

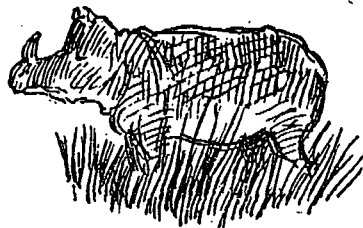
OUR OWN NATURAL HISTORY SERIES.

WRITTEN BY OUR BLACK-FINGERED P.D. FOR HIS MORE D.P.L.Y READ FRIENDS AND ACQUAINTANCES.



THE LION.

The Lion stands at the head of the nat'ral hist'ry class, because he is such a powerful feller. He is also a roarer, though not Aurora Boryalis. Forepaugh's has some of him, and he has four paws. With these he never paws but to kill with all his might and mane. The Lion is grate and full of fire. He once got into a net and could not tare himself out, which made him very gross. A mouse, who knew the ropes, saw the Lion's nettled condition, and gnawing what best to do, gnawed at the ropes and set the Lion free. The last seen of him was the end of his tale.



THE RHINOCEROS.

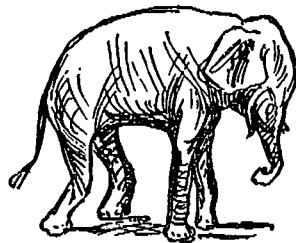
The Rhinoceros is ambibious. He lives partly in the Rhine and partly out of it. Although he is fond of water, he is fonder of his horn, and sometimes is not afraid to attack a schooner. He is also tough. In his native land his flesh is sold to boarding-house keepers to make soup of, and from which funny borders compound simple jokes in large quantities. At times the R. gets in a passion, and rips and tears around with his tusk, when his room is more desirable than his company. His skin is so thick that a bullet won't go in; it prefers to glance in passing.



THE BEAR.

The Bear is known as Bruin because he is always mischief-brewin'. His coat is of many colors—sometimes white, sometimes black, sometimes brown. He is fond of a big hug, which makes him a hugly fellow, and when he gets a show, he presses his suit of black or brown so hard that his enemy turns black and blue. The Bear lives in the woods, and those who go to hunt him should forbear to holler until they're out of the wood, for he is so full of grease that he proves a most slip-

pery customer. In captivity the Bear is fond of a bun, and when taught to dance he gets abundance.



THE ELEPHANT.

The Elephant lives in a circus. He is so strong that he never hires a man to carry his trunk around. He does not like needles. A man once made a cushion of him, and the Elephant came back and drowned him. It is needles to say more. To make the Elephant go to the right, his boss sticks a hook in the Elephant's right eye, when the Elephant says "aye, aye," and hooks it right away; to go left, the boss performs on the other eye, and gets left. The Elephant boss may thus be called a hooker of reyes. The Elephant carries heavy weights, light blacks and little whites, these being children, at five cents a head. Owing to his big feet, he shoes to go without boots. No more at present.

JUST now every one wants a new cool summer hat, and if there is any object in saving twenty per cent, the purchaser should let nothing prevent him from going to R. WALKER & SONS', as they import direct from the makers.



AMATEUR CONCERTS.

BY OUR OCCASIONAL GRUMBLER.

Thank heaven, the amateur concert season has again passed, and we are permitted to rest upon our E's for a Cson. Some fellow once said, "Spare me from my friends," but those friends of his could not have been musical, or he would have been more diabolically outspoken in his remark. Were I a phrenologist, I should say the bump most developed by amateur vocalists and instrumentalists was Self-esteem, and very powerfully too in many cases; whilst that of their oftentimes unfortunate hearers was Patience and Long-suffering rolled into one. Every musical season I am continually worried to attend such a concert, "just to hear how delightfully Miss Mimperton sings," or to listen to Mr. Bobbings, the powerful basso, "who goes down to C." I have always thought if these wonderful men must go down to see, surely their seeing is sufficient without me going with them. Then, again, I must, "yes, you must, dear boy," go and hear Miss Clementina Clippis play some foreigner's sonata, or rhapsodie, or something of the sort, upon the piano.

If I excused myself from one concert, I was sure to fall out of the frying-pan into the fire by being dragged to another.

To me there is a painful similarity in the conduct and performance of amateur musicians when upon the concert platform.

For instance, the lady Solo Pianist invariably comes on the platform with a dash, drops suddenly upon the musicstool, arranges her music, feels her back hair, stiffens her spinal column for action, glances at her hands, then dashes like a Gatling gun into the solo. Her frigidity of form is kept up to the end of the solo, when she rises abruptly, makes a bob at the audience, and is gone.

Then we have the Soprano. Her song is usually about love, at least so states the programme, for, in nine songs out of ten, the listener cannot make a word of English out of her vocalization. She appears upon the platform holding her music in her left hand, whilst with her right she gently draws across her mouth her newest and daintiest lace handkerchief, just to make jealous the ladies present. Whilst the opening symphony is being rattled through, the Soprano places her music in position, puckers her mouth in the most approved singing form, and launches into her song. If she be possessed of soul she will clutch her music convulsively and sway her body from side to side; when the words cannot be understood this is very taking. When the Soprano strikes a high note her mouth forms a large (O); when a low note is reached it assumes the shape of a (o). Her song concluded, she smiles charmingly upon her audience, makes a comprehensive bow, and gracefully retreats.

The Tenor is generally a tall, thin gent with a light brown moustache and a thinly clad caput. He comes upon the platform perfectly composed, and occupies the time taken up by the introduction to his song in complacently smoothing his moustache, or tenderly touching his scanty locks to know whether any have left their usual resting places. The Tenor, also, has a preference for love songs, which he sings either so emotionally that the audience look for an instalment of tears, or in such a gasping, rip-throat style that they groan for rests and lots of them. However, he comes out smiling, and retires with a firm belief in his great musical ability.

The Basso, on the contrary, is dark-haired, valiant and fleshy. He is particularly fond of sea and patriotic songs, and is so salted through with the former that he is ready at any time to take a five miles' trip on the lake without being seasick. The Basso, though valiant, is fond of runs, and revels in "The Wolf" and the "Holy Friar," tearing all the air off the wolf with the greatest gusto, and bringing out the friar's o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o with all the energy of a miniature Vesuvius.

He is undoubtedly the baseballer of the musical family, and makes his hits on runs.

I will not refer to the amateur instrumentalists—to the violinists, the flutists, the cornetists and their kindred. Many of them are as wearisome as the amateur vocalist.

I have done.

THE BEST YET.

There is no preparation before the people to-day that commands their confidence more, or meets with a better sale than does Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry—the infallible remedy for all forms of summer complaints.

Doctor.—Your wife is in a very critical state, and I should recommend you to call in some specialist to consult on the case.

Husband.—There, you see, doctor, I was right again! I told my wife she ought to get proper medical advice, but she thought you might get offended.—*Fliegende Blätter*.