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Zephyrina plays the harp and sings with a great deal of taste. "I think her execution is uncommon." "I am glad you approve of it Mr. Short." "I didn't say I approved of it, Mrs. Long. I merely said 'twas uncommon—very much like the noise of two cats in a gutter." "Oh you shocking man! Mr. Short you have no taste, no feeling!" "But I can hear very sensibly, Mrs. Long," putting his fingers in his ears. "You've no music in your soul, as Hand-mill says."

"Did you ever see me drawing a cork, Mrs. Long?" "Nonsense! Now you've got from beer and cider to corks. A zosling indeed!—Why, this is a goldfish, Mr. Short." "I'm very glad you informed me, Mrs. Long, for really my taste in painted birds is so small, that I took that to be a gosling. Ah, what's here? A codfish, as I'm alive, and a charming one it is." "Oh, Mr. Short, how can you be so stupid? That's a turt' r'y."

The New Mormon Tabernacle. The great edifice which Brigham Young began at Salt Lake City in 1865, for the public gatherings of the saints, has now been completed with the exception of the sittings and some minor matters the work having lately been pushed forward with much energy. According to the description in the Salt Lake City Telegraph, the building is not remarkable for beauty. The interior is plastered, there are no columns in it, and the roof is constructed on a lattice-work pattern which gives it the appearance of the hull of an old fashioned ship, without any keel, turnup topsy-turvy. The tabernacle is 250 in length by 150 wide. The roof of this immense structure rests on forty-four piers or cut sandstone, each nine feet from outside to inside of the building, by three feet the other way, and the whole averaging twenty feet high to the spring of the roof. On each side of the building are nine of these piers. From them an arch of forty-eight feet is sprung. Thirteen arches spring at each end from thirteen piers, which stand on a circle. The height from the floor to the ceiling is 65 feet in the centre of the building.

Drowning Men Catch at Straws. When an army is whipped it falls back on its reserves. Nay, we have read of battles in which the defeated forces were flying in confusion and terror, and were glad to take any shelter or refuge that offered. So it is with the Radical Republican party today. They have been fearfully routed in the contest with Democracy at the polls on the one principle or proposition they had to distinguish them as a party at all—to wit: negro suffrage. Where they thought they were strong, they find that they are weak—where they thought that they would win on that issue, they have been disgracefully defeated. Ohio, Kansas, Minnesota, California, New York, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Kentucky, Maryland, and other States, have voted against the proposition to give the negro equal, social and political standing with the white race. Under this fearful popular protest, all but the real honest and strong and resolute radicals, have gone under, and are now, like drowning men, who will catch at straws, reaching out for any thin and frail and uncertain thing that may save them in their extremity. The drift wood to which they are striking out in their drowning despair and trying to cling for salvation, is General Grant. Well, if this is not a virtual confession that their principles, or rather their policy and plans, are repudiated by the people, and that they also repudiate them in order to keep political power, even at the sacrifice of principle, then we do not know what renegadism and apostasy and abrogation of all professed political faith and purpose are. Grant is still execrably silent and non-committal. But does he not see—certainly he does—that the desperate politicians in the Republican ranks only want to use him as a sort of last resort in a hopeless emergency? If not why were not the party papers and the party leaders, who are now so loud in his praise as the fittest man for the Presidency, quite as vociferous and earnest in recommending him for the presidency before the elections in Connecticut, California, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, Kentucky, Maryland, and other States? The plain answer to this question is, that the dirty demagogues who are now seeking to use Grant as a straw to keep them from drowning, never would have thought of him for the Presidency if they were not drowning. Will he suffer himself to be used as a plank to save a wrecked party? We do not think he will.—Sunday Mercury.

One of the Fruits. Ex-Governor Seymour, of New York, made a great speech before the Democratic State Convention, at Albany, on the 3d of October, from which we take the following tract, to show the rotten effects of the Radical policy on our shipping and manufacturing interests. After stating that the amount of alcohol used in the United States is about one hundred millions of gallons annually, which according to law, should yield a revenue of two hundred millions of dollars, the amount actually paid into the Treasury is less than fifty millions! "Hethen asks the pertinent question, 'who gets the one hundred and fifty millions?' and answers the interrogatory, by asserting that 'this enormous amount is divided in some way—sometimes fairly and sometimes corruptly—between the officers of the law and the violators of the law.'" But to the extract: "Another measure is needed to restore our credit and our honor. Give us back our commerce. A few years since we were a great maritime power—our ships whitened every ocean. Where are they now? Official reports show that the carrying trade, once a source of wealth and power, has been nearly lost. The ships which bear our products abroad or bring the immigrant to our shores sail under foreign flags. Our commerce was swept from there, not by Southern corsairs, but by Northern Congressmen. Britain will pay for the few vessels burned by privateers fitted out in her ports, not from a sense of justice, but from a feeling of gratitude toward an administration that has done so much to build up her power and greatness. She has reaped all the fruits of our civil war. She is now indeed the mistress of the sea. We once stood in the way of her ambition; we built better and cheaper vessels. Our skill upon the seas was unrivalled; our cargo-tugs were driving her out of her best markets. Her looms could not move unless we gave her cotton. All is now changed. Our shippers are idle. American imports and American exports are borne over the ocean under British or foreign flags. Our manufacturers call upon Congress to help them live against foreign competition upon our soil. We pile up tariffs to fence out cheap products and then load labor with taxation until the burdens of our government overtop the protection we give by duties upon foreign imports, and so a laden pall weighs upon our industry. Beyond all this we have given Britain that for which she has heretofore planned and schemed in vain—cotton producing colonies. Her India possessions, which were of doubtful value, are now made by Republicans stupidity, the source of enormous wealth and the successful rivals of American industry. In five years before the rebellion the annual value of the cotton sent from India was about \$17,000,000. In the five following, the annual average was about \$113,000,000. In 1865, it rose to nearly the sum of \$150,000,000. More effectually to foster this branch of British industry, Congress gives it a bonus in the markets of the world by putting an export duty on American cotton. While her production grows great, ours falls off. Never in all her history has she had such allies as the Republican party. Her people can well afford to give marked honors to those who have brought our country upon the verge of ruin."

NEW STOVE AND TIN SHOP. ON MAIN STREET, (NARROWLY OPPOSITE MILLER'S STORE), BLOOMSBURG, PA. THE undersigned has just fitted up and opened his new STOVE AND TIN SHOP, in the place where he is prepared to make up new stoves, and repair all kinds of stoves, and repair the same with new and improved machinery, and repair the same with new and improved machinery, and repair the same with new and improved machinery.

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Concerning the Soul. A preacher once endeavored to teach some children that their souls would live after they were dead. They heard his words, but did not understand them. He was too abstract; he shot over their heads.

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There is a man out there who drinks so much whisky that the mosquitoes that bite him die of yellow fever.