

Crows in the Corn.

Wake up, John,
An' come an' milk the cows,
The robins an' the bluebirds are a-singin' in the
boughs;
The sun hez been in sight
An' hour above the hill—
'Tis time to feed the bosses and to give the pigs
the'r swill.
Caw! caw! caw!
The crows are in the corn!
Caw! caw! caw!
Git up an' blow yer horn!
Caw! caw! caw!
Sko-daw! sko-daw! sko-daw!
Crows are just the meanest things a body ever
saw!

John, come home
Ez quickly or you can't
Oh, drop yer hoe an' leave yer row, and bring
the hired man.
The cows hev jumped the bars
An' got into the rye;
The pigs are in the garden—they hev broken
from the sty!
Caw! caw! caw!
The crows are in the corn!
Caw! caw! caw!
Oh, stop an' blow yer horn!
Caw! caw! caw!
Sko-daw! sko-daw! sko-daw!
Farmin' ez the nicest thing a body ever saw!
—Eugene J. Hall.

A CURE FOR BALDNESS.

"What can be the cause of my hair falling out in this way?" was Mr. Greenleaf's exclamation, addressed, perhaps, to his image in the looking-glass, for there was no other conversable person in the room. "It must be want of exercise or strong coffee, or perhaps anthracite coal. I must consult a physician."

Mr. Greenleaf omitted to mention forty-five years—no uncommon cause of baldness, and one, unfortunately, upon which it is vain to call in medical aid. He looked at the increasing forehead, passed his fingers fearfully over a spot near the crown, where there was an ominous smoothness, and then seated himself, with a sigh, in his great arm-chair before the fire.

What were his reflections as he sat gazing at the grate must be gathered from circumstances. His countenance wore for some time an air of great solemnity, not to say moodiness. Ever and anon his hand wandered, as if unconsciously, to the fatal spot, and then descended caressingly upon the ample whiskers below. Now his face would brighten a little, then again he looked as if all his stock was below par. At length he seemed to come to a sudden resolution, and, ringing for his servant, he made a very careful toilet and sallied forth.

Behold him next seated in the neat parlor of Mrs. Armour, a widow lady of comely appearance, who lodged not very far from Mr. Greenleaf's.

Mrs. Arthur was charmingly dressed, and seated at her little work-table engaged in some lady-like employment. She received Mr. Greenleaf most graciously, and wheeled an easy-chair round for him so near her own that the scene became at once almost alarmingly cozy. Mr. Greenleaf felt a little frightened. It looked as if she had divined his thoughts, since in these days of mesmeric revelations one never knows when one is safe. He edged back a little, for he felt that it would be poor tactics to remain voluntarily close within range of the enemy's fire.

"Too warm, Mr. Greenleaf?" said Mrs. Armour, and she reached him a screen with the prettiest little hand in the world.

"Yes, rather—rather warm," said the embarrassed bachelor, looking down upon the screen. "Is this a specimen of your skill, Mrs. Armour?"

"A long time ago!" sighed the fair widow.

"Not very long, I think," said Mr. Greenleaf, gallantly plucking up courage as danger thickened.

"Ah, yes—ages!" said the lady, as ladies will.

Here came a pause. When Mr. Greenleaf had nothing particular to say, he could be very agreeable, but now his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. Mrs. Armour kindly relieved him.

"Have you been sleighing yet, Mr. Greenleaf?"

"I? No; I have not thought of it." "How strange! But perhaps you do not think it safe to drive a sleigh in the city? Now I had the most charming drive with Mr. and Mrs. Dovel! I really wonder you do not keep a sleigh, Mr. Greenleaf."

Take care, Mrs. Armour; with all your tact you are treading on dangerous ground. If Mr. Greenleaf has a fear it is that somebody will take him in by marrying him for an establishment.

"Really, now," went on the unconscious widow, "I should think you would find it delightful to keep a handsome sleigh, and then for summer just such a beautiful open carriage as Mr. Forrester's. Mr. Forrester's whole establishment is so beautiful!"

Mr. Forrester had been a bachelor of about Mr. Greenleaf's standing, and he had lately taken a wife and set up housekeeping in a style that Mr. Greenleaf thought very absurd.

"She wants to lead me to make myself equally ridiculous," whispered the

same demon within that had always thrown a spell over him when he had thought of proposing to anyone. "She thinks to marry me for an establishment!" and, as soon as he decently could, he made his bow, returned to his room, looked in the glass again, felt the bald spot, and then sat down in the great chair and stared in the fire, as much perplexed as ever.

Mr. Greenleaf soon perceived that fretting about his hair only made it fall out the faster, and when spring came he resolved to try country air, exercise and amusement by way of renewing his youth and forgetting his troubles. Mrs. Wilson strongly opposed the plan. She prophesied damp beds, close rooms, snakes, wet feet and broken bones—but in vain. Mrs. Armour only sighed and asked him to what part of the country he was going. He said he had not yet decided—for the truth was he had a secret, undefined fear that she would follow him and throw herself in his way, and so get him after all. This fear is a compliment which men sometimes pay to the irresistible power of the weaker sex. So Mr. Greenleaf slipped off clandestinely, as it were, and soon found himself in a part of the country where there could be little fear of any traps but those set for foxes or weasels. Here he felt quite safe, and went gunning and fishing very industriously, rubbing the smooth spot on his head every night with an infallible specific.

But one day when he was coming home to his lodgings after a morning's shooting, he saw in a field which he was just about to cross an old lady and a beautiful young girl very much terrified by some unruly cattle. His gallantry was aroused, and he instantly prepared to climb the fence to hasten to their rescue; but, unfortunately, as he set his gun down, a twig touched the trigger, and a small charge of shot was lodged in his shoulder. He heard the ladies scream and saw them run toward him, but he knew no more, for everything swam before him, ladies, cattle, trees and skies, and he sank fainting on the ground.

He recovered, as heroes should, lying on a bed in a neat chamber, with a charming face leaning over him. But this sweet vision was soon exchanged for the less amiable one of an old country doctor, who examined his wounds and extracted as many of the shot as he could, giving as his opinion that if it had been a little more this way or that way no human skill—not even his own—could have saved the patient; but being just where it was, he thought it might be done—so, after a thorough probing and many cautions, he left some huge vials of medicine and departed.

Poor Mr. Greenleaf! Is it to be wondered at that he thought of Mrs. Wilson's wise remonstrances? That his memory reverted to that snug room which had so long accommodated him, and the careful hands that had anticipated all his wants? But his present hostess left nothing undone, and when household duties called her downstairs, she left to watch the patient the same pretty creature whose fright had first excited Mr. Greenleaf's gallantry. If he must be wounded, and away from home and Mrs. Wilson, he could not be better off.

Before many days he was able to sit up again—for his wounds had been fortunately scarcely more than skin-deep—and then he became more and more acquainted with the old lady and her grand-daughter. Their name was Retford, and the young one was called Jeannie. She was a sprightly creature, with bright, dancing eyes and a ceaseless flow of spirits, and Mr. Greenleaf found her society in the sick-room so charming that he almost wished to retard his convalescence—since with the return of health must vanish every excuse for remaining longer a guest at Mrs. Retford's. She treated him with all the attention of a daughter, and an affectionate one, too, little thinking that the staid old bachelor was meanwhile speculating on the feasibility of making a wife of her. Here was a case in which the establishment could have no weight, since Jeannie and her grandmother had seen nor heard of it. Here was a sweet, simple, lovely creature, expert in all delicate householdry, domestic in her habits and evidently affectionate in her disposition—disengaged, of course, for she had never seen anybody in these wilds. Why not try to secure an interest in her young heart and take her to the handsome town home, let Mrs. Wilson look on as she might? Nay, why not take her at once and trust to winning her heart afterward, as unwearied kindness was sure to do? Mr. Greenleaf thought all this over for days and days.

Meanwhile the pretty Jeannie went on as if she had been bent on making a conquest. She read to him, she sang to him, with the graceful accompaniment of a Spanish guitar, on which she was no mean performer; she shook up his cushions, kept off the flies with a fresh branch, slit and buttered his muffin with her rose-tipped fingers, and "performed to point" all those charming little attentions which are so soothing to the convalescent. She was so unwearied that the demon began again to whisper

to Mr. Greenleaf: "She has guessed at the establishment." But he would not listen this time. Jeannie's artlessness, aided by those clear, honest eyes, could have neutralized the spell of Mephistopheles himself.

At length not a shadow of apology for remaining longer at Mrs. Retford's was left, and Mr. Greenleaf, with many regrets, prepared for his return to town. He would have been glad to live on so forever—an honored guest, hospitably entertained, and made quite comfortable in a common way by the old lady, while for the thousand indescribable essential trifles there was a fairy handmaid ever at his side, whose ministrations were delightful to him, and whose very presence seemed to fill the room with sunshine.

To be sure he experienced no palpitations; he seldom sighed, except when he was rubbing the specific upon his head, and he slept perfectly well whether Jeannie was at home or not. "But, then," he said, to himself, "that is nonsense! I used to have such feelings, but I have grown wiser. I love this sweet girl as if she was my daughter even now; her countenance beams upon me like the face of an old friend. Heigho! if I had a daughter like her I would never marry, and that would please Mrs. Wilson better than anything else."

He forgot in his cogitations to ask himself among other questions whether it was probable that a beautiful girl of seventeen would marry a man old enough to be her father. He had so complete a conviction that "women, like moths, are ever caught by glare," that he thought it no disrespect to the sex to take it for granted.

When a bachelor looks down upon matrimony from the awful height of five and forty, he may be excused from shrinking a little at the leap, and it was with no small amount of trepidation that Mr. Greenleaf sought a private interview with Mrs. Retford to disclose his amiable designs upon Jeannie. But the matter once broached he recovered his habitual fluency, and laid before the good lady his worldly situation with some complacency, assuring her there was no person who had any claims upon him except a sister's son, for whom he intended to provide an outfit in life.

Mrs. Retford seemed a little embarrassed, hinted at disparity of ages, declared there was no answering for young girls' fancies, but said she would consult Jeannie, and, if she wished, lay the matter before her mother.

"Her mother!" exclaimed Mr. Greenleaf. "Has she a mother living?"

"Oh, certainly; a lady in your city, whom I dare say you have met. The marriage was most unfortunate—so much so that poor Jeannie has never known her father, who is a voluntary outcast in one of the Southern cities. My daughter, unwilling to endure the odium of a divorce, and always afraid that her miserable husband might return some day and claim the child, confided her to me, and she has been brought up in seclusion as you see."

"She is not then likely to have formed any attachment?" said Mr. Greenleaf, confidently.

"Why, as to that," said Mrs. Retford, "I am scarcely qualified to reply. As I observed to you, one can never count upon young girls' fancies. To tell you the truth, there has been a young gentleman about this neighborhood that I thought Jeannie favored. He brought a letter of introduction from her mother."

"A letter? What was his name, pray?" said Mr. Greenleaf, with suddenly awakened curiosity.

"Everts—George Everts," said the old lady.

"My nephew? And the lady who gave him the letter?"

"Mrs. Armour."

Mr. Greenleaf stood like one transfixed. He saw through everything—past, present and future—and he was "blasted with excess of light." Jeannie was Mrs. Armour's daughter—ergo, Mrs. Armour, being a married woman, could never have had any designs upon him or his establishment. Jenny had seen and liked George Everts, and therefore was very unlikely to have laid any snare for George Everts' uncle. Yet, having received so much kindness from two women whom he was thus forced to believe disinterested, the cruel fates put them out of reach. At least so he concluded, for the old lady's manner betrayed that she knew more about Jeannie's liking for George Everts than her words alone would have indicated.

Our bachelor friend was very low-spirited, we must confess; but a little reflection reconciled him to the new aspect of things. A newly-lighted flame in the staid heart of forty-five

"Hangs quivering at a point, leaps off by fits, And falls again, as loth to quit its hold;" but it takes but a mere puff of adverse wind to blow it out entirely. He had wished Jeannie was his daughter, and here was an opportunity to make her the next thing to it, besides the pleasure of doing a generous action. He soon found courage to seek the damsel, adroitness to get out of her the secret of her attachment to his nephew, who had spent some weeks in the neighborhood on a geological tour, and magnanimity enough to promise that if Mrs.

Armour did not refuse her consent he would before long put it in George's power to marry, on condition that his house should be, for a time at least, the home of the young couple.

These matters comfortably settled Mr. Greenleaf's heroism declined a little, and he was not sorry when all the adieus were fairly said and he could hide his face and his disappointment in the corner of a stage coach.

Mrs. Wilson received him very graciously, much pleased in her secret soul to think that one of her predictions had been verified by the gun, but little dreaming how near she had come to being supplanted by a slip of a girl. Mrs. Armour had heard a good many things, yet she and Mr. Greenleaf found much interesting conversation after this; and Mr. Armour, having happily ceased to torment the world in general, and his wife in particular, we may venture to predict that at some time or other Mrs. George Everts and Mrs. Wilson will both be superseded by a Mrs. Greenleaf, whose years will so nearly correspond with those of her liege lord, that the unfurnished spot on the outside of Mr. Greenleaf's head will cease to be a matter of disturbance to the owner.

Mr. Greenleaf asserts that going into the country cures baldness, and he proves it syllogistically, according to the present fashion, thus:

Baldness was his trouble.
Going into the country cured his trouble.

Ergo—going into the country cures baldness!

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

Nature raises water for refreshing the earth from 13,000 to 14,000 feet in some portions of South America, and even 16,000 feet for the highest inhabited regions of Tibet.

The Marquis of Bute has introduced the beaver into his lands on the island of Bute, and the animal thrives there. The beaver became extinct in Great Britain more than three centuries ago.

According to Sir Bartle Frere, late high commissioner of the British government for South Africa, the area in which the tsetse fly is fatal to the animals it bites appears gradually to be diminishing.

The Southern Alps of New Zealand are to be explored next year by members of the English Alpine club. In the loftiest peak, Mount Cook, which has never yet been ascended to the summit, they will find work worthy of their powers. Its height is estimated at nearly 14,000 feet.

When cotton waste or shavings are saturated with oil, a large surface is exposed to the action of the air, and if the oil has the property of absorbing oxygen, it may absorb the gas so rapidly as to take fire. This is the way in which spontaneous combustion takes place. As petroleum naphtha does not absorb oxygen, it never takes fire by spontaneous combustion.

Underground cables for telegraphic purposes are being laid in France from Nancy to Paris. A line of twelve insulated wires is placed in a large tube of cast-iron. At suitable distances doors are constructed so that a section can be removed and replaced without having to open the ground, as in Germany, where the cables are imbedded in asphalt.

M. Muntz, a French scientist, has lately examined spring, river, sea and rain-water; also snow. He finds alcohol in all except in very pure spring water. By comparison with water holding known quantities of alcohol, rain-water and the water of the Seine are estimated to contain about one gramme per cubic meter. Snow and cold rain seem to contain a little more. The proportion in sea water is much the same. There is evident reason to suppose that alcohol exists in the state of vapor in air. This diffusion of the substance in nature is easily explained by the destruction of organic matter by various agents of fermentation. On this hypothesis one should find a good deal of alcohol in the ground.

Names of Countries.

The Phoenicians, who were a great commercial people in the young days of the world, are thought to have given the present names of most of the countries around the Mediterranean sea. The Phoenician language contained the words Europe, Asia, Africa, Italy, Spain, Gaul, Britain, Etna, Sardinia and Siberia, as well as many others now used as the names of minor places.

Europe, in Phoenician, meant "white complexion," and was applied to the country north of the Mediterranean, because the natives were of lighter complexion than those of Asia and Africa. Africa signified the "land of corn," and Asia meant "the middle land," being so named because it was between Europe and Africa. Italy was the "country of black pitch;" Spain was the "land of rabbits;" Gaul, or France, the "land of yellow-hair;" Britain, "the country of tin;" Etna, "the smoky furnace;" Sardinia, "a man's foot"—because it is shaped like a foot, and Siberia, "thirsty land"—because it is so dry.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Consult the lips for opinions, the conduct for convictions.

Compliments are often nothing more than gilt-edged falsehoods.

In refraining from being mean to others you are good to yourself.

Divine vengeance comes with feet of lead but strikes with hands of iron.

The man who feels certain that he will not succeed is seldom mistaken.

Humility is the safest foundation to build any kind of superstructure on.

He who is ashamed of his poverty will surely be arrogant of his wealth.

Every man is bound to tolerate the act of which he himself sets the example.

In matters of prudence, last thoughts are best; in morality your first thoughts are best.

Anger ventilated often hurries toward forgiveness; anger concealed often hardens into revenge.

It ever is the marked propensity of reckless and aspiring minds to look into the stretch of dark futurity.

Contemporaries appreciate the man rather than the merit; but posterity will regard the merit rather than the man.

Length of days is wisdom's right hand blessing, typical of eternal life; but it is in her left hand that are riches and honor.

Events are not determined by the wheel of fortune, which is blind, but by the wheels of Providence, which are full of eyes.

Our good deeds rarely cause much gossip among our fellow citizens, but our evil ones leap immediately into notoriety.

God's laws were never designed to be like cobwebs, which catch the little flies and suffer the large ones to break through.

Ignorance and deceit are two of the worst qualities to combat. It is easier to dispute with a statesman than a blockhead.

Venture not into the company of those that are infected with the plague; no, though thou think thyself guarded with an antidote.

There is no policy like politeness; and a good manner is the best thing in the world, either to get a good name, or supply the want of it.

Nothing cuts the sinew of exertion sooner than to set before ourselves a low standard of attainment. Let a young man say to himself: "I shall never be anything very great in the world," he will be likely to be something very small.

Frugality is good if liberality be joined with it. The first is leaving off superfluous expenses, the last is bestowing them to the benefits of others that need. The first without the last begets covetousness, the last without the first, begets prodigality.

Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out. It is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware, whereas a lie is troublesome, and needs a great many more of the same kind to make it good.

In the voyage of life a man can be wrecked as in a ship. Conscience, however, is an anchor that will in most circumstances insure him safety. It is to be remembered, nevertheless, that, like the anchor, conscience may be carried away, and so insure ruin and wreck.

A father inquires of his son whether he can construe Homer; if he understands Horace and can translate Virgil but seldom does he ask, or examine, or think whether he can restrain his passions, whether he is grateful, generous, humane, compassionate, just and benevolent.

An Honored Superstition.

The *Pittsburg Chronicle* tells of an old lady in Cressona, Pa., who changed her residence the other day, and in order to have good luck in her new home sent as the first articles to be placed in the house the family Bible and a bag of salt. She afterward learned to her dismay that it was a Latin dictionary instead of the Bible she had sent ahead to her new home. The superstition here alluded to is an old and honored one, and is practiced by a goodly number of people, especially those having Scotch blood in their veins. In Professor Sharp's recently-published life of Robert Burns, Scotland's poet, we find the following allusion to this custom: "It was not until the middle of 1789 that the farmhouse of Ellisland was finished (built by Burns from the proceeds of the Edinburgh edition of his works) and that he and his family, leaving the isle, went to live in it. When all was ready Burns bade his servant, Betty Smith, take a bowl of salt and place the family Bible upon it, and bearing these walk first into the new house and possess it. He himself, with his wife on his arm, followed Betty and the Bible and the salt, and so they entered their new abode. Burns delighted to keep up the old world freits or usages like this."

An Eccentric American.

A letter from Florence, Italy, says: The most sensational turnout in Florence belongs to Mr. Livingstone, of New York, who drives a "twenty-in-hand." Vive l'America! These twenty horses are finely matched in size and color, being all bright bays; and they are decked out with gorgeous harness loaded with heavy gold-plated clasps and buckles, of which they seem as proud as a young girl of her first ball dress. The happy possessor of these horses, and also of a great mania for notoriety, insists upon "holding the ribbons" with his own hands; therefore, as he is advanced in years, and is quite feeble, he is fastened firmly and securely to the high front seat of the English "drag," which he usually prefers, though on grand occasions he drives a mail-coach made after the approved model of the London coaching club. These leather straps have been added by his family quite lately, and much against the old gentleman's will; but having not long since tumbled out of his place to the consternation of his attendants, who picked him up none the worse for his fall, but very dusty, and in a state of towering indignation against everything and everybody, he has given a grudging assent to their wishes, naturally not desiring to literally "bite the dust" a second time. His fondness for notoriety must certainly be gratified, for the band wagon of Barnum's great moral show never excited more attention than does the Livingstone turnout. An hour ago he passed my window on his way to the Caschione, where he shows himself on most pleasant afternoons. His horses pranced and capered, and the great golden buckles of their harnesses gleamed brightly in the sunshine. Two preternaturally solemn footmen, clad in blue liveries, sat with folded arms upon their perch, and the main seats of the drag were occupied simply by a small black terrier pup, who amused himself by jumping backward and forward, vigorously barking at the crowd. Mr. Livingstone sat in a solitary grandeur strapped securely into the coachman's place, wrapped in an overcoat lined throughout with magnificent Russian sables. The fur formed collar and deep cuffs. A garment which a young American belle might well envy him. A retinue of thirty or forty ragged gamins escorted him, commenting on the points of the establishment and watching for stray centesimi, but the owner of all this magnificence sat rigidly upright, his eyes fixed upon his frisky leaders, for although he is said to enjoy the plaudits of the admiring crowd, he is not given to any unnecessary expenditure of copper coins. The people call him "l'Americano," or the American.

Scenes in the Bahama Islands.

To the traveler, Nassau has its picturesque as well as insoulet side. Between 7 and 8 o'clock in the morning there is a great bustle at the market-place down by the quays. The fisherman brings in the night's catch, and remarkable varieties of strange creatures of the deep, glowing with prismatic hues, are tumbled out upon the planks. Grotesque old women display their little stock of fruits and vegetables. No one seems to possess more than a few cents' worth; but if their business is not extensive it is conducted with amazing volubility. A little pile of coconuts, a small basket of oranges, and a bunch of bananas, will be enough to furnish a stall of the better class; while the smaller dealers set forth penny salads, consisting of half an onion and two or three minute fig-tomatoes, arranged in a piece of cocoanut-shell, with maybe a sprig of some savory herb. Here is a tray of shelled peas; there a dozen or so of wretched Irish potatoes, quite put out of countenance by a mighty yam. An awful of crooked sticks—the flotam of the reefs—is offered for firewood, a commodity of which there is but small consumption in a town where nearly all the houses are built without chimneys. At every turn there are supplies of sugar cane, cut into lengths convenient for chewing. Every one chews this article. The costumes of the women—black—are remarkable in their way. They have a strong taste for finery, and for many of them the market becomes a place of fashionable assembly. Their broad straw hats are lined with white lawn, wreathed with pink flowers and bits of gay ribbon, and tipped up jauntily behind. The gown of muslin or thin calico is bright in color, clean, well fitting, amply flounced and ruffled, and in most cases it expands into a broad sweeping train. But when the dusky wearer has added to this dress a pretty necktie and maybe a showy belt, her ingenuity in personal decoration comes to a premature stop. The gown is short in front, and below it appear bare feet or else a pair of razed boots, badly broken at the toes and invariably cut down at the heels; they are kept on with difficulty, and reduce the gait to a clattering sort of shuffle, so that in the movement of a crowd of women there is a peculiar and altogether comical resonance. She who can show a "proper good" pair of shocsis proud indeed, and does not seek to hide them.