Our Prejudice Against Foreign Countries.

[Harper's Magazine for October.] pare the historical and artistic and liter- all the gay, bright, laughing world ary charms of other lands with ours, nor around her. For it was summer time, the society and scenery of monarchical | the garden was gay with flowers, the Europe with those of our free and scent of which filled the air with perfavored lands. Switzerland is very fume, and all the trees were waving and well for those who have never seen the bending, and laughing together, as if White Mountains or the Adirondacks, they rejoiced in the clear, blue sky the Sierras and Yosemite; and Rome, above, rejoiced in the sunshine, rejoiced with its antiquated history, and huge in all the summer gladness, and in life old-fashioned palaces and mouldy itself. And away, not far from the cotchurches, and dilapidated gardens and tage garden, were the downs, where the galleries, is doubtless interesting to per- breezes rioted and romped, the sunlight sons like Goethe, who have merely to lay warm and golden, and the harebells, cross the Alps and pass through Lom- wild thyme, and many other wild bardy and Tuscany, by Como and Mi- flowers, shook and swayed to and fro, as lan, by Florence and Thrasimene, to see if with laughter, making a low, sweet it; and indeed it is a very creditable sound, like the chiming of fairy bells. city even to those who are familiar with | Miss Bee's young friends and compan-New York. There is much, also, to be ions were all up there at their daily justly said in favor of England and toil, which was very like play to them, France and Germany. For very old so much they loved the gathering of tries, they furnish considerable reward | their tiny burdens to lay by for the for the trouble of the American patriot | winter. in crossing the ocean to see them. They are all excellent countries in their way; and their inhabitants, although exceedespecially to the American philanthro-

with intelligence and tempered expecta- she crept into the porch-like entrance tion. In the hut of the Esquimaux we to have a good cry. do not look for the lace draperies of the he remembers Gulliver in Lilliput, and of sight. he neither expects or demands that the "Why, Miss Bee, what's the trouble?" landscapes, the customs, the conven- It was a bluebottle-fly which spoke, a iences, the society, the government, the friendly old fellow, but somewhat bluff religion, or the people of other countries | in his ways. shall be as perfect as those of his native rose the queen of flowers, and the sun her head in shame, the source of light and heat. For His | "Well, that doesn't speak much for infinitely inscrutable purposes He has your wisdom, since you are a bee, and also been pleased to make some extra- always will be a bee," replied plainordinary countries and people. But it spoken Mr. Bluebottle. would be a kind of impiety to suppose that the chosen land and nation are to what shall I do?" was the hopeless relearn anything from the experience of joinder. such countries or the genius of such people. How can people, for instance, who have no baggage checks, and whose idea of a dessert does not go beyond a gooseberry tart, which, also, they are not yet civilized enough to call properly | Bluebottle, who was not given to making pie-how can such a people possibly in- many remarks. struct the proud denizens of a free West in any detail of convenience or of to soar, and rise, and shine." government, in any kind of mechanical workmanship, or scientific, or political, or economical knowledge? Is not our home in the setting sun? Are not our institutions democratic and popular? Have we not abolished monarchy and | fly," rejoined Miss Bee, disdain in her aristocracy? Can we not sweep without | tone, at talking to a worm. change of cars, and with baggage checked above all, in the civil war; and did not our little navy do glorious service in the "You are but a poor earthworm!" war of 1812? And if these things be scoffed Miss Bee; and the worm, abashed, so, if these great facts are already his- was silent, and drew in its head. torical, is it not absurd to suggest that "What's that you were saying?" we can learn anything of other countries, or that we may not-nay, must nothave our own theories of commercial intercourse, of currency, and of gravi-

Let it be enoug't to condemn anything whatever that it is not American. It is, indeed, ridiculous in England to held out against the baggage check because it is American. But despite the captiousness of unpatriotic snarlers, who are doubtless bribed with foreign gold, it is the height of wisdom in America to held out against the laws of science as expounded by Englishmen, and against the experience of every country in the world whose home is not in the free West. These are evidently the patriotic sentiments of one American statesman, who, standing tiptoe upon a jocund mountain-top, lately exclaimed: "Fellow citizens, if we lack any-

thing as a nation, it is the spirit to rise to the magnificient height of our position and our opportunities. For this grand America we must have a grand American policy, which will not look to European bankers for theories of finance, or to Cobden Clubs for theories of industrial economy. At least we should upon a barren, although rightful, preeminence in the affairs of the world."

How characteristically British-that is, insular, cockney, provincial, smallit is to refuse to use baggage checks because they are an American invention! Why should those absurd John Bulls insist upon a grand policy of inconvenience? Other nations are certainly extremely ridiculous. But for our grand America we ought to have an American alphabet of the English language, and a grand, exclusive, American theory and practice of medicine.

A Succinct Account of the Sun.

Professor Rudolph, in a lengthy paper on the sun, remarks: "It is a molten or white hot mass, equaling in bulk, 1,260,miles deep, tongues of flame darting up- butterfly, and had time to go here and wards more than 50,000 miles, volcanic | there to be admired." forces that hurl into the solar atmosthan 18,000,000 years.

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, despond-Surely no candid critic would com- ing, sorrowful creature she looked, with

Ah! yes, they were up there. She heard them go tro pping off, a rollicking party, while she lay hidden away in a ing queer, are not destitute of interest, stately lily, too miserable and discon-It is, however, necessary to see them | free from their clamoring young voices,

"Oh, I could be happy if I had some-Fifth avenue, nor upon the banks of the thing great and grand to do, if I were Thames or in the shadow of the Vatican | beautiful even, which I am not! Oh, if | tented, and this is the song they sung as can we expect to find buckwheat cakes I were a beautiful butterfly, my life they labored and baggage checks. It was very would be a glory of joy and pleasure, all natural in the Englishman of the last | the world would admire me!" so she century to be so hot against popery and | wailed, and just then, as if to mock her, wooden shoes. The gambols of polly- a lovely painted butterfly went sailing wogs in a pool are entertaining to the by, spreading her wings of rainbow tints superior observer. The American to to the sun. Little Miss Bee's sebs day contemplates with equanimity the seemed to be choking her, as she watched Ant set off homeward, for the little bee labels that are pasted on his trunks, for | the bright creature go flashing away out

"Oh, Mr. Bluebottle, I want to be a land. God has been graciously pleased butterfly-in short, anything but what I to make him an American, as he made am, and I don't care who knows it." So Shakspeare the greatest of poets, the she spoke, but she did care, for she hung and right; that the labors of the lowly fined Bill ten dollars for contempt of

"But I don't want to be a bee, and

"Well, make the most of what you don't like to be," buzzed the other.

"And what is that?" queried Miss Bee, fretfully, "Do your duty," and on went Mr.

"He doesn't know what it is to wish

The little bee spoke in scornful pity. "Who doesn't?" asked a hollow voice, and a worm lifted its head out of its

"Why, that thickheaded bluebottle

"Well, you do, I should think; and through, from the Atlantic to the were I you, Miss Bee, I should be the Pacific? We were victorious in the happiest being alive. As it is, I try to Revolution, in the Mexican war, and, be happy, because I am what I ought to

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.

"I was speaking to that wretched worm yonder," explained Miss Bee; for the humble worm had raised his head again to listen, but spoke never a word. "Why wretched worm?" questioned Miss Moth.

"Because it's so earthly, and has no ambition," responded the other.

"Does ambition make people happy, or keep them from being wretched?" and the little moth eyed the other nar-

"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. shall wish you good morning;" and the moth spread her wings and soared away, a silvery mite. "Oh dear, will nobody sympathize

with me?" moaned the unhappy one. And now the soft breezes came wandering down from the hills, rippling with the laughter of the tiny laborers

grets for what could never be. ant, toiling along with a baby antin her mouth.

"Oh, Mrs. Ant, I do; but you can't "I am not so certain of that," rejoined the honest ant; "what is the matter?"

"I want to be what I am not," was Miss Bee's explanation.

"Isn't it sad that I should only be a bee and you an ant, toiling, drudging creatures, without beauty or grace, 000 worlds like our own, having a sur- when we could-at least, I could-enjoy rounding ocean of gas on fire, 50,000 so much, if only I had the beauty of a

"Nonsense, child! nonsense!" cried sphere luminous matter to the height of 160,000 miles drawing to itself all the nobler life, if we choose to make it so, worlds belonging to our family of than ever a butterfly could rejoice in planets, and holding them all in their living. We are teaching the wide world proper places; attracting with such su- a lesson. 'Busy as a bee,' 'Industrious perior force the millions of solid stray as an ant,' is said of those who work, and ject. In the name of a long suffering sleep." Hearing that its parents were masses that are wandering in the fath- toil, and never grow weary. Homely in public, we demand it. omless abyss that they rush helplessly appearance we are, I grant, but there towards him and fall into his fiery em- | was never a life so lowly and mean which brace. And thus he continues his sub- could not be made beautiful and noble lime and restless march through his by patient perseverance in well-doing. The guests think he must be a descendmighty orbit having a period of more If we are among earth's humblest and ant of the chief in Scott's "Marmion," lowliest workers, I don't see why we from the way he charges.

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 oid cubblers 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." So Mrs. Ant laid her baby ant in a daisy, which served for a cradle, and off went the two together as much as one flying and the other crawling could be supposed to keep together. Joy, gladness, merriment and laugh-

ter were rioting among the sunbeams there, and honest labor was the order of | Injianna legislater, which he urbanely the day. The ant-knolls were teeming with life. Mrs. Bee happening to alight on a fairy circle, was changed into an ant for the time being, and went with her sage old friend into the midst of an ant village, nobody there knowing she and necessarily somewhat musty coun- sweets and pollen, and bringing home was a changeling. The streets were full of passers to and fro, those who brought in, and those who had to store; some were what we should call merchants, changing and exchanging goods with one another, for there was no coin current there. Some were humble sellers, tented to join them, and now they were bright, active little creatures, with gone, and the hive was quiet-at least, twinkling eyes, others were porters, others attended to the sick! There were nurses walking here and there with baby ants, wee, weak, colorless things, out for their daily airing, as we may suppose, but all were happy, and con-

"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. did not wish to join her companions, aroun' town on that old white mare of she bearing home nothing at all.

was away to the downs; she had learnt let drive his rifle at him. The bullet small, if done for vainglory and to please | whizzed parst his left ear, lodgin in the self, and small things great, if performed wall behind him; but what dive 'spose honestly and well for the sake of duty | the old despot did? Why, he actooally happiness and comfort. How she toiled arsked the capting of the Warier as he forgetting self and pleasure, because she | capting. was so full of inward satisfaction in doing and bearing.

forgotten, when even the pattern ants at 5 minnits parst 10. fed on their summer gleanings, and thought not of others, Widow Grant N. W. E. Hevy sea on an' ship rollin' sold honey and bought firing for her wildly in consekents of pepper-corns 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 I'd cum. "Heave two!" repeated the that small could be made great, and that great become small; that, as the wise I hearn him holler agin, and stickin' man puts it, "He that watereth shall be watered also himself."

Norristown Herald Etchings.

Miss Ada Cavendish, the English actress, ought to succeed in New York. She has plenty of papers to back-her.

Three base-ball players have been

killed this summer, while only one polo player had a shin bruised. Polo is a very tame pastime, and can never hope to supersede the noble game of base ball. "How Shall I Earn a Living?" is the title of an article in a contemporary.

Perhaps it never occurred to the writer to go to work. That is the best way we know of to earn a living. The Post-office Department has ruled

that a husband has no control over the correspondence of his wife. But this decision will not prevent a man from carrying his wife's letter around in his inside coat pocket three weeks before mailing it. "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 roos-ter 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.

Ancient Sophists.

Protagoras, an Athenian rhetorician, had agreed to instruct Evalthus in up among the chiming bell-like flowers. rhetoric, on condition that the latter sum time. But I made it lively fer the be the arbiters and masters of our own destiny, even if we do not care to insist silly little bee! letting the precious moshould pay him a certain sum of money boys, Deacon! Bet your life!" He ments glide by unimproved, in vain re- if he gained his first cause. Evalthus, when instructed in all the precepts of "Who wants sympathy?" asked a tiny | the art, refused to pay Protagoras, who consequently brought him before the Areopagus, and said to the judges: sleep. "Any verdict that you may give is in help me," spoke the little bundle of dis- my favor: if it is on my side, it carries content, pouting as much as a bee can the condemnation of Evalthus; if against me, he must pay me, because he gains his first cause." "I confess," replied Evalthus, "that the verdict a kite. Them was happy days when will be pronounced either for or against me; in either case I shall be equally "Well, you'll never be that, because acquitted; if the judges pronounce in nature is nature. Still, I am sorry for my favor, you are condemned; if they you," spoke little Mrs. Ant. agreement, I owe you nothing, for I "WHAT a piece of work is man! How lose my first cause." The judges being noble in reason! How infinite in faculunable to reconcile the pleaders, ordered them to reappear before the Court one and admirable. In action, how like an hundred years afterwards.

> 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

CHESTER is the name of a hotelkeeper at one of the fast summer resorts.

Cruise of the Polly Ann. BY ARTEMUS WARD.

In overhaulin' one of my old trunks the other day, I found the follerin' jernal of a vyge on the starnch 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 Wabash Canawl:

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

Turned in at 15 minutes parst eleving. Toosday.-Riz at 5 and went up on the poop deck. Took a grown person's dose of licker with a member of the insisted on allowing me to pay for. Bote tearin throo the briny waters at the rate of two Nots a hour, when the boy on the leadin hoss shouted:

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

"Bout four rods to the starbud," screamed the boy. "Jes so," screecht the capting. "What

vessel's that air?" "The Kickin Warier of Terry Hawt, and be darned to you!" "I, I sir!" hollered our capting.

"Reef your arft hoss, splice your main jib boom, and hall in your chambermaid. What's up in Terry Hawt?" "You know Bill Spiker?" sed the cap-

ting of the Warier. "Wall, I reckin. He kin eat more fride pork nor any man of his heft on the Wabash. He's a ornament to his tering and striking out together, while

"Wall," continnerd the capting of the Kickin Warier, "Wilyim got a little owly the tother day, an' got to prancin they laden with the fruits of their labors, | his'n, and bein' in a playful mood he rid up in front of the court 'us' whar old But the next morning, at sunrise, she Judge Perkins was a holdin court, and the secret of life, that great things are didn't hit the Judge at all: it only jest ones make up much of the great world's court! What d'ye think of that?" all that summer, poor little ardent thing, parst a long black bottle over to our

"The country is in danger," sed our capting, raisin' the bottle to his lips. When winter came and the butterflies | The vessels parted. No other insidents | round upon its side, and then it floated drooped, and shrank away out of sight, that day. Retired to my chased couch

Wednesday.—Riz airly. Wind blowin havin' been fastened to the forrerd hoss's tail. "Heave two," roared the capting to the man at the rudder, as the Polly giv' a friteful toss. I was sick and sorry capting. I went below. "Heave two!" The hosses becam dosile eventooally,

my head out of the cabin winder, I hev. an' I felt better. The sun burst out in all his splendor, disregardless 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, instituots of learnin' an' other evijences of civilizashun, includin' a party of bald-heded cullered 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 capting, shovin' a bottle tords my plate. "It's whisky. A few quarts allers sets me right when my stummick gits out of order. It's a excellent tonic." I declined the seductive flooid.

Thursday.-Didn't rest well larst night on account of a uprore made by the capting, who stopt the Bote to go ashere an' smash in the windows of a grosery. 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 jint. He was bro't abord 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 flannen nite cap. "Why do you sink yourself to the Beasts of the fields?"

"Wall, the fack is," sed the capting, risin' hisself on the shutter, "I've ben a little prejudiced agin that grosery for 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

Eventooally we reacht our jerney's end. This was in the days of Old Long Sign, be4 the iron hoss foaled. This was be4 steembotes was goin' round bustin' their bilers & sendin' peepil higher nor peepil was intelligent & wax figgers & livin' wild beests wasn't scoft at.

"O dase of my boyhood I'm deremin on ye now." (Poeckry.)

ties! In form and moving, how express 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 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.

"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 violently 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. Wearied, 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 ahimal 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 one side, one on the other, but none of us hurt even, all splutthe 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 bad as ever, etc. Giving the razor one 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-holes 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 into splinters. Then all was quiet. The mighty mass, inanimate, turned slowly 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 | very much out of patience, "I came t makes any attempt to capture living here to get shaved, and not to be talked fish unless when very hungry, for we to death." have seen flying fish rising in quantities while the albatross made no attempt to exclaimed the barber in a rage, "you catch them. That the nautilus is some- | don't want to be talked to death, don't times eaten is evident, for we have taken | you! A barber can't open his mouth, it from the stomach; but the chief food can't he? O no, a barber is a doggoned is dead fish and other refuse. In the machine, I suppose, and must move South Atlantic we passed the dead body about his work like a wooden Injunin of a small whale, on and around which | front of a cigar store. All right, all were at least a hundred of these birds, | right! you shall be shaved and have either gorged or gorging themselves with | your mustache waxed so blamed fast the blubber; and guns discharged at it'll make your head swim!" them failed to induce many of them to | And, buckling down to his work, he take wing. We had on one occasion an | shaved Jones in two minutes and a half opportunity of observing how rapidly by the watch, and cut him seventeen these birds collect about a carcass. Like | times by actual count. vultures or ravens, when an animal dies | Moral-Let a barber talk. It is they discover it very speedily, and flock | cheaper than to be kept away from busito the scene of the banquet. On a hot ness for two or three days while you still evening in the South Atlantic a | stop bleeding. horse died, and when cast overboard 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

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 is ended, but amid the disappointment remarked:

"How long ago did his first wife die?" queried a subdued looking stranger, who was standing near.

about four years. "Too soon, too soon," mused the stranger; "if my wife should die 1'd

never get married again." The moisture that gathered in the stranger's eyes engulphed the crowd in a sea of sympathy, and when he bowed his head, and they saw the marks of a country for a moral agent in the shape rolling-pin behind his ear, and observed of a patented spanker that will relieve that several tufts of hair were missing mothers from so much unnecessary toil from his scalp, they knew that he meant in bringing up Young America in the what he said.

PARIS subscribed twelve thousand dollars for the benefit of the yellow fever | dispatch. We are all right on the sufferers of the United States.

Jones and the Barber.

Oil 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 (1)

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

The barber said it was a terrible thin. vawned, laid down the paper, and shad fled up to the chair. He arranged the towels about Jones's neck, felt of his beard, run his fingers through his harscrutinized a wart on the side of his nose, turned his lower lip down over his chin, and asked him if he had his touch fixed in the Oil Regions or in New York Jones answered as best he could, out

sidering that the barber still kept his la hauled down taut. After examining the dental work the tooth, which he unhesitatingly but nounced a "good job," the barber be go of Jones's lip, and went out to throw a stone at a dog that was barking at

cat in the back yard. When he came back, Jones said he would like to be shaved as quakly as possible, as he was in somewhat it

"Certainly, certainly," said the barber, and he spread the lather over June face, and began to hunt for a razor. After examining several, he began to slate the strap with one, while he remarked that fall had probably set in in carmet. and that the base ball fever was about as pull down over the side of Jones's Tage. 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, ur there'll be trouble. I'm a gentleman, when dealing with a gentleman, but I know when I'm insulted, sir."

"Well, confound it all," said Jones.

"O, you want to be shaved, do you,"

Pearls.

It is easier to believe an all report than to inquire into the truth thereof. An army understands better the idea of glory than that of liberty. The wisest of men is he who has the

How we loiter away our lives! If we wasted all our means as we do our time. we should be bankrupts all. If you wish to be happy, have a small house and a large balance at your banker's; if you wish to be unhappy.

most complaisance for others.

overtakes him.

adopt the opposite plan. Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all easy; and he that riseth late must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night, while laziness travels so slowly that poverty soon

THE first impression of the fair sex which the traveler receives in a Japanese crowd is in the highest degree unfavorable; the ghastly appearance of the faces and bosoms, thickly coated with powder, the absence of eye-brows, and the blackened teeth, produce a mopainful and disagreeable effect. Were it not for this abominable custom, Japanese women would probably rank high among Eastern beauties, certainly far before Chinese. All Japanese writer whom I have read upon the subject. affirm that to have no evebrows and black teeth is considered a beauty in Japan, and that the object of the process is to add to the charms of the fair

THE harvest is past and the summer which the farmer feels at the short crops "He waited a long time before he comes the consoling reflection that the hitched onto his second wife, didn't festive bumble-bee will no more seek shelter in the leg of his capacious trowsers.—Breakfast Table.

BETWEEN 1368 and 1628 there were The party figured that it had been forty periods of famine in the provinces of China which are now suffering with a similar calamity. In ten of these the record reports that human flesh was eaten. Perhaps this accounts for the Manchoo dynasty.—Hartford Courant.

THERE is a growing demand in this way it should go.

Gold closed at 100 says a financial what we want is the 100.