M. S. Randall, 204 Broadway, Albany, N. Y.

"I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for bronchitis and

**LUNG DISEASES,**

for which I believe it to be the greatest medicine in the world."—James Miller, Caraway, N. C.

"My wife had a distressing cough, with pains in the side and breast. We tried various medicines, but none did her any good until I got a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which has cured her. A neighbor, Mrs. Glenn, had the measles, and the cough was relieved by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I have no hesitation in recommending this medicine"—Robert Horton, Foreman *Headlight*, Morrilton, Ark.

"Ayer's Cherry Pectoral cured me of a severe cold which had settled on my lungs. My wife says the Pectoral helps her more than any other medicine she ever used."—Enos Clark, Mt. Liberty, Kansas.

**Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,**

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by Druggists. Price, $1; six bottles, $5. feb12tols

SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS.

DR. SCHENCK'S

**MANDRAKE PILLS**

Are the safest, surest and speediest vegetable remedy in the world for all Diseases of the Stomach & Liver.

**BECAUSE**

They clean the linings of Stomach and bowels like close competition in all the bowels,
Heal irritated and excited parts,
Promote healthy action and sweet secretions,
Correct the bile and cure biliousness,
Make pure blood and give it free flow,
Thus send nutriment to every part.

Do not fail to send for Dr. Schenck's new and admirable treatise on the Lungs, the Liver, and the Stomach, with their diseases and cure. It abounds in excellent information, and will give you ideas about these vital organs and the laws of health you never had before. Sent free.

**Dr. Schenck's Medicines.**

PULMONIC SYRUP,
SEAWEED TONIC,
MANDRAKE PILLS
PURELY VEGETABLE,

Are for sale by Druggists. Full printed directions with each package. Address all communications to Dr. J. H. Schenck & Son, Philadelphia, Pa. may17-lyd&w

HUMPHREYS'

**VETERINARY SPECIFICS.**

For Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Dogs, Hogs, and POULTRY.

500 Page Book on Treatment of Animals and Chart Sent Free.

CURES—Fevers, Congestion, Inflammation.
A.A.—Spinal Meningitis, Milk