# The Democratic Watchman.

## BELLEPONTE, PA.

LOST.

The meon comes out and glimmers, The stars like dismonds gleam, And long green boughs are waring O'er's pleasant mountain stream.

And my thoughts they (ravel backward Into the long dead years, And your face comes up before me, Seen through a mist of tears.

We met-we loved-we parted; The story ever new, We lived-we hoped-we waited, And so the long years grow.

A vest see rolls between us, A guit that time has made, New habits grow upon us. Old beauties faint and fude.

Take one last look behind yon, Into the vale of years, Does my face come yet befor you, Seen through a mist of lears?

WELEING THE CROSS" will be continued next week, the mails having failed to bring u the usual weekly instalment. After this week we hope to be able to continue it regularly 

#### Nothing To Make us Happy.

Many a man and many a woman is dissatisfied with life and continually wishing themselves dead. They look with envy upon the success of othershave no desire to succeed themselves, and throw shadows upon the lives o others by wishing themselves out of this world and into the next. Now we have been thinking—thinking that such persons will not be happy in a where He who is Supreme has it all His own way, when they are mis-erable in a world where we have it all ours !

To be happy is to live to a purpor With happiness life is a success. With out it a failure. Yet people sneer at those who try to be happy. Those who love each other and rest like the glories of a setting sun over field and forest-who are good, and kind, and loving, and demonstrative in their af fections are called fools, even by those who profess religion and purified in-tentions. And yet they profess to follow the teachings of ILim who says Heaven is but eternal happiness, where loved and loving rest forever, with the near, the dear, the constant, the worshipped.

Some envy others bappinees, and by remarks, cruel talk, wicked thrusts and baneful speech, wound and weaken those who are striving for a heart shelter we all need-the love even Christ Jesus found in the society of Mary and Martha. Why not allow others to be happy even if we cannot !

We are happy, and contented more and more as the years come to break our fall when into the fathomless abysa drops our soul to the heautiful rest which has no working. We are happy in being contented with the result of our striving. We are happy in our work and in our love. We are happy in our health, in our disposition and ability to work, and, above all, in the golden place we have in the hearts of so many of the poor, the earnest, the heart-suffering ones who write to us. and who do not, but call us triend

In front of our pleasant, cheery, welllit room, is a beautiful Park. All set around are trees. It is the property of the city -but we enjoy it as it it were all ours-as some would to own it all, and with the beauties thereof shut in by a high wall, so none could see In [ about, as if just around us were heav en and these were His stars. We en The water nees and joy all this. plashes into the basin, and large reservoir, cool and retreahing to the flesh, the ear. We are happy in this beauti ful feast.

And in the day time we look out to see the bude and leaves on the treesto see the chatty sparrows on the green sward and in the branches, making love and melody. We see the costly enclosure—the graveled walks — the nches whereon people ets or and children wandering therein-to see the elegant teams and beautiful ladies -the handsome equipages and stylish gentlemen go by-to see the houses, and the stores, and the steeet, and the telegraph wires, and the homes, and the spirgs, and all the works of man here before us, and are as happy in looking at them as if we owned them all. Somebody owns them. We can look at them. And that is all we ers relieve us of the care and attention which now is not ours.

cared for by his darling than we are by ours; her bosont is no softer resting place, her arms no softer her love no more hasting -her kiss and caress no sweeter than all these welcomes of our aweeter than all these wercomes of our loved one. All defining, werch is a arma-hechee and du on his boots-her beautiful bugs rinn, all rispg like physer as is sold een of a the ours is a start a word yechings dearer than his to him : And so, too, we are happy.

brain and muscles. Others have notdone so well; if they have dong better etill we are content. Our manhood has been preserved the while, and on our face or person is not so much as one mark of dissipation—on the heart of her we have of her we love is no deep tear fountain of sadness from our cold, selfish, cruel misure of strength and authority. And all these blessings add to our happiness and to our strength, as do the kind words of friends lead us as a little child

steps to reach an outstretched hand, that we may do more, and still more good while working to win the reward which will be given those who reach the Eternal Shores with their pearls in hand and not lost in life's great sea. And some are so intent on reaching the distant shore they lose on the way all that would gain for them admit tance, and rest beyond the line which separates the flowery plains from the hot, sandy shore where those must walk who have credentials entitling them to the Lealian Rest.

And as we are happy we would have others Bo. Would to Him who is Our Father that we could call to our room to night all the weary wives-those who are married, but O1 God, so wretchedly single; and all the men who promised to love them and give to them the happiness they once hoped for. That we could call to our room to-night all the men, "our brother-, who are killing themselves, crushing out their manhood, lading their life-boats with that which will drag them down--who are running wild and reckless, who are cold, cruel, brutal, harsh, sel fish, tyrannical, neglectful of home and home ones, and ask them to be men for the sake of manhood, and the glo rious reward it brings. That we could call to us to night all the little halt starved children who are unloved --- who have none to love and care for them-who are neglected by cruel, careless mothers and drunken, forgetful fathers, and give to each of them a boquet like the one before us in the form of a cross, which came from some one the other day, a kiss of lose, a bit of sunshine, I longed to comfort her by offering her and a hope for that beautiful life we

all might enjoy if we would. Thinking-and thinking. Wonder of wrecks, why women will not live for | I ucy must change and fade as the tor wrecks, why women will not live for a two must change and fade as the something besides ensy, foolery, fash ion; why boys will not think more of foororible old age, hale, beautiful, glorious in the sunset of bfe, than of decrept manhood—why they will not by the helt of the and the sunset of use charment will ber hundred thousand by the helt of the and the sunset of use charmen if or on more start and thousand by the light of the and the reward love charms that can never change or pall brings to earneat endeavor, swear to hve and be somebody to be kind, good, loving, useful honorable men, rather than be of the wandering, list to rise a victor : there must I sheet only lear, thoughtless driftwood which lines one brick moment, nor tear to be dethe shores, floats the sea, and bleaches med ' But this evening I could not on the sands tinted by the golden sun speak, the magic words that would

Well-the midnight is here. The Well-the motingin is nece, in tain Sangher, must needs come train work of the week is done. Have we long in upon us, and take her for been of use the past week? Have we walk upon the shore. It was "an o mode even one person happy? Yes walk upon the shore. It was "an o made even one person happy? Yes Perhaps more. We have tried, at all the night, as now, a thousand and events. We know where our chapters more bright lights are to be seen all have brought light and life to one We know where our chapters home which not many weeks since was an abode of cold neglect and mise take courage. If we have, perhaps, done good to others, and if we have, and to others, and if we have, and do, good to others, and if we have, and do, our life will be happy, our final rest sweet, our loved ones with us Over Yonder from whence comes the reach ing of a no low golden shadow which step by step, is leading us on the glorious Sabbath morning, which God gives all who have good records when comes na who are will "brothers sit to rest-the crowds of men, women, | ters" the resting hour of hie's Satur day Night -"BRICK" POWEROY "WHEN DID YOU SHAVE? -- In one of the towns of Arkansas, a man had been drinking until a late hour of night When he started for home, honest folks were in bed, and the houses were all shut and dark. The honor he had [], who might have prevented at least taken was too much for him and he did not k ow where to go. He at last baye made at least one heart happy-look at them. And that is all we staggered into an empty wagon shed, could do if we owned them - And oth - and tell upon the ground - For a long time he lay in the unconciousness of a diunken sleep, and would have frozen (for the snow on the ground showed make us happy-when such good the night to be serv cold) had not others less mensible than himself been around him. This shed was a favorite rendezvous of the hoge, they rushed out when the new comer arriv ed, but soon returned to their bed. քո the most kindness, and with truest hospitality, they gave their piped companlon the middle of the bed, some ly ing on either side of him, and other answering the name of a quilt. Their warmth prevented hun from being in jured by the exposure. Towards morn ing he awoke. Finding himself com fortable and in blissful ignorance of his whereabouts, he supposed himself enjoying the accommodation of a tay. He reached out his hand ' catching hold of the bristles of a hog, ex i claiming :----"Why, Mister, when did you shave last?"

The Old Batchelor's Note-Book.

I met Lucy Gray on the street to-I met Lucy Gray on the street to-day, for the first time since my acci-dent. She was very kind in her in-guring, atoms black her hand a mo mint wien, said good bye, she raised her eye with a high that made her own like a kina and rose. She is a wiet relation, modest, beautiful and dufful; and I asked myself, as I stood lingering there, why all this hes-itation, this delay? Lucy would will-ingly be mine—I know the language We are happy. We have lived the life of a man. A glitation, his delay 7 Lucy would will-brave, earnest working man. All that ingly be mine—I know the language is ours we have won by honest toil of those dear blue eyes so well 1 And brain and muscles. Others have not abe would be a devoted wife, a gentle nurse. Why then do I hesitate? Alas! I cannot endure the thought, that, if I choose her, two other women must be driven to despair! And I, who am naturally so tender hearted where the fair sex is concerned how could I an swer to my conscience for the ruin I to give her up.

Young Harding came out of his store as I left her, and she blushed a rosier red than ever as she bade me Even that puppy must good-bye. have noticed it. Dare say, though, he took it entirely to himself. Those young fellows are so intolerably concetted! It was not so in my day.

I called on my glorious widow this afternoon. I found that everlasting that day to this, Strong, the lawyer, there, and she hit ed her dark gray eves with such a look of minute rolet, n=1 states and Splayed, and song to me alone, and law yer Strong sat sulking in the window all the while. At last his jealousy got the better of him, and with a hasty farewell left the house. The dear crea ure grew serious at once when we were alone. She heaved a sigh and looked at me from under her long lashes. I knew only too well what she was expecting to hear, and the words were al most trendling on my lips, but the thought of Lucy and my intere-ting Harriet drove them back again, and I took my leave, still keeping her in sue pense to end this struggle, in justice to myself and them But the melting gray eyes of the charming willow haunt my own with their lingering bewitching gaze and echo the question, How? \*

At eight in the evening I called up with decended from the apper chamber on my third fair endayer, the herees to join her hu-band. A pang shot whose golden chains atone for they through her beating heart as she plainness other face and the scanty en him, for he, was intovicated; he had downents of her mind. I found her also broken his promise. alone, sitting at a window, and looking out with a said expression upon the when the drunken man broke into sounding sea. My heart was full, and, snatches of songs or unmeaning laughmy heart and hand for which so many pressed closely to her grieving heart, have pined and yearned in vain, Will "Give me the baby, Millie! I can't not this after all, be my best choice trust you with him," he said, as they Thinking--and thinking. Wonder not this after all, be my best choice nug why men will not be men instead and wisest course? The lovely face of Harnet, with her town house, her country seat, her servants, her equipages, ah, yes, there must I kneel only speak the magic words that would have bound her heart to mine. That great hulking brute of a dragoon, ('n) tain Sangher, must needs come tramp-It was "an old engagement, "the said, holding out her hand as she apologized for leaving me she looked at me with a smile and r sigh, as I bent over her hand. The dragooning monster pulled his yellow mustaches and glared at me, and I glared at him in return To morrow he shall get his quietus, and I will forrope with my Harriet, the broken

> Alas, my criminal ibitering! My wretched self indulgent, indolent de have 1 have seen a sight this morning that will have the to the grave! At the altar of the parish church stood

gliding slowly towards her. He had a chivalrous look, and in his hand a wand, surmounted by a golden sham-rock. They had an interview. She loved. He promised a happy life under the green wavel. She agreed to be his own on the next May morni. May morn arrived, and Melcha was redy in her bridal dress. She stood on a high rock on the borders of the late, just as the sun began to gild the surrounding mountains. Soon she heard rapturous music, the air was perfumed with delicious odors, and she beheld a train of beautiful damsels arise from the water all clothed in white, scatter ing spring flowers around; then a group of young children with fragrant flowers and behind, O'Donaghue, on his white horse, which was led by Naiads. As the train moved on, boys and damsel fair sex is concerned how could I an swer to my conscience for the ruin I must work? Dear Lucy | It is hard glittering helmet, bright armor, and the crimson scarf Melcha had given him when they parted. She knew not what to do, or how to join her lover, but directly she stepped back a few paces, and running, made a big jump off the rock; O'Donaghue rushed forward and

caught her in his arms before she reached the water. The entire train gathered around the chief and his bride, and all sunk beneath the waves-not has the lovely Melcha been seen from

A True and Touching Incident.

A young man and his wife were preparing to attend a Christmas party at

the house of a friend. "Henry, my dear husband, don't drink to much at the party to-day," staid she putting her hand upon hus break, and russing her eyes to his face with a disadure surfa"

"No, Mille, I will not, you may trust me," and she wrapped her infant in a blanket and they descended. The horses, were soon prancing over the y leave, still keeping her in sub-t (urf, and pleasint conversation be I feel and know that I ought (guiled the way. "Now don't you for-his struggle, in justice to my elf get your promise," whispered the young wife as they passed up the stops.

Poor thing ! she was the wife of a man who loved to look upon the wine when red.

The party passed pleasantly; the

when the drunken man broke into ter. But the wife rode on, her babe approached a dark and swollen stream. After some hesitation she resigned her first born-herstarling babe, so closely wraped in a great blanket-to his aring

Over the dark waters the noble steeds hore them, and when they reached the bank the mother asked for her child. With much care and tenderness he placed the bundle in her arms, but when she clasped it to her breast no babe was there ! It had ship ped from the blanket, and the drunken. father knew it not. A wild schrick from the mother aroused him, and he turned around just in time to see a row [ are better imagined than described.

A LITTLE REFORMER -The following conversation, which, if it did not occur in our presence, occurred somewhere. and as it will apply to all localities, we give it to our readers for the moral it teaches. It is a great wonder to us get, as best I can, in a voyage to En [incres, it is a great worker as a that there are not more men in exist ence leading purer lives, when such daring little subcame, in the form of daughters -God bless them !- point out to us, in the simplic ty of their pure, innocent hearts, those vices and extravagances indulged in by fathers, which, to the child, must appear so monstrous

The "Sleeping Beauty" of Tennessee, by Qne who has Been Her.

So much has already have written in regard to the last known here, as the "Negoin" Benty," that I can solvely finder to five yok anything net, but will and no testing on y to that already given, and make you a plan state then of facts, as I know them from her mother, brother and friends, who now have her in charge in the same house in which I am atoming. same house in which I am stopping, and from which I am now writing to you. Miss Susan Caroline Godsay was born in Obion county. Tebni, and with-in ten miles of this city, of poor, but, very respectable parents. Her father has been dead for over twelve years. Her mother still lives and watches over her loved child, and the sunken eyes and furrowed brow show very plainly the trials and sorrows she has experienced in her duty for twenty-one years. She is very poor, and, to some extent, dependent on the contributions

of visitors, to take care of and procure proper supplies for her charge, Miss Godsay was taken sick when about four years of age, with what was supposed to be chills and fever, but which baffled the skill of nurses and physicians for more than two years, at which time she fell into a nervous sleep, from which, she has not woke since for a longer time than twelve minutes. She usually sleeps soundly from 11 o'clock at night until about 6 in the morning, and through the day awakes once an hour. Her waking awakes once an hour. spells are never of less than four nor more than twelve, but usually about six minutes duration. In her waking moments she spoke both pleasantly and intelligently, answers promptly any question asked her, and appears

One of the strangest points of this strange case is the seemingly total absence of anything like respiration. A piece of the finest polished glass held to her lips fails to disclose the slight-est trace of breath. Her pulse is per fectly still, and but for a nervous and tremulous motion of the body, which never ceases, you might at any time call her dead. She has grown during her affliction from a little child to about the average height of her sex, and weighs ninety six pounds; and al though her body and hands show her very poor in flesh, her face is full and smooth, and her features well developed. Indeed, such a rare style do her features portray that the is not imap-propriately called the Sleeping Beauty Tennessee. -- Union City, Tenn Correspondence of the Louisville Commergial.

uite happy and contented.

A FEARFUL THREAT -One of the most foolish threats that ever was made is that of the Dominion. It proposes to spite the United States by clos-ing the Welland canal against American vessels. If it were done, it would compel the building of an American canal, and the Welland would soon have its rotten docks decorated with ragged boys fishing for bull heads in the placed waters of the canal, instead of a revenue from the tolls of American vessels passing through it. In fact, there are not enough vessels passing from one port to another in the Domin ion to pay toll sufficient to keep the Governor General s youngest child in underclothes Nine tenths of the revface rise one moment above the dark | enne of Welland canal is derived from waters, and sink forever-and that by the passage through it of American his own intemperance. The anguish bottomed crafts, carrying from points of the mother and remorse of the father j in the United States to others, and the other tenth urnish Canada with neces sities, which would increase in price if they stopped up the canal. A people that can weave a network of railroads over a whole continent, would not be long in, building a short canal, and when they had it done, would be rea-dy to say, "Send along your biggest vessels, there's room enough for them to pass through our ditch This is not mere "blarsted Yankee bombast." it is a sober fact, and it is foolish for any Canadian paper to suggest the stopping the inter lake commerce in retaintion for the course of our Gov-

All Sorts of Paragraphs. THE LOOP ANTITIES Grease" is a

Sioux Chief. SHANDURG is the name of a new oil

city, and an artesian well is to be sold in Charleston.

GEDAR county, lows, has a copper nine, and Indianapolis, Ind., recorded a \$10,000,000 mortgage.

VIRGINIA oysters are sent to England packed in mud, that they may reach there alive.

THE great fire in Quebec last Tuesday was only stopped by a sudden and heavy fall of rain.

THE London Times says that in London "thieves at present are too clover for the present.

ADMIRAL Farragut is to deliver the prizes to the Annapolis Naval Academy, graduating class next month.

THE Protestant Episcopal Convention at Baltimore elected Rev. / Wm. Pick. pay, of Washington, Assistant Bishop of Maryland.

In Cincinnati, B. F. Redman, Jr., obtained a verdict in the Supreme Court for \$8,000 against H. C. Gulberston for the seduction of his wife.

A BILL passed the Senate last night providing for the government of the District of Columbia, with a Governor, Secretary and Legislative Assembly

WM E. HILL and John Philips (colored) were serienced at Boston for the murder of Wrn. Jacobs, the former to be hanged and the latter to the State prison to, life

THE Board of Supervisors of Milwar-kee county, Wi-consin, refused by a vote of eleven to five, to grant and to the Milwaukee and Northern Rairond.

THE last straggler from General Lees army has arrived at Louisville en route a to Baltimore. After "Petersburg" ho retreated to Mexico, and is now on his way home.

THE Revolution settles the dish-washing question by quoting from 2d Kings, xxi 13 "I will wipe Jerusalem as a X X 1 man wipeth a dish; wiping it, and turn-ing it upside down."

ROCHEFORT is now in prison Ho romps daily with his children, and they made such a noise the other day, that he warned them, "We will all be turned out, if we create such a row."

The gallant Fenian O'Neil complains that he is a terribly ill-used man. While he was gallantly fighting the Canadian in the front, the United States Marshal took a hack at him in the rear.

THE annual convention of the Indiana State Editors and Publishers Association met in Indianapolis A resolution was adopted requesting Congress to re-duce the daty on printing paper to ten per cent

A FEW days since a Mrs. Streiker, h. ing or Mud Crock, near Wauwates, Wisconsin, committed suicide The cause is said to be sorrow that she had induced a daughter to marry contruy to the child's wishes.

A SMART boy of Bellefontaine, Ohio, after eating a green apple, exclaimed "Oh, dear ' I've chewed an Odd Fellow f" "An Odd Fellow f" said his mother. "Yes; he's giving me the

The champion old man who is in the the contribution of the tops of hav be duent, has turned up thus early in the season in Indiana. They are getting hun organized for the summer season As English farmer lately placarded the following announcement : "Extensive sale of live stock, comprising not less than 140,000 head, and a limited right of pasturage " It turned out that he had several hives of bees to dispese of.•

THE laborers on the Kansas Pacific Railroad demand that they shall be armed for the protection of their loss and threaten that if their demand be not complied with they will seize a pas-senger train and come in, thus ejecting the passengers and loaving them to the tender mercies of the savages.

GENERAL Jordan, it is said, has written to the Cuban Junta in New York, that he has met with little encouragement thus far in Washington, but does not despair of accomplishing something before the close of the session of Conernment in not allowing troops to pass to false reports having reached the mem-

When there is no much in life to friends, such earnest men and women love us when there is so much to enwhen there are so many who are joymick and friendless we are happy and contented, as we are sorry for them, and would aid them.

What if that man lives in a better house than we own? He cannot take R with him. What matters the size of the earth when we can finally claim, and only for a time, then, so little of it in which to sleep? What if his or her mansion has more rooms than ourswe can be in but one room at a time. we are as happy here as he or she there? His windows may outnumber surs, but we can see out of ours-be an do no more. That chair is as easy to us as his is to him. The smile of the one who loves us fills our heart with a life tint so golden-can he say more? Our room may not be so large as his, but it is as neat and clean, as erderly, as homelike!

His darling may wear more silk than ours, but silk is not love. His darling may be more queenly than ours, but her kies is no sweeter, ber hand no safter, her face no more smiling, her ping, and heart sustaining. His daring may ride in her carriage; servants in livery may wait on her; she may wear diamonds by the score, but he is more tenderly loved, more lovingly | promptly.

Wednesday last, won for the third time Cambria, at Cowes. The Cambria was the crack yacht of Great Britain, and was beaten in her own waters.

PITTEBURG reporters are excited about a mysterious individual who ridés on the Birmugham street care from early dawn till dewy eve. He from early dawn till dewy eve. He which had just risen, a plumed head never speaks to anybody, never stops unless the cars do, and pays his fare phantom, she distinctly saw the full promptly.

and unnecessary three pale and lovely brides, and each i casta heart rending glance of anguish and remorse at mc, as they pronounced the fatal words that separated us forever 1 Lucy weds young Harding, the

bewitching widow takes the lawyer, and my golden Harriet throws herself away on the blustering dragoon ! - And when shall I ever cease to feel remorae for the incurable misery I have thus adly wrought - - Ledger.

### A Legend of Killsrney

One of the legends of this beautiful lake, situated to the heart of Ireland. is, that once every seven years, on a fine morning, before the first rays of the sun have begun to disperse the mists from the bosom of the lake, the O'Donsghue comes riding over it on a beautiful snow-white horse, intent up on household affairs, fairies hovering before him, and strewing his path with flowers. As he approaches his ancient residence, everything turns to its form er state of magnificence-his castle, his library, his prison, his pigeon-house, are reproduced as in the olden time Those who have courage to follow him over the lake, may cross the deepest part dry footed, and ride with him into the opposite mountains, where his treasures lie concealed; and the daring visitor will receive a liberal gift in re-

THE American yacht Sappho, on turn for his company ; but before the sun has arisen, the O'Donaghue recross in the race with the English vacht | es the water, and vanishes amidst the ruins of his custle. Another relates how a young and

beautiful girl, named Melcha, wher wandering along the banks of the beau •her tiful lake, after the last rays of the set-ting sun had gilded the horizon, saw the pale light of the silvery moon by desirable.

Nellie-Father, do you remember that mother asked you for two dollars dus morning?

Father -- Yes, my child : what of u? Nellie-Do you remember that moth er didn't get the two dollars? Father - Yes And I remember

what little girls don't think about. Nellio -- What is that, father ? Father -1 remember that we are not

ch. But you seem to a brown study What is my daughter thinking about " Nellie-I was thinking about how much one cigar costs.

Father-Why, it costs ten centsnot two dollars by a long shot. Nellie-But ten cents three times a

day is thirty cents. Father—That's as true as the multiplication table. Nellie-And there are seven days in

week.

Father-That's so by the almanac. Nellie - And seven times thirty cents are two hundred and ten cents. Father-Hold on. I'll surrender. Here, take the two dollars to your

mother, and tell her I'll, do without cigars for a week. Nelhe-Thank you, father; but if

you would only say a year, it would save more than a hundred dollars. We would all have shoes and dresses, and mother a nice bonnet and lots of pretty things.

Father-Well, to make my little girl happy, I will say a year. Nellie-O, that will be so nice; but

wouldn't it be about as easy to say al-ways, then we would have the money every year, and your lips wou'd be so much sweeter when you kiss us. AVETS

MUCH is said in these days of woman's sphere. Is it not true that her principal fear is that she will not get married ?

.

Our dry goods men are happy-the sun is making parasols and light goods

٩.

our canal at the Sault

SONG OF CONGRESS.

Cold fron, in the common folks' shovels and

BIG, Has strength to kulmit to the heaviest taxes; While the high price of sait from a pickle may save us. And a duty on order yet Jefferson Davis, Put on the screws

As hard as you choose, To be shindled the people can never refuse

The people at large are but rebels and rioters, fund loval man are tree to be the set of the set of

Cood for a men are out rebels and rioters, (in return for each stop alty, let us content ien ity taxing all others a hundred per centum Put on the screw As hard as you choose, From the action in our band to the nails in our sches.

The monarchy of salt pans, the lords of the 

## The American System,

The industrial class of the United States have been the subject of a long and interesting report by Mr. Francis and interesting report oy att, rancis Clare Ford, Secretary of the English Legation, at Washington. This report was made in pursuance of a circular addressed by Lord Clarendon, in April, 1869, to the diplomatic and consular agent of Great Britan, instructing them to report upon the condition of the in dustrial class in the countries to which they were accredited. Mr. Ford says that the American system of common school education has elevated the condition of the native-born working man, and has disposed him to prefer occupa tions in which the exercise of the brain is in greater demand than those of the elbow. Rigd assert that the steady influx of immigradia for the last twenty years has created a disinclination on the part of the American to engage in the rough toil of pirely, muecular labor, which the newly arrived foreigner is ready to exert for his support.

Lan inger

bers of Spanish victories

Dring words are sometimes strange volored man who died in juil at New Castle, Delaware, the other day, and to this nurse, "You work the other any, sha to his nurse, "You work have to wash any more shirts for me;" and an old mun whose feet were cut off on the Philadel-phia and New York Railrond, Wedness day night, said it "would cost him loss for boots "

THERE are encouraging assurances that the death penalty is to be abolished in Holland and Prassia. A similar measure has just been rejected in Basa-ris by a small majority. The agitation of this question in this country has temporarily given place to more interesting maiters, but it is not to die out until its aim is finally gained.

As a man and his wife, residing in Keokuk co., Iowa, where returning oue day last week from the funeral of the last of their three children, who had died of scarlet fever, a thunder sterm came up and just as they were entering the gate of their desolated house the lightning struck their carriage. The man was instantly killed, and the wife is now a raving maniac.

JUVENILE Peabldys are in bloom at Albany, New York, and will some day Albany, New Fork, and will some day make a noise in the world. The Argus tells of a little boy, his face besweared with molasses, and his rsgs fluttering in the breeze, running up from the river, downlib in the intervention of the second "O, Bill to that, for the gas a big bogsi of "lasses busted on the payer of the pay all to smash !"

A SNOBBISH traveler at Baltimore, A BNOBBISH traveler at framinity who demanded his trunk at the depoint before all others, and was told by the Irish baggage master that he must have patience and wait his turn, turned upon the baggage master with "You're an impudent dog." To which he of the trunks rejoined: "An' faith, ye area monkey and its areast nity that. When workey, and its a great pity that, when we two were made basie, yo wasn't made an illiphant, so that yo could have our blacked. yer blasted trunk under yer nose all the