

YOUNG FOLKS.

ROBINSON CRUSOE'S ISLAND.

A traveller gives this account of Robinson Crusoe's Island: "Opposite the harbor of Valparaiso stands the island of Juan Fernandez, sacred to the memory of Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday, who kept things tidily and listened to the tales his master told." There isn't a boy where the English tongue is spoken who hasn't read a description of this island better told than I am able to give it, and it is only necessary to say that Daniel Defoe, or whoever wrote the book, must have studied the place with great attention or had the island created to suit the picture he gave of it.

The little harbor is there, with its rocks and coves, just as it was when Robinson went ashore; the cave is in good order still, and the cliffs up which he and Friday used to chase the mountain goats. The goats are there, and the armadillos, the birds of wonderful plumage and the crawfish among the rocks. Every boy in North America who has read the story recently could go all over the place without a guide and find everything except Robinson himself and the faithful Friday.

The island belongs to Chili and is leased to a cattle company, which has 20,000 or 30,000 head of cattle and as many more sheep grazing over the hills. There are about fifty or sixty inhabitants, ranchmen with their families, under the charge of a Frenchman named Crawe, and besides the stock they raise a quantity of poultry and ship chickens and eggs, with some vegetables to the Valparaiso market. The timber on the island is said to be of excellent quality, but is not much used. No one goes there without bringing away a cane or two as a memento, and the brush from which these canes are made is of very beautiful fibre, and polishes well.

A DECIDEDLY COOL RECEPTION.

A well-known balloonist tells an amusing story of how he attempted, after a voyage through the air, to land in a locality where nobody had ever heard of a balloon, much less seen one. He dropped, he says, into a farmer's orchard, where the horses, boys, and dogs raised a very bedlam about him. The boys screamed, the dogs barked, and the teams at plough snuffed up like war-steeds and bolted with the plough behind them. Inside the orchard some horses snorted and reared up in the fence corner, and a negro boy lay on his back paralysed with terror as the balloon went surging up and down, ripping the grappling iron from one apple tree to another. The poultry were all in commotion, and the matron of the domicile stood at the door wringing her hands in anguish. The climax of excitement was reached, however, when the farmer himself rushed out, gun in hand, ready to shoot the "blamed thing." It was now the aeronaut's turn to experience some terror, for there could be no doubt that the old man would let fly with his blunderbuss the minute he saw it, though fortunately he turned first to look for the phenomenon in the wrong direction. This gave the balloonist a moment in which to cut the grappling-ropes and make off, and as the balloon rose the old fellow was heard to exclaim, in a satisfied tone, and standing in a half stooping position—"There, there, it goes!" "And" says the traveller, "I did go, too, glad to get out of range of the farmer's fowling-piece."

This is quite a different landing to what the hero of our new story had.

A LIVELY BANK ACCOUNT.

A small messenger boy in a large town was making a deposit in a savings bank. After passing up a battered and dog-eared bank book to the receiving teller, he proceeded to explore one after another of his numerous pockets. A long search among a miscellaneous assortment of keys, knives, match-safes, etc., finally developed the sum of thirty-three cents, which he handed up with a malign twinkle in his shrewd grey eye.

"So you're back again!" growled the receiving teller, as he chased the coins over the slippery surface of the glass, on the extreme edge of which the boy had carefully arranged them. "You're running down pretty low on your account. I suppose you are afraid the bank would fail if you had more than a dollar here at a time?"

"Well, I don't know," replied the boy in a ruminative tone: "I don't want to run no risks. I know a feller over yer in a telegraph office whose brother had six dollars wunst in a big bank down town eleven or eight years ago, and it busted an he never got only sixty cents outen it."

"Well," said the teller, in a peppery way as he shut the book with a snap, "any time you're afraid of your money you just come around and let me know, and I'll see you get it. Your account is too lively for us any way. We can't keep it in sight half the time—too much here to-day and gone to-morrow about it. This thing of depositing twenty cents in the morning and drawing out fifteen cents about 5.25 p. m., is getting played out."

"Why, last Saturday," said the teller, raising his voice, "you had a balance of thirty cents, and came around before I could get my coat off in the morning to deposit a quarter—afraid somebody would rob you, I suppose, if you waited till later in the day—and you were back again at one o'clock and drew out all but five cents. What was that for?"

"Wanted to go to a matinee with the feller in the telegraph office I wuz tellin' you about. You can bet it was a boss show. Say, did you ever see the minstrels?" inquired the boy, with an affection of the greatest interest.

"No, I don't go to such low places; and if I'd know you drew that money out to go to the theatre with, I'm here to tell you, you would have slipped up on it."

"What people don't know don't hurt 'em," answered the boy, with a grin.

"Well, now, see here," continued the teller, as he handed the book over, "your account is valuable, but hadn't you better transfer it to some bank where they can afford to hire one clerk to do nothing else but keep it? It would almost break our hearts not to see you half a dozen times a day, but we would try to bear up under it. You think it over, and if you conclude to follow my suggestion let us know a day or two in advance, so that we'll be prepared to give you the entire amount you're credited with."

MARK TWAIN'S WAY.

A gentleman acquainted with the famous humorist tells this story of him.

When I was living with my brother in Buffalo, Mark Twain occupied a cottage across the street. We didn't see very much of him, but one morning as we were enjoying our cigars on the veranda after breakfast, we saw Mark come to his door in his dressing-gown and slippers, and look over at us. He stood at his door and smoked for a minute, as if making up his mind

about something, and at last opened his gate and came lounging across the street. There was an unoccupied rocking-chair on the veranda, and when my brother offered it to him he dropped into it with a sigh of relief. He smoked for a few moments, and said:—

"Nice morning."
"Yes, very pleasant."
"Shouldn't wonder if we had rain by-and-by."

"Well, we could stand a little."
"This is a very nice house you have here."

"Yes, we rather like it."
"How's your family?"
"Quite well—and yours?"
"Oh, we're all comfortable."

There was another impressive silence, and finally Mark Twain crossed his legs, blew a puff of smoke into the air, and in his lazy drawl, remarked:—

I suppose you're a little surprised to see me over here so early. Fact is, I haven't been so neighborly, perhaps, as I might have been. We must mend that state of things. But this morning I came over because I thought you might be interested in knowing that your roof is on fire. It struck me that it would be a good idea if—

But at the mention of fire the whole family dusted up-stairs. When we had put the fire out and had returned to the veranda, Mark wasn't there.

A JUDGE FINED HIMSELF.

Did you ever hear the story of the judge who fined himself? That happened in B—a town of North America. The judge was presiding at a trial which had almost terminated, and a young lawyer was arguing with the court to make a certain charge to the jury. The proposed charge did not strike the judicial ear with favor and he declared himself against it. The lawyer insisted with such intensity that the court got angry. In those days, as it is now, it was the custom to call a leading lawyer to the bench if the judge desired to go out and get a drink, and the case went on just the same. Well, he who wore the judicial ermine in B—called a lawyer to preside, and, jerking off his coat, descended and thrashed the lawyer. He then resumed his seat on the bench, announced that he fined himself \$25 for contempt of court, and, pulling out the money, handed it to the clerk and had the judgment entered.

WHAT THE CHILDREN SAY.

"Robbie," said the visitor kindly, "have you any brothers and sisters?" "No," replies we Robbie, solemnly, "I'm all the children we've got."

Little Jim was baby brother to a family of married brothers and sisters, and was "uncle" to a little nephew when but a very small boy himself. Of course, the family talked a great deal about "Uncle Jim," so when there was another nephew, Jim exclaimed proudly, "Now, I'm two uncles!"

"Mamma is baking up-setters," said Elith the other morning, as she ran in to see us.

"What are up-setters?" said Aunt Mary.
"She maked 'em wif butter and eggs and flour."

Auntie went over next door to see what up-setters were, and found that mamma was baking pop-overs.

Johnnie had a drunken father who abused him a good deal. One day Johnnie had gone to a lecture given by a phrenologist. What that long name meant he did not know, but somehow managed to discover before the lecture was over that it was a man who

"tells what people like by the bumps on their heads."

Johnnie was called up on the platform to have his bumps examined.

"The development at the back of the head, my friends, indicates filial affection," explained the phrenologist, using grand words. "Now you will observe," he went on, feeling Johnnie's head, "that this bump is abnormal in size, thus indicating that this lad loves and reveres his parents to an unusual degree. Is it not so, my lad?" "Naw," "What? You do not love your parents?" "I think well enough of nither," replied the boy, "but I ain't very fond of feyther. That bump you're feelin' of he give me last night wid a broom-stick."

The lecturer looked sheepish.

HENRY GALLMAN OWNS a mill, and a man named Fruit attends to it. Fruit owns a large cat that, as soon as the mill is stopped by shutting down the gate, will immediately run down behind the mill and get on a log just over the sheeting over which the water is flowing. She will then look intently into the water, which is from eighteen inches to two feet deep, until she spies a fish. She then plunges into the water, frequently burying herself under it, but almost always coming out with a fish. She then quietly sits down on a rock near by and enjoys her meal.—E.E.

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