GENERAL ITEMS.

LITTLE WIFE. "Oh dear! then pray take care you don't hurt yourself."

THE only good motive for riding a man on a rail is a locomotive.

CARPETS bought by the yard are worn out by the foot.

A WORD, spoken in season, is the mother of ages.—*Carlyle.*

NEVER use a hard word when an easy one will answer as well.

A SARATOGA belle wears $225,000 worth of diamonds this year.

DR. HOLMES says that crying widows marry first. There is nothing like wet weather for transplanting.

IT'S of no use any longer for ladies to wear expensive jewelry; the imitation cannot be told from the real article.

"A THING of beauty is a joy forever." Is it my boy? Marry it, and you'll find it is very much the reverse.

A MAN that hoards riches and enjoys them not, is like an ass that carries gold and eats thistles.

GOD does not do anything for us; He gives us means with which to do for ourselves.

THE defects of the understanding, like those of the face, grow worse as we grow old.

IT is an evidence of great hardness to be more concerned about our sufferings than our sins.

PHILOSOPHY may analyze a tear, but it cannot curve a hope in it; it may make the spectrum, but it cannot make a smile.

SOMME one said to Mrs. Siddons that applause seemed necessary to actors to give them confidence. "More," she replied, "it gives us breath."

A NEWLY married daughter asked her mother how long the honeymoon lasted. "Until you ask your husband for money," her mother replied.

A CLERGYMAN, occasionally troubled with *lapsus linguæ*, called modern young ladies, the other Sunday, the "daughters of Hem and Sham."

ON the day before the Fourth, Duluthians wore their overcoats. Who wouldn't be a "Zenither" of the "unsalted sea" about this time.

PRESERVE your conscience always soft and sensitive. If but one sin force its way into that tender part of the soul, and is suffered to dwell there, the road is paved for a thousand more iniquities.

BRIGHAM Young has just made the necessary application to the Comptroller's office at Washington to establish a bank at Salt Lake City, to be called the Bank of Deseret. The capital proposed is $200,000.

A YANKEE ice company, doing business in Columbia, Central America, was recently fined $1,200 for being short of ice. The Supreme Court of that country has reversed the decision.

COURAGE and modesty are virtues which every sort of society reveres, because they are virtues which cannot be counterfeited; also they are known by the same hue.—*Goethe.*

A GOOD book and a good woman are excellent things for those who know justly how to appreciate their value. Some men, however, judge of both from the beauty of their covering.

FAMILY ORACLE. "Yes, my dear, this, a mere toy, may become in my hands a death-dealing instrument to the birds of the air and the beasts of the field, even to the biggest beast."

"I WANT to know," said a creditor, fiercely, "when you are going to pay me what you owe me?" "When I'm going to pay you? Why, you're a pretty fellow! Do you take me for a prophet?"

FOR the engagement ring in America, the solitaire diamond is *de rigeur*, though in eastern countries, by virtue of the significance of color, the sapphire is the stone which pledges the betrothal.

A TEXAS German attempted to drown himself because he lost $12 rolling tenpins. He was right. Any man fool enough to roll ten-pins this hot weather is too big a fool to live.

AT a certain church-fair, a set of Cooper's works was promised to the individual who should answer a set of conundrums. A dashing young fellow was pronounced the winner, and received a set of wooden pails.

A REMARKABLY rich gold district has lately been discovered in Australia. A cake of gold weighing 2,561 ounces, obtained near Sandhurst, was the result of a single fortnight's work. The following fortnight gave a cake of 3,764 ounces, worth more than $75,000.

A FRENCH inventor recently made a public trial of boots designed to aid one to walk on the water. Nothing ever floated more beautifully than those boots did. But the trifling circumstance that they floated wrong side up nearly caused the inventor's death.

"THE law of nature, being coeval with God," said Alexander Hamilton, "is, of course superior to any other. No human laws are of any validity if contrary to this, and such of them as are valid derive all their authority mediately or immediately from this original."

SINCE it has been decided in Iowa that the Sunday liquor law does not apply to persons whose religion entails the observance of a day other than the Christian Sabbath, they say that the number of Jews and Seventh-day Baptists discovered in a community would astonish a census-taker.

THE wool-growing states of the *old* West—embracing the region between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi—are showing a considerable increase in the number of sheep returned in 1872, over that of 1870, while still further on, in the *new* West, of the Rocky Mountain and Oregon region, the increase in numbers has been nearly double the original stock of four or five years ago.

Do you know what a clambake is? Ignorance exists in various quarters of the world. You pour several bushels of clams upon red hot stones, cover them over with wet canvas, heap seaweed on the mass, and in half an hour—a feast for the gods. But a clambake dinner includes, besides some clam chowder, plenty of boiled and sweet potatoes and if some baked fish is included we have the feast in its perfection.

Grim Humor.

A curious work, on "the humorous element of German law," by O. Gieske, has just been published at Berlin. The author describes the punishments which were inflicted in various parts of Germany, in some cases up to a very recent period, with the object of humiliating the culprit and exposing him to public ridicule. A common punishment was that of going in procession through the streets of a town or village in a dress covered with images of corporal punishment. In Hesse, women who had beaten their husbands were made to ride backward on a donkey, holding its tail, on which occasion the animal was led through the streets by the husband. This custom existed in Darmstadt up to the middle of the seventeenth century, and was so common that a donkey was kept always ready in the capital and the neighboring villages. If the woman struck her husband in such a manner that he could not ward off the blow, the donkey was led by the man who had charge of him; if not, then by the husband himself. A St. Goar miller was allowed a certain quantity of wood from the forest belonging to the town, in return for which he was bound to supply a donkey for the municipality whenever required for the chastisement of a scolding wife. Another very old custom was that of punishing a henpecked husband by removing the roof of his house, on the ground that "a man who allows his wife to rule at home does not deserve any protection against wind and weather." If two women fought in public, they were each put in a sort of closed sentry-box, with only their heads exposed, and then posted opposite to each other in the market-place, where they remained for an hour, face to face, but unable to use their hands or feet. A common punishment for scolding women was the "shameful stone," which was hung round their necks. This stone was usually in the shape of a bottle. At Hamburg, libelers and slanderers were compelled to stand on a block and strike themselves three times on the mouth as a sign of repentance. This custom still existed thirty or forty years ago. In some towns the "shameful stone" was in the shape of a loaf. At Lucbeck it was in the shape of an oval dish, and in other places in that of a woman putting out her tongue. Such stones were usually heavy; according to the law of Dortmund and Halberstadt (1348) they were to weigh a hundred weight. Those who were wealthy could purchase exemption from this punishment with a bagful of hops tied with a red ribbon.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

A Modern Aladdin.

Some three months ago a plain looking man, of American birth, presented himself at one of our leading banks and solicited an interview with the manager. The banker was very much occupied with his cares, overburdened with offers of paper for discount, and harassed with the prospect of losses on loans for which he held collateral in the shape of mining stocks, seemingly descending on his hands. He surveyed his supposed customer, and almost before the first words of salutation had fallen from the new comer's lips, he said:

"No, sir; can't do it. Very sorry; but have gone beyond our limits to accommodate our own customers. Doing nothing on the outside to-day, at any rates."

The stranger made no reply, but deposited a leathern valise on the banker's desk, opened and took from it a mass of dingy metal, looking half like brass, and handed it to him. The man of money looked at it curiously, and returned it, saying he was no judge of mineral substances, and had no time to study this particular specimen.

The stranger asked him if he would know gold if he saw it; and, if not, would he be kind enough to send for some confidential person, on whose judgment he could rely, to say and determine the quality and value of his lump of metal. The proposition was reluctantly acceded to. One of our most prominent assayers was summoned, and after examining the substance, and inquiring with visible excitement, where it came from, and receiving no satisfaction, departed, taking it with him, promising to report on it the next day but one, at noon. Punctually at the appointed time the three men met at the bank. The assayer produced the metal, which had been run into the form of a bar, and had all the appearance of the ordinary gold ingot of commerce.

"That looks like gold," said the banker.

"It is gold," said the assayer, "nearly a a thousand fine—the purest I have ever put in a crucible."

The stranger said nothing. The others plied him with questions concerning the source from which it came. He civily but firmly declined to furnish any information, requesting them, as a further test of its genuineness, to send it to the Mint in this city for coinage. To this they assented, and the bar was sent with other bars, to the Mint. It was there again submitted to the test usual in such cases, and the next day its value was returned in double eagles—something more than eight thousand dollars—which was placed to the credit of the now decidedly interesting stranger. For nearly a week nothing was seen or heard of him. The banker was in a fever of excitement. He could think of nothing but the owner of the gold. He ran over all the mining news of the public press for some record of a strike in the gold-producing districts; and, if the truth must be told, he waited for some intelligence of an audacious robbery of the treasury-box of an up-country stage or of the rifling of some bank or assay office in which his new friend should play a prominent part.

So well satisfied was he of the correctness of this latter conjecture that he was on the point of advertising the possession by him, under peculiar circumstances, of a large quantity of refined gold, when the depositor appeared, bringing with him a much larger piece of the same metal as formerly, which, with some ceremony and dignity, he submitted for inspection. This was done, and the stranger inquired if the banker was entirely satisfied of its genuineness.

"Perfectly, perfectly," was the answer. "It is gold. Where did you get it?"

The answer nearly caused him to faint. He sat for a few moments like one in a trance. His ears were filled with strange sounds. His eyes grew dim. His hands trembled nervously, and his heart beat a queer tattoo which alarmed him for his personal safety. It was a very brief answer, yet in it were involved the most momentous consequences to commerce, to the vast system of labor and capital employed in the mining enterprises of the State, to the precious metal basis of trade in every land, and to the maintenance even of government itself. It contained a revolution within itself.

"*I made it myself.*"

It is no wonder that the amazing disclosure almost unmanned the listener. The stranger quietly said:

"I made it myself;" and, after a pause, he added: "I can make it by the ton. I can freight a ship with it within a month from the time I have enlarged my present laboratory, as I am now about to do."

The banker plied him with questions as to its locality, and with prayers to be permitted to visit the scene of his marvelous labors, but to no purpose. He then held up before the discoverer the power which they could wield in the community, the vast possessions which they might acquire and the certainty of making together a fame unequalled since the world began. He represented to him the impossibility of concealment, except with the aid of one situated like himself, who could turn this new accession into the now steady money tides of commercial exchange, and swell, without destroying them. He attempted to show him the danger to himself from the chagrin of those whose values he might impair or destroy, and the need of caution in utilizing for himself his terrible secret.

His hearer sat with imperturbable countenance until the close of the banker's harangue, and then replied:

"I will make you the depository of my gold. You may control its issue, and we will together share the power it brings. But my process must remain forever in my own breast. I shall never reveal it. I will bring you, in a very few days, more than you have now in your vaults. My laboratory is near the New Park, in a building which would attract no attention, save from its dilapidated appearance. I was at work there during the most part of the past winter, and have, by degrees, succeeded in making myself quite comfortable without attracting attention.

I have several ways of access to it, and never use the same way twice in succession. I adjudt I have experienced some fear of discovery and attack; but my guards are my dogs, and they are faithful and silent. There is now more danger than ever in the increased volume of my product, which will need other means of transporting raw material and bringing it back in the shape of gold than this old valise and my hands."

He then turned to a convenient table and wrote a few lines, which he sealed in an envelope and handed to the banker.

"There is the direction to my retreat. I shall return in a week with more gold, and if I fail to come you may know some evil has befallen me. Then come to me."

The banker promised faithful observance of the injunction, and with many protestations of mutual fidelity and good will they parted. The paper has never been opened, and the manufacturer of gold has steadily and punctually reappeared, bringing his weekly enormous additions to the bullion of the bank. It is said that more than half a million has been manufactured within the last two months and deposited in the bank.

Some of it has been converted into coin and put in circulation. Many of our readers who believe they are handling the products of our gold mines, now daily receive and pay out this substance, created from base metals by one of our most unobtrusive citizens. Some of it has been run into the customary form of bars, and, stamped with the brand and records of our most famous refinery, has been shipped abroad as the basis of exchange for a banking institution on a colossal scale, to be established on the comparatively small beginning of one of our most noted banks, and the effort will be made to make San Francisco the center of all commercial exchanges and the great depository of the products of the world. The scheme is vast, proportioned to the power which two men hold in their grasp. It is frightful to reflect what may be the result of their ambition, if it should pass beyond its present reasonable limits. No human imagination can conceive the end to which the wealth of our modern Midas and his banker may bring all established modes of doing business, and, indeed, as we have said, the government itself.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

THE following is now common in Illinois papers: "Notice: All women who do not wish their husbands to frequent my house for the purpose of drinking, will oblige me by leaving a note at the post office, box 89. (Signed) ——."

How Parisians Take a Bath.

At first there is something strange in seeing so many half-naked men pulling themselves coolly about (in the Seine), but there is an innocence and simplicity in the whole proceeding, which divests it of any idea of impropriety. Here, for instance, are three gentlemen and two ladies, all in bathing dresses, and all giving themselves the air bath, which their limited costume renders agreeable, before taking their swim together. The boat stops in mid-stream; a little ladder is hung over the side, the gentlemen all go in like frogs, one after the other, head first; the ladies go in more like ducks, with a sort of flutter and a rush upon the surface, and so they swim merrily round the boat, laughing and chasing one another, and every now and then climbing up the ladder to rest. At Bas Meudon there are a number of covered boats which may be hired, and within the gypsy-like tent of the stern the ladies make their toilets, while the gentlemen make theirs in the bows. But here, also, are islands, with convenient bushy shelters, and bathers of both sexes take advantage of them in the absence of bathing houses, or better cover. Then there are pretty villas upon the river bank, which suggest to the occupants a bathing place of their own. As you walk along the bank you meet, for instance, a lady charmingly dressed, tripping down her garden, cut across the road, and down to the water's edge. In a second something is apparently unhooked, the becoming morning dress sinks in a heap at her feet, and reveals an equally dainty but very different form of attire, in which, having kicked off the slippers from her stockingless feet, she plunges into the stream and kisses her hand from the middle of it to her husband who is standing admiring from the balcony of his own drawing-room. Afterward her maid comes down with a large wrapper, and she runs home like a dripping Naiad with her children, who seem to have had their bath, all trooping and laughing round her. There is a great deal of swimming learnt from boats, the swimmer having a cord attached to his or her waist, and being upheld and directed by a man in the boat. The whole of these aquatic performances, which appear to be confined to the small burgeoisie, is conducted with the most perfect innocence and propriety. Whole families come and splash about for the real enjoyment of the thing, and the performers seem far more decently clothed than those in Le Roi Carotte.—*Paris Letter to London Times.*

Sovereign Remedies.

In spite of the boasted enlightenment of the nineteenth century, and in the face of the signal advance of medical science, the number of superstitious remedies now in use among the common people, especially in England, is surprisingly great.

This is a charm for the cure of the ague; it is to be written on a piece of paper, read solemnly, the paper then folded, knotted, and never thereafter opened.

"When Jesus saw ye cross, whereon His body should be crucified, His body shook, and ye Jews asked Him had He the Ague? He answered and said: 'Whosoever keepeth this in mind or writing shall not be troubled with the Fever or Ague,' so Lord help Thy servant trusting in Thee."

This, however, calls for an exercise of faith, with very little work. Another remedy for the same is more tangible, if not quite so pleasant to the palate. It is nothing more or less than to take a spider, the larger the better, envelope it with a coating of dough or preserved fruit, and then swallow the bolus. Its virtue is said to be so great that the inhabitants of the Emerald Isle are credited with its use at the present day; as also of the following, which is said to be quite as certain in its effects—and it no doubt is—to the insect, which is put into a bottle, that is then corked tight and buried. As the insect dies, the disease will leave the patient, who will soon entirely recover.

Such a remedy is certainly preferable to the one preceding it, or to eating a large slice of bread, on which candle-snuff has been spread with butter and molasses, a popular prescription in some parts of England, and which is made more effective if the patient washes the morsels down with water from the nearest church-font.

For bleeding at the nose, a toad is to be killed, and carried in a bag suspended from the patient's neck. The length of time for which this is to be worn is not stated, but the remedy is one which, "with variations," Sir Kenelm Digby recommends for many ailments.

In the Orkney Islands, when any one is attacked with hemorrhage, or bleeding at the nose, the nearest old crone is sent for, who slowly mutters over the sufferer:

'There virgins came of Jerusalem land,
Each with a bloody knife in her hand;
Stem', blood, stem—Letherly stand;
Bloody nose (or mouth), in God's name, mend!'"

In Devonshire, they repeat the following: "Our blessed Savior was born in Bethlehem, and baptized in the river Jordan;

'The waters were wild and rude,
The child, Jesus, was meek, mild, and good.'

He put his foot into the waters, and the waters stopped; and so shall thy blood, in the name of the 'Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.'"—*Appleton's Journal.*

A Tight Squeeze.

The late Mr. Lyman Raymond, for many years a much-respected merchant at Bridgewater, Vermont, used to relate the following anecdote of one of his acquaintances, and vouched for its truthfulness.

A miller in a small town in Vermont was, at intervals, temporarily insane for several days together, and at those times he imagined himself to be in another world—the world that is to come—and the Judge of all the earth. He built a large platform nearly ten feet from the ground, and seated thereon in an arm-chair, with a ponderous Bible in hand, he imagined a large concourse of people to be before him, and proceeded to question them concerning their former occupation, conduct, etc., answering the inquiries himself. At length he came to a miller residing in an adjoining town, and questioned him thus:

"What was your occupation in yonder world?"

"A miller, Sir."

"Did you ever steal any grain?"

"Yes, Sir."

"What did you do with it?"

"Used it myself, Sir."

"You may go to the wrong side of the question," said the pretended judge, unhesitatingly.

Finally, after judging all others, he proceeded to treat himself likewise.

"What was your occupation in yonder world?" he asked of himself.

"A miller, Sir."

"Did you ever steal any grain?"

"Yes, Sir."

"What did you do with it?"

"Made bread of it, and gave the bread to the poor."

Then he hesitated, scratched his head, and seemed to be engaged in deep thought for several minutes, and finally said:

"Well, you may go to the right side of the question, but — it — is —a — — tight squeeze."—*Harpers' for September.*

Alcoholic Hallucinations.

Dr. Magnan gives the following indications of the stages of hallucination in cases of delirium tremens among men: In the first degree the patient believes he hears abusive language, provocations; he sees thieves, armed persons, animals, or else he hears the voice of his parents, of his friends who call him, who warn him of a danger, who appeal for his help, etc. Stimulated by these incitements, the patient answers, injures, quarrels, runs, rushes off, becomes furious, etc., all which acts tend to develop in him a boisterous condition, a state of mania.

In other circumstances he believes himself to be in prison, before a court of justice; he is accused of various crimes; he believes that he has committed them; he believes that his wife is unfaithful to him, that he is deceived by his friends; he is present at the funeral of his parents, etc. Under the weight of these distressing impressions, he is dull, restless, suspicious; he laments, he becomes terrified, he attempts to escape, sometimes even he meditates homicide or suicide; he presents, in a word, the aspect of a melancholic. Finally, in the most intense form, he believes himself chained at the foot of a scaffold, he has before him the bleeding corpses of his children, everything is on fire, he is about to be swallowed up, etc. These appearances have astounded, appalled him, he remains motionless, in a complete state of stupor.

A SURE WAY TO MAKE AN IMPRESSION—Fall down in the mud.

Miss Nilsson's Mattress.

The sempiternal ass has lifted his ears at the auction sale of the furniture of the Mills House, at Charleston, South Carolina, and brayed a bid of $50 for the mattress on which Nilsson had slept for one night only, while others quite as good, though less distinguished, only realized $8 each.

To these exhibitions of folly the public has become inured. Men, being men, will always experience the relic madness. Not that there is anything especially harmful in the disease. It generally attacks those who can afford it, and so is less reprehensible than drinking or gambling. One rarely hears of a man pawning his wife's wedding ring and taking the bread out of his children's mouths to satisfy an unhallowed thirst for the napkin with which Nilsson removed the traces of her third plate of pork and beans from her tuneful lips. It is more a lunacy than a madness in these inferior manifestations, and occasionally rises to a real sublimity in its higher degrees, as when a single tattered book, like the famous "Decameron," sets two noble lords by the ears and produces a bid of more than thirteen thousand dollars. There is madness and madness, and it is difficult to say with precision where the line is to be drawn and relic-hunting be declared ridiculous and not legitimate. A single tooth of the first Napoleon has caused a lively competition; so has the axe with which a particularly atrocious murder was committed, or the rope by which it was avenged. These relics may be considered legitimate; of their authenticity there can be no doubt, and a certain interest, whether historical or morbid, attaches to them. But when it comes to disputing for the cherry-stones which fall from the Grand Duke's dessert-plate, or the mattress on which a prima donna was offered as a victim to the South Carolina *cimex lectularius*, the limit of good taste is exceeded, the relic is ridiculous, and the relic-hunter is an ass.

For let us reason together. What proof is there that Nilsson did sleep on that mattress at all? None but the assurance of the auctioneer, a proverbially poor warranty in all matters where the sale of a horse, a picture, a suburban lot or a relic is concerned. The fair Christine may have sat at the window all night, gazing at the moon, and inditing woful ballads to the eyebrow of Rouzand, the beau. Even if she did occupy the bed, she may, in a fit of jealousy, inspired by the reflection that Miss Cary had been applauded or had looked well, have thrown herself on the outside of the coverlet (as girls do in novels,) and passed the night in tears, and with her hair up. Or, conceding everything, if she did occupy that bed, as beds are usually occupied, what earthly interest did the mattress possess? There, doubtless, are such things as sheets in South Carolinian hotels, whose existence would materially reduce the value of the mattress as a relic. The mattress which was touched by the sheets, which came in contact with the wrapper which was worn by Nilsson, is hardly more valuable as a relic than the fork belonging to the knife with which Peg Nicholson wanted to kill King George. It is earth from the garden, but very far from the rose.

If people of the sort of that monopolizer of mattresses abound in Charleston, the proprietor of the Mills House has a gold mine at hand. It virtue be found in the mattress on which was laid the sheet which was touched by the night-dress which enveloped Nilsson, some must pertain to the springs that supported the mattress, to the frame from whence ascended the springs, to the castors which bore the frame, to the carpet which was touched by the castors, to the floor under the carpet, to the walls supporting the floor, and so on, till we run into the ground under the foundation that upbore the walls. Nasir-ed-Deen's duck soup, made by dipping a crust into a duck-pond, was not more thin.

But having the mattress, what will the purchaser do with it? To sleep on it would be to profane it; to sleep on it might be impossible, being, as it is, a hotel mattress. It would not make a good chimney ornament, nor, even if framed, adorn a wall. The only hope that can now be seen for his utilizing it is found in the prevailing fashion in jewelry. The time may come—and judging from the jewelers' windows will come soon—when he can wear the mattress for a breastpin and the pillows as sleeve buttons.—*Missouri Democrat.*

Intelligent Monkeys.

Professor Cope describes a monkey in his possession. He is an admirable catcher, seldom missing anything, from a large brush to a grain, using both hands or one. His cage door is fastened by two hooks, and these are kept in their place by nails driven in behind them. He generally finds means, sooner or later, to draw out the nails, unhook the hooks, and get free. He then occupies himself in breaking up various objects and examining their interior appearances, no doubt in search of food. To prevent his escape, Professor Cope fastened him by a strap to the side of the cage, but he soon untied the knot, and then relieved himself of the strap by cutting and drawing out the threads that held the flap for the buckle. He then used the strap in a novel way. He was accustomed to catch his food (bread, potatoes, fruit, etc.,) with his hands, when thrown to him. Sometimes the pieces fell short three or four feet. One day he seized the strap and began to throw it at the food, retaining his hold of one end. He took pretty correct aim, and finally drew the pieces to within reach of his hand. This performance he constantly repeats, hooking and pulling articles to him in turns and loops of the strap. Sometimes he loses his hold of the strap. If the poker is handed him, he uses that with the same skill, for the recovery of the strap. When this is drawn in, he secures his food as before. Here is an act of intelligence that must have been originated by some monkey, since no lower or ancestral type of mammals possess the hands necessary for its accomplishment. Whether originated by Jack, or by some ancestor of the forest who used vines for the same purpose, cannot be readily ascertained.

After a punishment, the animal would only exert himself in this way when not watched; as soon as an eye was directed to him, he would cease. In this he displayed distrust. He also usually exhibited the disposition to accumulate to be quite superior to hunger. Thus he always appropriated all the food within reach before beginning to eat. When different pieces were offered to him, he transferred the first to his hind feet to make room for more, then filled his mouth and hands, and concealed portions behind him. With a large piece in his hands, he would pick the hand of his master clean before using his own, which he was sure of.

Lima and Oroya Railway in Peru.

This road, which is to master the altitudes of the Andean chain, is building for 27,000,000 reals, by Henry L. Meiggs. Commencing at Callao, on the coast, it will cross an altitude of over 15,000 feet, and terminate at Oroya, 12,200 feet above the ocean. The center of supplies is at Yauli, at 14,000 feet altitude. Grading has been finished eighteen miles, and the work of tunneling the crest of the Andes has begun from both ends, with 4,000 Inca Indians engaged on it. The tunnel will be 3,600 feet long, and elevated higher than the summit of Mont Blanc. It is distant from the western terminus on the Pacific only sixty miles. The gradient for the railroad is 211 feet per mile—called there a four per cent grade. Forty miles from Callao, it has been necessary to resort to a V—a turn-table and switch, where the railroad takes an up grade in reverse direction for several miles, and again returns, forming almost a figure 8. The mule trail, by which materials are carried over, passes an altitude of 16,500 feet, amid a cluster of peaks covered with perpetual snow. It is hoped by this road to develop the silver wealth of the Cordileras. With the exception of some coal, rudely taken out and transported on the backs of llamas, at $25 per ton, nothing can be obtained for fuel except dried turf, "buffalo chips," (25 cents a sack,) and dried llama dung. Such items will enable those unacquainted with the country to appreciate the fact that this work is one of the greatest events of the age.

—The Emperor of Austria has bestowed an order on Charles Degen, a Vienna detective, for the energy and sagacity by which he enticed from New York back to Europe one Baron Wehrlein, who last year circulated large quantities of counterfeit Austrian treasury notes, in Vienna and Hamburg.

Resurrection of Mrs. Sparkins.

Horatio Sparkins is one of the bright and shining lights of the mercantile community of the Queen City. He attends closely to business during the week, attends church twice a day on Sundays, subscribes liberally to the Relief Union, Bethel Cause, and other public charities, and reads the acknowledgment of the same in the morning papers with great satisfaction. Although on the shady side of forty, he is in an excellent state of preservation; dresses very neatly, and is withal, something of a dandy in regard to his personal appearance.

He has two great troubles in life. His first and greatest is his better half. Mrs. S. is tall, angular, not at all good looking—a great shrew, and of very jealous disposition—so much so that Sparkins is very sorry to enter his own house, and exceedingly glad to get out of it. His second trouble is that he is partially bald. He tries to hide this defect by a skillful manipulation of his back hair, but is not very successful in the effort.

Horatio has been very fortunate in accumulating a plentiful store of worldly goods, and lives in an elegant residence in the west end. At the time of which we write, his family consisted of himself, Mrs. S., and her cousin, pretty Polly Perkins.

Mrs. Sparkins lay upon her death bed! So said the doctor—and doctors are generally allowed to be judges in such matters; besides, Dr. Muddlepate is a professor of the medical college, lives in a stone front house in a fashionable locality, and has an extensive practice among the *bon ton* of the city—*raison de plus.*

"Is there no hope, doctor?" said Polly Perkins.

"Is there no hope?" said Horatio Thomas.

Being the lady's husband, he spoke last, of course.

The doctor looked at the disconsolate widower *in posse*, drew forth his watch, and silently indicating the hour of twelve, he solemnly shook his head.

"I am very sorry to hear it," ejaculated Sparkins.

"Alas my poor cousin," sobbed Polly.

As an impartial historian, truth compels us to say that Horatio neither sobbed nor sighed, his grief was too deep-seated for such outward manifestations.

"She was so good, so kind, and so pious," sobbed Polly.

"So amiable, so humble, and such a good manager," said Sparkins. A low moan from the subject of their eulogies, showed that they were not altogether lost upon her, and that her parting spirit rejoiced in the testimonial to her virtues.

"She was too good for earth, and I did not deserve her, but she is going now, and where shall I get such another?" continued he.

"Not in all this city—that is, just such another," sobbed Polly, as she moved closer to him.

"What is to become of my house and what is to become of me, Polly?"—there was pathos in his tones, and a solitary tear trickled down his nose. "I'll jump off the Suspension bridge and drown myself," but when he thought of the ice and the cold water, he appeared undecided, and his eyes roaming gloomily around the apartment, could rest upon no object but the sympathizing face of pretty Polly Perkins. He was seated on the side of the bed. "Come here, Polly," said he, and edging along he made room for her by his side. Now it is hard to carry on a conversation with no one looking at you, and she having modestly turned her face away, he gently took her by the chin, and turning her face toward his, looked her steadily in the eye.

"Where shall I get such another?" said Horatio.

"There's the widow Jones!" suggested Polly.

"Pooh, pooh!—she's an old hag; but—but—what do you say to Polly Perkins?"

The murder was out, and he felt infinitely relieved. His hand clasped hers; it was a pretty little hand with long taper fingers and almond shaped nails. When one's right hand holds that of a pretty woman, there is only one thing to be done with the other. Horatio's left arm naturally encircled the supple waist of the lovely Polly.

He drew her closer to him and leaning forward—their lips met in a lovely kiss—nectar and ambrosia. There was a little round polished patch on the summit of Horatio's *peri-cranium*, from which the hair had gradually receded; a sort of *basis*, or rather a miniature mountain peak, rising above the highest point of vegetation. It was on this spot, undefended alike by Art and Nature, that at this moment a blow descended with a terrible "whack."

The interesting couple sprang to their feet and turning about quickly, beheld a sight that well nigh petrified them. The aid but eccentric Mrs. S., sat bold upright in bed, her eyes no longer glazed with the film of approaching dissolution, but flashing fire; while in her hand she held a heavy hair brush, a weapon of might, as Horatio's bloody head could testify. Her rage had broken her quinsy, and although she could not speak, and was nearly choked, the rapidity of her gutteral intonations argued well for her future eloquence. Mrs. Sparkins recovered, the fair Polly was banished, but oh Heavens! what a life Horatio has led since then.

Sterility and Depletion.

Regarding this subject Mr. Howorth remarks: The gardener who desires his plants to blossom and bear fruit takes care that they shall avoid a vigorous growth. He knows that this will inevitably make them sterile; that either his trees will only bear distorted flowers, that fail to produce seed, or that they will bear none at all. In order to produce flowers and fruit he checks the growth and vigor of the plant by pruning its roots and branches, depriving it of food, and, if he have a stubborn pear or peach tree which has long refused to bear fruit, he adopts the hazardous but often most successful plan of wringing its bark.

Turning to the animal kingdom, the rule is no less true. "Fat hens won't lay" is an old fragment of philosophy. The breeder of sheep, pigs and cattle knows very well that if his ewes and sows and cows are not kept lean they will not breed; and as a startling example it is stated that to induce Alderney cows, which are bad breeders, to be fertile, they are actually bled, and so sufficiently reduced in condition.

In like manner generous diet and good living produce their effect on human beings. In countries where flesh and strong food is the ordinary diet, the population is thin and the increase small; while where fish, vegetables, and weak food are used, the population is large and the increase rapid. Everywhere the rich, luxurious, well-fed classes are diminishing in numbers or are stationary; while the poor, badly-fed, hard-worked, are very prolific. As with the plant, the animal, and the man, so it is with the nation. It was luxury and not the barbarians that sapped the power and wrought the destruction of the Roman Empire; and as plants, animals, and even human beings are stimulated by a course of depletion to increased fertility, so, according to some authorities, great wars have a similar effect on nations, and by their depleting action stimulate them to increased activity and renewed vigor.

A Prayer Test.

Tyndall has set all England agog by a proposition to have a prayer-test—to subject prayer to an exact scientific test, by setting apart a ward in a hospital and praying for the patients. Then, if these patients, under good treatment, recover in larger proportion than those in other wards of the same institution, it will be considered conclusive evidence that the fervent, effectual prayer of a righteous man availeth much. Some of the religious papers are disposed to accept the challenge. We suppose the good people who pray for the one ward will be expected to rejoice when a poor fellow dies in another. To all such prayer God will perhaps answer: "A wicked and adulterous generation seeketh a sign, but there shall no sign be given it." For our parts, we warn Prof. Tyndall that his experiment will be spoiled. For while the Pharisees pray for one ward, we shall form a club of humble publicans who will ask God not to neglect the poor fellows in the other wards, just for the sake of providing a scientific man with data from which to "confer quantitative precision on the action of the supernatural in nature."—*Hearth and Home.*

To know how to wait is the secret of success.

USEFUL SUGGESTIONS.

TO REMOVE HARD PUTTY FROM SASH, take a hot iron and rub over it.

A COW'S age may be determined by the teeth, but by the horns is the surest method. Count the rings around the horn and add to this number three years, which is the lapse of time before any rings make their appearance.

A RECENT writer says that one half teaspoonful of the following mixture, repeated, a few times if necessary, will cure chicken cholera in almost every instance: One ounce tincture acetate of opium, one ounce tincture of camphor, one ounce tincture of rhubarb, and half an ounce of cayenne pepper.

TO PAINT straw color, take white lead, chrome yellow, raw umber and lampblack; mix a small portion at first until you get the shade desired, then you can mix a larger lot in similar proportions. Take the white lead, mix in some yellow, add a small portion of umber and a few drops of the black. If at first you get it too dark, add a little white lead.

IF PEGGED boots are occasionally dressed with petroleum between the soles and the upper leather they will not rip. If the soles of boots and shoes are dressed with petroleum they will resist wet and wear well. The pegs, it is said, are not affected by dryness after being saturated with the liquid.

PICKLED PEACHES.—One half gallon sharp vinegar, 4 pounds sugar, 2 ounces cinnamon, 2 ounces cloves; put the spice in a bag; boil the mixture five minutes, then put in the peaches and boil them five minutes; take them out and put in more; put the peaches in jars, and pour the mixture over them hot; when cold, cover tight.

TO GET RID OF RED ANTS.—Take a strip of woolen cloth, one-half inch in width, and saturate it with coal oil. Tie this strip around the legs of your tables, safes, lard jars, milk vessels, &c., that you desire to protect, being careful that no room is left between the strip and the posts, jars and the like, and see that the provision safe does not touch the wall.

TO MAKE POP CORN BALLS.—While popping your corn put some sirup on the stove, the nicer the better, and boil it down quite thick. Put your corn, while hot, in a dish-pan, or any large vessel convenient, pour the sirup over it and stir it well with a spoon. It only needs enough to make the corn stick together. Butter your fingers and make up the balls quickly any size you wish. Lay on a plate until cool, and they are nice.

EXCELLENT VARNISH FOR HARNESS.—Pulverize and put in a jug or bottle half a pound to a pound of gum-shellac, cover with good alcohol, and cork tightly. Put the mixture in a warm place. In about two days, if shaken frequently, the gum will be dissolved and ready for use. If the liquid appears as thick as thin molasses add more alcohol. To one quart of the varnish add one ounce of good lampblack, and an ounce of gum camphor. An occasional coat of this is also good for rendering boots water-proof.

ALL PRESERVED fruits and vegetables should be stored in glass, that no metal of any kind should be brought in contact with them. Fruits contain more or less of vegetable acids; others that are highly corrosive and often formed by fermentation, and metallic vessels are thus considerably acted upon. Tin cans are held together by a solder, an alloy into which lead enters largely. This metal is easily corroded by vegetable acids, and poisonous salts are formed.

POTATO SOUP.—A good potato soup is easily made. Peel and boil one quart of potatoes very soft, press them through a sieve; take a pint of boiling water, stir into it a teaspoonful of butter rolled in two tablespoonsful of flour, take it off and mix it slowly into the saucepan with the potatoes, add to this another pint of boiling water, stirring it all the time. When this is properly smooth, add a quart of boiling milk (water will answer if milk cannot be had) and gradually boil the whole one hour, being careful not to let it burn.

Farming a Dull Business.

Talking with a very bright and ambitious young woman, a farmer's daughter, where we stopped one night, we said farming was a dull sort of life. "Yes," said a young man of twenty-two years, there is no incentive to work—no relaxation of effort, and nothing to stimulate the mind."

"What nonsense," we replied. There is everything for a stimulus. Each farm is a world in itself, about which those who have lived upon it know little or nothing, comparatively. Suppose for example, we were to ask you how many kinds of grasses—real grasses—grow on your farm—could you tell us, with their correct names, habits and history. Suppose we ask you how many species of plants are indigenous on your farm, and the names of these plants, time of flowering, color of flowers, soil and locality in which they grow—could you tell us? Suppose we were to ask you how many species of birds visit your farm every year, the time of their arrival and departure, their habits while with you, their names and their habits while absent from your locality, the balance of the year—could you tell us? Suppose we ask you how many species of insects are to be found on your farm—their names, history, habits, whether injurious to you or not, upon what trees or plants they live, when and how often they appear, and how long they stay—could you tell us? Suppose we ask you to show us specimens of the grasses and other plants, the birds, insects, &c., which may be gathered within your boundary fences, could you show them to us? And yet, if you were to undertake to acquire the knowledge we have suggested by these inquiries, you would find your life too short; yet the knowledge you would gain, the interest you would soon take in it, and the knowledge of your own impotency you would acquire would prove to you that it is not the farm that is a dull place, but it is you who are dull!—*Rural New Yorker.*

Nature's Appeals for Help.

Every indication of debility and exhaustion is a mute appeal of Nature for medical aid to arrest the progress of decay. How are these silent appeals of physical weakness to the resources of the healing art usually met? Too often, unfortunately, the drugs prescribed aggravate the symptoms. Whoever recommends drastic purgatives, or mineral salivants, or poisonous alkaloids, under such circumstances, is an ally of the ailment and an enemy of the patient. Whoever, on the contrary, advises the broken down and despondent sufferer to resort to that peerless vegetable invigorant, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, for aid and comfort, is a true philanthropist. It is safe to say that there never was an instance in which such advice was given and accepted without the happiest results. From the very depths of weakness and destitutency, thousands have been restored to vigor, health and cheerfulness by the renovating operation of this wholesome stimulant and alterative. All its medicinal ingredients are remarkable for their sanative properties, and in combination form an absolute specific for indigestion, liver complaint, nervous affections, rheumatism, intermittent and remittent fevers, general and local weakness, and every species of disorder incident to change of season or climate