[illegible] ar des Opelo[illegible] [illegible] int of resemblance between the [illegible] ther and sister. Egbert was tall, broad sh[illegible] dered, and muscular; yet his form was p[illegible]rfectly elegant in all its proportions, and he had a fine air and a[illegible] His eyes were large and blue, and [illegible] high and expressive of intellect. There was no affectation, no mannerism [illegible] he was well bred, highly educated [illegible] with [illegible] and little egotism.

"Dearest Egbert," said the lovely [illegible] sister, "I had been several [illegible] that you to see my [illegible] She is splendid looking, [illegible] magnificent hair, and a form [illegible] Medici,'" and the enthusiastic girl wound her arms around her brother's neck and kissed him.

"*Eh bien petite*," replied the brother; "but at present I am satisfied with home and my darling little sister, whom I have not seen for so many years. But I have much curiosity to see this paragon friend of yours, whom you represent as a perfect Houri. Has she a brother, eh?" said the wicked Egbert, whispering in the ear of Blanche, who, in spite of herself, blushed a little, just as we see a little soft white cloud turn suddenly rosy in the sky at the too ardent gaze of the sun. And Egbert smiled and kissed his sister, and said he knew there was a brother or a cousin in the question, at which his sister pouted her pretty lips.

A few days after this conversation between Egbert and Blanche, they went to pay a visit to Florence. Blanche had written a loving little note to her "dear Florence," apprising her of the intended visit, and begging her to look as beautiful as usual, if not more so, for that her brother had expressed great curiosity to see her lovely friend of whom she had written so much in her letters to him while he was abroad. Florence, on her part, with her naturally enthusiastic disposition, desired to please Egbert, whom she knew possessed very exalted ideas of female elegance and beauty, from portions of his letters which Blanche had read to her, and that he had seen the world, which always makes one more fastidious. So Florence thought. She was, therefore, unusually scrupulous in her toilette, though at all times she paid great attention to her dress, and as she entered the drawing-room where sat Blanche and Egbert, the impression she stamped upon the mind of the latter was decidedly favorable. She was dressed in a rich, dark silk, long and fitting well her splendid figure. Florence was not too large, her form was perfect, and she was just the hight of "Venus de Medici," so Egbert once told her after some weeks acquaintance.

On returning home Blanche interrogated her brother as to the impression Florence had made upon him, and he was almost as enthusiastic in his expressions of admiration of her as Blanche herself. Florence was charmed with Egbert, and indeed it was impossible not to be so. His conversation was fluent and full of wit and anecdote. He did not speak of his travels, except when interrogated, and there was a *douceur* in his manners highly pleasing to women.

"Dearest Blanche," said Florence to her friend one day as they were driving out together, "you ask me how I like your brother. I find him everything my fancy painted him, and of course you know, dearest, I must have imagined a great deal. He looked as you have spoken so often of him to me," and Florence blushed a little as she replied to Blanche.

Egbert had been at home many months, and he and Florence often met, and each time with more interest than the last. Poor Mortimer was distracted with jealousy and despair. Florence had encouraged him until Egbert's arrival, and she now discouraged him as much. At last she told him she did not love him, that she could not marry him, and confessed she had done wrong in giving him so much hope. She prayed him to forgive her, and to try and forget her.

"Dearest Florence, you had as well tell me to tear my heart out of my body. I have loved you so long, so devotedly," and a look of despair shone out from his dark and handsome face. Florence pitied him as he looked thus. He was so handsome, so talented, and so devoted to her, and she had almost loved him—but—the truth must be told. She now loved Egbert, and felt each day she saw him, how great her love was for him. And so poor Mortimer left her, feeling in his heart that there was no hope for him. He could not bid her adieu. He rushed from the room, heartbroken. As he left Egbert entered. Florence glanced up, and a happy smile lighted up her face as she spoke to him. All thought of Mortimer fled at the approach of the only man she ever really loved. They sat together until the stars began to peep at them through the open window, and then Egbert rose to leave.

"Dearest Florence," he exclaimed, as he held her hand in his and drew her to him, "I love you, love you; be my wife, dearest," and he stooped and kissed her. She did not resist, she could not, for her whole heart was his, now and forever, and she promised him to be his wife, and he pressed burning kisses on her brow and lips, and clasped her to his bosom. When he was gone, Florence threw herself into her chair and was happy. Never had she felt the bliss of loving until now that Egbert Raymond had pressed his kisses upon her brow and clasped her to his bosom, and asked her to be his wife.

We need not say how delighted Blanche was when her brother told her of his happiness. She and Florence passed many hours together, and Florence would sit and listen to the praise the fond sister lavished upon her betrothed, her cheeks aglow with blushes, and her dark eyes beaming with delight, and then she would kiss Blanche, and these two friends were happy and devoted, loving each other for themselves, yet feeling nearer now than ever.

Egbert and Florence were alone in the drawing-room. She was singing to him and he fondly leaning over her. Never did two people love other better than these two. Their world was complete when only the other was near. It was misery to them to be apart and earthly bliss to be together. As Florence ended her song Egbert clasped her in his arms.

"Beloved, he exclaimed, "thou art my heaven, my life; I could no more live without thee than the flower without the sun; the days seem years and the moments days that pass us. In two weeks, thank God, thou wilt be mine, mine forever darling; and then nothing shall separate us—no, not even death itself, for we will die together." And he pressed her once again to his heart—his heart that was beating so fondly for her.

After Egbert left, Florence sat for several minutes wrapped in oblivion of all things, save the devotion of the man she loved. It sometimes alarmed her when she thought of the intensity of his affection for her. She was afraid lest something would happen to destroy her happiness and his devotion for herself, and at the thought she would cover her face with her hands, as if protecting herself from such a fate. She loved Egbert with all the intensity of her nature. She was sometimes alarmed, too, at her own great passion for him, as if there would, there must come something to divide them and to cause them misery—they who so adored each other.

"Ah! poor Mortimer! how I have made him suffer in making him love me. Would that I had never given him hope, only to drive him to despair. I know now the pangs he must endure, for if anything should happen to deprive me of my Egbert's love I should die, die," and she almost cried aloud with pain at the thought. In two weeks they were to be married—*two weeks*—alas! many strange events happen even in a day.

Blanche and Edward Hayden had grown very fond of the society of each other. So it seemed to Florence, for when Blanche came on a visit of several days or a week to her, Edward was ever at her side, and Blanche never spoke of Edward now without a blush—a wicked little tell-tale blush upon her face.

One day Florence entered the drawing-room in search of her friend, and she found Edward leaning fondly over Blanche, with an earnest, eager look upon his face, and an agitation in his manner which looked suspicious of an avowal of love. They did not [illegible] but in a half hour after [illegible] up to the room where F[illegible] and a deep crimson spot was [illegible] cheek. She approached Flo[illegible] arms around her, laid her face against hers, and told her that she and Edward were engaged.

"Yes, dearest," Blanche continued, "I have promised to be his wife, and oh, I am so happy!"

And she was truly so, for she loved Edward with all the wealth of her heart, so full of love and confidence, and she never doubted but that her father would give his consent to their union. And the young artist loved her more than his own life, and he went to his studio and took up his brush with a smile in his eye, and the light of a happy future in his heart. Edward Hayden was a man of genius, and now he had a great incentive to ambition. He would win distinction, and place the laurels of his fame on the fair brow of his lovely Blanche, his wife that was to be. He would be a second Raphael or Michael Angelo for her sake—his darling Blanche—and his step was light and his brain was on fire with ambition and brilliant conceptions of his art.

Alas! he did not know that even as he was thus dreaming, a cruel fate was interposing its awful voice between his love and his happiness, and that the loving, tender Blanche was wrapped in grief and despair. Alas! alas! the verity of the old French proverb: "*L'homme propose et Dieu dispose*," asserts itself every hour in the day.

Egbert and Florence were to be married in two weeks—all the world knew it, and many malicious lips discussed the heartless conduct of the charming Florence to the poor Mortimer, who had so adored her, but Egbert and Florence cared little for any save themselves. They were seldom apart—they rode, they drove, and walked together, and their love grew stronger every day. One morning, as they were sitting together in the library of her home, Egbert mentioned the name of Mortimer to Florence of having met him, and how charming a man he was. Once only had he heard the name of Florence connected with that of Frank Mortimer, and then he paid but little attention to it. As he now spoke, Florence blushed a little, he was gazing at her so intently, and she was thinking of her cruelty to her poor discarded lover. Egbert was not of a jealous nature, but the memory of what he had once heard of Florence and Mortimer flashed across his brain, for we can no more control our thoughts than we can change the current of the seas. And with a little pique in his manner and his tone of voice he asked her if she had not once loved Mortimer. Florence was impulsive, and did not like an assumption of control even in her beloved Egbert, besides, although her pure undivided love for him had destroyed her love of coquetry, there were a few latent sparks of the passion still glimmering in her nature, and a strange unaccountable *something, her evil genius*, let us say, prompted her to rather kindle alive a little jealousy in him; her beloved Egbert, for whom she would have gone through all the ills of life, only too happy at his side. And so'er was the immortal Walter Scott more true to woman's nature than when he wrote—

> "O! woman in our hours of ease,
> Uncertain, coy and hard to please;
> When pain and anguish wring the brow,
> A ministering angel thou!"

And so Florence, who would have considered it bliss to die with her beloved Egbert, took pleasure on this day in making him jealous of her old lover Mortimer, whom she had treated so unkindly. Egbert did not wish that Florence should think him jealous, and he endeavored to conceal his emotions; but he loved her so entirely, so unselfishly that it pained him to think she could ever have deceived him, and his voice and manner betrayed his feelings.

"Florence," he said, "I could never marry a woman whom I thought had ever loved another better than myself, you are the only woman I have ever loved, but perhaps you are going to marry me through pique, through jealousy or anger against Mortimer." And his face became pale, and his eyes looked sad and thoughtful. Do not feel compelled to marry me because of our engagement; say the word and all will be ended between us. And the poor man was almost consumed with grief. Every one knows that lovers will quarrel, that engagements are broken and renewed as often as they are made, and that "trifles light as air" have caused untold misfortunes. And so Florence broke her engagement with Egbert and her own heart in so doing, and thus again "*l'homme propose, et Dieu dispose*." The two weeks expired, the day that had been set aside as their wedding day passed, and they who were to have been so happy were both wretched and lonely, for never had two people loved more devotedly than Egbert and Florence.

Blanche soon knew of the rupture between them. She knew Florence had never really loved Mortimer. And although she loved her dearly she thought she had been unkind to her brother, in thus arousing his jealousy and then breaking her engagement with him at his first word of anger and reproach.

"Dear Florence, you have treated Egbert cruelly, you have broken his heart, and then she saw the anguish upon the face of her friend, who never became angry with her darling Blanche however much she scolded her for her unkindness to Egbert. Mortimer met Florence a few months after her quarrel with Egbert; he had left the city in which Florence resided, after she had told him there was no longer any hope for him. He had not forgotten her, he could not, and he was now on a visit to his brother who was at the point of death, and who lived in the same place as Florence, and so Florence and he sometimes met—only a bow of recognition passed between them, Mortimer never sought her society, and she was too miserable even to think of him.

Blanche met her father a few hours after her interview with Edward, when he asked her to become his wife. And as she entered the apartment where he sat reading the daily papers, he looked up and greeted his lovely daughter with a smile, for he was very fond of his darling child—his "little Blanche," as he always called her—and indulged her in all her whims and fancies. Blanche went up to her father, kissed his cheek, and wound her arms around his neck, and hid her head in his bosom."

"Why!" exclaimed the fond parent, "what is the matter with my poor little dove, that she nestles so closely to her old father's breast," and he patted her head, shining, with its ripples of gold falling on his shoulder, and then Blanche looked up into his face and told him of her secret; how she loved Edward, and how he adored her, and had asked her only a few hours since to marry him, and she had consented to be his wife; for she knew her darling papa would not forbid her marrying Edward; he was so good, so talented, and he loved her so tenderly, so devotedly, and she —, but she could not finish. She only hid her face, crimson with blushes, in her father's bosom.

Now Blanche's father loved his daughter, but he was also very fond of money, and Edward was a poor artist, and Blanche had been brought up with extravagant tastes, and Mr. Raymond wished to see his daughter married to a rich man. And so he told Blanche she was too young yet to marry, and that he did not admire Edward Hayden. He was a poor visionary, who would squander her money if she married him, and ended by saying he could not give his consent to her marriage with him.

And so it was that whilst Edward was happy, and dreaming of Blanche, and fame, and honors, poor Blanche was listening to the cruel words of her father, whose word was law to the gentle girl, and who never once thought of disobeying him—her only parent. And when she recovered from the shock her father's words had caused her, she wrote to her dearest Edward, telling him all, but vowing she would be true to him always; and if she could not marry him—her beloved, her dearest Edward—she would remain single for his sake. Never, never would she be wedded to any other than her devoted Edward, whom she loved better than her life. And the pages of her note were sprinkled with her tears, and her hand trembled as she wrote.

Walter was perfectly wretched when he received the note. To have the cup of happiness dashed from him as he was just about to place it to his lips—cruel, cruel!

[illegible] poor a[illegible] [illegible] day Blanche grew [illegible] saddened was no longer the light [illegible] merry child who amused her father, after the fatigues and annoyances of the day, by her silvery laugh and her sprightly wit. And the fond father noticed the change that had come over her, but he could not bring himself to [illegible] his cruel words. And thus Florence and Blanche were both unhappy; but Florence through her own folly, and Blanche from the mercenary disposition of her father.

The two friends met often, and were as fond of each other as they had always been.

Egbert Raymond and Florence often met, but it was with the cold formality of mere strangers. And yet if their eyes met, or their hands touched, a thrill of pleasure passed over each, for they loved [illegible] and they could never be in reality, although in form, mere acquaintances.

Florence and Mortimer often met, and were now upon amicable terms. They were very much of the same temperament and physique, were both dark and rather Spanish looking, and danced admirably together. People began to whisper that they had renewed their old affair, and that they were to be married soon, and, of course, these reports reached Egbert's ear. Mortimer had heard that Florence had been engaged to Egbert, but Florence was now all smiles and kindness for Mortimer, and he so adored her that he forgot her former cruel conduct. But Florence, at heart, was wretched, for she saw and felt that she was fast losing a great deal of her former place in Egbert's heart. He knew she was a coquette, and he feared she had only been amusing herself with him, and he now determined to forget her. Florence and Mortimer had just finished waltzing together, and as she stopped she caught Egbert's eye fixed upon her coldly and almost in scorn as she passed him. She dropped her fan, he stooped to pick it up, and in handing it to her their hands met. In that one touch Egbert felt his whole being thrill with delight. Alas! he loved her so he could not forget her! And she, ah! she would have almost died for a smile from his eye and one tender word from his lips; but she had brought it all upon herself, and she deserved her fate. But she determined to tell him all to-morrow, that she did not love Mortimer, that she only loved him, her beloved Egbert, and as she thanked him for his gallantry, she threw him a volume of love from her eye, but he only thought it was her old coquetry, and he did not notice her glance only by a bow, cold and polite—and yet he loved her so. Mortimer saw all that had passed between them both—the agitation of both, Egbert's coldness and Florence's eyes looking upon him with so much love, and as they passed on Mortimer whispered in her ear:

"Florence, you love that man; why deceive me?"

And she told Mortimer all, all, and begged him to forgive her once again and to be her friend.

About a week after this Mortimer met Egbert Raymond, and was thrown by circumstances into a *tete a-tete* with him, as it were. There had been no good feeling between these two. They both loved the same woman, and felt a little rivalry toward each other. Yet Mortimer knew in his heart that Florence did not love him, but Egbert; nay, had she not told him so, and he was of a magnanimous and generous nature, and believing that Egbert loved Florence, he determined to forget himself and to make them both happy, and so with great tact and address he talked of Florence, and told Egbert all that she had told him, and how she had *never* loved him, although he had hoped so long to win her love and would never love another; and so he caused Egbert to think that Florence had always been true to him, even in their misunderstanding, and that Egbert told Mortimer that if Florence wrote for him to return to her he would do so, although he felt how unkind had been her conduct to him. And when Egbert received a note the next day from Florence, full of love and contrition, he hurried to her, and as she met him he clasped her in his arms and she fell upon his neck exclaiming through her tears, "Beloved, forgive me. I have wronged you," and in two weeks they were married, and went abroad. Mortimer did not see them married, he could not, it was too much for him to bear, and he left the city a few days before the event, and they did not meet him again for many years. He was married. Blanche was happy in the happiness of her brother and her friend, but she carried a grief in her heart that stole the bloom from her cheek and the smile from her lips. She met Edward only at rare intervals, not at her own house ever, and she knew that he was as miserable as herself, and his wan cheek and sunken eye caused double anguish to her heart. Now, Mr. Raymond saw his daughter fading gradually before his eyes. He thought at first her love for Edward was only a girlish fancy, and that his darling Blanche would soon be the same light-hearted Blanche of former days, but the father became unhappy and remorseful when he saw that his child was growing sadder every day. And on his pillow at night came the memory of his own young love, and he began to think that his precious daughter's happiness was better than gold to her, and that gold would not bring her back to him should he lose her by the cruelty of his decision, for she seemed to be going into a decline. And one morning, after he had been thinking thus, he called Blanche to him and kissed her cheek, and bade her write Edward and tell him that her father had gave his consent to his marriage with her, and would take him to his heart as his son.

Poor Edward could hardly realize the sunshine that broke in upon his gloom. He kissed the note of his darling Blanche a thousand times, and blessed her father for his goodness, and forgot his former unkindness. In a few hours he and Blanche were clasped in each other's arms, and the fond father saw the rose return to the cheek of his darling child, and the sunshine to her heart, and he was happier than he had been for many months.

Blanche and Edward remained with Mr. Raymond after they were married, and he never lost his place in his daughter's heart, and they were a happy, loving household. Edward went every morning to his studio with love and ambition in his heart, and Blanche to her duties singing like a bird. They heard often from Florence and Egbert, who were now free from all doubts and misunderstandings, and so

"All's well that ends well."

UNHAPPY WOMEN.—A writer in the Phrenological Journal, in endeavoring to answer the question, "What makes women unhappy?" says:

At all the watering-places and seaside resorts there has been a noticeable decrease in beaux Daughters, chaperoned through empty parlors look in vain for that necessary commodity—suitable gentlemen attendants, while planning mammas grow frantic over the hopeless task of husband hunting. These mothers and daughters, like many others elsewhere, are, with all their lack of innate refinement, woman of average capacity, who, from lack of occupation, spend the best years of their lives in trying to entice men, for the sole purpose of having some one to supply in a genteel way the funds required for display.

Night after night these daughters attire themselves in the costumes remarkable for their scantiness in one direction and abundance in another, and expose their persons unblushingly as they tread the mazes of the voluptuous dance in the arms of any worn "roue" that happens to be on hand.

The extravagance of these woman keep all honest marriageable men away from their presence. They are afraid to go, even for a few weeks' pleasure, where they are liable to be tempted to marry women whom they could not possibly support, and so they stay at home, wishing all the time they could find some sensible girls who would be content with competency. I wish I could tell these wretched girls how many solid, substantial men are at their places of business this summer, kept at home by their thoughtless conduct, and how very many well meaning, moderately cultured men are wishing every day for wives, but who see no chance in the present state of society. They don't care to wed a woman whose eyes are familiar with fashionable indecencies, and whose

RAILWAY MATTERS.

W[illegible] is progressing rapidly on the Peoria and [illegible]ock Island road.

Work has commenced on the Chicago and Illinois Southern road at Mt. Vernon.

There is some talk of the Des Moines Valley building a branch westward through Knoxville to Council Bluffs.

The contractors are busy at work on the Canada Southern road. The iron bridges will be constructed by a Cleveland firm.

The Kankakee and Illinois River and the Plymouth, Kankakee, and Pacific roads have been consolidated under the name of the latter.

Track-laying on the Burlington and Southwestern road has been suspended for some time, in consequence of the delay in the shipment of the iron.

An article in the Akron *Beacon* strongly favors the project of making Columbus the terminus of the Cleveland, Mt. Vernon and Delaware railroad, instead of Delaware.

It is stated that the Milwaukee and St. Paul railroad company has determined to proceed no farther than Algona, the present terminus of the Iowa branch, for a year at least.

The Mississippi Valley and Western railroad is the name of the road to run from the western end of the Keokuk and Hamilton bridge to some point on the State line between Iowa and Missouri, within five miles of Alexandria. It is the intention of the incorporations to consolidate with the Mississippi and Missouri River Air Line road.

The La Crosse *Democrat* believes that the Milwaukee and St. Paul and the Chicago and Northwestern roads have entered into an agreement, whereby these roads fully harmonize, and plans are made for the future which will deprive LaCrosse of having another eastern outlet during the next five years.

The contractor for the construction of Flint and Pere Marquette railroad, from its present western terminus to an intersection with the Grand Rapids and Indiana railroad is "pushing things." He has about 200 men employed on the western side of the Muskegan river, between Hersey village and the point where the road will cross the river, which is not far from Evart. Hersey will be "out of the woods," one of these days.

Work has been commenced actively on the Denver and Rio Grande railway. Engineers are making the final location up the Platte, from Denver, camps are being established, and sites for some of the depots along the line have been fixed.

Suit has been filed in the Ramsey county, Minnesota, District Court, by J. H. Stewart, claiming that the Lake Superior and Mississippi railroad has been virtually sold for 20 years to the Erie and Western transportation company, and praying that the railroad company be enjoined from acting under said sale, or delivering or receiving goods from the transportation company. Mr. Stewart claims to own eight hundred and seventy-five shares in the railroad company.

Steps are being taken to build a railroad between Kokomo and Frankfort, Clinton county, Ind.; and a meeting was held last week at Jerome to further the project.

The Chicago and Iowa railroad is now completed between Aurora and Rochelle, Ill. The rest of the road is being rapidly pushed ahead.

The Des Moines Valley railroad is now operated from Keokuk to Fort Dodge, Iowa, 270 miles. Next year it will be pushed from the latter place to the Minnesota line, eighty-five miles.

The business men of Sparta, Randolph county, Ill., are discussing the project of constructing a railroad from their town to Coulterville, Randolph county, to connect at that place with the St. Louis, Belleville and Southern Illinois railroad.

The Fort Wayne, Muncie and Cincinnati railroad has been purchased by the Fort Wayne, Jackson and Saginaw railroad. This gives the Michigan Central road, which controls the Saginaw road, a direct line from Jackson, Michigan, to Cincinnati, via Fort Wayne.

There is no foundation for the report that a truce has been entered into by the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western and Erie railroads, in reference to the use of the Bergen tunnel.

J. N. McCullough, Esq., has been made general manager of the Panhandle Railroad, and has now twenty-five hundred miles of railway under his charge.

The South Pacific Railroad will reach the border of the Indian territory by the first of May.

The place made vacant by the resignation of Archie Thompson, late master mechanic of the St. Louis and Southeastern road, has not yet been filled.

It is proposed to put another passenger train on the Indianapolis, Cincinnati and Lafayette railroad, for special connection with the Ohio and Mississippi Railway.

A bill has been introduced in the Legislature of Illinois to prohibit railroad companies from issuing free passes, and as a consequence the three or four hundred editors in that State are raising a fearful howl at what they term the threatened "proscription."

A dispatch received Saturday night says that on the application of the Erie Railroad company, Judge Sutherland has granted an injunction restraining the Ohio and Mississipi Railroad from altering their guage, and issued an order to show cause why it should not be made perpetual.

The Dubuque, Belleville and Minnesota, and the Dubuque and Mississippi railroads, have recently been combined under one management. The iron for the first five miles on each road has already been received. Fifteen hundred men are kept employed, and the work is being pushed forward rapidly.

The proposed railroad along the north side of the Missouri is being actively agitated in the counties interested.

N. C. Nettleton, late of the North Missouri, has been appointed general passenger agent of the Kansas Pacific, with headquarters in St. Louis.

The Central Pacific road is making preparations to build an air-line road from Sacramento to San Francisco.

The people of Iron county have held a meeting and resolved that they will have a road from Ironton to Grand Tower.

During 1870 about fifty-five miles of railroad were built in Oregon, and seven hundred and seventeen miles in California.

Colonel E. D. Mason, chief engineer of the Hannibal bridge, is about to make the survey for a similar structure at St. Joseph.

The people of St. Charles county are willing to take $125,000 of stock in the St. Louis and Keokuk road, upon condition that the machine shops shall be located at St. Charles, and that an independent line of railroad shall be built to St. Louis.

Colonel M. R. Baldwin, general superintendent, and Major C. B. Peck, general passenger and freight agent of the Leavenworth, Lawrence and Galveston and the Kansas City and Sante Fe roads, have been in St. Louis on official business.

The motion to continue the injunction in the case of the Erie road vs. the Ohio and Mississippi road, came up in the Supreme court of New York on Feb. 4, when the defendants announced that they had filed the necessary petition and bond for the removal of the case to the United States Circuit court.

The last rail was laid on the Central railway of Iowa, about twenty-five miles above Albia, on Thursday, thus giving St. Louis a direct route to Minneapolis and St. Paul, this side of the Mississippi, by way of the North Missouri, Central of Iowa, and the Minnesota Central railroads. It is expected that through trains will be put on the new route as early as the middle of this month. An excursion party, composed of prominent officials connected with the Milwaukee and [illegible] in St. Louis the proposed change of the gauge of the [illegible]o and Mississippi road from wide to narrow, so as to connect with the Baltimore and Ohio, thus making the shortest route from St. Louis and the Mississippi valley to the seaboard, has become virtually a fixed fact. We understand from the best authority that the money arrangements have been satisfactorily made in New York. The Baltimore and Ohio company agree to guarantee the necessary bonds to be issued by the Ohio and Mississippi company for the purpose of altering its gauge. Of course some little time will be required to make this important change; but the whole force along the road will be more than doubled, and the bustle and rattle and bustle of preparation in the three principal workshops of the company will soon be commenced.

We have been shown by one of the proprietors a patent for preventing the loosening of bolts used with fish-bar joints. The value of these joints in connecting the rails is too well understood to need further reference, but it is also well understood that the constant jar and strain is apt to shake the nuts, and leave the bolts loose. This patent fastens the nut in its place, and keeps it there until designedly removed. The patent is simply this: A washer, gauge thirteen, is used, one lip of which is turned up, and at the side of the nut. Then there are two grooves in the plate, varying from three-sixteenths to one-fourth of an inch in depth, running the length of the bar. The grooves are near enough together to be covered by the washer; when the nut has been screwed up the edge of the washer is clipped and driven down into the grooves by a small, bevel-pointed chisel. It is plain, then, that the washer holds the nut in place, and is itself kept from turning by the clipped points which fit into the grooves. By turning the nut a little further on, the edge is brought up even with the bar, and the nut may then be removed. There is a variation of this patent, with a shoulder on the nut, which fits into the washer. This is used for bridges and about shops. Wherever grooved fish-bars are used, the only additional expense for this patent is $7.20 per mile. The bolts used are three threads shorter than those usually employed, and the saving of bolts amounts $7.20 per mile. Parties can be applied at $1 per joint for the many other patent. The process has been thoroughly tested, and is giving satisfaction on a number of roads.

RURAL NOTES.

ASHES ON STRAWBERRIES.—A correspondent of *Tilton's Journal* says that a coarse top-dressing of old leached ashes produced "a magical effect" on his bed of young strawberry plants set some months before, and they grew finely after having been long stationary from drouth.

FOWLS must never be left without water, but we would advise letting them have it in such quantities, and at such times as their natures demand. Give fresh water, and see that there is no snow in it. Experience has taught that snow water will reduce poultry in flesh.

HOW MUCH WORK A HORSE CAN DO.—At a meeting of the British Association in Dublin, Mr Charles Bianconi, of Cappagh, read a paper relative to his extensive car establishment, after which a gentleman stated that Pickford's, the great English carriers, they could not work a horse more than ten miles a day, and wished to hear Bianconi's opinion on the subject. Mr. Bianconi stated that, found by experience he could better work a horse eight miles a day for six days in the week, than six miles a day for seven days. By not working on Sunday, he effected a saving of 12 per cent. Mr. Bianconi's opinion on this point is of the highest importance, for he has over 600 horses working sixty-seven conveyances, which daily travel 4,244 miles. It is also the result of forty-three years' experience.—*Scientific American*

TREES draw up from the depths of the earth moisture that, charged with mineral or other impurities, would otherwise appear in miasmatic exhalations, the moisture oxygenized by vegetable action is liberated into the air free from taint, and fit for human lungs. Trees present in their myriad leaves an immense evaporating surface, and the influence they exert on climate is greater than is supposed.

WILLIAM A. WHEELER writes to the New York Farmers' Club that he has known a very foul cask to be entirely cleansed by filling it with dry earth and leaving four or five days. The earth treatment, followed by scalding lime-water will sweeten anything but a very old and rancid tub.

MEDICINE FOR HORSES.—I see frequent prescriptions for horses of various doses, in larger and smaller quantities. Don't some men injure their horses by giving them too much medicine? I know an owner of many horses, who keeps medicines on hand at all times in large quantities, and frequently doses them, sick or well. Yet his horses are not so well as mine in the long run, and I give no medicines. I bought a fine horse of this man, and he assured me that he could not live unless I had him regularly doctored. I did not believe in any such nonsense, and never give him any. He has good food fed to him regularly, and grain in moderate quantities; I keep him in a nice clean stable, never allow him to be driven hard, and never overworked, and he has not been sick for years. The fact is, dosing horses with medicine is only an unsuccessful attempt to reconcile a healthy, sound condition, with hard feeding, hard driving, and abuse generally.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

FLESH OF ANIMALS SUFFERING FROM FOOT AND MOUTH DISEASE NOT UNWHOLESOME.—A Canada West correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* says: Allow me to state that the milk of cows affected with this disease is worthless, and will be liable to spread contagion, if fed to pigs, or thrown where other farm stock can have access to it. But the disease is one affecting the vesicular, glandular and lacteal system only, and, according to the London *Lancet*, the highest medical authority in the world, the flesh of animals killed while laboring under this disease is not in the slightest degree altered or tainted, and is perfectly safe and wholesome as human food, with the exception of the tongue and tripe. A recent number of the *Mark Lane Express* states that many carcasses of cattle that have been slaughtered in England, by order of the inspectors, have been, under medical examination and authority, pronounced perfectly good for human consumption, and used as food without hesitation, or the discovery of any injurious results following upon such use.

SOOT AS MANURE.—Soot is said, by those who ought to know, to be worth nearly as much as guano. On the grass plat, or in the flower or fruit garden, its effects, when properly applied, are very marked. When mixed with water and sprinkled over vines, it seems to have the effect of keeping off insects of various kinds. On flowers it has the effect to intensify their colors. It is not to be found in any great abundance, to be sure, but more or less of it collects in the chimneys and stove pipes of almost every dwelling; and, small as the quantity is, it is worth saving and applying to plants. Instead of burning out foul chimneys, why not sweep them out and save the soot always to be found in them. The habit of saving all the fertilizing materials is a good one to fall into, and they amount to a great deal in the course of a year.

ONIONS.—Many complain that onions do not keep. The trouble is in keeping them too warm. The onion is a bulb, a plant at rest, and the least warmth starts it into activity. It is much better that onions should remain frozen through the winter, provided they can thaw gradually, than to put them in a cellar, or other warm place, where their vegetable powers will be aroused. If put in large heaps onions will be sure to spoil; but if spread in thin layers and covered with hay and straw, so that if frozen the thawing may be gradual they will keep through the winter. It is the custom with onion growers to get their crop to market as soon as possible. If they were to provide proper storage, they would realize much more for them, when sent to market later in the season.

[illegible]

To Lemon [illegible]—Put [illegible] three well-[illegible] one small [illegible] scalded for five or six minutes to remove coarser flavor, and then chopped fine [illegible] herbs, and pepper and salt to suit the taste. Line a deep dish plate; set a small cup in the center, and fill the plate all round the cup with the mince-meat. Bake of a delicate brown; then remove the cup, and fill the place with some nice sauce—apple, cranberry, or jelly, or, if you please, some scalloped oysters. Beef, lamb or chicken prepared in the same way is very good.

TO PRESERVE POTATOES.—This method is recommended by the Board of Agriculture, is to dig, in a very dry spot, trenches six feet wide and eighteen inches deep; spread straw, to pile the potatoes into the shape of the roof of a house, and to cover slight and close with straw, six inches thick, and then with earth fifteen or eighteen inches more, flatted regularly and firmly and sharp at top, raised from three to five feet above ground. If there should be any apprehension of moisture, dig a trench a few yards off, deeper than that in which the potatoes are laid. The drier they are when thus piled up, the safer they will be.

HARD PUFF PASTE.—Put one pound of flour upon your pastry slab with two ounces of butter, rub well together with the hands, make a hole in the center, in which put a pinch of salt and yolk of an egg, with the juice of a lemon; mix with water, then roll it out thin and lay half a pound of butter (prepared as for puff paste) rolled into the sheets over, fold it in three, roll and fold a skin twice over, lay it in a cold place about a quarter of an hour, give another roll, and it is ready for use when required; this paste is mostly used for fruit tarts, for which it is well adopted.

TO CURE HAMS.—Allow for every hundred pounds of ham two pounds of brown sugar, four pounds of rock salt, pulverized, and one-fourth of a pound of pure saltpetre pulverized, mix these together and add sufficient molasses to make a thick batter. Rub the hams thoroughly with the batter, and pack them close in a barrel, skin side down. Let them lay five days in a temperature above freezing, then take them out, rub each ham again, and repack, putting the one down, thus reversing the order of the hams, laying the skin side down, and let them lay five days longer. Take ley made of clean house ashes, strong enough to bear an egg, but not to float it, so that the greater part is above the ley. Add to the ley the same quantity of rain water, and to the rock salt it will dissolve cold. Let it stand to settle. Then skim it and pour it over the hams. Medium-sized hams in a temperature above freezing will cure in about twenty days. If difficult to make ley, use sufficient sal-soda dissolved in soft water to make the requisite strength, and add to it three-quarters of the quantity of soft water. When the hams are cured hang them in a cool place to dry, and when a little dried smoke them. Corn cobs make the best smoke. Place under the hams while smoking a piece of brimstone as large as a small hickory nut, on three successive days, and they will smoke in that time; the brimstone leaves no taste or smell whatever; without the brimstone from six to ten days will be required to smoke them. Before flies appear, paste them in strong paper bags and bury them in wood ashes. Use brimstone also in smoking dried beef, and to keep it from becoming hard, pack it closely in a strong box or bag, and compress with great weights.

SOAP.—Hard soap is fittest for washing clothes with, and soft soap for floors. It is a good plan to soap your dirtiest clothes, and soak them over night in soft water. If you are at a loss to procure soft water for washing, fill a barrel half full of wood ashes, and fill it up with water, and you will have ley whenever you want it. A gallon of ley put into a great boiler of hard water, will make it quite soft. Some use pearlash or potash; but either injures the texture of the cloth. If you have a strip of land, remember that ashes and suds are good manure for bushes and young plants.

SINGERS AND SINGING.—The character of the voice depends a great deal upon the physical organization. It is modified by the size and shape of the mouth, as well as the manner of using it. If a woman's mouth be small and her lungs weak, her singing-voice will sound like *cooing*; if her mouth be small and her lungs powerful, her voice will resemble *hooting*, making a hollow sound, like that produced by blowing into the neck of a large bottle; if her mouth and throat are both very large, her voice will have a *twang* like that of a negress, and approaching a masculine tenor. It may not have been generally observed that, in proportion as any race of mankind is cultivated and civilized, the difference in the physical power of the two sexes is widened. The male and female of the African race are more nearly equal in corporeal strength than the white man and woman. I have heard a negro man and woman singing together; and, as I did not see them, I could not determine whether the duet was performed by two of the same sex or otherwise. The voice of a negro of either sex, however, has, in all cases, a twang peculiar to that race. It might be imitated by singing through a widely-darling tin funnel. The length and size of the neck produce important modifications of the voice. Soprano singers, for the most part, have short necks and high shoulders. Women with very long necks and sloping shoulders have contralto voices, almost without exception. Hence, we may explain a fact which often excites surprise—that many small and slender women have a low and deep-toned voice, which should be distinguished, however, from one of a masculine character. A symmetrical form of the neck and shoulders produces the mezzo-soprano, or middle voice, which is the most agreeable. All these different conformations of the mouth and frame give the voice its physiological character, which is also very considerably modified by temperament.

KEEP THE COWS IN HEART.—The editor of the *Practical Farmer*, Philadelphia, alluding to farm stock, especially milch cows, finely and truthfully remarks that "uninterrupted thrift at all seasons with all domestic animals should be the motto; and this depends on constant care and oversight," combined with a practical understanding of what is proper to be given to keep animals in good heart. With cows giving milk, the oversight and care is of prime importance, as without it they fall away in flesh; the flow of milk will diminish, and the profits expected to result from keeping them fail of realization.