The Iron Horse, Jr.

The problem of locomotion approaches its solution more nearly every year, and in the invention and growing perfection of the velocipede, its votaries descry the ideal of individual locomotion, just as in a modern train of cars, or a first-class ocean steamer, we recognize an approximation to perfection in the arts of congregated land or sea locomotion.

Despite the croakings of skeptics and the visionary over estimates of devotees who are almost as much its enemies, the velocipede is growing in public interest, and whenever smooth and reasonably level roads are found, they will continue to gain in favor. That a locomotive cannot go where a horse can travel is no more of an objection to the engine than it is to the velocipede that it cannot ascend heavy grades, or pass over rough roads. Yet the Iron Horse goes forth conquering and to conquer, and so will the Iron Horse, Jr. The utility of the locomotive depends on the perfection of its special track, and of the "veloce" upon the perfection of ordinary roads.

The growing interest manifested in them in France for years past leads us to infer that they have only just entered upon the beginning of their career in this country. They have not yet had, in this country, the trial of a single spring, summer or autumn, the best seasons, but only of a winter, which has debarred all out-door travel. That velocipede travel will be general this season or next, it will be hardly safe to predict, but that it will be common, and will increase, seems to us certain.

An interesting phase of the velocipede is the incredible variety and profuseness of invention which the Yankee mind has brought to improve the French patterns. In the Patent Office, on March 7th, there had been received some one hundred and fifty applications that had been acted upon, and there were two hundred and fifty more awaiting action. One hundred and fifty caveats had also been sent in, making a total of five hundred and fifty designs. Some of these of course duplicated others, and a large proportion of them would be cut off by prior inventions. On the table of Gen. Shoepf, the Examiner, we saw monocycles, bicycles, tricycles, quadricycles, and pentacycles; water propellers and land propellers, and both combined; hand-workers and foot-workers, and workers in both ways: front-wheel steerers and hind-wheel steerers, and those that were steered by both front and hind wheel; wheels within wheels, and wheels on top of wheels,—velocipedes with foot-boards and velocipedes with sun-shades; steam-propellers and wind-propellers; single, double and multiple: in short, there seemed to be nothing left uninvented in the line of velocipedes. We may add as a warning to those who, without having ever straddled a machine, are flooding the Patent Office with their papers, that only about one in ten of the applications for patents on velocipedes are now being granted, and the proportion is growing less each month.

Almost as prolific as the inventors are now the makers, and many of them excel others in certain features. Loring and Keene, of this city get up the strongest velocipede and the best saddle we have seen; E. Ford gets up the lightest and handsomest machine; Wood Bros. unquestionably the best tiller handles; Merrill of Beloit, the only one we have seen to protect the clothing from mud. One-fourth of the machines made are worthless, and a large proportion are inferior. First-class work is even more essential in a bicycle than in a carriage—for lightness must be had as well as strength, and particularly strength at the socket where the standard turns in the reach.

Velocipede exhibitions prove one of the most attractive of public entertainments. Mr. Miles has initiated a series at Zouave Hall, where two or three times a week many extraordinary feats may be witnessed, the most remarkable of which last Thursday was the combined performance upon a violin and a velocipede by Mr. W. C. Baker, the widely-known music composer. Several of the riders in this city have learned to propel and guide themselves with one foot only. There is no decided fever as yet, but we anticipate there will be when some of our best riders show themselves on the avenues.—*Western Railroad Gazette.*

A Man Digs His Own Grave and Commits Suicide.

The Norwich *Bulletin* says that for some time past Isaac S. Pickering, of Brooklyn, Connecticut, has been digging his own grave and speaking of taking his life. Everybody supposed him to be joking, and a few days ago, in speaking about it to a neighbor, an offer was made to help him dig his grave when he got ready. The offer of assistance was made in derision, but he accepted, and procuring shovels, the two went to his lot in the cemetery and commenced digging near his wife's grave. After working awhile the neighbor told him that he had carried the joke far enough, and quit work. Pickering, however, finished the grave before leaving. Thursday noon he went to the postoffice and remarked, while there, that he would be off in about two hours. Soon after he started for the cemetery, followed by two or three boys. On arriving at the grave he took off part of his clothes and told the boys to carry them home. About half-past two he sent up to the village to have more come down to see him kill himself, but with the exception of a few more boys nobody came. A few minutes before three he drove the boys back from the grave and beyond the hedge, and precisely at three he shot himself in the temple. Killing himself instantly. He was nearly fifty years of age, and was always of an eccentric turn of mind.

BILES.

BY JOSH BILLINGS.

I can tork like a poet about biles just now, for i have one in full bloom growing on me, almost reddy to pick, az big as an eggplant, and az full of anguish az a broken heart.

Biles are the sorest things ov their size on reckord, and az kross tew the touch as a setting hen, or a dog with a fresh bone. Biles always pick out the handyest place on youre boddy tew bild their nest, and if you undertake to brake them up, it only makes them mad, and takes them longer to hatch out. There aint no sutch thing as coaxing, nor driving them away. They are like an impudent bed bug, they won't move till they heve got their fill.

Biles are as old az religion. Job, the profitt, waz the fust champion ov biles, and he iz currently reported tew hav more biles, and more pashunce, to the square inch, than enny one, two very rare things to be found, in enny man.

Biles and pashunce! i should as soon think ov mixing courting and muskeeters together, for luxury.

I have got a grate deal more faith than i hav pashunce, but i hain't got enough faith in biles, i wouldn't trust a bile, even on one ov mi boo's.

I think faith iz a better artikle than pashunce. Faith sumtimes is an evidence of brains, and pashunce quite often iz only numbness, but i don't think in these smoothe shod times, it is best to hav too much capital invested in either of them.

But i am out ov the road. I must git onto biles agin.

If a fellow begins tew wander, and git out ov the straight and narrow path, it is curious how quick he will begin to go to the ——. Biles are very easy; sumtimes when yer go to set down, they will git between yer and the chair; this iz one evidence of their ill-breeding; and i had one once plant herself on the frunt end ov mi neze, which was a most remarkable piece ov bad manners, for there iz no room on mi noze ennywhere for a bile, for when it iz even ebb tide with my noze, it covers half ov mi face. Biles are sed to be healthy, and i guess they am, for i her seen sum helthy old biles, az big az a hornet's nest and az full ov stings. I always want to be helthy—i am willing tew pay the highest market price for a good deal ov helthy—but if i had to hav 2 biles on me, awl the time, in order to be helthy, i should think that i waz bulling the market.

There is one more smart thing about biles; they are like twins; they hardly ever cum singly, and I hav known them to throw double sixes.

What! twelve biles on one man at a time! This is wuss than fighting bumble bees with your summer clothes on.

Biles are sed, by the educated and correct spellers of the land, to be an operashun of natur tew get rid of sumthing wich she wants to spare. This is so without doubt, but it don't strike me az being a very polite thing in natur tew shuv oph her biles onto other folks. I say, let every body take care of their own biles.

But say all yer kan about biles, call them all the mean names currant amung fishmongers, revile, and persecute, and spit on them, groan, grin, and swear when they visit yer, hit them over the head, and set on them if yer pleaze, there is a time in their career when they concentrate aul the pathos ov joy that a man has on hand to spare, and that iz—when they bust!

This iz bliss, glory, and revenge on the haff-shell. A man leans back in rektified comfort, az innocent and az limber az a mermaid. This pays for the fretful nights and nervous days while the bile haz been hatching; this shows us what it iz to grin and bear it—this shows what it is to be biled, and wrung out, and hung up to dry. This iz the calm after the storm, the wedding day ov pashunce, and joy; this iz the christening ov hope, the mystick hen that lays 2 eggs a day: this iz butter on yure sassigis.

Exit Biles.

The House Committees.

The following are the standing committees of the House, as announced by the Speaker on the 15th:

Ways and Means—Schenck, Hooper, Allison, Maynard, Kelley, Brooks, Blair, McCarthy and Marshall.

Appropriations—Dawes, Beaman, Kelsey, Washburne (Wis.), Lawrence, Sargent, Dickey, Niblack and Beck.

Banking and Currency—Garfield, Lynch, Judd, Coburn, Smith (Vt.), Packer, Lash, Cox and Jones (Ky.)

Reconstruction—Butler (Mass.), Farnsworth, Beaman, Paine, Ward, Julian, Poland, Whittemore, Beck, Woodward and Morgan.

Reorganization of the Civil Service—Hotchkiss, Jenckes, Armstrong, Maynard and Kerr.

On the Ninth Census—Stokes, Garfield, Banks, Allison, Laflin, Cullom, Wilkinson, Halaman and Schumaker.

Pacific Railroads—Wheeler, Logan, Morrell (Pa.), Van Horn (Mo.), Hopkins, Ruffinton, Lynch, Palmer, Roots, Van Trump, Voorhees, Axtell and Wilson (Minn.)

Claims—Washburne (Mass.), Hotchkiss, Holman, Cobb (Wis.), Stokes, Ela, Dockery, Moore and Styles.

Commerce—Dixon, O'Neill, Ingersoll, Sawyer, Finkelnburg, Bennett, Conger, Holman and Potter.

Public Lands—Julian, Ketchem, Townsend, Fitch, Hawley, Wilnans, Smith (Iowa), Wilson (Minn.) and McCormick.

Postoffice—Farnsworth, Ferry, Hill, Twichell, Boyd, Tyner, Fitch, Smith and Adams.

Manufactures—Morrell, (Pa.), Ames, Sawyer, Smith (Vt.), Sanford, Upson, Morrill (Me.), Cleveland and Rice.

Agriculture—Wilson (Ohio), Loughridge, Fisher, Smith (Tenn.), Dyer, Benton, Krebs, Axtell and Reeves.

Indian Affairs—Clarke, VanHorn, Shanks, Taffe, Bailey, Dewesse, Armstrong, Mungen and Trimble.

Military Affairs—Logan, Cobb (Wis.), Negley, Packer, Stoughton, Witcher, Asper, Morgan and Slocum.

Militia—Shanks (Ind.) Clarke, Smythe (Iowa), Balls, Donnelly, Trimble, Reading, Bird and Moore (Ohio).

District of Columbia—Cook, Welker, Williams, (Ind.), Gilfillan, Bates, Hamilton, Cowles, Stone and Knoth.

Judiciary—Bingham, Davis, Butler (Mass.), Cook, Peters, Mercur, Loughridge, Eldridge and Kerr.

Revolutionary Claims—Boyd, Ambler, Prosser, Stoughton, Wilcher, Jones (N. C.), Negley, Morris (R. I.) and McNeely.

Public Expenditures—Coburn, Sawyer, Wilson (Ohio), Hawkins, Knapp, Donnelly, Jones (N. C.), Getz and Hamill.

Private Land Claims—Orth, O'Neill, Dixon, Welker, Maynard, Washburn (Wis.), Swann, Knott and Foster.

Naval Affairs—Schofield, Ferry, Stevens, Ketcham, McCreery, Hale, Archer and Haight.

Foreign Affairs—Banks, Orth, Judd, Wilkinson, Sheldon, Ambler, Wood and Swann.

Territories—Stevens, Callom, Ward, Taffe, Dyer, Pomeroy, Moore (Ohio), Duval, Hambleton, (Md.), and Cleveland.

Revolutionary Pensions—Dewesse, Willard, Knapp, Gilfillan, Butler, Terry, Rice, Rogers and Smythe (Oregon).

Invalid Pensions—Benjamin, Benton, Wilson (Ohio), Hooper, Phelps, Bowen, Strickland, Bird and Sweeny.

Roads and Canals—Incersoll, Ames, Cobb, (N. C.), Smith (Ohio), Prosser, McGrew, Wells and Winchester.

Mines and Mining—Ferris, Sargeant, Hawkins, Strickland, Pomeroy, Duval, Roots, Dickinson and Briggs.

Freedmen's Affairs—Dockery, Shanks (Ind.), Bailey, Tillman, Hawley, McGrew and Moffett.

Education and Labor—Arnell, Beatty, Hamilton (Fla.), Burdett, Tyner, McNeely, and Rogers

Revision of the Laws—Poland, Ferris, Blair, McCreery, Hoag, Finkelnburg, Upson, Voorhees and Johnson.

Coinage, Weights and Measures—Heaton, Kelley, Hooper, Hill, Davis, Strader and Griswold.

Patents—Jenckes, Stevens, Smith (Ohio), Tillman, Moore (Ill.), Johnson, Sanford, Van Auken and Calkins.

Public Buildings and Grounds—Hopkins, Beatty, Smith (Tenn.), Tanner and Getz.

Mileage—Hawkins, Mercur, Packard, Stevenson and Fox.

Accounts—Cake, Arnell, Buffinton, Kelsey and Golladay.

Expenditures in State Department—Bailey, Hale, Twichell, Styles and Archer.

Expenditures in Treasury Department—Allison, Wheeler, Lash, Randall and Beggs.

Expenditures in War Department—Williams, Tanner, Cessna, Cobb (N. C.) and Burr.

Expenditures in the Navy Department—Lynch, Cowles, Dickey, Hamill and Reeves.

Expenditures in the Postoffice Department—Moore (N. J.), Bingham, Hay, Benjamin and Mayham.

Expenditures in the Interior Department—Ela, Burnett, Packer, Strader and Adams.

Expenditures on Public Buildings—Churchill, Ela, Phelps, Hoag and Hambleton (Md.).

On the Rules—The Speaker, Banks, Ferry, Garfield and Brooks.

Mr. Orth asked, and was excused from service on the Committee of Ways and Means.

A Boy's Theatre.

"Now, boys, what shall we do?" I asked, addressing a thoughtful conclave of seven, assembled in our barn one dismal rainy afternoon.

"Let's have a theatre," suggested Binny Wallace.

The very thing! But where? The loft of the stable was ready to burst with hay provided for Gypsy, but the long room over the carriage-house was unoccupied. The place of all places. My managerial eye saw at a glance its capabilities for a theatre. I had been to the play a great many times in New Orleans, and was wise in matters pertaining to the drama. So here, in due time, was set up some extraordinary scenery of my own painting. The curtain, I recollect, though it worked smoothly enough on other occasions, invariably hitched during the performances; and it often required the united energies of the Prince of Denmark, the King, and the Grave-digger, with an occasional hand from "the fair Ophelia" (Pepper Whitcomb in a low-necked dress) to hoist that bit of green cambric.

The theatre, however, was a success, as far as it went. I retired from the business with no fewer than fifteen hundred pins, after deducting the headless, the pointless, and the crooked pins with which our doorkeeper frequently got "stuck." From first to last we took in a great deal of this counterfeit money. The price of admission to the "Rivermouth Theatre" was twenty pins. I played all the principal parts myself,—not that I was a finer actor than the other boys, but because I owned the establishment.

At the tenth representation, my dramatic career was brought to a close by an unfortunate circumstance. We were playing the drama of "William Tell, the Hero of Switzerland." Of course I was William Tell, in spite of Fred Landon, who wanted to act that character himself. I wouldn't let him, so he withdrew from the company, taking the only bow and arrow we had. I made a cross-bow out of a piece of whalebone, and did very well without him. We had reached that exciting scene, where Gessler, the Austrian tyrant, commands Tell to shoot the apple from his son's head. Pepper Whitcomb, who played all the juvenile and women parts, was my son. To guard against mischance, a piece of pasteboard was fastened by a handkerchief over the upper portion of Whitcomb's face, while the arrow to be used was sewed up in a strip of flannel. I was a capital marksman, and the big apple, only two yards distant, turned its russett cheek fairly towards me.

I can see poor little Pepper now, as he stood without flinching, waiting for me to perform my great feat. I raised the cross-bow amid the breathless silence of the crowded audience,—consisting of seven boys and three girls, exclusive of Kitty Collins, who insisted on paying her way in with a clothes-pin. I raised the cross-bow, I repeat. Twing! went the whip-cord; but, alas! instead of hitting the apple, the arrow flew right into Pepper Whitcomb's mouth, which happened to be open at the time, and destroyed my aim.

I shall never be able to banish that awful moment from my memory. Pepper's roar, expressive of astonishment, indignation and pain, is still ringing in my ears. I looked upon him as a corpse, and, glancing not far into the dreary future, pictured myself led forth to execution in the presence of the very same spectators then assembled.

Luckily poor Pepper was not seriously hurt; but Grandfather Nutter, appearing in the midst of the confusion (attracted by the howls of young Tell), issued an injunction against theatricals thereafter, and the place was closed; not, however, without a farewell speech from me, in which I said this would have been the proudest moment of my life if I hadn't hit Pepper Whitcomb in the mouth. Whereupon the audience (assisted, I am glad to state, by Pepper) cried "Hear! Hear!" I then attributed the accident to Pepper himself, whose mouth, being open at the instant I fired, acted upon the arrow much after the fashion of a whirlpool, and drew in the fatal shaft. I was about to explain how a comparatively small maelstrom could suck in the largest ship, when the curtain fell of its own accord, amid the shouts of the audience.—*T. B. Aldrich, in Our Young Folks.*

Premature Interments.

The following facts, showing the numerous instances in which persons have been buried alive, are collected from medical history:

At Toulouse, France, a lady having been buried in the church of the Capuchin Friars, with a diamond ring on her finger, a servant entered a vault to steal the ring; and, as the finger was swelled and the ring would not come off, he began cutting the finger. On hearing a loud shriek from the deceased, the thief fell senseless. At the time of morning prayers the monks having heard some groans, found the lady alive and the servant dead. Thus death had his prey; there was but a change of victims.

At the close of the last century a woman in Paris was thought to be dead, and the body was put on some straw with a taper at the feet. Some young men who sat up with the corpse, in a frolic overturned the taper. This set the straw on fire. The deceased, whose body the flames now reached, uttered a piercing shriek. Timely assistance was rendered, and she so well recovered that after her resurrection she became the mother of several children.

A street-porter in Paris, having died at the Hotel-Dieu, was carried with the other dead into the same grave. Recovering his sense toward eleven at night, he tore open his winding-sheet, made his way to his house, knocked at his door, which was not opened to him without some difficulty, and took possesion of his lodgings. The mistake of the sextons was thus discovered.

On the 21st of November, 1763, the Abbe Prevot, well known for his literary productions, was taken with an apoplectic fit as he was traveling through the forests of Chantilly. Being supposed dead, he was carried to the house of the Mayor of the village, and the magistrate directed a *post mortem* examination to be commenced. A piercing shriek uttered by the unfortunate man proved that he was alive. He expired under the scalpel.

Dr. Deveux, a surgeon of the St. Come Hospital, had a maid, a servant, who had been three times brought to burial. She did not recover her senses the last time till they were lowering her coffin into the grave. That woman having died anew, the body was kept six days, lest they should have to bring her back a fourth time.

A Mr. Rousseau, of Rouen, had married a lady of fourteen, whom he left in perfect health, after starting on a short journey. After a few days, he heard that unless he returned immediately, he would find his wife buried. On reaching home, he saw the funeral ready. In an agony of grief he had the coffin removed to his room and unscrewed. He placed the body on a bed, and ordered twenty-five incisions to be made on it. At the twenty-sixth, probably deeper than the others, the deceased exclaimed, "How severely you hurt me!" Medical assistance was immediately given. The lady had afterwards seventeen children.

The wife of Mr. Duhamel, a celebrated lawyer of Lyons, France, having been supposed dead twenty-four hours, the body was placed on the table for the purpose of preparing it for burial. Her husband strongly opposed it, not believing her dead. To ascertain it, knowing she was very fond of the cymbal, and the tunes which cymbal-players sing, he called one. On hearing the instrument and the voice, the deceased recovered motion and speech. She survived her apparent death forty years.

Andre Vesalle, physician to Charles V. and Philip II., after attending a Spanish grandee, thought him dead. Having obtained leave to examine the body, he had scarcely opened the chest when he perceived the heart palpitated. The relatives of the deceased prosecuted him as guilty of murder—the Inquisitor as guilty of profaneness. Through the intercession of the King he was sent on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and thus escaped death.

In the sitting of the Royal Academy of Medicine in France, 1827, a paper was read by Mr. Chauncey Chantournelle on the danger of hasty inhumations. This led to a discussion, in which Mr. Desgenelle said that he had heard from Mr. Thourot, who had superintended the human remains of the cemetery and the charnel-house Des Innocens, that many skeletons were found in positions showing that the individuals had moved in their coffins. Mr. Thourot was so much struck with the revelation that he caused a clause to be inserted in his will respecting his own interment.

The following horrible case of antemortem sepulture has just come to light at Alleghany Pa.: It appears that several years ago, a young lady, aged eighteen, years, died, apparently, and after waiting the usual time prescribed by custom the body was interred in a cemetery. A few weeks since the young lady's father died, and in accordance with his request, preparations were made to remove the remains of the former and reinter them beside those of the father. The grave was opened, and upon the body being exhumed it was discovered that it had been turned in the coffin. An investigation, it is stated, proved conclusively that the young lady had been buried alive. The clothing about the body had been torn into shreds, and her hair pulled from her head by the handful. The mother upon viewing the corpse and becoming cognizant of the circumstances, was seized with hysterics, and, a few weeks ago, was conveyed to the Insane Asylum, a raving maniac.

These facts are sufficient to impress on our physicians the necessity of caution in supplying certificates of death without examination. The doctor should have more faith in his skill than to presume the demise of his patient on light report.—*Troy Daily Times.*

—The car designed to accompany the first through train from San Francisco to the Atlantic seaboard, has been completed at the Central Pacific shops. The following description of it appears in a California paper: "It is divided into a large number of compartments—one lined with zinc for meat, several for groceries, vegetables, &c.; one with a wire door for live fowls, large tanks for fresh water, all arranged as neatly and compactly as can well be imagined. At one end of the car there are several berths for the accommodation of the train hands. The car is strongly built, and having both rubber and steel springs, is probably one of the easiest riding in the State."

—The old lady, her daughter and grandson, who were found frozen to death near Peacham, Vt., a few days since, by some men who were cutting a road through snow-drifts, had been turned out of doors at Hardwick, in the storm, for non-payment of rent. They started to go to their friends in Peacham, walked fifteen miles, and applied at six in the evening for shelter, but were refused, when they started for another house, but failed to reach it.

—The total number of miles run by all the trains upon the railroads of the United States the past year was fully 100,000,000 miles. The average cost per mile of these trains was $1.75. The total cost of transportation on all the roads, consequently, was $280,000,000. The average receipts per mile were about $2.50; or, say, $400,000,000. The net earnings, consequently, were seventy-five cents per mile, or $150,000,000.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

Some men are queer, but each woman is a querist. So libels a bachelor.

The life of a child was recently sacrificed in Albany by the carelessness of a drug clerk, who put up the wrong medicine for it.

Fred. Douglass and others are about starting a weekly paper in Washington, to give special attention to the wants of colored people.

A New Yorker playfully threw a specol of cotton at his wife's head, which cut open an artery and almost severed the thread of existence.

An octogenarian says: "I was born at the wrong time. When I was a young man, young men were of no account. Now I am old, I find old men are of no no account."

It is asserted that the skin of the salmon will make leather as tough as washleather, and about the thickness of dog-skin leather. The scale marks give a very neat pattern to the leather.

Advice to those who are about to go to law—first, ask yourself this question: "Are you morally in the right?" If the answer is "No," go to law by all means, you'll be sure to win.—*Tomahawk.*

There is an old English statute which probits people from getting married after a certain hour in the day, because such a solemn obligation ought to be entered into only when the parties are duly sober.

The ordinary mode of churning in Chili is to put the milk in a skin—usually a dog skin—tie it to a donkey, mount a boy on him with rowels to his spurs about the length of the animal's ears, and then run him four mile heats.

A man in Danville, Va., went down a well to clean it out, a few days ago, when a pile of rocks caved in and buried him. The rocks were over him to the depth of twenty feet, and he remained for seven hours in this situation; but was finally rescued, though badly bruised.

There is a gentleman in Waterbury, Ct., who, since a severe sickness a year ago, has lost both the sense of smell and taste. The vilest of odors are to him as fragrant as perfume from "Araby the blest," while the juciest of steaks, the mouldiest of bread, or the rankest butter, all taste alike.

Here is a unique reason, given by a New York paper, why Mr. Beecher ought to refuse his call to Montreal: "There is, doubtless, a well-written obituary notice of the distinguished gentleman in every well-regulated newspaper office in the country, and they all locate him at Plymouth Church. It's not likely that he would go back on the press in any such way as this Montreal business would indicate."

A Cincinnati correspondent, returning from the East, was about to file himself away in one of the railway pigeon-holes of a sleeping car, when the somnolent passengers were roused by the voice of a huge Kentuckian who, holding up a pillow between his thumb and finger, roared out to the attendant, "I say, you boy, come back and take this away!" "What for, say?" "Because I'm afraid the darned thing will get in my ear."

In Norway, according to *Chamber's Journal*, men, women and children skate to church on Sunday, and in the far north the Lapps, who do the same, and who are punctilious in the discharge of their religious duties, bury their children in the snow outside the church, while they, the parents, attend the service. Wrapped up in pelts it is warmer for them than in the church, and then their cries do not disturb the congregation.

Jerome Cardan relates that eight reapers, who were eating their dinner under an oak tree, were all struck by the same flash of lightning, the explosion of which was heard far away. When some people passing by approached to see what had happened, they found the reapers to all appearance, continuing their repast. One still had his glass in his hand, another was in the act of putting a piece of bread into his mouth, and a third had his hand in the dish.

A New York man was recently imprisoned in the Ludlow street jail for a debt of four dollars. The bill was presented to him purporting to have been contracted by his wife, who was not living. He, not having any knowledge of her incurring the debt, refused to pay it. After remaining in jail a few days, he found that the cheapest way to get out was to pay the bill, the plaintiff's lawyer, the $11.75 fee demanded by the sheriff and the $1.50 jail fee demanded by the jailor.

A widowed resident of Albany, New York, lately had a sharp trick played upon her by her only daughter. The mother owned two houses and a store. The two former she gave to her daughter when the latter got married, a few months since. Conceiving the idea of keeping store, the daughter induced her mother to exchange property. The transfer papers for the parent were made out and signed, deeding the store to the daughter, but the latter being yet a minor could not fulfil her part of the contract, and thus the mother is left penniless.

A small boy made application of his first instruction on the sanctity of the Sabbath by objecting to the apothecaries' shops, which he saw open on that day. "But," he was told, "the druggists must keep open on Sundays, so that sick people can get medicine." "Why! do people get sick on Sunday?" "Yes, just as on any other day." "Well, good people don't die on Sunday, do they?" "Certainly." "How can that be? Does heaven keep open on Sunday?" It is needless to say that all further grave conversation on the subject was impossible.—*Bazaar.*

A Warning to Those who Use Ink.

A very peculiar case of sickness has recently been developed in one of the members of a family residing at West End—a little girl aged about fourteen years. The child is a member of the First Intermediate School, and has been in the habit of cleaning her pen by sucking the ink from it, and then swallowing the saliva thus poisoned. And it has not been an unfrequent thing for her to take a bottle of ink and drink from it as she would water. Every remonstrance of teachers and parents was disregarded, until now the poisonous fluid has permeated her whole system, and created a disease which if it does not finally baffle the best efforts of medical men in this city, will require a long siege of sickness and suffering.

The habit of cleaning pens with the mouth is not an uncommon one, and though the saliva may be immediately spit out, there yet remains enough ink in it, if the practice is continued, to gradually and surely pass over the system, and being poisonous, must do harm. A word to the wise should be sufficient.—*Cincinnati Chronicle.*

How to Dissolve Bones.

A barrel, box or an ash hopper will do to dissolve bones in. The bones should be broken into small pieces with an axe or sledge hammer. By laying them on a flat stone or a piece of iron, they can readily be broken into small particles. After being broken, place a layer of them in the vessel provided, about three inches deep, cover them with good hard wood, unleached ashes, to which should be added fresh lime in the proportion of half a bushel of lime to a barrel of ashes. Put on enough of ashes to cover them thoroughly, and so continue alternately until the vessel is full. Add enough water to saturate the whole thoroughly, though not enough to make the lye run. Let it remain about three months, taking care to dampen it every two weeks with enough water to start the lye. If the lye should run, catch it for dampening the ashes in future use. In three months the bones will become soft and ready to crumble. Much of it can be broken up with the shovel by throwing out the mass and working it over. Those bones that do not work up can be picked out, and reset again, and by the time they go through the process again they will be thoroughly decomposed, and ready for use on grain or other crops.—*Farm Journal.*

—The children of John H. Ingalls, of Sheffield, Vt., six boys and four girls, the oldest sixty-eight years of age and the youngest forty-eight, weigh in the aggregate 3,000 pounds.

Farm and Household.

Food for Poultry.

Never stint poultry in the variety or quality of their food. Good food is a positive economy. The best and heaviest corn is the cheapest. The best food is that which gives the most of what nature demands for the formation of muscle, bone and fat. Fine bran or middlings is richer in two of these important ingredients than any other *one* kind of food, but being deficient in gluten, is not warmth-giving, and is better when combined with the whole grain, which, when mashed, forms a most wholesome and nutritious food.

Barley is much used in Europe, but should never be the only food in the poultry-yard. Fowls do not fatten on it.

Oats are good as a change, but are inferior in nutriment.

Buckwheat is much liked by poultry, is greedily devoured, and is more productive of eggs early and in abundance than any other grain.

Hemp seed is also productive of eggs and is also very strengthening. The latter is one of the best things that can be fed during moulting.

In preparing birds for exhibition, flax-seed may be given occasionally; it increases the secretion of oil, and gives luster to their plumage. In giving soft feed it should be mixed stiff, *i. e.*, not *mushy*; fowls do not relish it in this state. A good food of this kind is composed of equal quanties of fine bran and Indian meal, This should be mixed with *hot* or *scalding* water, or of such consistency that it breaks or *crumbles* when thrown on the ground. Another good soft feed is made of small potatoes, washed clean, boiled, and mashed with an equal quantity of Indian meal.

In giving soft feed never use a feeding dish or trough. If the yards are clean, as they should be, the ground is the best place to feed from. The gravel and sand swallowed with the food is necessary for digestion; besides, poultry prefer to pick their food from the ground.

Don't neglect *green* food. We have spoken of it before in a former number, and only refer to it now to impress more forcibly the necessity of it if you wish to succeed with your poultry; a little chopped vegetables of some kind—whether cabbage, lettuce, spinach, onions, or other greens—is better given *every* day than a great deal once or twice a week.

If you wish *perfect* eggs, lime in some form *must* be furnished. Broken bones, lime rubbish, pounded shells (oyster or clam) are all good.

Beef or pork scraps are productive of good results. In the winter when the fowls do not get worms and grubs, a cake laid in the yard for them to pick at, or a little chopped off and broken up and fed to them, adds to their health and to the contents of the egg basket. So also an occasional dish of raw meat chopped into pieces about as large as hazel nuts.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Sawdust for Bedding.

The *London Field* contains the following account of an experiment with this material: "Having used sawdust as bedding for horses for a length of time, results of my experience may not be unacceptable to some of your inquiring readers. I litter the horses on it to the depth of six to nine inches, raking off the damp and soiled surface every morning, and spreading evenly a little fresh, removing the whole only four times a year. Its advantages appear to be many, of which I will state a few which give it, in my estimation, its great superiority over straw. It is much cleaner and more easily arranged, and of course much cheaper at first cost, making, in the end, excellent manure. It is peculiarly beneficial to the feet, affording them a cool, porous stuffing, a substitute for the soil or earth we always find in the hoofs of a horse at grass, and presents the nearest resemblance to the horse's natural footing—the earth.

"We have never had a diseased foot since the introduction of sawdust in the stable, now some years since. Horses bedded on sawdust are also freer from dust and stains than when on ordinary litter, (simply because sawdust is a better absorbent, perhaps,) and testify to their own approval of it by frequently rolling and lying down for hours in the day. It has also the recommendation of being uneatable—an advantage which all in charge of horses with the habit of consuming their litter, will readily admit. Being free from pungent smell, which is apt to accompany straw, (unless scrupulously kept,) it is innocent to weak eyes, and its slight turpentine odor is rather a sweetener than otherwise. It makes (when converted into manure) the best possible foundation for hotbeds, and, unlike other stable manure, forms no harbor of refuge for vermin. Pine sawdust is the best, and oak the worst, as the latter turns black the second day."

Robins Indispensable to the Farmer.

The mischief which birds do is often of daily occurrence, is open, palpable, and not to be gainsaid. And yet these very birds are often really our greatest benefactors. Let us take up first for our consideration the Robin. Where will you find, hereabouts, one more complained of, more generally denounced, than he? Is he not, by common consent, pronounced by most of our fruit-growers the pest of horticulturists? Does he not steal our cherries, plunder our strawberries, strip our currant bushes, pilfer our raspberries, help himself to our choicest grapes, and, if we have some rare Shepardia berries, will not the glutton take the whole? And does he not, some one else will add, attack and spoil our handsomest pears? In reply to the last charge we cannot respond affirmatively. We do not believe it, and if it were true, we should say to whoever made this charge: "My dear sir, it only serves you right. You should not leave summer pears on the tree long enough to become so soft as to tempt a bird to peck at them. Your fruit should have been gathered when so hard that no bird could molest it, and thus you would have saved your pears and improved their quality!" But we are getting off our track, and will return to the Robin.

With the exception of the pear-accusation, which we believe to be bosh, we admit the truth of all these charges—but what then? What do they prove? Simply that the worst traits in the character of the Robin are those which, unfortunately for his reputation, are the most apparent, and which are brought home to the notice of all who have fruit to be plundered, while his beneficial deeds escape the general observation. The Robin is eminently one of those who delight in doing good by stealth, but alas! he is very rarely put to the blush by finding it fame. The world, as a general thing, is but too prompt to recognize the mischief he does, but knows little or nothing of his good deeds, far overbalancing his faults.

Fortunately for the reputation of the Robin, careful and faithful friends have looked into his record, and the result of their investigations proves him to be an invaluable friend to the farmer, and demonstrate by indisputable evidence, that his services are of an indispensable importance. Nearly eleven years since, the very same gentleman who this last summer signalized his imperfect knowledge of birds by protesting against the European Sparrow's coming to Boston, because it was not an insect-eater, at a meeting of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society introduced a motion in favor of the presentation of a petition to the State Legislature, in the name of the Society, praying for the repeal of all legislation for the protection of the Robin. After an animated discussion, in which it was shown that the Robin was not even then without strong friends, the Society, instead of adopting the motion, very wisely voted to look into the matter before they thus committed themselves, and referred the whole subject of the habits of the Robin to a select committee, who were desired to make thorough investigation. Fortunately at the head of this committee was placed J. W. P. Jenks, Esq., of Middleboro, an ardent and zealous friend of the bird. He entered upon his duties with an alacrity and an interest, and completed them with a fidelity and a thoroughness that reflect upon him the highest credit. The leisure hours of an entire year were devoted by this gentleman to a careful and minute investigation of the subject committed to his charge. Day by day, and at all hours of the day, he procured specimens of the birds for the purpose of carefully examining the contents of their several stomachs, for evidences of the general character of their food. Robins were thus obtained by him, both from the villages and from the more rural districts, apart from gardens and orchards. Beginning with the first week in March, 1858, these examinations were continued, with more or less frequency, until the same month of the succeeding year.

Confining ourselves here to such portions of the results as may have a direct bearing upon the points we seek to establish, we find that Professor Jenks has demonstrated, among other things, that during the whole of March, April, and May not a particle of vegetable matter of any kind whatever could be found in the food of the robins. Insects, in large quantities, varying greatly as to kind, condition, and development, were during all these months their sole and exclusive food. The larvæ of a species of fly known to naturalists as the *Bibio albipennis* of Say, formed a large proportion of the contents of their stomachs. Not unfrequently as many as two hundred of these insects, in this stage of development, were taken from a single bird, and for the most part wherever any were found they were the only food in the bird's stomach.—*Thomas M. Brewer, in Atlantic Monthly for April.*

USEFUL RECIPES, ETC.

An agricultural paper says: "We know a cultivator who had heavy crops of plums seventeen years in succession—his swine for these seventeen years, without a season's interruption, being allowed the run of the yard.

In plowing down green crops attach a heavy chain to the front of the plow beam, which drags down the grass, so that it does not choke the plow. In this way it can be plowed down so nicely that one would hardly believe two feet of clover had been turned under.—*Exchange.*

The *Lancet* recommends a French way of preserving eggs by plunging into a cauldron of boiling water, a colander containing one dozen, and allowing them to remain for one minute. This immersion coagulates a thin layer of albumen on the surface, and the admission of air is thereby prevented.

A housekeeper writes: "Having some stone jars in which lard had been packed until they became unfit for use, I made them perfectly sweet by packing them full of fresh earth, and letting it remain two or three weeks. This is an experiment with me, and I suspect it would be equally effective in any case of foul earthen or stone ware."

Warmth of Animals.—A careful observer in England has noticed that his farm animals are uncomfortable in an artificial temperature above 60 deg. He has found that the best condition of stables as to heat is between 40 deg. and 50 deg. Below that the food consumed goes to enable the animal to resist cold, and at high temperatures the winter function of the skin is impaired, and the animal's health is injured.

Removing Foul Air from Wells.—A correspondent gives us an account of an ingeniously extemporized apparatus for removing carbonic acid from wells. It was simply an umbrella let down and rapidly hauled up a number of times in succession. The effect was to remove the gas in a few minutes from a well so foul as to instantly extinguish a candle previous to the use of the umbrella.—*Scientific American.*

To Cleanse Water.—If a lump of alum as large as the thumb-joint is thrown into four or five gallons of boiling soapsuds, the scum runs over and leaves the water clean and soft and useful for washing. We have often, in ancient times, "settled" a glass of Mississippi water, and made it look as "clear as a bell" in a few seconds by tying a bit of alum to a string and twirling it around under the surface of the water in the glass.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

Weaning Colts.—Says a writer in an exchange: "I put the colt in a good pasture, and if I can do so I give it some good company that it is acquainted with. But, at any rate, I put the mare in an adjoining field; then they both feel as though they were not separated, and do not wear off any flesh by anxiety and running. And I take the mare in to the colt twice a day for two or three days, and let it suck. After that I let it suck once a day, for two or three days; then I let it suck for every other day for two or three days; and if necessary to dry up the mare, I will perhaps let it suck once or twice in the course of the next week. By that course the colt will get weaned, and the mare will be dried up, and neither of them lose flesh or be punished, which is both to my interest and their mutual comfort." Another correspondent advises to take the colts from the dam, tie in stables by themselves and give them cow's milk which they will drink after a trial or two if they get no water. Then give a few oats and all the hay and green clover they will eat.

How to Dig Up Timber-Trees.

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