

Our Prejudice Against Foreign Countries.

[Harper's Magazine for October.]

Surely no candid critic would compare the historical and artistic and literary charms of other lands with ours, nor the society and scenery of monarchical Europe with those of our free and favored lands.

It is, however, necessary to see them with intelligence and tempered expectation. In the hut of the Esquimaux we do not look for the lace draperies of the Fifth Avenue, nor upon the banks of the Thames or in the shadow of the Vatican can we expect to find buckwheat cakes and baggage checks.

"Why, Miss Bee, what's the trouble?" It was a bluebottle-fly which spoke, a friendly old fellow, but somewhat bluff in his ways.

"Well, that doesn't speak much for your wisdom, since you are a bee, and always will be a bee," replied plain-spoken Mr. Bluebottle.

"But I don't want to be a bee, and what shall I do?" was the hopeless rejoinder. "Well, make the most of what you don't like to be," buzzed the other.

Let it be enough to condemn anything whatever that it is not American. It is, indeed, ridiculous in England to hold out against the baggage check because it is American.

"Because it's so earthly, and has no ambition," responded the other. "Does ambition make people happy, or keep them from being wretched?"

"No, not happy, perhaps," faltered the bee; "but I think it grand not to be content to be humble and common."

"Humble and common! I think we are all humble and common enough. I shall wish you good morning," and the moth spread her wings and soared away, a silvery mite.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

THE DISCONTENTED BEE.—Little Miss Bee was crying, yet some people would not have known it, for it is not everybody's ears which can distinguish between a bee's sobbing and singing.

But this one was crying, there was no doubt of it; her sobs were piteous to listen to, as she leaned her head against the door of the hive, tiny tears trickling down one by one—such a small, desponding, sorrowful creature she looked, with all the gay, bright, laughing world around her.

Ah! yes, they were up there. She heard them go tripping off a rollicking party, while she lay hidden away in a stately lily, too miserable and discontented to join them, and now they were gone, and the hive was quiet—at least, free from their clamoring young voices, she crept into the porch-like entrance to have a good cry.

"Oh, I could be happy if I had something great and grand to do, if I were beautiful even, which I am not! Oh, if I were a beautiful butterfly, my life would be a glory of joy and pleasure, all the world would admire me!" so she wailed, and just then, as if to mock her, a lovely painted butterfly went sailing by, spreading her wings of rainbow tints to the sun.

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"But I don't want to be a bee, and what shall I do?" was the hopeless rejoinder. "Well, make the most of what you don't like to be," buzzed the other.

"What's that you were saying?" asked a pretty, modest gray moth, flitting by. "She had no great pretension to beauty, save when the sunlight fell on her, then she shone like polished silver."

"Why, that thickheaded bluebottle fly," rejoined Miss Bee, disdain in her tone, as talking to a worm.

"Well, you do, I should think; and were I you, Miss Bee, I should be the happiest being alive. As it is, I try to be happy, because I am what I ought to be," quoth the worm.

"You are but a poor earthworm!" scoffed Miss Bee; and the worm, abashed, was silent, and drew in his head.

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shouldn't make the most of our lives, and be hearty and happy, doing our very best, as nature intended us to do. Why, it was only this morning that I heard a boy singing a ditty just suited for such as we are:—

"If I were a cobbler, I'd make it my pride The best of old cobbler to be; If I were a tinker, no tinker beside Should mend an old kettle like me. Let who will be second, The first I'm determined to be."

Miss Bee was silent, that song was thrilling her through and through. "Come," said Mrs. Ant, "as it is a fine day, and my work is forward at home, I've a mind to go and see my cousins up on the downs, if you will bear me company, and then you can fall in with your friends—it is light work and willing hands up there on such a day as this."

"The summer is short, the winter is long, Work and be happy, be strong."

And up above, the bees were buzzing that it was sundown, and they were going home. Then Miss Bee and Mrs. Ant set off homeward, for the little bee did not wish to join her companions, they laden with the fruits of their labors, she bearing home nothing at all.

But the next morning, at sunrise, she was away to the downs; she had learnt the secret of life, that great things are small, if done for vain glory and to please self, and small things great, if performed honestly and well for the sake of duty and right; that the labors of the lowly ones make up much of the great world's happiness and comfort.

When winter came and the butterflies drooped, and shrank away out of sight, forgotten, when even the pattern ants fed on their summer gleanings, and thought not of others, Widow Grant sold honey and bought firing for her children's comfort with the money; and Miss Bee was glad in the great joy of knowing that she had not toiled and labored all the fair summer for herself alone, but also for others. She knew now that small could be made great, and that great become small; that, as the wise man puts it, "He that watereth shall be watered also himself."

"Dancing for a rooster" is a popular pastime among the Germans. They are generally gotten up by a saloon-keeper, who asks himself: "Chanticleer more than expenses by this rooster get the boys into my saloon?"

A snake was recently caught in a Welsh church by "charming" him from his retreat by the music of a harmonium. A snake is probably the only living creature that can be "charmed" by a harmonium. And no doubt the reptile preferred to come out and die than to listen any longer to its strains.

Protagoras, an Athenian rhetorician, had agreed to instruct Evalthus in rhetoric, on condition that the latter should pay him a certain sum of money if he gained his first cause. Evalthus, when instructed in all the precepts of the art, refused to pay Protagoras, who consequently brought him before the Areopagus, and said to the judges: "Any verdict that you may give is in my favor: if it is on my side, it carries the condemnation of Evalthus; if against me, he must pay me, because he gains his first cause."

WE have always been opposed to military parades, and now the news comes that the National Bank of Toledo was robbed of one thousand five hundred dollars on the occasion of a recent military demonstration in that city. There must be some legislation upon this subject. In the name of a long suffering public, we demand it.

Cruise of the Polly Ann.

BY ARTEMUS WARD.

In overhaulin' one of my old trunks the other day, I found the follierin' journal of a voyage on the starch canawl boat, Polly Ann, which happened to the subscriber when I was a young man (in the Brite Lexington of youth, when thar aint no sich word as fale) on the Wash-bash Canawl:

Monday, 2 p. m.—Got under wa. Posses not remarkable frisky at fust. Had to buid fires under 'em before they'd start. Started at last very sudden, causin' the bote for to lurch vilyent and knockin' me orf from my pins. (Saler frase.) Several passengers on bord. Parst throo deliteful country. Honist farmers was to work sewin' korn and other projuce in the fields. Surblime scenery. Large red-headed gal reclinin' on the banks of the Canawl, bathin' her feet.

"Whar away?" hollered the captin, clearin his glass (a empty black bottle, with the bottom knocked out) and bringin it to his eagle eye.

"The country is in danger," sed our captin, raisin' the bottle to his lips. The vessels parted. No other incidents that day. Retired to my chased couch at 5 minnits past 10.

Wednesday.—Riz airly. Wind blowin N. W. E. Hevy sea on 'n ship rollin' wildly in consenkets of pepper-korn havin' been fastened to the forrerd hoss's tail. "Heave two," roared the captin to the man at the rudder, as the Polly giv' a trifuteul toss. I was sick and sorry I'd cum. "Heave two!" repeated the captin. I went below. "Heave two!" I hearin him holler agin, and stickin' my head out of the cabin winder, I heer. The hosses becam dosile eventooally, an' I felt better. The sun burst out in all his splendor, disregarful of expense, and lively natur' put on her best licks. We parst the beautiful village of Lima, which lookt sweet indeed, with its neat white cottages, insteeds of learnin' an' other evijences of civilizashun, includin' a party of bald-headed culled men who was playin' 3 card monty on the stoops of the Red Eagle tavern. All, all was food for my 2 poetic sole. I went below to breakfast, but vittles had lost their charms. "Take sum of this," sed the captin, shovin' a bottle tords my plate. "It's whiskey. A few quarts alers sets me right when my stummick gits out of order. It's a excellen' tonic." I declined the seductive flood.

Thursday.—Didn't rest well larst night on account of a uprude made by the captin, who stopt the Bote to go ashore an' smash in the windows of a grocery. He was bro't back in about a hour, with his hed done up in a red handkercher, his eyes bein' swelled up orful, and his nose very much out of joint. He was bro't aboard on a shutter by his crue, and deposited on the cabin floor, the parsenjers all risin' up in their births, pushing the red curtains aside & lookin' out to see what the matter was. "Why do you allow your pashuns to run away with you in this onseemly stile, my misguided friend?" sed a sollum lookin' man in a red flammen nite cap. "Why do you sink yourself to the beasts of the fields?"

"Wall, the fact is," sed the captin, risin' hisself on the shutter. "I've been a little prejudecided agin that grocery for sum time. But I made it lively for the boys, Deacon! Bet your life!" He larft a short, wild larf and called for his jug. Sippin a few pints, he smiled gently upon the passenjers, sed "Bless you! bless you!" an' fell into a sweet sleep.

Eventually we reacht our jerney's end. This was in the days of Old Long Sign, be4 the iron hoss foaled. This was be4 steembots was goin' round bustin' their bilers & sendin' peepil higher nor a kite. Them was happy days when peepil was intelligen' & wax figgers & livin' wild beests wasn't sooft at.

"WHAT a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculties! In form and moving, how express and admirable. In action, how like an angel. In apprehension, how like a god!" And yet, somehow or other, he never looks that when he is backed up to a peanut stand taking in a tail-pocket cargo of peanuts.—Hawkeye.

A GREENFIELD child has said its prayers regularly every night since it was taught to lisp. "Now I lay me down to sleep." Hearing that its parents were about to remove hither, it closed its last evening prayer thus: "Dood-bye, Dod, we's goin' to live in Turners Falls!"—Turners Falls Reporter.

WHY is a toper's nose called red when it is corn colored?

A Whale's Death Flurry.

BY ARTEMUS WARD.

"Hurrah, boys! see she rises!" was the general shout. Up came the whale, more suddenly than we expected. A general dash was made at her by all the boats. "Stern for your lives; stern of all!" cried some of the more experienced harpooners. "See, she's in a flurry." First the monster flapped the water vilyently with its fins; then its tail was elevated aloft, lashing the ocean around into a mass of foam. This was not its death flurry, for gaining strength before any more harpoons or lances could be struck into it, away it went again, heading towards the ice. Its course was now clearly discerned by a small whirling eddy, which showed that it was at no great distance under the surface, while in its wake was seen a thin line of oil and blood which had exuded from its wound. Weighed, however, by its exertions and its former deep dive, it was again obliged to come to the surface to breathe. Again the eager boats dashed in, almost running on its back, and from every side it was plied with lances, while another harpoon was driven deep into it, making it doubly secured.

Our boat was the most incautious, for we were right over the tail of the whale. The chief harpooner warned us—"Back, my lads; back of all," he shouted out, his own boat pulling away. "Now she's in her death flurry." These words were not out of his mouth when I saw our harpooner leap from the boat and swim as fast as he could toward one of the others. I was thinking of following his example, knowing he had good reasons for it, for I had seen the fins of the animal flap furiously, and which had warned him, when a violent blow, which I fancied must have not only dashed the boat to pieces, but have broken every bone in our bodies, was struck on the keel of the boat. Up flew the boat in the air, some six or eight feet at least, with the remaining crew in her. Then down we came, one flying on our side, one on the other, but none of us hurt even, all spluttering and striking out together, while the boat came down keel uppermost, not much the worse either. Fortunately we all got clear of the furious blows the monster continued dealing with its tail.

"Never saw a whale in such a flurry!" said old David, into whose boat I was taken. For upwards of two minutes the flurry continued, we all the while looking on, and no one daring to approach it; at the same time a spout of blood and mucus and oil ascended into the air from its blow-hole and sprinkled us all over. "Hurrah, my lads, she spouts blood!" we shouted out to each other, though we all saw and felt it plain enough. There was a last lash of that tail, not faint and scarcely rising above the water, but which, a few minutes ago, would have sent every boat round it flying to splinters. Then all was quiet. The mighty mass, inanimate, turned slowly round upon its side, and then it floated belly up and dead.

The Habits and Home of the Albatross.

[Eclectic Magazine.]

The albatross is essentially the scavenger of the ocean, and we doubt whether it makes any attempt to capture living fish unless when very hungry, for we have seen flying fish rising in quantities while the albatross made no attempt to catch them. That the nautilus is sometimes eaten is evident, for we have taken it from the stomach; but the chief food is dead fish and other refuse. In the South Atlantic we passed the dead body of a small whale, on and around which were at least a hundred of these birds, either gorged or gorging themselves with the blubber; and guns discharged at them failed to induce many of them to take wing. We had on one occasion an opportunity of observing how rapidly these birds collect about a carcass. Like vultures or ravens, when an animal dies they discover it very speedily, and flock to the scene of the banquet. On a hot still evening in the South Atlantic a horse died, and when cast aboard next morning, the gases already formed by the decomposition enabled it to float. The few albatrosses in our company immediately settled down upon it; but in less than an hour we could see through the telescope a great cloud of the birds on the sea and hovering around the unexpected prize, the almost entire absence of wind having kept us within two or three miles of the spot. It may be that the usually white plumage enables stragglers, far out of human ken, to see their fellows gathering in the neighborhood of food; others again from still more remote distances may see them, and so on, until stragglers over hundreds of miles of space may be gathered to one common rendezvous.

The greater part of the year is passed by them at a distance from land, but they flock to barren and almost inaccessible rocks to breed. There the female lays her one dirty white egg in a slight depression upon the bare earth, the sitters being frequently so close together that it is difficult to walk without touching them. They are totally indifferent to the presence of man, and merely indicate their resentment of his intrusion into their nursery by snapping at him as he passes. The parents share the labor of incubation and rearing the young, and when this is over, they all go seaward together, and silence and solitude once more reign where all had lately been clamorous and busy life.

They Knew He Meant It.

[Fulton Times.]

When a newly married widower passed a crowd who were standing on First-street last week one of the party remarked: "He waited a long time before he hitched onto his second wife, didn't he?" "How long ago did his first wife die?" queried a subdued looking stranger, who was standing near.

The party figured that it had been about four years. "Too soon, too soon," mused the stranger; "if my wife should die I'd never get married again."

The moisture that gathered in the stranger's eyes engulfed the crowd in a sea of sympathy, and when he bowed his head, and they saw the marks of a rolling-pin behind his ear, and observed that several tufts of hair were missing from his scalp, they knew that he meant what he said.

PARIS

subscribed twelve thousand dollars for the benefit of the yellow fever sufferers of the United States.

Jones and the Barber.

[OH City Derrick.]

"Ah! I'm in luck," said Jones, as he entered the barber shop and found the barber reading a paper; "won't have to wait for my next," and he tossed his hat in the corner, and seated himself for a shave.

"How is this," said the barber, reading from a paper that marks its witty column with a blue pencil, "by George, how's this; pretty good, I take it," and he read—

"Did you ever see a pump handle anything? Did you ever see a witty cism? Who ever saw a dog call her?" and the good barber laughed heartily at these scintillations of wit, and said that some of those fellows are most blamed clever.

Then he turned to the yellow fever department, and, after reading three or four dispatches, asked Jones if he thought the scourge would reach our City.

Jones said there was a possibility it would get here by the middle of the winter, and he would like to be shaved and fixed up before it arrived.

The barber said it was a terrible thing, yawned, laid down the paper, and shuffled up to the chair. He arranged the towels about Jones's neck, felt of his beard, run his fingers through his hair, scrutinized a wart on the side of his nose, turned his lower lip down over his chin, and asked him if he had his teeth fixed in the Oil Regions or in New York.

Jones answered as best he could, considering that the barber still kept his hair hauled down about his ears.

After examining the dental work in the tooth, which he unhesitatingly pronounced a "good job," the barber let go of Jones's lip, and went out to throw a stone at a dog that was barking at a cat in the back yard.

When he came back, Jones would like to be shaved as quickly as possible, as he was in somewhat of a hurry.

"Certainly, certainly," said the barber, and he spread the lather over Jones's face, and began to hunt for a razor. After examining several, he began to slip the strap with one, while he remarked that that fall had probably set in in earnest, and that the base ball fever was about as bad as ever, etc. Giving the razor one pull down over the side of Jones's face, he wiped off the blade, laid it down, took up another, examined its edge, and whipped the strap with it as before, asking Jones if he thought business was really picking up any, and if he thought it would rain.

Jones moved uneasily on the stocks and said he was sure there would be a storm, and he wanted to get shaved and have his mustache waxed before the flood came.

The barber grew pale around the mouth, and his lip quivered. "You said that once before," he remarked curtly. "Don't say it again, please, or there'll be trouble. I'm a gentleman, when dealing with a gentleman, but I know when I'm insulted, sir."