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Faith.

A swallow in the Spring
Came to our granery, and 'neath the eaves
Essayed to make her nest, and there did bring
Wet earth and leaves.

Day after day she toiled
With patient art; but, ere her work was crowned,
Some sad mishap the tiny fabric spoiled,
And dashed it to the ground.

She found the ruin wrought;
Yet not cast down, forth from her place she flew,
And with her mate fresh earth and grasses brought,
And built her nest anew.

Backbone.

When you see a fellow mortal
Without fixed and fearless views,
Hanging on the skirts of others,
Walking in their cast-off shoes,
Bowing low to wealth or favor,
With abject, uncovered head,
Ready to retract or waver,
Willing to be drove or led;
Walk yourself with firmer bearing,
Throw your moral shoulders back,
Show your spine has nerve and marrow—
Just the things which his must lack.
A stronger word
Was never heard
In sense and tone
Than this, *backbone*.

When you see a theologian
Hugging close some ugly creed,
Fearing to reject or question
Dogmas which his priest may read,
Holding back all noble feeling,
Choking down each manly view,
Caring more for forms and symbols
Than to know the Good and True;
Walk yourself with firmer bearing,
Throw your moral shoulders back,
Show your spine has nerve and marrow—
Just the things which his must lack.
A stronger word
Was never heard
In sense and tone
Than this, *backbone*.

When you see a politician
Crawling through contracted holes,
Begging for some fat position,
In the ring, or at the polls,
With no sterling manhood in him,
Nothing staple, broad or sound,
Destitute of pluck or ballast,
Double-sided all around;
Walk yourself with firmer bearing,
Throw your moral shoulders back,
Show your spine has nerve and marrow—
Just the things which his must lack.
A stronger word
Was never heard
In sense and tone,
Than this, *backbone*.

A modest song and plainly told—
The text is worth a mine of gold;
For many men most sadly lack
A noble stiffness in the back.

SILENT BILL.

I had been for nearly a year roaming over the West. In the course of my wanderings I came upon an emigrant train which was just starting out from "the States," and joined it.

The novelty soon wore off and I found the days fatiguing, the nights and sleep only being desirable. I had been conscious for days of a fever in my veins, but had scorned to complain, and taking a sort of savage delight in seeking to do an extra amount of toil. It was my turn to prepare supper for our mess, but once ready I went off as far as I could crawl from the noise of the camp and the odor of the cooking. The last I remember of that day was my dropping down by the side of some shrubs.

Two weeks afterward I opened my eyes upon a different team from the one I started with, and the driver was the largest, most uncouth looking man I ever saw. I was on a straw bed, made up on one side of the wagon, and in answer to my call, the strange man bent over me. I asked all the questions I had strength for, and then waited for the answers. He told me in the fewest possible words that I was missed from the train, and he sent back to look for me. That I had "been dead beat for two weeks, and had better keep still and go to sleep if I could."

I obeyed, because I could not help it. I received my food and medicine from the hands of my strange-looking friend, but it seemed impossible to get any information from him.

My recovery was rapid, and as soon as I made my appearance in the camp I was warmly greeted by our company and treated to many an extra dish by the kind-hearted people.

I learned that I had not been missed until nearly noon of the day that I was left, and then they had halted, and "Silent Bill" had volunteered to look me up, had found me, and had taken upon himself the whole care during my sickness. I could find out very little about the man who had thus brought me back to life. He had joined the company, like myself, at the last minute, had given only the one name, to which the boys added another, until he was called all over the camp "Silent Bill." His team was good, and he was well supplied with provisions, which he handed out generally to any one who had need.

With my returning strength, I felt a strong interest in everything, and would gladly have been companionable and useful, but he never called on me to do anything, unless some one needed help, then he would leave the care to me for a time. He was always ready to walk that others might ride; fatigue seemed unknown to him. Foremost when danger threatened was his gaunt form, and it was always his rifle which brought in the earliest game. It came about that he held the gratitude of almost every one in the train, but loud thanks seemed to offend him greatly.

I never saw him hesitate but once; then some children, two little girls, had been running along with their mother, and she asked him to lift them up into his wagon and give them a ride, as their own team was far behind. He went up to one of them, laid his hand upon the arm of one, started back, rubbed his hands together and finally called to me.

"Put them in, will you?" said he.

I lifted them up and gave each a kiss as I seated them upon the straw.

He was still looking at his hands.

"What's the matter?" I asked, "both of them together wouldn't be as heavy as the man you bore on to camp that day, only a few weeks past."

He said nothing, but held his hands open before me. They were brown and hard. "Are they dirty?" I asked.

"Yes," said he emphatically, and shook them out at arm's length. Then he started up his team and did not speak again for hours.

All hearts became lighter as we ascended the Sierras and began to think of finding an abiding place.

When it came to leave-taking "Bill" was missing, the others started on with their teams, and I staid by his until sundown. Any number of good bys and kindly messages were left with me for him. And one woman gave me a little package saying: "He was so kind to Willie when he was sick, and his hand made that precious little grave on the mountains." I thought, to know the full value of the gift, Bill should have received it, as I did, wet with the mother's tears.

When he came back, we were alone upon the hillside.

He asked, "Why didn't you go on with the others?"

And I answered, "Because I did not choose to leave you alone, after all you have done for me. I shall go with you, if you will let me, it does not make much difference to me where."

He looked at me keenly.

"You had better not," said he, slowly; "you will wish you hadn't some day."

We had started a fire, and I could see his face by the light of the blaze.

I felt drawn to him, not from any sympathy of feeling, but because I was convinced there would come a time when I could in a measure repay him for his kindness to me.

I reached out my hand, "We'll stick together a while, old fellow."

He wouldn't take it, but said; "The kettle boils, we might about as well eat our grub as to waste time a talking."

I gave him the messages, which were received in silence, and when I handed the package he only said, "Lay it down."

We made ready for an early start in the morning, then I rolled up in my blanket, and with my feet to the fire lay down to sleep. When I waked up the blaze had died down, but I could see Bill at a distance, bending over what proved to be a hole in the ground. After a while he broke off some green boughs, threw them in, and then hastily threw in the earth.

He came and sat down by the fire. I watched him for an hour or so, but he never moved, and when I woke in the morning, he had not changed his position.

We started off, but I made an excuse to return, and hurriedly opened the ground where I had seen him working in the night. I do not know what I expected to see, but I certainly was surprised when I found under the covering of earth and green, the little package, which had tearfully been intrusted to my care.

I broke the string and found a small copy of "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress."

"I will keep it," I said, "and when he needs me most he will need this too."

When we reached the first miners' camp, Bill waked up and was eager enough until he had scanned the face of every man. That day he looked weary, and it was the first time he laid down when I did for the night.

In the morning he sold his team, all but two horses; those he packed with blankets and provisions, and we struck off down the canon, stopping wherever any one was at work, and going out of our way if we heard of a solitary miner.

After a while he left off telling me to leave him, and I think the companionship made him feel more human. Once he stopped a week when I seemed tired out, but was restless and uneasy and declared "another day would kill him."

"Tell me," said I, one day, "why you will not rest; this life is wearing upon you; you cannot endure half the fatigue you could upon the Plains. Let's take up a claim and settle down, or if you will go on—let me help you; couldn't I?"

"No," he answered, "and I believe you are holding me back. I have felt it ever since I first looked upon your face when I found you half dead by those bushes that day. I wish I had left you to die."

He sprang up and confronted me, "I will have no more of this, I shall go on alone, and don't you dare get between me and my work or I'll——"

His eyes fell before mine. "Do you think I am afraid of you? you, who wouldn't harm even an insect. Haven't I seen you go out of your way, rather than tread the life out of a crawling worm? Shall all those months of unselfish care for others go for nothing, and your hasty words make me leave you." Besides," said I, "I have a work as well as you." He looked inquiringly at me. "Shall I tell you what it is?"

He sat down by the fire which he had lighted.

"Keep still," said he, "for one month more, and then you may have your say."

In the morning when we started out, the air was heavy with smoke. When we reached San Francisco, after a day or two, we found there had been an extensive fire. Bill was unwearied in helping build tents for the homeless, and his money went freely to feed the starving hundreds, who were likely to find only a grave in the land which had promised them so much. I felt that I had never known half of his genuine goodness of heart until those days, and I left off watching him as I had done.

We were stopping at one of the places dignified by the name of "Hotel," and in those "early times" considered magnificent in the way of accommodations, quite worth the fabulous prices which were demanded for them. But one parlor was the bar-room, and our "room" a bunk, one of a dozen or so in the same apartment. We had been staying there perhaps three weeks, when one night I was awakened from a sound sleep by the fall of some heavy body. I listened, but there was no repetition, then I groped my way to Bill's bunk. He was not there, though I had seen him "turn in" when I did.

I took my hat and passed out through the bar-room into the darkness and night. Drunken men of all nations and tribes were to be met on the muddy sidewalks, their horrid oaths and obscene jests, muttered or shouted in half broken language, reminded me of a terrible description I listened to when a child, of the abode of the lost.

The gleaming lights from the drinking saloons and gambling hells only added another touch to the picture.

I hurried on, peering into every place where was light or sound, and I kept up the search until the first rosy tints in the East told of the coming day.

When I came round to our hotel, I found I had been sent for three times, and was to remain there until the messenger came again. I waited two hours, and then saw the bar-tender pointing me out to a Spaniard. He beckoned to me, and I followed him without a word. We went through lanes and bypaths, until I lost all idea of locality. Finally we came to a cabin, when he motioned me to come round by the side, then he pointed to me to look through a slight aperture.

Two men lay on the floor, which was covered with blood.

I saw at a glance that one was Bill, and the other bore the same face I had often seen in my dreams.

I thought at first that they were both dead, but a low groan came from Bill, and I rushed to the door. I knelt down by him and spoke.

"I did not do it," said he, "but I meant to."

I asked him no question, only if he was able to be moved.

"Yes, but never mind."

We made a litter of a door, and by the help of some men the Spaniard brought, we carried him to our boarding-place.

I summoned a physician, who pronounced the wound dangerous but not necessarily mortal.

I watched over him, and saved him in spite of his own desire. He chose to die, but by my care he came slowly back and took up his burden again.

One day as I sat by his bed, I took from my pocket the little book I had found buried under the green boughs. I read two or three chapters aloud, then put it up without a word. He became interested, and I read on from day to day, as he could bear it, until the book was finished.

Then he asked, "Where did you get it?"

"I dug it from the ground," said I laconically.

He held out his hand for it, and so it passed into his keeping.

When he became strong enough we took walks together, which gradually increased in length until we would spend whole days down by the bay.

I knew he would tell me his story when he could bring himself to it. He was two weeks going over it, sometimes giving me a single picture, and at another time unrolling whole years like a panorama before me.

His first remembrance had been of a hovel where rum had left nothing but ruin. He never heard a kind word, or had a kiss left upon his childish face, but he hated the meanness and filth which surrounded him and ran away to sea, when only fourteen years of age. When he came back, grown to manhood, his old home had been swept away by the tide of improvements, and his relations were all gone, save one fair-headed sister, who might have been his idol, but she vanished out of his life without a word of farewell, and for years he never heard of her or the man who had lured her away.

The year that I met him, he had been through the West; he couldn't tell what for, except that he had made money and wanted to spend it. Vice and luxury were strangers to him, so his wants were few and simple.

He came to a cabin, one night, and as it was late, asked to be allowed to stay; the man consented, and bade the woman provide some supper for the traveler.

His host went out, and his voice could be heard at some distance from the front of the house. The woman eyed him closely from a window, then motioning to Bill, led him to a slide window at the rear of the cabin, whispered to him that 'twas only a mile to the next house, slipped a piece of paper into his hand, and bade him run for his life.

He said he could not tell how it happened, but for the first and only time he ran from danger. He aroused the people, and was given a place on the floor to sleep.

Saying nothing about his adventure, he managed to read by the light of the coals the paper which the woman had given him. Imagine his surprise when he found that he had seen his long-lost sister, and that she had sought to save his life by getting him away from her husband, who mistrusted that he had money, and would not hesitate to murder him in order to obtain it. She said she had witnessed dreadful things, but begged him not to try to meet her, as his life would be imperiled.

The next morning he determined to return and have an interview with her, and if possible persuade her to accompany him.

The house was closed, boards nailed up before the windows, and no sign of life upon the premises.

He looked for his horse; that, of course, was gone, and he was about leaving, when he heard moans. Again he listened, and traced the sound to the window out of which he had escaped the previous night.

He wrenched off the boards and soon found the sister he sought, but she was in a dying condition. She had been terribly beaten by the brutal husband; upon her had come the full brunt of his disappointment when he discovered his victim had left. She told of terrible sufferings and crime, but death hastily closed her recital, and poor Bill held a lifeless form in his arms. He called in the only neighbors, within several miles, the people where he stayed over night. Together they buried the bruised and mangled body, and over the grave the brother vowed to revenge the life which had been sacrificed for him.

He heard of "his man" crossing the plains, and so had followed, nursing all the time the deepest hatred in his heart, never doubting that he should find him, and then the end was plain.

He held up his hands. "I have seen his blood upon them all the way," said he.

"That night," he continued, "I could not sleep, and something whispered that he was not far from me. So I went out and continued my search. I heard his voice on the street. I should have known it anywhere. I followed him to his cabin and entered close behind him. I had something to say to him, and you know I couldn't shoot him down without giving him a chance; 'twant in me to do that.

"But he turned upon me quicker than thought and gave me this shot through my shoulder. My right arm dropped powerless, but I sprang upon him, and as we closed he gave me a stab in my side, his own pistol, pointed toward himself, went off, either by accident or design, I shall never know which, and we fell together on the floor.

"That Spaniard came in, attracted by the firing. I had helped his family to food and shelter, so I easily prevailed upon him to go for you, not because I thought you could do anything for me, but I did not want you to spend your time hunting me up.

"The wretch died; although I didn't kill him, I meant to, so I am a murderer to you. My work on earth is done, and you had better leave now. I am afraid I shall get to care for you if you stay, and that would be foolish, as there hasn't been any love in my life. I shan't trouble you with any more talk. I guess I have lost my right now to the title the boys gave me."

As soon as he was able, we went back into the country and pitched our tent among the grand old trees. There came days when the hushed stillness brought thoughts of rest, peace and almost believing.

Under the branches where the stray sunbeams touched us with light and healing, I told the story of Him whose blood can wash the deepest stain from human hearts and hands, and into nature's temple came the great, invisible, loving presence which stands human as ever, though unseen—in our very midst, and whose coming into any life will lift it from its mire, and defilement into the lost Paradise which lies about us everywhere.

As I dwelt upon the wondrous love and compassion, he asked earnestly, "Why has my life been so dark and loveless?"

Ah, how many aching hearts have asked that, as they look back over dwarfed and thwarted lives.

But there came a time when his questionings ceased, and he changed his life-long burden for a cross.

And for years, "Silent Bill" was known all through the mines and camps as "The Big Elder."

Pressed Coal Dust.

The use of pressed coal-dust, compacted into solid cakes convenient for stowage and handling, has become quite general on board the naval vessels of different European countries, and their value appears to be unquestionable. It is claimed that in the carriage of the little bricks there is a loss of only one per cent., instead of six to ten per cent., as in the case of lump coal, and when stored aboard they are found after two years exposure to be scarcely at all injured. It is claimed for them also that they are free—or comparatively free—from ash, and can be made from the refuse of almost every kind of coal, and in such a ratio as to produce the best effect in getting up and maintaining steam. These bricks, which are exceedingly compact, are produced by hydraulic pressure, and require but a small per centage of extraneous, gummy, or resinous matter to make them stone-like and thoroughly durable. The best approved process of manufacture—the one that is asserted to give the best results—is briefly described as follows; the machine has sixteen cylinders disposed as the radii of a circle, in which the coal slack, after being heated to the requisite degree by a current of steam and mingled—by means of ingeniously adapted apparatus—with pitch, is pressed by pistons and formed into cylindrical or hexagonal blocks of uniform length.

A Family of Sufferers.—We find in a Milwaukee paper the story of a young man who, seven years ago, was taken prisoner by the Black Feet Indians, at the St. Cloud massacre, the savages killing his father's family except himself and one of his sisters, with almost unparalleled barbarity. The Indians took the boy and his sister away, and with a tomahawk cut off his left arm, while with a knife they nearly severed the girl's ears. The children were separated, and they have never met since. The boy remained under close surveillance for seven years, and has just managed to escape. He is represented to be an honest, simple Frenchman, bearing upon his body the marks of his terrible tortures. He wept when he described the barbarous murder of his father, mother, and two sisters.

Fish.—Four years ago a new kind of fish, specimens of which Prof. Agassiz called a variety of alewives, appeared in Seneca Lake, N. York. This year they they have been attacked by a singular mortality. Thousands have perished from some unexplained cause, and their dead bodies line the shores in such numbers as to threaten a pestilence.

The sugar crop of Louisiana of 1871 is estimated at 104,881 hogsheads, weighing 168,878,592 pounds, against 87,090 in 1869-70, an increase of 57,791 hogshead, or over sixty-six per cent.

War and Cannibalism.

The Honolulu *Gazette* publishes the following account of recent difficulties in Ovalau: "The great topic of conversation here, and one which, to my mind, is of paramount importance, is the present warlike aspect of the natives—not, as yet, toward the white population, but among themselves. At the back of this island, and only a few miles from the beach, is a powerful tribe known as the Levoni. On the North end of the island reside another tribe, both being tributary to Thakombau. These two tribes appear to have had some differences, and had fought, the particulars of which were made known to the King by a Chief named Cornelius. Upon obtaining this information, Thakombau sent over to the Levoni men, requesting them to desist from fighting. The reply was that they would kill the individual who had informed him of their doings, and who they soon found out to be Cornelius. I should state that up to this time, the people of all the tribes on Ovalau had professed Christianity, and Cornelius was said to be a most exemplary and pious man, well known to the missionaries as a native teacher. Nevertheless, upon Cornelius making his appearance among them, he was instantly clubbed, his body mutilated and then interred. Two days after his interment the body was exhumed, in accordance with an old, native custom, and a "man-oven" was constructed and heated with red-hot stones. Into this the body of poor Cornelius was thrust and baked like a pig. And then a barbarian feast was held by these beastly cannibals, who devoured every portion of the remains, picking the bones clean, and preserving them as trophies. But this only whetted their appetite for human flesh, and they next made another onslaught on their neighbors at the North end of the island, and have killed, I understand, about thirty, all of whom it is believed have been eaten. Maafu, who resides at Loma, and is a Chief of great renown, (the present owner of the yacht *Xarifa*,) having some antipathy to Thakombau, takes the spirit, it is said, of the Levoni cannibals, and has supplied them with powder, ball and muskets. Meanwhile Thakombau, with the chivalry which is characteristic of these powerful Fiji Chiefs, sent to the Levoni to tell them to put up their war-fences, and build their forts, as it was his intention, so soon as he got his army together, to come over to them and fight them. His Majesty is now making vast preparations for the assault. Almost every day from remote parts of his dominions, war canoes full of fighting men are arriving at Levuka, and taking up their residences at the native villages; and there must be now some thousands of them congregated here. Fighting, indeed, has actually commenced. The Levoni are said to be ensconced in an impregnable fortification, upon a rock. Yet it is also said they believe they will be vanquished by Thakombau, who, no doubt, will overcome them, and put to death all the ring-leaders, making prisoners of the rest, who, it is anticipated, will be sold to the planters. It must be remarked that these Fiji belligerents are fully armed with muskets (many breech-loaders of the newest pattern) and revolvers, besides their clubs and spears, and are most excellent shots. But they are not drilled, and their warfare is purely of the guerilla kind.

The Wedding of Giants.

A few days ago, the cable announced the prospective marriage in England of the Kentucky giant, Captain Bates, and the Nova Scotia giantess, Miss Anna Swan. This Bates-Swan wedding, which came off a few days ago, was, we are told, the tallest one of the season. Bates is eight feet long when lying down, and just about eight feet high when standing up! Laying or standing, he weighs 400 pounds! If we remember correctly, Bates is a production of Boone county, Ky. At all events, a few years ago he paid occasional visits to Cincinnati, and the ovation he received from the newsboys on such occasions would have made anybody but a stout man quail. The bride of Bates is a few inches taller than her husband, and about the same weight. It is not stated where the bride procured her wedding *trousseau*, but is estimated there were about six acres of it. It is not stated, either, what business Mr. Bates proposes to follow, but if he does not keep a dry-goods store, he ought to establish one cotton mill, at least, to manufacture wardrobes, because if the two dress in the latest fashions, and use goods in proportion to bulk or size, they will have to charter or buy a mill, and keep it in operation all the time. Then, in the course of events, there may be some little giants and giantesses also to be clothed. Therefore the best thing for the masculine to do is to get possession of a cotton mill, and as soon as possible rent a cotton plantation.

Profits of "Garden Sauce."

A letter from Hampton, Va., says: Early vegetables are produced in this county in very large quantities. The crop of peas readily commanded, in Northern markets, from five to seven dollars per barrel. It was pleasant to notice on our streets, the quick, elastic step of the farmers, as they returned every morning from the post-office with checks in their pockets, just from Baltimore, Philadelphia, or New York, convincing them that their peas had been sold for six and seven dollars per barrel.

If elastic steps and smiling countenances were seen during the receipts from the "pea crop," one can scarcely describe the looks of both farmers and merchants, when every day hundreds of barrels of potatoes were shipped to New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore, commanding \$6, \$7, and \$8 per barrel. The agent of the "Baltimore Line" informed your correspondent that 400 barrels, day after day, were shipped from Old Point by this line alone. I hear of farmers who realized from \$80 to \$120 from half acres! or \$160 to \$240 per acre. This may seem fabulous, but it is true.

Very Angry.—The other day we heard of a school-teacher who killed herself for love of a boy of 13, and now comes an account of an elderly man in Mississippi who blew out his brains because his laundress left his shirt buttoned at the collar, and sent it to him in that outrageous condition. Poor old Mr. Hopkins, tottering on the verge of 90 years, got his head into the body of the shirt, and his arms into the sleeves, and thus struggled for awhile against fate and buttons. He became frightfully enraged, cursed and foamed at the mouth, and at last, when the linen gave way, rushed for his gun, seated himself at the edge of his bed, placed the stock of the weapon so that he could pull its trigger with his toe, brought the muzzle to his chin, pulled, and blew his head off. Can his laundress be said to be morally responsible for his act?

In Bavaria.—The Munich *Neueste Nachrichten* reports a fact hitherto unprecedented in Bavaria. Formerly the King, all the Court, the Ministers, and other great functionaries of State, followed the procession *Corpus Christi*; now the King has informed the Episcopal body that he should not only be personally absent from the procession, but that he should not even be represented therein. Government employes were left at entire liberty in the matter. This is regarded by the opponents of Infallibility as a demonstration in their favor.

The First Railways.

The first railway, properly so called, was made some two hundred years ago, and consisted of a rude line of wooden or iron rails, laid down to ease the draught upon horses drawing coal-wagons from the collieries in the north of England. Two hundred years ago, Lord Keeper North, an eminent British lawyer, who wrote his own life, stated that coals from the mines near Newcastle-upon-Tyne were conveyed to the banks of the river "by laying rails of timber exactly straight and parallel; and bulky carts were made, with four rollers, fitting those rails, whereby the carriage was made so easy that one horse could draw four or five chaldrons of coal." As each chaldron contains twenty-five and a half hundreds, or about one long ton and a quarter, the total burthen would be 11,424 pounds, if four chaldrons were conveyed. We see on our street passenger cars what an immense weight two mules can convey, with apparent ease, over the iron rails.

When once there was a railway, the invention of locomotives to work it was inevitable. The first of the wooden rails was laid down in the year 1630, by a Mr. Beaumont, who had collieries in the north-east of England. They remained unimproved for a long time, until a rounded upper surface of iron was fastened upon them, and the wagon wheels were made of cast iron, hollowed in the form of a metal pulley, that they might fit the rounded surface of the rail. This immensely increased the facility and lessened the draught. The first regular iron railroad was laid down at the Coalbroodale Iron Works, in the middle of England. For a time, after this, there was a cast-iron rail, with flanges cast on the tire of the wheel and on the rail. One Mr. Outram introduced stone props instead of timber, for supporting the ends and joinings of the rails—just as at present. Generally adopted, the term "Outram roads" came to distinguish them, which was abridged into *tramroads*.

It was found that on good tramroads, one horse could do the work of forty on the common road. Not until 1820 was the novelty of wrought-iron rails introduced. Steel rails, now general, are of comparatively recent adoption. One suggestion, by the father of Miss Maria Edgeworth, the Irish novelist, was that the wagons could be impelled along the tramways, like ships before the wind, by sails instead of horses. It was tried, and did not succeed. In 1759 James Watt *thought* of applying the power of the steam engine to moving wheel-carriages on tramroads, but did nothing in it. Ten years later, a London linen draper took out a patent for moving wheel carriages by steam. In 1763, a Frenchman, named Cognot, exhibited to Marshal de Saxe a real steam carriage, which, however, like the man with the steam leg, exercised such enormous force that, once in motion, knocked down walls and houses. It is still preserved in one of the public museums of Paris. In 1814, George Stephenson's first steam locomotives ran upon a tramway, and drew eight carriages, of thirty tons' weight, at a speed of four miles an hour. He built the London and Manchester Railroad, sixteen years later, and lived to see railway locomotion at the rate of from fifty to sixty miles per hour—the former being the ordinary express speed on the British railways. It is not about him, or about English railwayism, that I desire to write, but about railroads in America, and these have a claim on our attention, inasmuch as Oliver Evans, an American, invented, in 1772, a steam engine to travel on common roads, and, in 1787, obtained from the State of Maryland the exclusive right to make and run steam carriages.

It may be new to many readers that the first land carriage propelled by steam in America was constructed in Philadelphia, in 1803-'4, by Mr. Evans. It may also be news to the general public that the first locomotive railway in any country constructed especially and exclusively for the use of locomotives, was made to connect Charleston, S. C., with the Savannah River. Six miles of this road were open and worked in 1829—twelve months before the completion of Stephenson's Liverpool and Manchester Railroad.

Chinese Swindlers at Home.

Sedan-bearers push their way through the crowd, hawkers scream their wares, respectable pedestrains edge their way as they best can, and shoals of vermin-covered beggars, in filthy rags, that are an outrage on decency—for the bridge outside the Chinamen is the chief beggars' quarter of Pekin—importune all alike, and even kneel in front of advancing carts and horses. They know full well that handsome sums will be readily paid as "hush-money," by any one unfortunate enough to ride or drive over them, and so inflict a wound; for native law enacts that, if any one be killed by a cart, no matter whose fault it may be, the carter shall be beheaded, the horse destroyed, and the cart burned. Proportionate penalties are inflicted for injuries thus caused, and the beggars naturally take advantage of a law which has, of course, rendered furious driving an unknown offence in Pekin. When foreigners first took up their residence in the city, they were much distressed at the numerous accidents which befell them in riding over beggars and similar characters. True, a dollar generally sufficied to heal the wounds thus caused; but so many dollars had to be paid that the tax became serious. Mentioning the matter incidentally before one of the "teachers," he gave them a piece of sensible advice. "Don't give anything to the next man you ride over," said he, "and you'll have very few more accidents." Sure enough, the next man knocked down, apparently helpless and blind, recovered both the sight and the use of his limbs, when informed, in the choicest Chinese the speaker could muster, that his little game was "played out." From that day forward, very few accidents ever occurred in the beggars' quarter. The native carters, however, are less successful in resisting this curious mode of swindling.

Agricultural Statistics.—How little is really known in this country in respect to agricultural economy is illustrated in the statistics concerning fences. It is said that the improved lands in South Carolina are worth \$20,000,000, while the fences that inclose them have actually cost \$16,000,000. The fences in New York have cost \$144,000,000; those of Ohio, \$115,000,000; and according to an estimate made by Nicholas Biddle thirty years ago, the fences of Pennsylvania had then cost \$100,000,000. The fences of the whole Union are estimated at \$1,300,000,000. The time may come—in the next century, it is suggested—when outside of towns and cities a fence will almost be a curiosity. Hedges will take their place, and thereby accomplish an immense saving of money, while lending a rare and exquisite beauty to the rural landscape, which it can never have under the present system.

Historical Coincidences.—The ratification of the Treaty of Washington, which was signed by the United States and British Commissioners, on the 8th of May last, were exchanged at London on the 17 ult., the anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill. The treaty was proclaimed on the anniversary of American Independence.

Dutch Marriages.

The proverbial slip 'twixt cup and lip is not unknown in Holland as elsewhere; nevertheless, this system of making formal engaged calls certainly does tend to prevent a rupture upon slight grounds; for it is a matter of no small embarrassment to call upon the same people a second time and ceremoniously introduce sweetheart number two! It is held to be part of a lover's duties to accompany his mistress to parties and balls, and also his right and pleasure to take her to theatres and concerts unaccompanied by a chaperon; but he is seldom asked to pay a visit in the same house with her for more than a day. Lovers always choose the house and buy the furniture together during the courtship. When the time comes they two go together alone to the town-hall for the "aanteekening" or betrothal. This is merely a public notice of the intention to marry, and is given in writing. The notice is then put into a kind of box, protected by brass wire, and placed for some time in a conspicuous part of the hall. Bans are also published in church. A runaway match is held to be thoroughly disgraceful, is accomplished with difficulty, and seldom attempted. Friends now, in place of wedding-cards, receive by post a lithographed document announcing the aanteekening. On the first Sunday afternoon subsequent to this the bruid and bruidgom, who are thus called in the interval between the aanteekening and the wedding-day, hold a grand reception in the drawing-room of the father of the bruid. A sofa, sometimes gayly decorated with flowers and evergreens, being occupied by the two; the bruid's relations range themselves at his right hand, the bruidgom's at hers. The bruid wears her wedding-dress, veil, and orange wreath on this occasion, and the company generally are in galá costume. Visitors then, when announced, march up between the two opposite lines of relations, and make pretty speeches to the happy pair, and, after having intrusted themselves for a short time to the care of the bruidsmeisjes, who dressed for the occasion, show the presents, placed upon a table at the other end of the room, and offer hippocras and sweets called "bruidssuikers," and cake, make a rapid departure, and are succeeded by others. The wedding commonly takes place on the Thursday week after reception Sunday, and during the interval balls and parties are given in honor of the young couple. On the appointed day of the wedding-party bruid and bruidgom, going alone in the first carriage, make first for the town-hall. The burgomaster marries them, makes a little speech, and receives their signatures; to all this there must be four witnesses. Then to church in the same order. The party having assembled in a sort of vestry, the bruidgom gives his right arm to the bruid, and leads the way to the chancel (reserved nowadays for marriages only) or to the body of the church in front of the pulpit. Here the pair seat themselves upon a central sofa, and relations range themselves as at the aanteekening reception. The ceremony is simple, the couple being already married. After a hymn has been sung they merely have to acknowledge the fact of marriage in answer to the clergyman, and having advanced to two kneeling-chairs ready placed a few steps in front, receive a blessing from him and a short exhortation. No ring is used, but one is sometimes worn subsequently. The new husband then gives his left arm to his wife and leads the way home again. The wedding breakfast is a small affair, attended by very near relations only, and the happy pair slip off without adieux as soon as possible. The wedding dress is never worn again in its original state.

The Three Flags.

The Paris *Figaro* publishes the following letter, the authenticity of which it guarantees, left by a *bourgeois* at the Rue Sainte-Appolline for his portress, the said *bourgeois* having left Paris on the very day of the affair of the cannons at the Butte Montmartre.

My Dear Madame Dupont.—On mature consideration, I had rather, having explained them to you, leave your instructions in writing as to your conduct in any event which may take place during my absence. In the first place, you will yourself keep the key of the cellar which contains wine and wood, and that of my apartments. In a dining-room you will find three rolls upon the table, numbered 1, 2, and 3. If the mob come and make a barricade in the Rue Sainte-Appolline, near the house, you will instantly go up to my rooms, open the roll No. 1, and take out the red flag contained therein, you will fasten it to the stick which I have myself tied to the balcony; there are hooks in the stuff, you will only have to fasten them on. If the mob threatens my apartments you tell them that I am well-known for a friend of the people, and that I offer them brandy to drink my health and wood to make a fire at night in the barricade. If the barricade is taken by the French, you will hastily take away the red flag, and instantly replace it by the flag No. 2, which is tri-color; you will offer wine to the soldiers, and give them wood if they bivouac in the quarter. If the Prussians meddle in the matter, you will hide Nos. 1 and 2, and hook on No. 3, which is a Prussian flag. You will have champagne and wood. I think I need say no more, and I salute you.—Signed, L. D.

The Fight in Corea.—Some naval officers formerly cruising in the East, were conversing about Admiral Rodger's attack on the Coreans, and expressed no surprise as to the disparity of losses, though exceedingly gratified with the result as vindicating the honor of the flag and causing the American name to be respected. The Coreans, are regarded as a brave and warlike people; but their primitive modes of fighting avail little against improved weapons. An officer described a battle in which hundreds of wounded Asiatics were destroyed by their own weapons in a recent war, fighting with gingalls—a species of old-fashioned musket fired from the hip—a sort of cat-tail burning with a slow fire, is used to touch them off, and returned to the belt ready for another shot. But when the wounded soldier falls, the light cotton clothing is soon in flames, wreathing the vanquished man in a funeral pyre. In consequence the battle-field presented a shocking array of disfigured corpses. Hereafter the Coreans will probably be more careful about firing on the American flag, or at least to offer a suitable explanation.

A Woman's Outfit.—Says the *Woman's Journal*: "The amount of over-skirts, under-skirts, paniers, sashes, sacques, basques, paletots, polonaises, shawls, puffs, ruffles, flounces, flutings, frillings, over-sleeves, under-sleeves, cravats, collars, cuffs, hats, bonnets, chignons, &c., &c., which inevitably find their way to a woman's wardrobe, even when she seeks emancipation from this burdensome toggery, and economy in clothes, is frightful to contemplate."

New York Dental Society.—At the session of the N. Y. State Dental Society the folowing named officers were elected: President, Dr. W. B. Hurd of Brooklyn; Vice-President, Dr. S. H. McCall of Binghampton; Secretary, Dr. Charles Barnes of Syracuse; Treasurer, Dr. A. C. Hawes of New York.

Fashion Notes.

Clam-bakes are *en regle* at the sea-shore just at present.

The latest style at large weddings is *not* to display the presents.

Costumes for country wear are not so long as those for the street.

Very pretty bracelets are wide bands of silver, neatly chased and enamelled.

The light-colored tortoise-shell is preferable for ear-rings and bandeaux for the hair.

A new style of shoe has just made its appearance, and is called the "Croquet-buskin."

A new style of hat for gentlemen is a half high beaver, with a wide brown ribbon band.

A lady who gave a party recently had engraved in the corner of the invitations the words "small and early."

A new material for breakfast costumes is called batiste and resembles linen, being only a little thicker.

Ladies wear blue and gray veils tied around their neck as a protection from the sun, besides being very becoming.

Plain belts are worn with dresses, with the addition of several loops of narrow ribbon at the back of the waist.

Very handsome sets of jewelry are of "chrysoprase" in a dull gold setting, the stone being a light green with white back.

A large seal ring on the little finger of a lady's hand is considered quite *comme il faut*. Gentlemen wear theirs on the third finger usually.

Bonnets for next Fall and Winter are to have a wide box-plaited curtain or cape at the back, which will completely hide the back hair.

A young married woman in the country says she wishes she could have a magic mirror, to see how her husband amuses himself in her absence.

Many young women drive to Central Park in small basket wagons, with a little tiger on the back seat, and a large umbrella fastened to the seat of the carriage.

At a dinner-party, recently, all the vegetables were served in China dishes, made each to resemble a flower surrounded by green leaves. The effect was very pretty.

White linen parasols, lined with dark purple or green linen, are used by ladies at the sea-shore in preference to the pengee or silk ones, which are so expensive and so easily spoiled.

The Art of Boiling Potatoes.

Boiling potatoes is apparently one of the most simple operations of elementary cookery. Yet at a recent meeting in London a gentleman had the courage to say that not one girl in seventeen, of a certain parish he knew, could boil a potato. Others state that so great is the disregard of English housewives just now for all household matters that this "indifference is one of the most outward and visible signs of the deterioration of the English nation." These statements are a little steep, but nevertheless every one recognizes the comparative domestic incompetency of the average British woman. No one recognizes it more thoroughly than Miss Emily Faithfull, who has recently established an institute specially designed to meet this evil. This is her new "Training Institute in Domestic Economy." Its object is to remove the ignorance of women in all that relates to household management and domestic economy. It is intended for high and low—to make good mistresses as well as good servants. In this institute lectures on cooking, food, housekeeping, the laws of health, &c., can be attended equally as well as lectures on music and similar accomplishments. The higher branches as well as the lower will be practically taught, and through its kitchens a mistress or a servant can graduate. The institute is to be established in the west end of London; to it there will be attached a reading room and restaurant, which will in a measure make it self-supporting. Miss Faithfull will start this institute as soon as the neccessary capital—£2,000—is subscribed. Of this sum nearly one-half has already been collected. To every one the question will occur, "Cannot some American Miss Faithfull do the same for us?"

The Fish Culture.

The Richmond *Enquirer* has the following with regard to fish-culture in Virginia: "Dr. Wall, of Frederick, one of the Virginia Fish Commissioners, in his last report to Governor Walker, says that he has examined a number of springs in the Valley, and finds that they are not colder than 54 degrees, which is warmer than the point at which Mr. Seth Green says trout can be propagated. There are many inquiries made for the black bass, and, with the aid of expert fishermen, the Doctor succeeded in catching a number early in June, but the weather proved too warm for the preservation and transportation, and the experiment had then to be relinquished. He will renew it when the weather gets colder, and the prospects are that this beautiful and delicious fish will be introduced into the waters of that section of the State. They have been already introduced into Pennsylvania and Maryland, and thrive beyond the anticipations of fish-fanciers. Dr. Wall proposes, with Professor Baird, of the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, to explore the falls of the Potomac above Georgetown, with a view of investigating the feasibility of constructing 'fish-ways,' so that shad and herring may find their way to the upper waters of that river, where they have not yet been."

Very Sad.—We lately saw a sad case in the person of a man at the Asylum street railroad depot, who has just been paralyzed, and was carried in the arms of four men from the Springfield train to a train for Plainville, on his way to his home in New Hartford. This unfortunate man, Mr. D. E. Hawley, was a baggage master in the Springfield depot. In getting out a heavy trunk from the baggage car of a newly arrived train, he was thrown down by the concussion of the backward-coming engine, hitting the train; and in falling with his trunk, the trunk hit another heavy trunk, and this fell on his back, paralyzing his body and legs. On his way here, to his home in New Hartford, he learned of the sudden death of his wife. The poor woman dropped on hearing by telegraph of her husband's misfortune, and died immediately. The unfortunate and now doubly afflicted man was taken to his desolate home, where in a few days after his arrival he witnessed the death of his child.—*Hartford Paper.*

A Fall.—The whole semi-circle of seats on one side of a circus fell, which were densely packed with spectators, in Youngstown, Ohio, on Saturday afternoon. First a slight jar was felt, then a swaying to the right, and the next instant the whole mass of over 1,000 persons were lying on the ground in a confused heap. Several persons received slight bruises, but none were seriously hurt. A part of the seats were put up again and the show went on.

There has not been a murder reported in New York city for months, so a city paper says, that had not connected with it in some way the name of a woman.

Personal Gossip of Horace Greeley.

Mr. McDermott of the Jersey City *Herald*, in his personal gossip of New York editors, speaks of Horace Greeley of the Tribune. Mr. Mc D. says:—Mr. Greeley, early in life went to work for Mr. West, setting type on the Polyglot Testament. Mr. West didn't like his appearance, and told the foreman of the office, "for Heaven's sake discharge that stupid looking fellow." But Horace set a good proof, and was retained. He was the butt of the printers in the office. They called him "the Ghost." The printer's devil used to play tricks on him. But they all borrowed his money as soon as he earned it. Of course he never was paid back. What did such a sleepy looking fellow want with money anyhow," was the borrower's argument.

On the 10th of April, 1841, appeared the first number of the *Tribune*. Mr. Gregory loaned Greeley and Mc Elrath \$1,000 to start it. It printed 5,000 and sold 600 Mr. Greeley says he had hard work to give the balance away. He expended the first week \$592. The receipts were \$92. He created a sensation, and he was at once dubbed "the philosopher." Beach of the *Sun* tried to injure him by forcing newsboys to stop selling the *Tribune*. Greeley exposed the trick in his paper, and the people rushed to his assistance, and filled his columns full of advertisements. The first issue of the *Tribune*, Greeley made up the paper and stayed in the office till morning.

The compositors were always playing tricks upon Mr. Greeley. They were playing penny-ante one afternoon in the composing room. There was a hole in the floor directly over Greeley's head. One printer said to another that he would bet him a drink, he could drop his tobacco juice through the hole without touching the wood. The bet was accepted. The stream of tobacco juice fell on Greeley's bald head. He felt of it and looked at his fingers. Terrible swearing was heard coming up stairs. The printers grabbed their coppers and hid. They watched Greeley. He had both fists clinched. He was shoving his arms in and out, striking imaginary blows. "I can lick the man who spat on my head," he shouted as he searched around the office to find the offender. He didn't find him. He took a piece of paper from the floor, gave his head an angry rub, and walked down stairs, swearing fearfully.

When the heating pipes took the place of stoves in the *Tribune* office, Greeley entered one cold morning. He placed his exchanges beside him on a chair, took off his boots, warmed his fingers, and then placed his feet to bake a little on the heating pipes. After remaining in this cozy position half an hour, somebody entered his room, with the remark, "Mr. Greeley, we are all freezing. I think there is something wrong with the pipes. There hasn't been any steam on to-day." Greeley glanced at his feet, pulled on his boots, and never uttered a word.

Preservation of Ice.

The preservation of ice at this season is, both as a matter of convenience and economy, a consideration of special importance, and it is satisfactorily proved that no refrigerator or ice-box will prevent or even retard the melting of the ice which does not combine the following conditions. First, it must have double sides, bottom, and lid, with the space between the two casings filled with some non-conducting substance capable of being closely packed, in order to prevent the action of the external temperature; and, second, the inner lid or cover should be practically if not hermetically air-tight, in furtherance of the same result. If external air enters it will bring its own temperature with it. There should also be a drainage-pipe at the bottom to carry off, instantaneously, every drop of water formed by the melting of the ice, and this pipe should either be fitted with a "trap" or curved in such a manner as to prevent air from coming in where the water goes out. Is is even more indispensable to carry off every drop of water than it is to exclude the air—a view not generally entertained by consumers of the article, but which, according to experiments made, seems to be fully demonstrated. Thus, on exposing a piece of ice weighing, say, twenty-five pounds to the air at a temperature of seventy-five degrees, but so placed that it is perfectly drained, it will be found to have scarcely disappeared at the end of twenty-four hours. Wrap the same piece of ice in three or four thicknesses of blanket or flannel, and place it in a small tub exposed to the same temperature, and, as the water filters through the blanket, the ice will stand in its own water, and will be all dissolved in five or six hours. Wrap the same piece of ice carefully in a blanket, and place it on a grating, or on four crossed sticks, so that no water can accumulate underneath, and at the end of three or even four days it will not have entirely melted.

Suicides in Ireland.

The people of Kilquiggan, County Wicklow, Ireland, deal in a summary way with suicides, perhaps with the object of preventing them from repeating their crime. A tailor named Bryne hanged himself there a couple of weeks ago and, the coroner's jury having returned a verdict of temporary insanity, his remains were interred in the churchyard under the coroner's warrant. A night or two afterwards the body was exhumed by unknown persons, conveyed into the County of Carlow and there buried in a field. On the next morning it was found on a cross-road near Coolkenno with a hand-barrow, which was probably used in carrying it. The magistrates, seeing that the people would not let the corpse rest in peace, proceeded to Shillelagh Workhouse (ominous name for poor Bryne) and conferred with the guardians as to the advisability and legality of bringing the remains within the precincts of the workhouse, but were met by a delegation of the female inmates who declared their determination to resist such a disposition of the corpse. The magistrates, fearing further to arouse the already excited feelings of the paupers, buried the suicide's body in a field adjoining the place where it had been found with the hand-barrow.

An Incident.—There was a little amusement in the office of the Probate Judge of Cincinnati a day or two ago. An exceedingly corpulent gentleman called, and perspiringly asked for a marriage license. The accomodating Clerk of course seized the blank with avidity, put down the date, inserted the applicant's name, and then asked the impatient lover the name of the prospective bride. This was a poser. The interrogated stared blankly at his questioner, stuck his hands in his pockets, and finally acknowledged that he did not know. The Clerk told him that the name was essential to the legality of the license, and the unhappy man departed, saying he would find out and call again.

Lyon's stables in Albany, N. Y., were destroyed by fire, and seven out of twenty-three horses were burned to death. The body of a man, supposed to be that of Fonda Grosebeck, an old man who lounged about the premises, was found among the ruins, burned to a crisp.

Mr. Vallandigham is said to have left an estate worth \$40,000.

The Swallow.

Swallow from beyond the sea!
That, with every dawning day,
Sitting on the balcony,
Utterest that plaintive lay,
What is that thou tellest me,
Swallow from beyond the sea?

Haply thou for him who went
From thee and forgot his mate
Dost lament to my lament,
Widowed, lonely, desolate.
Even then lament with me
Swallow from beyond the sea!

Happier yet art thou than I.
Thee thy trusty wings may bear,
Over lake and cliff to fly,
Filling with thy cries the air,
Calling him continually,
Swallow from beyond the sea.

Could I too! But I must pine
In this dungeon close and low,
Where the sun can never shine,
Where the breeze can never blow,
Whence my voice scarce reaches thee,
Swallow from beyond the sea!

Now September days are near,
Thou to distant lands wilt fly;
In another hemisphere
Other streams shall hear thy cry,
Other hills shall answer thee,
Swallow from beyond the sea!

Then shall I when daylight glows,
Waking to the sense of pain,
Midst the wintry frosts and snows,
Think I hear thy notes again—
Notes that seem to grieve for me,
Swallow from beyond the sea!

Planted here upon the ground,
Thou shalt find a cross in Spring;
There as evening gathers round,
Swallow, come and rest thy wing;
Chant a strain of peace to me,
Swallow from beyond the sea!

William Cullen Bryant.

Facts and Fancies.

Mere matter of form—Fitting a dress.

An old miser starved to death in an Albany barn with \$85.60 in his pocket.

An Illinois gentleman has taken a gold medal for raising 1,000 varieties of apples.

There are 368 collegiate institutions in the United States, eighteen being in New England.

The Lutherans in the United States number 2,200 ministers, 3,537 churches, and nearly 400,000 communicants.

A down-east editor says that since the recent rain the farmers "are smiling like new shingles on a patched roof.

The Indiana State Medical Association, at a recent meeting, expelled one of its members because he advertised his profession.

A boy in Lancaster, Pa., in sliding down a pole, caught a gold ring he had on his finger in a spike and the whole skin, nail and all, came off the finger intact.

A strong mind is more easily impressed than a weak one; you shall not as readily convince a fool that you are a philosopher, as a philosopher that you are a fool.

In the vestry of the Notre Dame, at Paris, they exhibit a portion of the vertebræ of the neck of the Archbishop who was shot in 1848, with the bullet still fixed in it.

There is now in the State of Massachusetts one mile of railroad to every five miles of area. A similar ratio for the whole country would give an aggregate of more that 600,000 miles of line.

A Bainbridge serenader who mournfully warbled "I'm lonely to-night, love, without thee," had his loneliness alleviated by a number of dogs, who made it lively enough for him for the balance of the night.

It is a comfort to be criticized. Few things please the writer better. Censure is better than indifference. When a man finds that a woman will not love him, the next best thing is to get her to quarrel with him.

The Kansas City (Missouri) *Journal* says that about 500,000 head of cattle will be received in the western markets this season from Texas. Already 287,000 head have been received by the Kansas Pacific Railroad.

An Indiana artist was recently fined \$4 for sprinkling Scotch snuff on the moustache of a sleeping lawyer. It is said the force expended by that lawyer in sneezing would have sufficed to have run a windmill for a week.

The Indian substitute for tobacco is the bark of red willow. It is scraped fine and dried. When smoked it produces no sickness or headache, and the Indians of Wisconsin who use it turn from tobacco with disgust.

A young man in Ohio hung his vest, the pocket of which contained sixty dollars in greenbacks, near a brush heap, which he afterwards set fire to. He was next day enquiring whether the government would make good his loss.

A gentleman on getting a soda, was retiring from the store without the usual little ceremony which follows that operation. "Recollect, sir," said the polite proprietor, "if you lose your pocket-book, you didn't pull it out here."

A local paper asserts that the dogs of Calhoun, Ga., have become so habituated to having tinware attached to their tails that whenever one of them sees a tin kettle lying in the road he backs up to it and waits for somebody to tie it on.

A correspondent of the Bangor *Whig* writes that a horse and a cow had a pitched battle Sunday in a field. The cow hooked the horse, making a wound four inches in length; the horse kicked the cow in the head, instantly killing her.

The Janesville *Recorder* says that mischievous boys attending the schools fill their pockets with locusts, and, at a given signal, each boy taps on his pocket, causing the locusts to give forth their deafening, doleful cry, as if forty children had been whipped.

A Louisiana paper, in apologizing for the editor being drunk, says there are so many rattle snakes there that he has to keep "tight" to keep from being poisoned from their bites. He don't believe that tincture of iodine will cure a bite, no matter what the doctors say.

The following speech is attributed to a member of the Legislature of Pennsylvania: "I known womin, Mr. Speaker; I say it with no disrespect; I know'um; I have had a heap to do with'um. They're a useful class, and—and yet with the best of 'um you may have trouble.

A faithful old dog who had run with a Louisville fire company for years, and always made it a part of his duty to keep people from standing on the hose at fires, fell a victim the other day to misplaced confidence in a policeman and a piece of poisoned liver. The engine company turned out and gave the old fellow a big funeral; but they did not enjoy it half so much as they would if the funeral had been the policeman's.

An Illinois Farm.—Twenty years ago, a farm eight miles square in Livingston county, Illinois, was entered by its present owner at \$1.25 per acre. It is now sub-divided into thirty-two farms of 1,280 acres each, every farm being run by separate sets of hands, the whole under the direction of the owner, M. L. Sullivant. There are 15,000 acres under the plough; 250 miles of hedge fence, besides other fences; 150 miles of ditch for draining. One hundred men and four hundred work horses and mules are employed on the farm, besides two bookkeepers, four blacksmiths, and eight carpenters. An accurate account is kept with each sub-farm, and with each man, horse and mule, the animals being all named or numbered, and charged with the amount paid for them and their food, and credited with their labor. The entire farm, with improvements and personal property on it, is now valued at about \$2,000,000.

Betting in England.—In England a peculiar question in relation to the payment of racing debts has been decided by the Master of the Rolls. Lord Charles Kerr had made a claim against the estate of the late Marquis of Hastings to recover £850 which his lordship alleged he had paid on bets made by direction of the Marquis. The legality of the claim was objected to by the residuary legatees. The Master of the Rolls allowed the claim, saying if a man made a bet which he was liable to pay in a court of honor, if not in a court of equity, and asked another to pay that bet on his behalf, the latter would not be involved in the illegality of the original contract, but would be entitled to recover from the person at whose request he had paid the money.