

Around the Tea Table.

"Who was the greatest man you ever read about?" asked the matron of the Newsboys' Home in Chicago of an exceedingly ragged specimen of the genus homo who sat buried in a well-worn book one Sunday afternoon in the home, and promptly and emphatically came in response: Robinson Crusoe, "as he hustled when there wa'n't nothin' to hustle with."

It was at a ribbon sale in one of the leading dry goods stores in New York City. The clerks were busy measuring ribbon for an anxious line of customers, and the paper that is rolled around the ribbon was fast accumulating on the floor. A porter came along with a bag and commenced picking up the paper, when a fellow-worker hailed him with, "Hello, Jack! how's business?" "I can't complain," said Jack, "my business is picking up."

A LITTLE Boston girl, only three years old, who had had no experience in the matter of broken limbs beyond that afforded by the casualties in her family of dolls, had the misfortune to fall and break her own arm; and, as soon as she discovered what had happened to her, she cried out:—"O mamma, will it drop off?" "No, darling," the mother answered; "I will hold it so that it will not hurt you till the doctor comes, and he will fix it all right." "Well, mamma," the little one said, pressing her lips together, and trying to be brave, "do hold on tight, so that the sawdust won't run out."—*Youth's Companion*.

WASHINGTON, hearing that the colored sentinels could not be trusted, went out one night to ascertain if the report was correct. The counterespion was "Cambridge," and the general, disguised, as he thought, in an overcoat, approached a colored sentry. "Who goes there?" cried the sentinel. "A friend," replied Washington. "Friend, advance, unarmed, and give the countersign," said the colored man. Washington came up, and said, "Roxbury." "No, sah," was the response. "Medford," said Washington. "No, sah," returned the colored sentinel. "Charleston," said Washington. The colored man immediately exclaimed, "I tell you, Massa Washington, no man go by here 'ot he say 'Cambridge.'"

It was told some years ago of a Southern youth that one morning after completing a somewhat protracted toilet, he turned to his servant and enquired, "How do I look, Cesar?"

"Plendid, massa, plendid," was the ready answer.

"Do you think I'll do Cesar?" he asked, surveying himself and giving Cesar a quarter.

"Guy! massa, neber see you look so fierce in all my life. You look jis as bold as a lion!"

"A lion? What do you know about a lion? You never saw one, Cesar."

"Neber see a lion massa? Guy! I see Massa Peyton's Jim ride one over the mill every day."

"Why, you fool, that's a donkey!"

"Can't help dat, massa," said Cesar, "you look jis like him."—*Ex.*

ONE must be unusually quick-witted to endure the cross-examination of a skilful lawyer. In an action for payment of a tailor's account, a witness swore that a certain overcoat was badly made, one sleeve being shorter than the other.

"You will," said the lawyer, softly rising to cross-examine, "swear that one of the sleeves was shorter than the other?"

"I will," said the witness.

"Then, sir," thundered the lawyer quickly, with a flash of indignation, "I am to understand that you positively deny that one of the sleeves was longer than the other?"

Startled, the witness said: "I do deny it."

A storm of laughter ensued. After it had died away the lawyer said meaningly:

"Thank you, sir; I've no more questions."—*Saturday Evening Post*.

SOMEONE is unearthing some good war stories for *Harper's Round Table*. This among several recent good ones:

General Lee used to tell a story about a ducky that served in the war. It seems during the heat of the battle the general and his attendants were posted on a small knoll watching the course of the action. They desisted a colored soldier racing toward them, leaping over obstacles in his path, his face blanched with fear. He rushed up, and fell headlong on the ground in front of Lee, saying:

"Oh, massa general, let me stay here," Lee saw at once that the man was almost frightened to death, and useless as a soldier. It disgusted him somewhat, but his curiosity was aroused and he asked:

"Did you come here to get out of the way of the bullets?"

"Yes, massa; where de generals am de safest place on the field."

Interesting Facts.

THE oldest bank in existence is the Bank of Naples, founded in 1539, and is therefore far older than the Bank of England founded in 1694.

CROSS the pulpit of the Metropolitan Church, at Washington, lies the Bible from which John Wesley read his text to crowds and mobs and in later years to more orderly congregations. It was printed in 1835, and is still in a good state of preservation. Upon the fly leaf, in Mr. Wesley's handwriting, are the words: "Live to-day." These are very suggestive words, and are a clue to the great revivalist's career.—*The Island*.

VICTORIA has reigned unscathed while a Czar of Russia, a Sultan of Turkey, two Presidents of the United States, and one of France were assassinated; an emperor shot in Mexico; rulers of Spain, Bavaria, and Brazil forced to abdicate, and a queen of Hawaii deposed. She has watched the career of such master spirits as Cavour, Kossoth, Garibaldi, and Bismarck; mourned the passing of seven of her great prime ministers; outlived a husband, a daughter, an heir to the throne in the second generation; in fact, survived every important person of 1837.

THAT Philadelphia, the City of Homes and of Brotherly Love, is also a city of millionaires and the residing place of the largest aggregation of bachelor millionaires in the United States may sound like an exaggeration, yet such is a fact. By actual count there are at least seventy-five men in the Quaker city who are worth a round million and at least eighteen or twenty who may be safely estimated in five times that sum, and between five and ten who are worth ten times that amount. As a rule most of these gentlemen are quite unostentatious tradesmen or manufacturers who are not above hard work.

IN parts of the British Islands there are places where sounds travel in a most mysterious fashion. The whispering gallery of St. Paul's is probably the best-known instance, but there are others even more curious and interesting. There is a well at Carisbrooke Castle, in the Isle of Wight, the water in which stands over 170 feet below the ground level. Yet if you drop a pin into it the sound of its striking the water is perfectly audible to the listener. At St. Alban's Cathedral, before the restorations were made, the tick of an ordinary watch could be heard from end to end of the building, though more than two hundred feet in length. The evening gun at Plymouth has been heard at Ilfracombe, sixty miles away, and shepherds on Salisbury Plain have heard practice firing of big guns off Portsmouth.

Among the Books.

"A Fleet in Being" is the title of a little book by Rudyard Kipling, describing of the movements of British war vessels. It does not deal with the size, cost or armament of the ships, but is rather a graphic pen picture of the evolutions of these monsters of the deep, their gun practice, the habits of the sailors, etc. (Macmillan & Co., Publishers, London. Price, 35c. in paper.)

"BOYHOOME" is the title of a collection of French-Canadian stories and sketches recently published by our Book Room. The author is Henry Cecil Walsh, and the book is illustrated by William Brymner, R.C.A. The stories are really capital. Some are tragical, some pathetic, some humorous, but all interesting. Mr. Walsh shows marked ability as a writer of short stories. (Win. Briggs, Toronto. Price, 75c.)

THE hero of "Selah Harrison," by S. Macnaughton, reminds one very much of John Storm, in Hall Caine's *Christian*, but is a much sinner individual. The story, which is a very readable one, shows how inclination, self-interest, and even love were sacrificed upon the altar of duty. Selah Harrison was a religious man, whose religion was more than a sentiment. It was a practical, self-denying principle which led him to cast aside ease, comfort, everything that he might become a missionary to a savage tribe. The book is interesting from the first page to the last, and is full of illustrations of Christian heroism. (Macmillan Co., London. The Coppy, Clarke Company, Toronto. Price, \$1.00 in cloth; 75c. in paper.)

Temperance Items.

MONTREAL has about 900 places where liquor is sold. Its annual drink bill is about \$2,800,000.

FIFTY FIVE of the 220 organized counties of the state of TEXAS are under prohibition by the local option law.

BISHOP CHARLES B. GALLOWAY, who has done more to throttle the liquor power in Mississippi than any other man, says: "Every pulpit in the land should be a throne of thunder against the monstrous iniquity."

WHENEVER a young man or any man begins to frequent a saloon, the decay of character begins. The saloon is neither the creator nor the preserver of good character; it is its destroyer. The saloon is not a resort of good men.—*Dr. Rhodes*.

REV. DR. E. E. HOSS, of the Nashville *Christian Advocate*, says in a letter in his paper recording some of his observations in Cuba: "During a stay of two weeks in the island, I did not see a single Cuban or Spaniard intoxicated. He could not say the same of the American soldiers."

OUR Methodist mission in Peking, Straits Settlements, is a standing temperance sermon," writes Miss Martin. "The Methodist Church takes a very decided stand on the liquor question, and many of these people have the mistaken idea that in this hot climate liquor is necessary to life."

THE *Wesleyan Christian Advocate*, speaking of the sufferings among the poor in the city of Atlanta during the recent cold weather, and of the liberality of the good people who came to the relief of these needy ones, ends by exhorting rich and poor alike to unite in one strong effort to drive out the saloons, the cause of the trouble.

It is reported that the Warren Feather-hone Co. of Three Oaks, Mich., will locate elsewhere if the saloons of that place are not closed. The company has generously offered to pay into the village treasury the amount of saloon license received if the town is kept "dry." Here is a text for a whole sermon, but we do not need to preach it.