Poetry.

OCCIDENT AND ORIENT.

BY SUSAN T. ADAMS.

Open the gate, O Land of Ancient Story,
To thy Sisters' greeting;
They have waited long to look at thine inner glory:
Come forth to the meeting.

Open to us the traditions of former days
That thy wise men held;
Let us look back from our ever-changing ways
To thy works of Eld.

"Come!" says Albion, girding her armor on—
(Great Isle of the Sea,
Over whose children the bright sun never goes down)—
"Smile first on me!"

"Come to me," says sunny-featured France,
Across the waters;
"Let thy children's almond eyes first glance
On my sons and daughters."

And the Monarch of the North, and each distant land,
Seeing the stir
Of the ancient Chinese Empire, stretch forth the hand,
And call to her.

But the youngest of them all, she too has heard,
With beating heart;
She too looks longingly, yet utters not a word,
Sitting apart.

Slow she arises—the Celestial Land—
At her Sisters' call;
With timid mien she stretches forth her hand
To the youngest of all.

The East and the West are met. The word is spoken:
China is risen!
The ancient wall that kept her so long is broken;
She steps from her prison.

She looks with awe on the changes Time has wrought—
Old forms o'erpast.
The last of the nations first unto Liberty brought:
And the First is Last.

Fling wide thy gates, O Land of Ancient Story!
And it may be
Thou shalt behold the dawn of a brighter glory
Break over thee!

When the light of Freedom, flashing from shore to shore,
On thy soil shall burst,
It may be the First shall become the Last once more
And the Last be First.

—*Harper's Magazine for November.*

Selected Miscellany.

IN THE MOUNTAINS.

In the fall of 1856 I was traveling eastward in a stage coach from Pittsburgh, over the mountains. My fellow travelers were two gentlemen and a lady. The oldest gentleman's appearance interested me exceedingly. In years he seemed fifty; in air and manner he was calm, dignified and polished, and the contour of his features was singularly intellectual. He conversed freely on different topics, until the road became more abrupt and precipitous; but on my directing his attention to the great altitude of a precipice, on the verge of which our coach wheels were leisurely rolling, there came a marked change in his countenance. His eyes, lately filled with the light of intelligence, became wild, restless and anxious—the mouth twitched spasmodically, and the forehead was beaded with a cold perspiration. With a sharp, convulsive shudder, he turned his gaze from the giddy height, and clutching my arms tightly with both hands, he clung to me like a drowning man.

"Use the cologne," said the lady, handing me a bottle with the instinctive goodness of her sex.

I sprinkled a little on his face, and he became more composed; but it was not until we had entirely traversed the mountain, and descended into the country beneath, that his fine features relaxed from their perturbed look, and assumed the placid, quiet dignity that I had at first noticed.

"I owe an apology to the lady," said he, with a bland smile and gentle inclination of the head to our fair companion, "and some explanation, and to my fellow-traveler also; and perhaps I cannot better acquit myself of the double debt than by recounting the cause of my recent agitation."

"It may pain your feelings," delicately urged the lady.

"On the contrary, it will relieve them," was the respectful answer.

Having signified our several desires to hear more, the traveler proceeded:

"At the age of eighteen I was light of heart and fear (he smiled,) light of head. A fine property on the banks of the Ohio acknowledged me sole owner. I was hastening home to enjoy it, and delighted to get free from college life. The month was October, the air bracing, and the mode of conveyance, a stage like this only more cumbrous. The other passengers were few—only three in all—one old, grey-headed planter of Louisiana, his daughter, a joyous, bewitching creature, about seventeen, and his son, about ten years of age.

"They had just returned from France, of which country the young lady discoursed in terms so eloquent as to absorb my entire attention.

"The father was taciturn, but the daughter was vivacious by nature, and we soon became so mutually pleased with each other that it was not until a sudden flash of lightning and a heavy dash of rain against the windows elicited an exclamation from my charming companion, that I know how the night passed. Presently there came a low, rumbling sound, and then several peals of thunder, accompanied by successive flashes of lightning. The rain descended in torrents, and an angry wind began to howl and moan through the forest trees.

"I looked from the window of our vehicle. The night was dark as ebony, but the lightning showed the danger of our road. We were on the edge of a fearful precipice. I could see at intervals huge, jutting rocks far away down its side, and the sight made me solicitous for my fair companion. I thought of the mere hair-breadths that were between us and eternity; a single little rock in the track of our coach-wheels, a tiny billet of wood, a stray root of a tempest-torn tree, restive horses, or a careless driver—any of these might hurl us from our sublunary existence with the speed of thought.

"'Tis a perfect tempest," observed the lady as I withdrew my head from the window. "How I do love a sudden storm!—There is something grand about the winds when fairly loose among the hills. I never counuterned a night like this, but Byron's magnificent description of a thunder-storm in the Jura recurs to my mind. But we are on the mountain yet?"

"Yes, we have begun the ascent."

"Is it not said to be dangerous?"

"By no means," I replied in as easy a tone as I could assume.

"I only wish that it was daylight so that we might enjoy the mountain scenery.—But what's that?" and then covered her eyes from a sheet of lightning that illuminated the rugged mountain with brilliant intensity.

"Peal after peal of thunder instantly succeeded; there was a very volume of rain coming down at each other thunder burst, and with the deeper moaning of an animal in dreadful agony breaking upon our ears I found that the coach had come to a dead halt.

"Louise, my beautiful fellow traveler, became as pale as ashes. She fixed her eyes on mine with a look of anxious dread, and, turning to her father, she hurriedly remarked:

"We are on the mountains."

"I reckon we are," was the the unconcerned reply.

"With instinctive activity I put my head through the window and called to the driver, but the only answer was the moaning of an animal, borne past me by the swift winds of the tempest. I seized the handle of the door and strained in vain—it would not yield. At that instant I felt a cold hand in mine, and heard Louise faintly articulate in my ear the following appalling words:

"The coach is moving backward."

"Never shall I forget the fierce agony with which I tugged at the coach door, and called on the driver in tones that rivalled the blast of the tempest, while the conviction was burning in my brain that the coach was being slowly moved backward.

"What followed was of such swift occurrence that it seemed to me like a frightful dream.

"I rushed against the door with all my force, but it withstood my utmost efforts. One side of our vehicle was sensibly going down, down, down. The moaning of the agonized animal became deeper, and I knew from his desperate plunges that it was one of our horses. Crash upon crash of thunder rolled over the mountain, and vivid flashes of lightning played over our heads. By its could see for a moment the old hunter stand erect, with his hands on his son and daughter, his eyes raised to heaven, and his lips moving as if in prayer. I could see Louise turn her ashy cheek toward me as if imploring assistance; and I could see the bold glance of the boy flashing defiance at the war of elements and the awful danger that awaited him. There was a roll, a desperate plunge, a harsh, grating jar, a sharp, piercing scream of mortal terror, and I had but time to clasp Louise firmly with one hand round her waist, and seized the fastenings attached to the roof with the other, when we were precipitated over the precipice.

"I can distinctly recollect preserving consciousness for a few seconds of time, how rapidly my breath was being exhausted, but of that tremendous descent I soon lost all further knowledge by a concussion so violent that I was instantly deprived of all sense and motion."

The traveler paused. His features worked for a minute or two, as they did when we were on the mountain; he passed his hands across his forehead, as if in pain, and then resumed his thrilling narrative.

"On a low couch, in an humble room of a small country house, I next opened my eyes in this world of light and shade, joy and sorrow, mirth and madness. Gentle hands smoothed my pillow, gentle feet glided across my chamber, and a gentle voice for a time hushed all my questionings. I was kindly tended by a fair young girl of sixteen, who refused for a while to hold any discourse with me. At length, one morning finding myself sufficiently recovered to sit up, I insisted on knowing the result of the accident.

"'You were discovered,' said she, 'sitting on the ledge of rocks amidst the branches of a shattered tree, clinging to the roof of your broken coach with one hand, and the insensible form of a lady in the other.'

"'And the lady!' I gasped, scanning the girl's face with an earnestness that made her draw back and blush.

"'She was saved, sir, by the means that saved you—a friendly tree.'

"'And her father and mother!' I impatiently demanded.

"'We found both crushed to death at the bottom of the precipice, and we buried them in one grave by the clover patch, down in our meadow.'

"'Poor Louise! poor orphan! God pity you,' I muttered in broken tones, utterly unconscious that I had a listener.

"'God pity her indeed, sir,' said she, with a gush of heartfelt sympathy. 'Would you like to see her?' she added.

"I found her bathed in tears for her kindred, and she received me with a sorrowful sweetness of manner. I need not detain you by describing the efforts I made to soothe her grief, but briefly acquaint you that at last I succeeded, and twelve months after the dreadful occurrence which I related we stood at the altar as man and wife. She still lives to bless me with her smiles, but the anniversary of that terrible night she secludes herself in her room and devotes the hour of darkness to solitary prayer.

"As for me," said the traveler, while a faint blush tinged his brow, "the accident reduced me to the condition of a physical coward at the sight of a mountain precipice."

"But the driver," asked the lady passenger, who had listened to the story with much attention, "what became of the driver, and did you ever learn the reason of his deserting his post?"

"His body was found on the road within a few steps of the place where the coach went over. He had been struck dead by the same flash of lightning that blinded the restive horses."

And thus ended this thrilling and remarkable story of life.

Tricks of a Magician.

Here is the World's sketch of the tricks now performed by Hermann, the well-known prestidigitateur:

He then proceeds to shuffle a pack of cards. They become fluid in his hands. He pours them out in little cascades. He sets them sailing about the house; they become imponderable, they grow in size, they vanish, they set all the known laws of matter at defiance. They, in a word, open a new field of possibilities in the old and exhausted domain of sleight-of-hand. The rest of Hermann's tricks are fresh and wonderful. He is shot by three murderous riflemen picked out of the audience. He gathers a hat full of silver dollars from the back hair of the best looking ladies; he turns on a stream of them from the peg of the bass fiddle; he takes vases of gold fish out of his vest pocket; he draws a small cart-load of mammoth bouquets from his shirt-bosom. He walks down to the spectators and requests them to use their senses, and then convinces them that they are of no use. He defies reason and scrutiny alike with his five fingers. The disbelieving respectable old gentlemen in the front seats are compelled to take his cards and money out of their pantaloons pockets, and the young men who are busy explaining to their sweethearts how the tricks are all done, have their mouths stopped with kid gloves and handkerchiefs, which this necromancer pulls neatly ironed from their bowels. Altogether, Herrman is the prince of illusion, who baffles the scientific research of the boxes and the discernment of the philosophical gallery in his person proper, without the aid of vulgar realism and the old claptrap of the Andersons and such like mechanicians.

Col. Adams' Exploration of the Colorado.

Col. Samuel Adams, who has spent the better part of the past four years in explorations of the Colorado River and through the wildest portions of the far Southwest, has just returned from another expedition, the most dangerous and difficult yet undertaken. He arrived here last night, and submitted an extended report of his discoveries to the government. His party consisted of 11 men beside himself, and all the expenses of the expedition, including the cost of boats, conveyances, instruments, provisions, and other necessary articles of outfit, were borne by himself, and the undertaking was purely of a private nature, without aid from the government or from any state or association. The explorations were confined to the Upper Colorado, its tributaries, and the country adjacent, and embraced sections never before penetrated by modern explorers.

The party started at the summit of the Rocky Mountains, near Breckinridge, Summit county, Colorado, where 52 hydraulic mines are in operation, and where much gold is taken out during six months of the year. Col. Adams represents that he found localities equally rich in mines that can be worked during all the months of the year, and that in the northwestern and central portions of Arizona and New Mexico he found the richest country he had ever seen. He says he saw wild wheat, rye, oats, and barley, growing to the height of six feet, and that he also discovered ruins of cities built of stone, fortifications, canals, abandoned mines, several hundred years old, and he gives it as his belief that the cities, the ruins of which he described, were inhabited centuries before San Augustine, Florida, which is believed to have been the first settlement embraced in the territory of the United States. The party also discovered oil wells, tar wells, and salt and coal in abundance. After starting the explorers descended 4,000 feet during the first hundred miles, following the river, and Col. Adams states that the growth of timber, very limited at first, increased as they descended, and that an exhaustible supply was found, which would supply the whole southern country in that region, where now the supply is brought from the country about Puget Sound, and reaches its destination only by being shipped along the coast in the Pacific waters up the Gulf of California, and thence up through the navigable waters of the Colorado. The report will be one of the most interesting ever made of explorations in the Far West, and will be substituted to Congress at its next session.—*Washington dispatch.*

CURIOUS PHENOMENON.—A singular phenomenon, we are informed, has been witnessed in the vicinity of a village in upper Austria. On Thursday, the 19th ult., the soil covering several yokes of land in the neighborhood of Moll, a few leagues from the town of Steyer, suddenly fell in with a crash like thunder, and where the oats were waving a few seconds before, there suddenly appeared a lake. The water of this newest addition to upper Austrian scenery is clear, its temperature is very low, and it is said to have much resemblance to that of the glacier lakes. Though the river Steyer passes at no great distance, it does not appear that any communication exists between them; at all events, there is reason to believe that the lake receives no contribution to its waters from the river, though the contrary may be possible. The water of the river is said to be chemically different from that contained in the newly discovered natural reservoir.

CITRON MELON PRESERVE.—Cut the melon in slices an inch wide, pare, and take off the pulp so as to leave the surface smooth and even; leave it in lengths or cut into squares according to fancy. Weigh the melon, and to each pound allow one of good white sugar, and one large, or two small lemons. Put the citron into a porcelain kettle, cover with clear water, and boil gently until a straw will penetrate the fruit readily. Cut the lemons in slices and take out the seeds, and after the melon is removed from the water, put the lemons in and let them boil a few minutes. Remove, and add the sugar, and if you judge that there will not be sufficient juice to cover the whole when done, add a little more water. Boil until clear, skimming if necessary, add the melon and lemon, boil a few moments all together, and afterwards put into pots, jars, or bottles. This preserve will keep perfectly in jars if cooled, and then covered with pasted paper the same as jelly, or it may be put into a crock, the lid of which is well secured.

—The Working Women's Convention, in Boston, closed its session on the 22d. An organization was formed to be styled "The Massachusetts Working-Women's League," and a constitution adopted and officers elected. The object of the League is more especially to unite factory operatives, and bring them into harmony with other trades' organizations of the state. There was a large attendance in the evening, and addresses were made by Mrs. Livermore, of Chicago, Mrs. Blackwell, Lucy Stone, Miss Jennie Collins, Mrs. Daniels, Mrs. Bradley and others.

—The value of American wool manufactures annually is $175,000,000.

MY GREAT-GRANDFATHER.

His Remarkable Voyage.

BY JOHN QUILL.

You see, said my great-grandfather, who had gathered a crowd of his friends around him at the grocery store in Darby, one evening; you see I was once a sailor before the mast, on a small vessel which was cruising about in the South Atlantic Ocean.

She was a very small vessel, and so frail that I was afraid all the time that she would go to pieces, but she didn't. It happened one day that I was sent aloft to nail a block of some kind on the top of the mainmast, and as we had no hatchet I took an axe. I hit the mast three or four pretty stiff knocks, when all of a sudden I thought I felt her go down with a jerk. But she looked all right, and I thought it couldn't possibly be. So I came down and said nothing about it.

Three or four days afterwards the mate says to the captain:

"Cap., it's queer we don't sight land by this time."

"Very queer," says the captain.

"And what's funny about it is that for several days past my instruments have made us out to be in precisely the same latitude and longitude."

"Maybe something's the matter with the sun."

"Or perhaps the parallels of latitude have shifted."

"Or maybe you've made a mistake in your figures."

"I didn't think of that," says the mate.

So they took another observation and found that they were in precisely the same old place. Everybody was frightened, and it was not until after a close examination that it was at last ascertained that I had actually driven that mainmast through the bottom of the ship into the mud, where it had stuck fast, and that the old tub had been spinning round and round, like a weather-cock on a steeple, all this time, without anybody knowing it.

To say that the captain was mad, don't describe his condition. He roared around so about it, that I got scared, and hid myself in an old cask in the hold. There I laid all day, when it was decided to heave part of the cargo overboard to lighten ship, and the cask I was in was headed up, and I afraid to budge, and the whole concern was heaved into the water.

I was in that barrel about four days. It was a little crowded, to be sure, and it would roll some, but on the whole I was comfortable. One day I felt myself toosed on shore, and then I was so certain of saving my life, that I just turned over and took a first-class nap.

I was waked by something tickling my face. At first I thought it was a mosquito, but then I remembered that no mosquito could possibly have got into that barrel anyhow. I brushed at it again, and caught it. It was a straw. I gave it a jerk. Something knocked against the barrel outside, and I heard the word—

"Tuyfel!"

Then another straw was hurried, and I pulled that harder yet. Something struck the barrel again, and I heard this exclamation:

"Der Tuyfel!"

Then another straw was put in, and I caught hold of it, and saw that it came through the bunge-hole, and there was a man outside trying to suck something or other through that straw, and every time I gave her a jerk it jammed his old nose bat against the staves. So I gave her one more pull, and then kicking the head out of the cask, I got out and said to this fellow:

"Look a here, what in the deuce are you trying to do, anyhow?"

"*Nein,*" says he, shaking his head.

"What are you fooling around here for, say!"

"*Nein,*" says he.

"That makes eighteen," says I.

"*Nein,*" says he.

"Twenty-seven," says I. "Go on: I'll add it up for you. I'm a lightning calculator, I am."

"*Nein.*"

"Thirty-six," I said. "You appear to be a regular original old first nine. What club do you belong to anyway?"

"*Nein,*" says he, still shaking his head.

"Forty-fi——" Just then it flashed across my mind that he was a Dutchman.

"Beer," says I, to try him.

I had touched a sympathetic chord in his nature.

"O! yaw! yaw! says he "Ha! ha! dat is goot! O. yaw!" and we rushed into each other's arms and wept.

I felt that I had found a friend.

I sincerely wished he had been my long lost brother, with the regular thing in strawberry marks on his arm, only I never had a brother, and he was never long lost, and never had anything on his arm.

But this German was a good fellow. He lived in Dutch Guiana, and had a wife, and three pretty daughters who were so precisely alike that I could never tell one from the other. I fell in love with one of them; I never could tell which, so I courted them all three, just as they happened to come along.

One day they all came in together. I tried to be sweet with the one I thought was the right girl, and the other two got so mad that I was afraid they'd burst some blood vessel or other. Then all three of them said I had promised to marry them, and all three of them repeated the fond words I had whispered to them, and accused me of treachery.

It looked stormy for me. There was entirely too much love's chidings for comfort. I then offered to marry them all three, and to take them to Salt Lake; or to cut myself in three pieces; or to drown myself with them and perish in four watery graves.

Respectfully but firmly declined.

Then they all went out. After a bit one came in and said:

"Abijah, dear, let us us elope together, and leave these horrid women, and go to some sunny clime, where we can be happy in the fullness of each other's love."

"I will think it over, my angel," said I.

She passed out. Then one of them came in again.

"Abijah, dear, let us fly together, and leave these horrid women, and go to some sunny clime, where we can be happy in the fullness of each other's love."

"I say I will think it over, my own angel."

And she disappeared. But she seemed anxious, so in she comes again.

"Abijah, dear, let us fly together, and leave these horrid women, and go to some sunny clime, where we can be happy in the fullness of each other's love."

"Look here, now, you've said that three times, and that's enough. My mind fully grasps the idea. I say I'll think it over."

"Why, I never said it before," says she.

"The mischief you didn't," says I.

"Upon my sacred word and honor; I'll cross my breath to it," says she.

I saw it all, They had all three of them tackled me with the same proposition. It was clear that I must fly. I made up my mind to take the very first boat that left Dutch Guiana for anywhere.

I left the house, and hadn't gone more than a square when I saw the parent of the three girls in pursuit. We both ran. He was armed. He carried his boomerang with him. He fired it at me. I dodged, and the boomerang flew back and brained him on the spot, and there were precisely three more beautiful orphans in Dutch Guiana than there were when I came.

I slipped on board of an American vessel, and we got along well enough until a series of storms set in, and we were blown out of our course. The ship then sprang a leak, and foundered with all on board but me. I clung to a spar and was washed on shore, after a ride of three days o'er the waters of the deep blue sea.

I didn't know where I was; probably in some strange land or other. I looked around. There was a hut about a mile off. I made for it. It contained one man.

"He's another blasted foreigner," said I to myself; "there is no use of trying to talk to him."

I wanted something to eat, so I opened my mouth wide, and pointed into it, and said, "Aw—aw—aw—aw!"

The man was evidently surprised. He appeared to think I must have swallowed something or other, so he caught me by the jaws and held them apart, while he looked down my throat.

He seemed disappointed that he didn't see anything.

"Aw—aw—aw—ough!" I grunted, still pointing in my month.

It seemed to occur to him that I had the toothache, for he went out and got a monkey-wrench, a pair of pincers, and a cross-cut saw.

"Um—um—um—um—um—um!" said I, in despair, rubbing my stomach.

His face lit up with the idea that I had the cramp colic, and he commenced exerting himself to spread a mustard plaster. I shooked my head and rubbed my stomach and grunted:

"Ow—ow—ow—ow."

At last he thought he had it—I must be poisoned; so he tried to improvise a stomach pump out of two eel skins and a syringe."

"Aw—aw—aw—aw!" groaned I, in despair, pointing to my mouth, and drawing a line down to my abdomen.

The thought suggested itself to him that I wanted him to rip me up, so he got out a butcher knife and began sharpening it on his boot.

He was the most accommodating man I ever saw, that fellow.

Then, as a last resort, I began to clip my teeth together as if I was chewing something. He instantly jumped to the conclusion that I had been bitten by a dog and had hydrophobia. So he first took a bucket of water out of the room, and then began to feel my leg.

"O, pshaw!" said I, forgetting myself, "I want something to eat."

"Well, why in the mischief didn't you say so then?" said he. "What are you standing there gibbering like some degraded idiot for?"

"Why, I thought you couldn't understand English; I thought you were a foreigner," said I.

"And I took you for a wandering member of the deaf and dumb asylum."

"Deaf and dumb asylum!" said I; "of what place?"

"Why, of New Jersey, of course."

"Is this New Jersey, then?" I asked.

"You can just bet it is. Listen! there's the whistle of the Camden and Aboy railroad company.

I sat down and cried like a baby when I remembered the number of times I had dead-headed on that very line in days of yore—days, I may say, that were now mingled with the irrevocable Past.

"Take a clam?" said the man, rousing me from my reverie.

I took a clam, took a "snifter," I took all the eatables and drinkables in the place, and then I walked to the depot and came home, just on the very day, you recollect, my wife was going to be married to another man, and now I wish I'd stayed away and let him.

KENO AND ITS VICTIMS.

History of the Game and How it is Played—How Greenies are Fleeced.

As many of the young men of the cities—clerks, business men and mechanics—are "taking the chances" at keno, the following description by the editor of the Detroit Post of the keno room in operation may prove interesting to the uninitiated:

Keno, which has in a great measure taken the place of faro, at least in the Northwest, is founded on the German game called Lotto, a diversion or sport. It was originally intended for children, or when carefully played, by older persons, and made some skillful calculation necessary. Gradually it was altered, and amended until it has become a means of seemingly cheap, but in fact terribly expensive gambling.

Five or six long tables in the room are strewn with thick pasteboard cards, about 7 by 3¼ inches in size. In the center of each card is a number in large figures. This card is in fact the player, for, as will be seen, the rest of the game is merely mechanical as regards the men playing. There are 21 spaces or squares marked on the card—7 horizontal and three perpendicular. In six of these squares on each of the horizontal row of spaces are small figures, each space containing a number choosen at random from 1 to 200. This fills just 15 squares out of 21, leaving 6 blank spaces, The number of the card issued is 200 in the room described, and each player has the large central number, mentioned above, registered on a board with holes for pegs, and numbered to correspond with the cards. Every player pays 25 cents to the banker for one of the cards described, and if more than one is used he pays the same price for each additional one and the game opens. A man on the dais, in the center of the room, whirls a bottle-shaped, wooden thing, which is filled with little balls, numbering, as is the board, from one to two hundred. At each revolution one of these balls is thrown out of the bottle and caught in the hand of the operator, who cries out the number marked on it, and every player whose card contains the corresponding number covers the figures with a button or check. The player who first fills a straight row of five numbers called "Keno," is entitled to the stakes in the Bankers' hands, minus 25 per cent.

Placing the number of players at twenty, what are the chances of winning? They have deposited $5, a quarter each—that is, if each one plays but one card. Of this the banker takes $1.25, leaving $3.75 to the winner, Here are twenty players, each holding a card with a different combination of numbers, to be covered as called. Two, three, five, six, or more players may cover a number at the same time, unless the little balls indicate four other numbers on the same line, his chances of winning are gone. So the greater the number of players, the less chance for winning the pool. If twenty play the odds are nineteen to one. This would seem enormous odds, but it is not all. Out of 200 you have but 15 figures that can possibly win; that is, you have three rows of figures each, and one of these rows must be covered; 13¼ chances against one! Now the odds in favor of the player are very small; if he wins he gets fifteen times as much as he invested. The balance, then can be fairly cast as follows:

Odds against players	32 1-8
Odds in favor of players	15
Total against chances of winning	17 1-2

Yet young men and old men take this venture nightly, when in the ordinary course of business they would hesitate to risk anything at a tithe of such odds. It must be clear that they are only depositing in the coffers of an unscrupulous gambler a percentage of their winnings, which are very small at best, and that the banker cannot lose anything, but must win. How they can consent to support such a leech it is hard to imagine, but they do; and night after night men who move in good society can be seen bending over one of those fifteen figured cards, vainly attempting to calculate what combination of figures will win in the next deal, as if there were any arithmetical problem that can be solved by little balls whirling rapidly in a bottle and continually changing places. He is a fool who looks for a solution in that way.

In keno, as in faro, the chances of winning are invariably against the player, and frequently great care is taken by the operators that a player has no chance at all. A "brace" or "skin" game is often played, and done in this manner: The operator, as the balls fall from the bottle or wheel, calls out the numbers. He is invariably a professional gambler, of course, and has it in his power to call the real number or a false one if he chooses. When he desires to favor the "house cards" (and these things are sometimes numerically dealt out), he calls out the number that is on that card, and which is in the hand of his friend, and all risks by outsiders are easily taken in the "fraternity."

A REVEREND RASCAL.

Perfidy and Villainy of a Methodist Preacher.

Holly Correspondence Detroit Free Press, Oct. 18.

One of the worst cases of crime that has ever transpired in our midst, or, indeed, that has ever come under my notice, is that of a Methodist clergyman by the name of Washington W. Welch, who is now under arrest and examination before Justice Baker, of this village, charged with having committed rape upon the person of Louisa J. Green, wife of Elder O. H. P. Green, of this township, also a clergyman of the Methodist persuasion, and a man of property and average standing in community. As this matter is the all-absorbing topic of conversation hereabouts, unusual publicity has already been given to it, and there is no reason why the facts as they are alleged, or as they appear, should not be legitimate matter for publication in the journals of the day.

It seems that the defendant, Welch, met and became acquainted with Elder Green in Pennsylvania, where he, Welch, resided, and being a man of some property, and having ready money to invest, was induced by Green to visit Holly for that purpose. He came here some time last spring, became acquainted with Elder Whitcomb, then pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church in this village, and divided his time in visiting among them. It is stated that he and Elder Green were associated in certain business transactions, and Welch himself claims that Green owes him $3,000. When Welch left here on the 12th of September last, he had, previous to that time, been stopping for some time at Elder Green's house, about six miles from this village, in the northwest part of the town, and it is alleged that the crime was committed on the morning previous to his departure. He left here ostensibly to attend the Conference held at Grand Rapids, but was arrested on Friday last by officer Eli Sattles, of Pontiac, and M. M. Burnham, of this place, at White Pigeon, in the southern part of the state. He was arraigned before Justice Baker on Saturday afternoon last, and put in a plea of not guilty.

—A repulsive looking hermit, a sort of Middle Age ascetic, lives in a log hut at the head of Atean Pond, on Moose River, Me., six miles from his nearest neighbor, an Irishman. He is an Englishman, named Lockyere, 87 years old, and has lived in this seclusion nineteen years, cultivating a little patch of ground, and catching fish and game. His only companions are six cats, with whom he lives on terms of intimacy like Alexander Selkirk. Some disappointment seems to have sent him here, but he makes a confidant of no one, but says he is possessed of an immense estate in England, and has made his will, which will astonish the world when it is opened. He is now very feeble and an object of pity; but to some one who asked him if he was not lonely, he said, "No man is alone except God hated him, and he pitied such a person." He is clothed in filthy rags, and, not having bathed in years, his person is encrusted in dirt. There is some hope that the late flood may have benefited him.

—The Suez Canal has cost $81,000,000.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

Fall Fashions for Gentlemen.

From Harpers' Bazaar, Oct. 30.

CLOTHS AND TRIMMINGS.

Singularly marked and peculiar are the fancy cassimeres for the fall and winter seasons. The bands for the outer seams of pantaloons are strongly pronounced, and in contrast rather in relief; but the importations from Elbœuf and Lyons, with some Scotch samples of double twills, surpass any styles heretofore imported in body, texture, and beauty of tints. Stripes plaids, and thread lines are the favorite figure, all ornamented or relieved with wide borders in contrast.

COATINGS.

Of these, the mulberry, Vankyke brown, dark shades of olive green, blue and black, are the broads preferred. For business and neglige, both the dressed and undressed surfaces of the Elbœuf and Lyons twills, both single and double milled; while for morning overcoatings of the sacque *genre*, tricot and tweeds are preferred, though the beavers are in most general wear.

VESTINGS.

Cassimeres, cashmeres, Valencias, figured cut and uncut velvets, plushes, and elegant reps, barithea, and figured silks. Valencias in small figures are among the most attractive.

TRIMMINGS.

Braided edges were never more popular than at present, while a fine corded edge with a row of stitching back of it, is the latest and best fabric for morning coats. Reps and surges for facing the breasts of frocks and all double-breasted morning coats out to the lapel seam, is in high vogue. Cassimere vests, cut high and with short roll, are trimmed with velvet collar and breast facing; while the double-breasted low roll collar vest is faced with velvet, has a velvet collar, and the edges are bound on the surface with velvet braid an inch wide. Wide braid edges is the style for morning and business vests.

Serges and Italian cloths for linings, with cassimere for the lining of coats, for travelers and *commissionaires*.

BUTTONS.

The hand-made needle button, silk or twist cover, of the watch shape, medium size and to match, is preferred for trimming fine surfaced broads, and for such cloths narrow and fine braid edges are preferred.

GENERAL REMARKS.

The sombre costume of the mourner, which became so general and long-continued because of the wars in Europe and the United States, has been superseded by brilliant compositions in colors, rich goods and chaste designs in figures and trimmings. The blue dress coat, trimmed with gold buttons, is the evening style for all select parties. A white vest and black pantaloons are worn with it, the latter cut half tight. Mr. Lester Wallack has adopted knee-breeches, black silk hose, and low shoes for wear on select party occasions, with the blue dress coat; and as a man of genius, letters, and cultivated taste, he is a very worthy exemplar.

The promenade suit of Vandyke brown, with coat with velvet collar, and high roll vest with velvet collar and facing, is a feature in the present styles. Standing shirt-collar and white cravat, with large double-bow tie. This is the monochrome in half dress, though it is generally indulged in for *neglige.*

SHIRT-COLLARS AND BOSOMS.

The three-ply narrow standing collar and the square turn-down, not Byronic. Bosoms for full dress have a narrow ruffle each side of a wide center pleat; but for morning wear the pleat is plain and wide.

GLOVES.

Mallow-colored kids for full dress, and drab for morning wear. White gloves for pall-bearers, black for mourning, and purple for half-mourning.

RINGS AND PINS.

Signet-ring for morning wear, and a solitaire to full dress parties. Plain pin for morning dress, and a single diamond, or a tasteful composition of other precious stones, for full dress. An effort to display jewelry, before a crowd of strangers, especially, betrays a crude taste.

HATS.

Bell crown, six inches high, brim rather wider than last season, and with curve to brim, but square set, and with wide band and banding.

BOOTS AND GAITER SHOES.

The box toes seem the rage with young men, but the style is being superseded by the usual square toes with rounded corners. The box toe is formed by turning the insole up over the toe to hold the upper from the toes, and thus protect them. It is a good style for shooting wear.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

Infants' cloaks are changed in shape. The round upper cape is smaller than has been worn of late, measuring only five-eigths behind, while the cloak proper is straight, with square corners, and is attached to a yoke with sleeves. White merino embroidered, and a satin quilling or fringe round the cape describes the handsomest cloaks. The yokes and sleeves are wadded and lined with thin silk, also the cloak-piece, which is a yard and a half wide and only a yard long. The cape is only lined. Imported with these cloaks, and embroidered to match, are little shoes of white silk and turbans for boy babies, or else cape bonnets that are used either for boys or girls. A set of the three pieces costs from $75 to $150. Mothers say that double cape circulars are more comfortable than yoke cloaks for infants, and are simpler of construction. These are of white or colored merino, braided or trimmed with bands of gros grain, velvet or plush. Widely netted fringe surrounds the upper cape. The fine plaid flannels sold at 75c a yard make pretty circulars for ordinary use. They should be lined with flannel, and trimmed with bands of notched cloth, or scalloped and bound with silk braid.

The newest hats, hoods and visored caps are shaped precisely like the patterns given in Bazar No. 28, Vol. II. Soft, warm cape-bonnets are most in favor, made of cashmere, with a quilled satin ruche around the edge. Turbans are of uncut velvet or plush. Three dollars buy a plain turban of white satin, with blue velvet border. A merino bonnet with white satin quillings is $7; embroidered, $9. Caps of white satin with velvet visor and ear rosettes are $9.50. Pretty little hoods of zephyr wool overcast with floss are $1.90. Tiny sacques knitted in shell patterns, white, with colored border, are $1.62½. Heavier crocheted sacques, with ribbon drawing strings at the belt, are to be worn beneath cloaks in cold weather. Price, $3. New lace bids to be worn over cloaks are square, like the Maria Theresa collars for ladies. In imitation of Mechlin lace the price is $3. Three-cornered neckerchiefs of Cluny are $5. Any handsome hankerchief will answer for this purpose. Soft quilled muslin bibs, with embroidered edges and an initial or "Baby" in the center, are $1.50.

White is the prettiest dress for children all the year round. To be comfortably worn in winter requires warm undercloth-ing, such as zephyr knit shirts for infants, and for larger children the woven underwear, which is more shapely and lessapt to shrink than home-made garments of flannel. For children in their first short clothes, low waists and full skirts of white muslin are made; also little slips with high necked yokes, into which the full waist and skirt is gathered. A sash of the material tied behind confines the slip at the waist. With tucked yokes these are $3.50; with Valenciennes on neck and sleeves, $5.

A pelisse or walking suit of merino, with sleeves and a cape, is the best wrapping for a child just done with long clothes. If this is made ample every way, and long enough to barely escape the floor, it will serve from the time the child begins to walk until it is three years old. A coat-dress of this kind, made of white cashmere, lined with flannel, and plainly trimmed with satin folds, is $13. Handsomer pelisses of white or pearl-colored merino, bordered with scarlet or blue velvet, warmly wadded and buttoned closely up the front, are $28. A plush border with turban and leggins to match is pretty with these garments. Very good plush for trimming is bought for three dollars a bias yard. Velveteen leggins or gaiters shaped to fit the leg and buttoned up outside, costs $6.00. Serviceable leggins of cloth tipped with Astrakhan plush are $1.50. White Berlin wool drawers with socks attached to cover the feet and limbs of children when carried out in their nurses' arms. For every day wear plaid flannel walking coats are shown at the furnishing houses; also scarlet circulars with cunning little hoods, to protect baby heads from cold when taking an airing in their tiny carriages.

At three years of age there begins to be some difference in boys and girls clothes, though boys do not don trowsers until they are five years old. Girls wear over dresses, sashes and ruffled skirts, while boys are arrayed in jackets, blouses, and kilts. Tartan, serge, merino, and opera flannel, are the materials for girls; velveteen, Thibet cloth, and plaid poplin for boys. Black velvet bands or ribbon, plush, plaid satin, and Hercules braid are the flat trimmings most used; but gathered flounces of the dress material are by far the prettiest trimmings for girls' dresses. Plaid Hercules braid is gay and durable for trimming solid colored suits. It is $1.50 or $2 a dozen yards. Black Hercules braid is in three widths; the narrowest half an inch wide, is $1 a dozen, and the widest $3.50.

Crinoline is entirely abandoned for children. Girls from three to twelve years wear short skirts showing the limbs to the knee. The pantalets are not disclosed, only the long white cashmere stockings, which should be held up by elastic bands attached to the drawers belt, or by the regular stocking supporters sold in the shops in misses' and ladies' at from 75 cents to $1 50. Street suits are made with two skirts, and a sailor-jacket with velvet collar and cuffs, or else a short basque with revers and sash.

Grey plaid water-proofs makes serviceable school suits. The design is a Gabrielle dress, with circular cloak and hood trimmed with blue or scarlet notched cloth, showing like a facing below the edge. Thirteen dollars to $18 is asked for such suits ready made.

House dresses have high corsages fastened behind, coat-sleeves, and two skirts, or else a princesse overdress, with low waist and gored skirt in one piece. These overdresses beautify the simplest attire, and are made of any material—black alpaca, silk or merino. In alpaca, trimmed with scarlet braid, they cost $10 ready made. Of black or blue silk, trimmed with ruches, and large enough for a girl of eight years, they cost with a sash $25. Others more simply made are $18.

A NEW WONDER.

Discovery of a Petrified Giant near Syracuse, New York.

The Syracuse Standard relates the following:

On Saturday last Mr. Newell thought to dig a well some six or seven rods east of his house, and a trifle southeast of his barn. The spot is probably thirty feet below the house, and the surface soil is a loose, half sand, half dark muck, the natural washing from the hills above. It is not more than twenty rods from the creek, the channel of which is thought to have been at or very near this spot many years ago. Mr. Newell and a hired man, in digging, had gone down but two and a-half feet when something hard was struck, which was believed to be a stone. They thought but little of it at first, expecting to have to break it loose and pry it out. But throwing out a few more shovels of earth from its side, the feet of a man appeared. A few minutes more of labor exposed the legs up to the calf; and now, their interest being excited, they began to dig carefully all around it, until the whole form of a man—a petrified giant—was brought to view. The neighbors began to hear of what was found, and of course went at once to see.

Mr. Silas Forbes, who resides a mile and a half distant, came to the city Saturday evening and apprised us of the new-found wonder, and Sunday we went to see it. And here is what we saw:

The form of a man, lying on his back, head and shoulders naturally flat; at hip a trifle over on right side; the right hand spread on the lower part of the abdomen, with fingers apart; the left arm half behind, and its hand against the back opposite the other; the left leg and foot thrown over the right, the feet and toes projecting at a natural angle. The figure was of apparent lime stone, a mixture of the gray and blue, common in most parts of the county, and seemed perfect in every particular. The muscles are well developed; the ribs might be counted, the nostrils are perforated so as to admit a large sized finger up near two inches; the lines of toe and finger nails are plainly marked; the left ear is partially gone, but the right one is perfect and in proportion to the other parts; the nose finely shaped; the forehead high; and the "Adam's apple" at the throat just projecting out, as is most common with men. The appearance of the "countenance" marks the Giant of Caucasian race, and not the Indian. If a work of art the artist has failed in any effort at hair on the head.

We obtained measurements of this wonderful petrified specimens of a past race—(or, possibly, sculpture)—and they are as follows:

From top of head to instep sole—or natural standing height—ten feet two and one half inches.

From point of chin to top of head, twenty-one inches.

Nose, from brow to tip, six inches—across base of nostrils three and a quarter inches.

Mouth four inches.

From extreme of shoulders, three feet.

Hand—Across palm, seven inches; thro' wrist five inches; second finger, from knuckle joint, eight inches.

Leg—From hip joint to knee joint, three feet; through thigh, one foot; through calf, nine and a half inches.

Foot, nineteen and a half inches long.

We have said that the whole was perfect. And so it appeared, except a few flakes dropped off while the work of exhumation was going on; and perhaps others yesterday. If any well proportioned man will make measurement of himself as above, he will see a striking agreement of ratio.

Though the figure has all the appearance of stone, nevertheless the outer surface shaves off with a knife without materially dulling the blade. This was tried, but of course was not allowed to proceed to disfigure Mr. Giant. A scale that fell from the bottom of one of the feet looks much like gold quartz, but still is softish and crumbles readily, with a sort of soft sand-stone result. It rests on half sand, half clay bottom, the earth above being, as we have already said, of a lighter character.

Mr. Newell has stumbled upon an "elephant" in this giant. His neighbors say it is a fortune to him. It is averred that he was offered $5,000, $10,000, and even $20,000 for it; that a clergyman offered his farm in exchange for the monster, but these offers were all declined.

Prof. Boynton, from a hasty examination, is of opinion that it is a work of art—a sculpture from stone. If this theory be correct, it would be scarcely less interesting than if a petrifaction. In the one case arises the speculation as to a gigantic race of beings that may have inhabited portions of this "new world" hundreds of years before Columbus discovered it; the other as to how long ago the artist did the work, and where came he, or his ancestors, from? Men nigh on to a hundred years, and who have resided in the country seventy of them, have never heard allusion to such a thing; the Indian traditions speak not of it. The records of the first white men in this region—the Catholic Jesuits—is of something over two hundred years. The record preserves matter of less interest than this would be: but not this. Then again we say it would have scarcely less interest as a work of the chisel, than as a petrifaction.

Our city is talking about the giant. The story has passed from one to another till very many, probably ten thousand, of our citizens have already heard it. The interest is great in it, insomuch that it has been almost impossible for us to thus disjointedly write about the great wonder, because of the constant interruption by visitors who are anxious to hear from one who has actually seen.

Cure for Hydrophobia.

Franklin Dyre, a highly respectable and intelligent farmer of Galena, Kent county, Md., gives the following as a sure cure for the bite of a mad dog. As will be seen, he has tested it, with the most gratifying results:

Elecampane is a plant well known to most persons, and is to be found in many of our gardens. Immediately after being bitten take one and a half ounces of the root of the plant—the green root is perhaps preferable, but the dried will answer, and may be found in our drug stores, and was used by me—slice or bruise, and put into a pint of fresh milk, boil down to half a pint, strain, and when cold drink it, fasting at least six hours afterward. The next morning repeat the dose fasting, using two ounces of the root. On the third morning take another dose, prepared as the last, and this will be sufficient. It is recommended that after each dose nothing be eaten for six hours.

I have a son who was bitten by a mad dog eighteen years ago, and four other children in the neighborhood were also bitten; they took the above dose, and are alive and well to this day. And I have known a number of others who were bitten and applied the same remedy.

It is supposed that the root contains a principle, which being taken up by the blood in its circulation, counteracts or neutralizes the deadly effects of the virus of hydrophobia.

I feel so much confidence in this simple remedy, that I am willing you should give my name in connection with this statement.

THE editor of the Democrat, Davenport, Iowa, endorses Hoofland's German Bitters, in the columns of his paper, as follows:

HOOFLAND'S BITTERS.—In another column will be found the advertisement of this sterling remedy. To it the writer of this notice owes his health. Having once been completely prostrated by diseases contracted in campaigns in Louisiana and Mississippi, we were unable to regain our health by following regular remedies, but were cured by a few bottles of this medicine. It is the greatest known tonic, and entirely free from all alcoholic admixture. Hoofland's German Tonic is a combination of all the ingredients of the Bitters, with pure Santa Cruz Rum, orange, anise, etc., making a preparation of rare medical value. It is used in cases where some alcoholic stimulus is necessary.

—France has been examining models of velocipedes for the use of the post-office. A three-wheeled vehicle which enables the rider to add the power of his hands to that of his feet and thus ascend the steepest incline, has been adopted. There is a place behind to carry a box or portmanteau of moderate size.

Agricultural.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

SWELLED LEGS.—Coarse horses, possessing a considerable development of circular tissue, are very commonly subject to dropsical enlargement of the extremities, usually denominated as swelled leg. The nature of this swelling may be readily detected, and distinguished from that of the phlegmon, by pressing it with the fingers, when it pits; that is, the impression of the fingers are left for a short time. It is, in fact, a deposition of the water portion of the blood in the cells of the membran ; the absorbents or lymphatic vessels are unable to take up or carry into the circulation of the serum so fast as it is deposit d. It may arise from the weak state of the lymphatics from cold applied to the legs, from the phletoric state of the system, or from the redundency of serum in the blood. It exists in various degrees; sometimes the legs are merely filled as it is termed, producing no lameness, and but little apparent inconvenience; at other times the limbs are immensely gorged, and attended with considerable pain and stiffness. Between these two extremes the disease may exist in every intermediate degree. It may thus appear in an acute or subacute form, and may be produced either suddenly or gradually; when, however, it exists in a severe form, it usually appears suddenly. The horse perhaps is well over night, but the next morning one of his legs is amazingly swelled, and on handling it the horse often catches it up suddenly, and so violently that he nearly falls. If the disease be not very soon relieved, large abscesses either form in different parts of the limb, or the skin gives way, the heels are affected with grease, or the vessels become enlarged and the swelling organized, and the horse has for life a big leg. We often see an animal with one of the hind legs twice as large as it ought to be; the poor brute, in addition to his accustomed labor, condemned to drag for life this weary load, which, in nine cases out of ten, is to be ascribed either to the negligence or ignorance of his owner. These big-legged horses usually belong either to poor men or to farmers; the former neglecting them from poverty, and the latter because they prefer treading in the footsteps of their forefathers, and employing ignorant empirics in preference to skillful practitioners.

PIE CRUST.—No matter how delicious and nice one's materials, if the result is heavy, tough, greasy crust, material is worse than wasted.

Perhaps no form of food in common use is more indigestible than the ordinary method of making pie crust. If we will have it, great care should be taken to make it as nicely and delicately as possible.

A few things should be carefully observed in its preparation. The lard or butter used for shortening should be of the very best quality. Salt should be freely used with lard; neither should ever be in the least degree melted. A cool room (if hot weather,) cool moulding board, cool hands and cold water are indispensible. A bowl of ice-water to dip the hands into, as well as to mix with, is a great help. A marble board is best, and a cellar or cool milk-room to prepare paste, if hot weather.

When the water is added, mix first with a spoon or knife, just sufficient to make all adhere together; touch not with the hands until ready to roll, then cut with a knife a piece large enough for the size of the plate; knead none at all, but touch lightly, and roll but one way, never back and forth. Experience will teach about the size necessary for one crust, and thus one will not be necessitated to work over again many bits, which would form a tough, disagreeable crust. Pieces, however, that are left should always be used, either for an under-crust or baked, without rehandling, for lunch crumbs.

A pint of flour rightly managed, will make two crusts, and a piece of shortening as large as an egg (a goose egg) will be sufficient. If you desire it more flaky, with the trouble of puff-paste, spread soft butter or lard upon the upper crust before sending to the oven.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

CULTIVATE YOUR APPLE TREES.—A correspondent in Montgomery county, Pa., informs us that he can succeed with his apple orchard in obtaining a crop as well as any other field product upon his farm. He commences his orchard by selecting his trees himself in the nursery, as a farmer selects his seed before sowing; helps to take them up, as a farmer secures his seed; hauls them home late in the afternoon or evening; puts them in where they are to be planted until next day; has the ground prepared beforehand and the holes dug; removes and sets the trees as he needs them in the most careful manner, applying two buckets of water to each tree—one when the hole is half filled up, the other when entirely filled, leaving the ground around the tree bowl-like. Stakes firmly; mulches; waters occasionally; keeps all cattle and hogs out; and when the trees are a few years planted, twice a year, spring and fall, scrapes the trunk, scrubs it severely with cow-urine gathered in a tank from the stable, using about half a bucket to each tree, and gives them a thorough examination to ferret out any worms, &c. He says it is not nearly as much labor as any other crop on the farm, while it is just as sure and more profitable.

Farmers, do you hear that?—*Germantown Telegraph.*

ORIGIN OF THE POTATO.—There are several species of potato described as growing wild in Mexico, and one of these, the *solanum verrucosum*, is said to produce very palatable but small tubers. Our civilized species probably came from Chili.

The word potato comes to us from the Spanish *battata*, and the Spanish got it from the Indian *papas.*

The date of the introduction of the potato into England is rendered uncertain, probably by confounding the sweet potato with the common potato. There is no doubt that the potato was cultivated in South America by the Indians, before the discovery of Chili by the Europeans. The cultivated plant found its way to the Carolinas and Virginia, and Sir Walter Raleigh took it to England in 1586.

The tuber of the native potato never exceed two inches in length, and is insipid to the taste, but not bitter. It has been supposed to be naturally a sea shore plant, peculiar to hilly and rocky soils. The first particular cannot be true of all esculent native potatoes. The potato loves such cool, uniform, moist and long season as may be found in some parts and altitudes of the tropics. But its wonderful constitutional vigor has enabled it to be transplanted in all parts of the earth, until it is now considered "the most important of all esculent, roots, and next in value to cereals as an article of human subsistence."

UNIMPREGNATED EGGS.—There seems to be sufficient evidence that eggs from hens that do not have the cock, keep much longer in a fresh condition than impregnated eggs. Geyelin, in Flint's edition of "Poultry Breeding," says:

"The shell of the egg being porus, to admit air to the chicken during the process of incubation, allows also part of the liquid to evaporate, and the air to permeate when they are not used soon after being laid, and the air acting on the animal matter produces early decomposition and putrefaction, particularly so in a fecundated egg, in which the germ is first decomposed. Clear eggs, the produce of hens who have not been with a cock, keep fresh much longer. This can easily be exemplied by putting an old fecundated egg and an old clear egg under a hen whilst sitting, when it will be found that after the twenty-first day the fundated egg is putrid, and the clear egg fit for use."

Transmission of Mental Disease.

Dr. Charles Elam, an English physician, has just published a book in which medical problems are discussed. Of the transmission of mental disorders, he says:

There is no form of heritage more remarkable than that of the tendency to suicide without any other marks of aberration of intellect. Dr. Winslow relates the case of a family where all the members exhibited, when they arrived at a certain age, a desire to commit self-destruction; to accomplish which, the greatest ingenuity and industry were manfested. Dr. Gall relates a very striking instance of seven children of one man who all enjoyed a competency and good health, yet all possessed a rage for suicide, and all yielded to it within thirty or forty years. "Some hanged, some drowned themselves, and others blew out their brains." Many other examples of the same tendency are brought forward by the same writer. I may add one case to the above from my own experience. Sitting one day with an acquaintance, I noticed some depression in his spirits. After a prolonged silence, he broke out into the following dreary attempt at conversation: "My grandfather hung himself, my uncle took poison, my father shot himself, I shall cut my throat." The facts were correct; but constant surveillance prevented the sequel in his own history.

—The ceremonies on the occasion of the successful completion of the Suez Canal will be interesting. The following is the programme: The *fetes* will begin at Port Said on the 16th of November. The vessels forming the fleet will proceed to Ismalia the next day, and remain there till the 18th, and go through to Suez on the 19th, where the proceedings will be ended the following day.

CHICAGO CORRESPONDENCE.

Snow—Mormon Immigrants—Fires—Grain Receipts and Shipments—The Elections—Dinner to Gen. Thomas—Desirable Homes—Illinois Central Railroad Lands—Amusements.

CHICAGO, Oct. 23.—Yesterday we had the first snow of the season, covering the ground during the afternoon and evening to the depth of three inches. To-day the weather is comfortably mild, and the snow is fast disappearing.

MORMON IMMIGRANTS.

Night before last some three hundred Mormon immigrants from Europe passed through Chicago, *en route* for Salt Lake. The merchants of this city have an extensive trade with the Latter-day Saints, and D. B. Fisk & Co., whose sales of millinery goods last week exceeded by $14,000 the sales of the corresponding week last year, fit out the upper story of Brigham Young's wives, and other leading Saintesses, on the democratic principle that one woman's money is just as good as another's.

FIRES.

We had three destructive fires since my last letter, one on Canal street, involving a loss of $75,000; another on State street, destroying $35,000 worth of property, and another still, last night, in the granery of the Northwestern Distilling Company, causing a loss of $40,000 or $50,000, and severely injuring three men. We have small fires almost daily, the losses by which range from a few hundred to a few thousand dollars; but, except to the parties interested, they are scarcely deemed worthy of notice.

GRAIN RECEIPTS AND SHIPMENTS.

The receipts of wheat just now are quite liberal, being double the shipments and double the receipts of this time last year, when the shipments trebled the receipts. And this accounts, in part, for the low price of wheat, No. 2 yesterday falling to 96 cents. The low price will stimulate shipments, but will diminish receipts. In the mean time, collections in the country are better, and the banks extend all needed accommodations to the business community.

THE ELECTIONS

to come off the second proximo, make politicians quite active, and the political atmosphere is getting pretty warm. The general and special taxes of the city and county equal five or six millions of dollars a year, and the strife as to which set of officers shall assess, collect and disburse this large sum is fierce and bitter. Meetings are now held nightly in all parts of the city, the most inflammatory speeches are made, crimination and recrimination follow, the press is vehement and personal, and the canvass, before it closes, promises to be the hottest one known here for years.

DINNER TO GEN. GEO. H. THOMAS.

A complimentary dinner was given at the Tremont House, last night, to Major General Thomas, on his way home from the East, by some of the officers of his old staff and command, at which Gen. Sheridan and staff and a large number of military officers of more or less note were present. It was a complete surprise to Gen. Thomas. A goodly number of speeches were made, and the affair passed off very pleasantly.

IN SEARCH OF DESIRABLE HOMES.

Last summer I passed over the line of the Illinois Central Railroad, from Chicago to Cairo, stopping at prominent points to ascertain the character of the soil, climate, productions, &c., with reference to the desirableness of the unsold lands for homes, within reasonable distances from the line of the railroad. And as this is the season when a great many Western farmers, as well as Eastern emigrants, are seeking new locations for setting up their roof-tree, and many in the colder parallels of the Northwest are prompted by declining health to remove to more congenial climes, I shall do a large class an essential service by stating the result of my examination.

THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD LANDS UNSOLD

comprise about 650,000 acres, extending fifteen miles each side of the track. The northern portion, for 200 miles south of Chicago, is chiefly prairie, with the banks of streams more or less timbered. The soil is a rich black loam admirably adapted to corn, wheat, all the small grains, sorghum, tobacco, the sugar beet, the tame grasses and stock raising, especially sheep on account of the mild winters. The southern portion has a lighter soil, is more broken and better timbered, and apples, pears, peaches, grapes, strawberries, tomatoes and sweet potatoes in great quantities, as well as tobacco and cotton are raised. The lands between Big Muddy River and Centralia are underlaid with coal of the best quality which is reached by shafts from 50 to 300 feet deep. Limestone abounds, and the zinc and lead ores on the Dunleith line are the richest in the world. These lands can now be bought in tracts of 40 acres and upwards for from $7 to $10 per acre for one-fourth cash down and the balance in one, two and three years at six per cent. The station agents along the line will show any one plats of the unsold lands, and give all needed information. For fertility of soil, salubrity of climate and ready access to markets and the centres of civilization, these are the most desirable lands for farming, fruit and stock raising, and for cheap, pleasant happy homes for half a million industrious people to be found in the world. And now is the time to purchase; for the certain removal of the National Capital, in a few years, to the Mississippi Valley, within half a day's ride of these lands will soon greatly enhance their value. Wise men with families will seek homes near markets, and civilized life, instead of in the wilderness.

AMUSEMENTS

are running their usual course, at McVickers. The Parepa Rosa Opera troupe begin their season at the Opera House next Monday.

Manager Aiken has introduced the new feature of a Monday afternoon matinee at the Museum. B.

Funny Items.

—An editor has placed over his marriage a cut representing a large trap sprung, with the motto: "The trap down—another ninny caught."

—What is the difference between Eugenie and the deposed Queen of Spain? One is a belle on a throne, and the other Isabella off.

—The New Haven Lever sounds this note of warning: "Beware, young man! The pearl powder now used by her is poison! One touch of those eager lips to that enamelled cheek may result in death most horrible! Bewarrrrre!"

—Party (who has brought back the music stool in disgust)—"Looke' 'ere Mister Auctioneer, this plaguy thing ain't no manner of use, at all; I've twisted un round, an' ol' woman 'ave twisted un round, but sorra a bit of toon we can get of un!"

—A New Orleans attorney had for a client a young lady whose leg had been bitten by a dog, and had referred to the circumstance as an injury to "that elongated member which assists in sustaining the body in its efforts at locomotion."

—A clergyman in the country had a stranger preaching for him one day, and meeting his beadle he said to him, "Well, Saunders, how did you like the sermon today?" "I watna, sir, it was rather o'er plain and simple for me," replied the beadle. "I like the sermons that bae jumbles the joodgment and confounds the sense; od, sir, I never saw ane that could come up to yoursel' at that."

—A Scotch clergyman, in the recent drought, one Sunday offered a prayer for rain, and, sure enough, it came just as the service closed. One old lady, who had no umbrella with her, commenced to gather up the skirts of her gown over head before quitting the church vestibule, at the same time remarking to a neighbor, "Eh, wumman, isn't too bad of the doctor? He might have lotten us hame first."

—A gentleman was seated with another person in the room where a country girl sat bolt upright, and utterly silent. Silence, indeed, fell upon the entire party, and the gentleman first alluded to said, in what he supposed to be an almost inaudible tone of voice: "Awful pause." "I guess, Mister," exclaimed the indignant country lass, jumping up, "you'd have awful paws, too, if you had to do all the scrubbing that I does?"

—A curious suit is about to be tried before a Memphis justice of the peace. A white man has a young bull pup. The pup bit a barefooted negro in the heel as he was passing. The negro jumped, and two of the pup's teeth were thereby extracted. The negro sues the white man for allowing the vicious dog to run at large. The white man files a cross-cut saw bill, and sues the negro for having a heel tough enough to draw a dog's teeth.

—The following is a *verbatim* report of a conversation between two young ladies who have just finished their education at a classical school: "Where you at the picnic?" "Yes, and we had a high old time of it." "I wanted to go so bad, but mother was so hard pushed I couldn't get off." "I was rigged, but I couldn't corner you anywhere in the woods. We had a bully time; and you know I promised my gallant that he should have a sight at you." "Well, I'm sorry; but you bet I'll put in my big licks at the fair."

—About two o'clock on a December night, in Illinois, when the thermometer stood in the neighborhood of zero, a party of wags hailed a farm house in a very boisterous manner. The farmer sprang out of his bed, drew on a few articles of clothing, and ran out to see what was wanted, when the following interesting dialogue occurred: 'Have you any hay, Mr. ——?' 'Plenty of it, sir.' 'Have you plenty of corn?' 'Yes.' 'Oats?' 'Yes.' 'Any eggs?' 'Yes.' 'Any butter?' 'Yes.' 'Plenty of meats and breadstuffs?' 'Yes.' 'Well, we are glad to hear it, for they are useful things in a family.' The party then drove off, leaving the farmer to his reflections.

—A Pedestrian Congress is to meet in Boston on the 15th of November, the distance to be 100 miles. Several of the most noted pedestrians have already entered. The first prize is a silver cup and $100; second, $70; and third, $30. All are to be fairly handicapped, and will walk in colors.

—By the late freshet a trout-farmer at Charlestown, Mass., lost $20,000 worth of little fish that he had hatched himself.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—The ferries of Boston have been purchased by the city.

—The Illinois State Prison now contain thirteen hundred prisoners.

—The Boston Coliseum building will be disposed of by lottery on Saturday next.

—Prussian distilleries last year consumed 6,750,000 bushels of grain, and nearly 40,000 bushels of potatoes.

—Bonner, a few days since, trotted Dexter one half mile in *one minute and four seconds*, the fastest time ever made by horse.

—The New York female doctors only charge half the regular fee for attendance, and they are beginning to monopolize the business.

—The Ritchie coal oil distillery, on the Washington turnpike, a few miles from Baltimore, was destroyed by fire on the 16th. Loss, $15,000.

—The Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution learns that northern capitalists propose to invest $100,000 in a cotton factory there, provided another $100,000 can be raised in the city.

—A dog in New Orleans found a pocket-book on the street, and taking it in his mouth immediately proceeded to the police station and delivered his prize to the keeper.

—The Meadville Republican, speaking about the robbery of a safe in the railroad station at Sagerstown, says it is robbed quarterly as regular as a landlord collects his rent.

—Enemies are as necessary to the proper development of the full-grown man as friends. When lived that man that amounted to anything but could count his enemies by the scores?

—The presiding elder of a Michigan camp-meeting snatched a pipe from the mouth of one of his audience with such violence that he has now to answer in a suit for assault and battery.

—An exchange, to show the depreciation in the value of velocipedes, says that "a first-class wheelbarrow would bring a better price in a junk shop than a bicycle once bestridden by Napoleon.

—Between August 15 and September 14 there were shipped from Muskegon, Michigan, over 46,000,000 feet of lumber, over 9,000,000 feet of lath and a large quantity of other articles in the lumber line.

—The Boston authorities propose to close the public schools on stormy days. A certain number of strokes on the fire alarm bell will announce to all school children that they can stay at home and play.

—There is a disease called inland yellow fever, or "Addison fever," prevailing in the vicinity of Columbus Miss., that is quite fatal. It has all, or nearly all, the characteristics of the Gulf yellow fever, terminating with black vomit.

—A party of twelve men under Nelson Buck set out in June last to survey a portion of the public lands in western Nebraska, and since the middle of July have not been heard from, and it is thought they have been killed by the Indians.

—A gentleman of Kalamazoo, while engaged in cleaning his garden recently, was bitten by a spider on the hand. His hand and arm began to swell badly, and for ten days he suffered great pain, though using the most powerful remedies. The poison was nearly as powerful as the bite of a serpent.

—A jealous woman in Chicago tried to commit suicide by taking laudanum. After swallowing the fatal dose she wrote the following: "DEAR HUSBAND. You have wronged me deeply. Good-bye. In my cold corpse you behold the victim of your cold conduct and of cold poizen." But the Dr. prevented his beholding the "victim."

—The Book of Mormon, entire, has been translated by Elder Orson Pratt, into phonetics, known as the Deseret Alphabet, and the Salt Lake Evening News predicts that "it will do more towards spreading a correct style of speaking English among the polyglottian people of this Territory, than anything else ever attempted."

—The Concord Statesman gives a list of eighty-five women and fifty-one men who died in New Hampshire a hundred years old and upwards. Six were colored persons, and only four of the one hundred and thirty-six had double names. One woman who died at one hundred and one years of age, had a daughter who died at one hundred and two.

—A Canadian paper reports that since Prince Alfred landed at Halifax, he has received and replied to 159 addresses, attended 105 public dinners, and 39 balls, danced with 340 partners, received 1,700 bouquets, shaken 15,000 hands, shot 150 head of game, given 69 presents, traveled 4,500 miles, been elected an Indian chief, and has heard 2,000,000 "God bless him."

—The Tribune learns by private advices from Madrid that the Capt. Gen. of Cuba sent an urgent demand to the Madrid Government for $2,000,000, but one was informed in reply that the Spanish treasury was empty, and that hereafter he must raise in Cuba itself the money he required for military and political purposes. Spain will furnish troops, but Cuba must supply the cash.

—During the recent flood in New England, an engineer discovered a cow swimming in the Hartford Meadows, near the railroad track. He fastened a rope to her horns, making the other end fast to his locomotive, and towed the beast ashore. She proved to be a valuable cow, which had come down stream from the up-country somewhere, nobody knew from what State.

—A sacrilegious thief recently entered the Church of the Holy Trinity, in New Orleans, under pretext of worshipping; and, when alone in the building, he lost no time in breaking open the sacristy, and helping himself to the sacred vessels. He succeeded in carrying off three chalices, valued respectively at $100, $70, and $40, a large silver dish valued at $100, and three altar cloths.

—The most remarkable railroad in Germany and Europe is the new Black Forest road, which will be completed within four years. Between Hornberg and St. George, situated 2,870 feet above the level of the sea, and but 4 miles distant from Hornberg the railroad ascends nearly 2000 feet, and passes through 27,000 feet of tunnels; 11,000 feet of the latter have been completed during the last two years. The truly Cyclopean work on the road is progressing rapidly, and attracting thousands of visitors, who flock together from all parts of Southern Germany and Switzerland.

Personal Items.

—Horace Greeley addressed a congregation of Sunday-school children on Sunday last.

—Edward Hopkins, ex-chief of police of Cincinnati, attempted to commit suicide a few days ago by cutting his throat.

—Morrissey is said to have bet heavily against Packer—one bet with Sheriff O'Brien being $10,000—all of which he wins.

—Young Wm. Astor, a grandson of the "original Jacob," has sailed for Europe, and is going to Rome to study for a "sculpist," because he has nothing else to do.

—Miss Martha Jellison, of Ellsworth, Maine, has been an active teacher for fifty-five years, being now 72 years old. Nearly all the public men of the city have been her pupils.

—It is said that Mrs. Henry Keep, of New York, whose husband died a short time ago, leaving her a large fortune, lost $700,000 by the failure of Lockwood & Co., of that city.

—James Margrave, of Knoxville, Tenn., is 107 years old. He left off the use of animal food fifty years ago, uses tobacco moderately, never drinks liquor and never was married.

—The cottage of Shakespeare's Anna Hathaway is advertised for sale. England having allowed the poet's own house to be demolished, ought certainly to see to the preservation of this last relic.

—Mrs. Mary Pillow, wife of Gen. Gid. J. Pillow, died at her home, in Maury county, Tenn., at midnight, Oct. 3. She was stricken by apoplexy while at dinner on that day, and did not speak after the attack.

—Gen. Butler's mettle will be put to the test before the Supreme Court next week, in a chemical patent case of great intricacy, in which he will have to contend with Congressman Jenckes of Rhode Island, one of the best patent lawyers in the country.

—Episcopal Bishop Williams, of Connecticut, instructs the Churchman to omit from its diocesan news all compliments of himself or his services, on the ground that if deserved they are needless, if not deserved they are false, and in either case they are superfluous.

—Mr. M. L. Lockerby, of Mapleton, raised 139 bushels of the Osakas variety of wheat, which yielded at the rate of a trifle over 36¼ bushels per acre, and weighed 61½ pounds per bushel. It is described as having a little beard though called bald, and producing a full, handsome kernel.

—It is said that Gen. Banks learned the printing trade when a young man in the office of the Boston Traveller. Mrs. Banks, when a girl, also worked in the same office. They left the Traveller office to start a weekly paper in Waltham, Mass., which was carried on successfully for some time, with the aid of "one jour printer."