YOUTH AND AGE.

When I was young there seemed to he
No pleasure in the world for me;
My fellows found it everywhere,
Was none so poor but had his share—
They took mine, too!
I sought in vain; it was my fate
To be too early, or too late;
The nest was there, the bird was flown—
And why? and to what golden zone?
If youth but knew!

Why art thou, Yorth, so swift, so slow?
Way dost thou let thy pleasures go?
All that they grasp thy hands let fall;
The best they do not grasp at all,
Do not pursue!
What tingles in my blood like wine
Those tender eyes that turn to mine,
The soft tears in my eyes that start—
Tell me, what does it mean, my heart?
If youth but knew!

Now I am old there seems to be
No pleasure in the world for me;
But vain regrets for what is past,
Because I did not hold it fast,
Because it flew!
That youth is weak, and age is strong,
Should be the burden of my song,
And might be in my happier hours,
If autumn leaves were summer flowers,
If age could do!

Mock not my sighs, and my white hair,
O Youth so foolish and so fair!
Remember, life is not all June;
The lean and slippered pantaloon
Awaits thee too!
Be wise, delay not, oh, make haste!
Go, steal your arm around her waist;
The rosebud mouth begins to blow;
Stoop down and kiss it—so, boy, so!
If age could do!

Dum vivimus, the wise men say,
And you can do it as well as they;
So live and love, then, while you can,
Nor sigh, like me, when you are a man,
"If youth but knew!"
Far better be where Folly dwells,
And shake him with your jangling bells,
Than hear belated Wisdom come,
And beat upon the muffled drum,
"*If age could do!*"

—*R. H. Stoddard, in Atlantic Monthly.*

THE HAUNTED SHIP.

I shipped in the Norway, for the passage from Cronstadt to Hull, and another Englishman, who went by the name of Jack Hastings, joined her at the same time. He and I had lodged together on shore, and become somewhat acquainted before we became shipmates. He was a man of considerable information, and, from his talk, had seen his share of the world, but was not much of a sailor, as I had already surmised from the cut of his jib.

We found Capt. Phelps, of the Norway, a Tartar in the worst sense of the word; and the voyage was anything but a pleasant one, especially to Hastings. He had shipped for able seaman's wages, and his deficiencies were soon apparent, especially to a captain who had a hawk's eye for the weak points in a man, that he might come down on him. As I had a strong feeling of respect for the young man, I stood his friend whenever I could, by trying to do more than my own share of duty, and covering up his shortcomings; but I couldn't always be at hand, of course.

One night, when it was blowing quite fresh, and I was at the wheel, the captain was up, and had all hands putting reefs in the topsails. The men had lain down on deck, and were manning the halyards to hoist away, when poor Hastings, instead of the reef-tackle, let go the weather foretopsail brace, and away went the yard fore and aft. However, by luffing up smartly, we managed to get it checked in again without carrying away anything. But Capt. Phelps, frothing at the mouth, vowed he would tan the clumsy lubber's hide that did it, and would "ride him down like a main-tack." He rushed at Hastings with a piece of ratline-stuff, and brought it down once, with a terrific cut, over his neck and shoulders.

As he raised it again to repeat the blow, while all hands stood looking on, hushed into silence, a voice from aloft roared out, "Hold your hand!"

The sound, which was wonderfully loud and clear, seemed to come down out of the maintop. The captain fell back aft, so as to look up, but could see nothing.

"Aloft there!" he yelled, in a rage. No answer.

"Maintop there!"

"Hallos!" was answered, spitefully.

"Come down on deck!"

"Come up here, and see how you like it!"

The captain's rage was now fearful to behold.

"Who's aloft there? Who is it, Mr. Raynor?" he demanded of the mate.

"Nobody that I know of, sir," answered the officer. "They're all here in sight."

The men looked from one to another, but the number was correct. The second mate, without waiting for orders, sprang up aloft and looked over the top-rim, then made the circuit of it, looking all round the mast-head, and reported himself alone. The captain dropped his rope's end and went below, his mind in a strange chaos of rage and fear; and Hastings escaped further beating for that night.

But a few days were sufficient for the captain to forget his fears, and I myself was the next victim of his wrath. He had ordered me to make a lanyard-knot in the end of an old, fagged rope, to be used for a lashing somewhere. I did so, and returned it to him, telling him I had made the best job of it that I could.

"Well, if that's your *best*," said he, "you're as much of a lubber as your partner Hastings. I'll dock you both to or'nary seaman's pay."

In vain I remonstrated, saying that the rope was too much worn and fagged to make a neat piece of work.

"Fagged, is it? Well, I'll finish it up over your lubberly back!"

"No you won't!" sang out a voice from behind the long-boat.

He rushed round in the direction of the sound; but there was no one there.

"Who was that that spoke?" he cried. "If I knew who he was, I'd cut his heart out!"

"Ha! ha! would ye?" was answered, derisively—from the main-top, now.

It was broad daylight, and all could see that there was no one up there. I was quite as much startled and mystified as my tyrant could possibly be; but the diversion served as good a purpose as on the previous occasion, for he did not attack me again. Had he done so, I meant to resist, and grapple with him, if it cost me my life.

That night the captain's slumbers were disturbed by a fierce cry, which appeared to come in at the side-light in his stateroom, left open for fresh air. The cry had been heard by the mate, on the quarter-deck, and by Hastings, at the wheel, who could give no explanation of it, and seemed to share his astonishment and fear, when he rushed on the deck and looked vainly over the quarter in search of the cause.

From that day he was harassed and persecuted at every turn by an "invisible presence," which gave him no peace of his life. Whether on deck or below, he found no escape from it, and especially when he began to abuse or swear at any of the ship's company, the voice of the hidden champion invariably took their part. The insolent laugh rang in his ear on every such occasion, seeming to come from overhead.

But no such manifestations ever troubled us in the forecastle, nor did the unearthly voice ever address any one on board but Captain Phelps. The more superstitious part of our crew would rather have borne his tyrannical treatment than have lived in a haunted ship, while some of us welcomed a firm friend in this unaccountable spiritual presence, or whatever it might be.

The captain's angry passions were to some extent checked by it; though, now and then, they broke forth so suddenly that the object of his fury received a blow before it could interfere. We had arrived within a couple of days' sail of the English cost, when, becoming exasperated at some blunder of Hastings', he hurled a belaying-pin, which struck him on the head. The poor fellow suddenly clapped both hands to the spot, with a wild yell, and rushed into the forecastle. The captain, after having thrown the missile, appeared, as I thought, surprised at not hearing anything, and I noticed him glance nervously aloft. But, still hearing nothing, he recovered his courage, and ordered Mr. Raynor to "call that man on deck again."

The mate, getting no answer to his call, went below, and found Hastings delirious. He reported that he believed the man to be in a critical condition, and the captain directed him to do whatever he thought best for his relief. I think Captain Phelps, like some other hard cases that I have sailed with, did not dare to venture into the forecastle himself, for fear he might never get out again alive.

That night, it became necessary to call all hands out to reef again; and while we were on the yards, a thrilling cry arose from the bows, such as might well have been raised by a maniac. A human form was seen by several of us erect on the rail, near the fore-swifter, and then a loud splash was heard in the water under our lee.

Mr. Raynor and the captain, who were on deck, rushed to the side; a hat was seen for a moment, bobbing up on the crest of a sea, and the same dreadful yell of insanity was repeated, even more shrill than before. Captain Phelps echoed the cry, but faintly, and fell insensible to the deck.

Mr. Raynor hailed us on the top-sail yard with a voice like a trumpet-blast—"Lay down from aloft! Clear away the small boat!"

We thought the mate was quite as mad as the poor suicide; and so he was, for the moment. By the time we reached the deck, he was ready to countermand the order. Everything was hidden in darkness, the wind and sea fast increasing; and it was hardly possible, even then, for the clumsy little boat to live. The captain, still unconscious was carried below, with many a muttered wish that he might never come up again; and bitter were the oaths of vengeance, mingled with kind words and tears for our departed messmate, that went round our wakeful little circle during the stormy, dismal night.

When the Hull pilot boarded us, forty-eight hours afterward, Captain Phelps was at his post, trying to look like himself, but still pale and trembling. The mate had told us that he should have him arrested as soon as we arrived in port. But I think he must have relented, and connived at his escape, for he was missing before the ship was fairy secured. I don't think he was ever brought to justice, though I did not wait to see. I was glad enough to shake the dust of the Norway off my feet, and to forget, if possible, the history of the voyage.

But I often found myself, while on subsequent voyages, puzzling my brain to account for the strange phenomena of which I have spoken. Five years passed away, and I was none the wiser in that respect, when I found myself in Liverpool, where I arrived from a South American voyage, and been paid off with fifty pounds—a considerable sum for me to have in possession at one time.

Strolling along the streets at early evening, ready for anything in the way of amusement that might turn up, my attention was caught by a poster, announcing the performance of "Professor Holbrook, the unrivaled and world-renowned ventriloquist." I had never seen a performance of that sort; but after reading the bill, I resolved to go. I was just in time when I reached the hall of exhibition; and taking a ticket, I entered, and took a seat. I thought the Professor's entertainment the most wonderful thing I had ever witnessed or heard. After a variety of sounds and voices had been imitated with marvelous skill, he informed us that he would hold a conversation with an imaginary person up the chimney. When the responsive "Ha, ha!" came down, I was startled to such a degree as to rise from my seat. It was the same voice, in precisely the same peculiar tones that I had heard so many times from the Norway's maintop!

A minute later, the Professor, having finished his part, came forward to the front of the stage; and spite of his flowing beard and other disguises, I recognized one whom I had supposed to be dead five years before.

"Jack Hastings," said I aloud, forgetting in my excitement where I was.

"Sit down!" "Put him out!" cried a dozen voices at once,

I subsided, of course, but not before I had received a sign of recognition from the ventriloquist. When the performance was over he beckoned to me, and in the privacy of his own room, grasped my hand with a hearty pressure.

"Hastings." I asked, "how, in the name of miracles were you saved?"

"Saved! Where?"

"When you jumped overboard, raving mad."

He laughed—his own natural, hearty laugh; not the unearthly one which he sent down from chimneys and mast-heads.

"I never jumped overboard, Ashton," said he, "and I never was any more mad than I am at this moment. It was only a plan to frighten old Phelps, and I think it succeeded but too well. If he had been tried for his life, and I had thought him in danger, I should have appeared in court, and frightened him again to save his life. But he could not be found, and I have never heard of him since. My madness was all a sham, and the man overboard was only a bundle of old duds, surmounted by my old hat. I slipped down into the fore-peak, and lay concealed till the night after the ship arrived, when I stole out, and went ashore. Of course you understand the cries you heard?"

"Certainly; and the other strange sounds on board. Your ventriloquism explains the whole matter."

"I performed in most of the cities and large towns in England before I knew you; but I was then dissipated in my habits, and squandered all that I made. While on one of my sprees, I shipped, and went to sea; and that is how you found me in Cronstadt. But I was never stock to make a sailor of. Since I have returned I have done well, and saved money; and you must allow that I acquit myself better on this stage than I did on board the Norway."

And that's the only haunted ship that ever I was in. I've *heard* of others, but probably those cases might all be explained in some similar way.

Man and Dog Both Saved.

The other day a young man named Benjamin Machamer, one of the best hunters in Northumberland county, made a remarkable escape from a well into which he fell. This well is in the lower part of the town of Trevorton, near the old round-house. So long a time has elapsed since it has been in use that its existence was almost forgotten. It is about eight feet wide and eighteen feet deep, and at the present time contains ten feet of water. It was covered with plank the day in question. Machamer started out in pursuit of game, accompanied by his dog, a valuable setter. His path lay near the old well, into which his dog had the misfortune to fall, through a hole caused by the decaying planks. The dog was highly prized by Mr. Machamer, who, in attempting to rescue it, fell in himself. In an ordinary sized well the situation would have been dangerous, and in this case it was extremely so, as the unusual width of the well prevented him from bracing himself against the side. The only possible way for him to get out was to climb up one side, and as the wall was very closely built, this was a difficult feat. But it was a struggle for life, and Machamer, being a young man of powerful strength and great energy, resolved to try. He succeeded in almost reaching the top, only to lose his hold, and fall back. Again and again he climbed up the side of the wall, and each time fell back into the cold water beneath. Every time he fell back the half-strangled dog would spring upon his shoulders, thus bearing him down and keeping him under water. In spite of this difficulty, however, he would succeed in regaining the wall. At one time he became faint from the effect of the impure air. He had found a small stick floating on the water, which he inserted in the wall and placed one foot upon it, then put both hands in another aperture, thinking that if he did sweon he might possibly hang there until he returned to consciousness. The faintness, however, passed away, and he again attempted to reach the top. Finding that his wet clothes greatly impeded his progress, he succeeded in divesting himself of his coat and boots, one of which he threw out, leaving the other with the coat to sink to the bottom. Thirteen times he climbed up the side of the well, and thirteen times he fell back into the well. His perseverance surpassed that of the traditional spider, for he had great odds to contend with. At last, almost worn out, he made a final effort and reached the top. He didn't wait for the dog, but started for home immediately, and told his story. His father and another gentleman returned at once and rescued the dog. Mr. Machamer states that he was in the well an hour. The escape was wonderful.—*Pottsville (Penn.) Miners' Journal.*

A Large Tea-Kettle.

For some weeks Boston has been all agog over the size of a huge tea-kettle in front of a tea-store in that city. Two prizes had been offered for the nearest estimates of its capacity, and the Yankee citizens have consequently been "guessing" ever since. Twelve hundred guesses were made and recorded, there being 120 of ten gallons or less, and five of over 3,000 gallons. These figures show a wide divergence in opinion. The average guess of the first thousand was 114 gallons, and the last thousand about 181 gallons. At noon New Year's day the kettle was publicly measured, in the presence of 5,000 or 6,000 persons, Mr. William F. Reed, the official Sealer of Weights and Measures for the city, filling the kettle with water by using a five gallon measure, under the supervision of Hon. Henry Baldwin, Judge of the Municipal Court in the Brighton District. The thing, therefore, had a sort of official indorsement. The progress of the filling was scored upon a blackboard by Mr. Reed's son. The work proceeded thus as rapidly as possible until the kettle was nearly full, when smaller measures were successively substituted. The excitement grew intense as the end approached, and at 1:05 o'clock the great problem was settled by the recording that the kettle contained just 227 gallons, 2 quars, 1 pint, and 3 gills. The prizes were a chest of tea for the nearest guess, and twenty-five pounds of coffee for the next best. The nearest guess was 227 gallons, 2 quarts, and 1 pint, wine measure, or within 3 gills of the exact quantity. This guess was made by eight different persons, and the chest of tea was divided among them. The second nearest guess was 227 gallons, 3 quarts, and 1 pint, or within 5 gills of the correct figures. This quantity was guessed by five persons, and among them was the coffee divided.

Mrs. Beecher in Court.

During some parts of ex-Judge Morris' address to the jury, in the opening of the Beecher trial to-day, the pastor held his face toward the floor. It was flushed, but otherwise did not express emotion. Mrs. Beecher sat steadily looking at the speaker. Her face was cast down, and her eyes, directed upward under her sharply-cut brows, gave her a peculiar aspect suggestive of mingled anger and watchfulness. The corners of her mouth drawn down add to her sternness. Once, when the speaker stated that his client could not, of course, produce direct evidence to prove his charges, Mrs. Beecher turned toward her husband with a smile, but soon resumed her look of bitterness. During the entire speech Beecher looked very serious. For most part of the time he sat as if looking out of the window at the left of the Judge's bench. He had in his hand a book, which was occasionally consulted, and once he called his wife's attention to some memorandum in it. She smiled and whispered in his ear. Occasionally a cynical look stole over Mrs. Beecher's face. The only time Beecher allowed his expression to change was when Morris referred to Tilton as not having been moved by a spirit of revenge. Then a faint smile stole over his face.—*New York Cor. Chicago Times.*

COL. ETHAN ALLEN, of Revolutionary fame, though roughly reared, was very courteous by nature, and made every possible effort to improve his manners by observing those of other people. When he was a prisoner of war in New York city on parole, he was invited into the best society of the city, and on one occasion attended a large and fashionable dinner party. Olives were passed around during the feast, and, following the general example, Col. Allen took one. He was unable to overcome the disgust it caused his palate, and taking the half-chewed fruit in his hand, said, with a low bow to his hostess, "Madame, with your permission, I'll put that — — thing on the table."

All Sorts.

IN Australia inoculation of cattle is now regularly practiced for the prevention of pleuro-pneumonia.

DEACON Rush, of McLeod county, Minn., has been fined $12.50 for flogging a grown-up daughter.

THE horse shambles of Paris supplied the public during the third quarter of the past year with 630,000 pounds of meat, the result of the slaughter of 1,555 horses, mules and asses.

A LOWELL, Mass., architect has designed a New England building for the Centennial with a tower six hundred feet high. His lofty aspirations recall the Tower of Babel.

NEBRASKA has 1,345 school-houses, valued at $1,300,000, an increase of 800 school-houses and $600,900 in value in two years. The number of pupils is 72,991, and of teachers, 2,200.

A DUMB barber in a new Jersey town is getting all the custom, and has been obliged to hire four mute assistants. Barbers who are not "dumb" should cut this out and paste it on their coat sleeve.

FORTY-TWO million passengers were carried over Massachusetts railroads the past year, and only one person killed and seven injured, except by the personal carelessness of the victim of the accident.

A HEN in Lancaster, Pa., laid a curious double egg the other day. Each of the component parts was perfectly shaped, and the pointed end of one was joined to the blunt end of the other by a small ligature.

THERE is a Chinese cat in Athol, Mass., that has an extra claw to each foot, resembling a thumb, and it goes about opening and shutting doors by taking hold and turning the round knobs attached to them.

NEW YORK arrested 84,821 of her people last year, of whom 24,608 were of the gentle sex. Of the 60,000 who were walked up for drunkenness in its various branches, the gentle sex also contributed one-third.

STATISTICIANS declare a marked difference between Jews and Christians as to longevity. In one hundred Christians fifty die before the age of fifty-seven, and with Jews the same proportion reaches beyond sixty-seven.

THE leaders of fashion say that announcing engagements in the advertising columns of the press is soon to be the proper thing in high life. Why not, when they are sure to be found out and talked over in a public way by newspayer reporters?

Two little daughters of Charles Rogers, of Utica, N. Y., were sitting by the stove in the kitchen of their house recently, and the dress of the younger, who is eight years old, took fire. Her sister, aged twelve years, carried the little one into the yard, rolled her in the snow, and saved her life.

IN Albany a few nights ago, a party was given by Erastus Corning, which cost $6,500, and a statistical Jenkins who was present says the silks, laces and diamonds present were valued at $2,000,000, while the real estate and bonds represented could not have been less than $20,000,000.

SMALL-POX has been very prevalent in Montreal the past year, there being 661 deaths from that disease in nine months. A Montreal paper calls on the Catholic clergy to advocate vaccination, in opposition to the French doctors, who oppose it. The death-rate of Montreal is twice as heavy as that of London.

DEATH was the result of a foolish wager in Paris, recently. A young man made a bet that he would smoke twelve cigars, one after another. At the end of the eighth he began to feel unwell, and when he had finished the ninth he was attacked with giddiness and shiverings. He refused to leave off smoking, but went home in charge of some friends. A medical man was called in, who could not, however, help him, and he died during the night.

An Agricultural Editor.

There is yet living in this State, and now publishing a paying paper, an editor who once looked hard times in the face so constantly that a silver quarter looked as big to him as the side of a house. He published a small paper, in a small town, and although he paid but ten shillings per week for board, and hired a boy to help him at a shilling per day, there were weeks when he couldn't "pay off" unless the boy would accept of an order on a foreign advertiser.

One day a subscriber, riding along the highway, saw the editor hoeing corn in a field, and he pulled up and shouted:

"Hello, there! I haven't had my paper for three weeks."

"Haven't issued any," was the reply.

"And you won't get out any this week?"

"No."

"And next week?"

"Guess not."

"Well, when *are* you going to print another edition?"

The editor took a piece of red chalk from his pocket, made some figures on the top rail, and finally answered:

"Well, if the weather holds good, and I don't fall sick, and Jim pays me the cash when I get through with his corn, I guess I can get out a paper about three weeks from to-morrow, but it may be a week or two longer!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Sheridan in the Rotunda.

Gen. Phil. Sheridan appeared in the rotunda of the St. Charles during the hour appointed for the meeting of the Western men. During the course of the evening the General made two appearances there. He was in citizen's dress, and wore a silk hat. As far as observed, no citizen entered into conversation with him, and yet he was keenly observed, with many suppressed manifestations of the excitement the populace felt on account of the part he had taken in the affairs of Louisiana. Later in the evening Gen. Sheridan reappeared in the rotunda, and walked around with an air of nonchalance that was quite refreshing. This time he was closly followed by a crowd, whom he did not appear to notice, smoking his cigar with pretty much the same demeanor that is supposed to characterize his master at Washington. The popular indications, however, were more marked than before; and, as he walked leisurely along, there were heard the murmurs of suppressed rage, which occasionally found vent in a hiss. Finally, the little General disappeared, and quiet reigned in Warsaw.—*New Orleans Times.*

THE *Railroad Gazette* says there was less railroad construction done in this country last year than in any year since the war.

The Soldier.

The recent German proposition to call out the landsturm, which has hitherto corresponded in Germany to the French *levee en masse*, increases the available resources of the empire to the extent of 175,000 men. None of these will be over 42 years of age, and the majority will have passed through the reserve, and the landwehr. Having attained a veteran experience of the trials and discomforts of military service, they thought they had reason to expect exemption from them in the future, but their hopes seem doomed to disappointment. When this measure becomes law, the German army will have the astonishing total of from 1,700,000 to 1,800,000 men, all accustomed, by regular periodical training, to the duties of the soldier. On the 9th of last month, the conseils de revision of France began their examination of persons subject to military duty in the territorial army, so-called—a sort of landwehr—under the new law, devised after the German plan. These comprise all men between twenty-nine and forty years of age, and they amount in total to the vast figure of 2,400,000 men. More than half of these, of course, will be found unfit for service; and the French are not so amenable to military discipline as the Germans, it is safe to infer that the experience so far will be continued, and, in spite of pains and penalties threatened, only a fraction of those who are liable, will put in an appearance before the conseils. The active army of France, we may add, is at such a low ebb that it would be hard for the War Minister to place more than 200,000 men in the field at short notice. France may love war—and she certainly hates Germany—but she does not take kindly to the Prussian military system. The French army on a war footing on paper, besides the territorial army above referred to, amounts to 689,000 men, beside the reserve of each. The active army of Austria numbers 897,000 men, besides seven annual contingents and a landwehr. The nominal effective force of the Italian army was on the 1st of January, of this year, 737,514 men, of whom 392,994 had received a complete military education, 247,987 were imperfectly instructed, and 96,523 totally untaught. Russia is now busily engaged in following the general movement. The country has been divided into fourteen military circumscriptions, and the work of enrolling those liable to military duty is rapidly going forward. Its completion will give Russia the largest military force and reserve in Europe. Add to these enormous figures the men actually on service with the navies of Europe—England, 68,264, (including naval reserve); Russia 36,000; France, 33,570; Turkey, 21,000; Spain, 14,000; Germany, 12,450; Austria, 11,530; Italy, 11,200; Holland, 6,260; Denmark, 4,800; Norway, 3,500; Portugal, 3,300. Europe, it will be seen, from these figures, begins the new year with a larger number of armed men than she has had at any previous epoch.

Glancing at these figures, the reader may gather some comfort in comparing our situation with that of the old world. Our little army of 25,000 men, and the militia of the States, numbering 153,000, represent all the military service we are called on to render.—*New York Times.*

A Rattlesnake Eaten.

The Rochester *Express* says: "A scientific gentleman of this city, and a great gourmand (we are not permitted to give his name, but he is well-known here), has demonstrated that rattlesnake is a safe, and, he says, extremely palatable, article of food. Some time ago he received a rather startling present by express from a gentleman in the South. On removing the covering, a large and very powerful rattlesnake, four or five feet in length, and about as thick around as the largest part of a man's arm, was discovered in a cage of wicker-work. He was very lively, and his age, as indicated by the number of his rattles, was nine years. After keeping him some time he was killed, skinned and cooked, and the gentleman and several of his friends, including three or four ladies, made a hearty dinner off the flesh, which, they say, tastes very much like that of the common eel."

Transit of Venus.

Judging from the mail reports of the observations of the recent transit of Venus, at least one important and interesting contribution to science has been made—rather, one error corrected. This was the "black drop" phenomenon. In previous observations the disk of Venus was noticed to be apparently elongated towards the edge of the sun's disk at the moment of contact, even as when one barely touches the surface of a bowl of water with a finger tip, then raises it slightly above the surface, a connecting drop appears between the flesh and the water. All the reports thus far received unite in declaring that no such phenomenon was observed last month, so that the "black drop" is to be considered but an optical delusion which better instruments and more accurate observations have corrected.

Transporting Cattle---Congressman Wilson's Plan.

At the next meeting of the House Committee on Agriculture, it is stated that Mr. Wilson, the Iowa farmer Congressman, who, during the Summer, has given the subject of the transportation of cattle from the West to the East much attention, will submit his reports. It will oppose all the bills now before Congress, which look to remedying the existing system by means of larger cars and lighter loads in them. It will recommend that instead of the transportation on the hoof, of cattle from the West to the East, that a method be devised for slaughtering at the West and transporting in carcass. Mr. Wilson is of the opinion that this is the only remedy, as Texas cattle particularly, and many others, cannot be even loaded in cars without resorting to block and tackle.

SURE CURE FOR FROST-BITE.—A mixture of equal parts of chloroform, balsam copaiva, and tincture capsicum, is almost as near a specific for frost-bites and chilblains as is sulphur for the itch. The above can be had of any druggist, should be labeled for "external use," and kept closely corked. For use: Prepare a pledget of cotton or lint of proper size, shake the mixture well, saturate the pledget, place it on affected parts; then cover with a piece of thin manilla paper, well oiled, and over that a bandage. One application is usually sufficient, but may be repeated if necessary.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

SUPERIOR YEAST.—Pare, boil and mash twelve potatoes; then stir in one cup of white sugar; when cold, add one quart of cold water; one-half pint of fresh yeast. Keep in a warm place twelve hours, or until it is thoroughly raised, when it will be ready for use. Shake well before using.

How Woman Headed the Table.

A writer says: "In Elizabethan England, when gallimawfreys had given way to the substantial fare of our later cookery, it was the custom at private dinners to place the principal joints and masses of meat at the upper end of the table, above the salt, so that the chief guests could see clearly the best of the good cheer, and also appropriate the choicest cuts before the inferior folk below the joint of honor were served. Fashion having thus decided that the 'carving should be done on the table,' the ladies were invited to the head of the table, not out of gallantry, but in order that they should do the work which could no longer be executed conveniently by professional carvers. It may cost the reader a struggle to admit that our ancestors had no more chivalrous purpose in view when they promoted woman to her proper place at the festal board, but there is no doubt as to the fact. The new ordering of places was the result of masculine selfishness and insolence, rather than masculine gallantry. Just as in mediæval society the lady of the house rendered service to her guests by discharging the functions of a gentle serving woman, in preparing dishes for their enjoyment, and even in bringing them to table with her own hands, so in Elizabethan life she went up to the top of her table and seated herself among the first guests, in order that she might serve them as a carver. At the same time, the number of 'great pieces' requiring several carvers she brought other ministering ladies to the upper end of the table where the grand joints were exhibited. Having been thus called to the top of the table for her lord's convenience instead of her own dignity, the mistress of the house soon made it a point of honor to occupy the place, which had in the first instance been conceded to her as a servant rather than as principal lady. Ere long, with her characteristic cleverness in making the best of things, and stating her own case in the way most agreeable to her self-love, she regarded her carver's stool as a throne of state, and affected to preside over the company, though the terms of her commission only authorized her to help them to food."

Railroads in China.

Two very curious articles have been published by a Shanghai native newspaper, the *Hwei-Pao*, protesting against the construction of railways in the Chinese empire. The *Hwei-Pao* is of opinion that the existence of railways in Europe is too recent to admit of a judgment being formed as to their practical utility, and, moreover, that there is not sufficient business in China to render them profitable. The Chinese journal goes on to say that "tea and silk are the principal objects of commerce, and these have hitherto been forwarded to the treaty ports by river steamboats. A substitution of railways for steamboats would not effect any saving in point of time, and could not, therefore, even from the point of view taken by the foreigners themselves, be of any service to China. Admitting that a little time was gained, the Chinese would not be benefited, for the goods would not be exported more rapidly. Thus the railways would only lead to an accumulation in the ports of vast quantities of goods which, as they could not be shipped off all at once, would fall considerably in price." The *Hwei-Pao* also says: "The accidents on the railway lines are very numerous caused by collisions, by the engine or tenders taking fire, by the trains running off the lines, or by the bridges giving way and the trains being precipitated into the rivers below. In other cases the carriages are injured by the great speed at which they are hurried along, and the accidents are so numerous that it is often impossible to ascertain the exact number of dead and wounded. All the foreign journals are full of details concerning these accidents. But, admitting that most of these casualties are preventable, and the trains follow their regular course, they travel quicker than the thoroughbred horse, and the people walking on the lines would have no time to get out of their way. From this cause alone the number of fatal accidents would be enormous. In all countries where railways exist they are considered a very dangerous mode of locomotion, and beyond those who have very urgent business to transact, no one thinks of using them."

A Rich Angel Entertained Unawares.

A few evenings since there dropped into an up-town hotel, a man about five feet eight, with heavy chin-whiskers, and with rather a seedy and patched suit, but clean. He wanted lodging for the night, and inquired of the landlord if he could "bunk" with him. The landlord, not liking his condition and appearance, told him "he guessed not." The stranger took a seat and entered into conversation with some of the boarders. The landlord discovering during the evening that he was an educated man, remembered the saying of "entertaining angels unawares," told him he might stay if he paid in advance. The stranger at once took out about $10 in currency, and tendered a $5 bill for the payment. The landlord soon after took him to bed, and left him in his room, but stationed himself where he could see the occupant of the room. The stranger, after taking his boots off, got down on his knees in front of the bed and delivered the Lord's Prayer in a most impressive manner, after which he prayed for all the inmates of the house, for his friends and for his enemies, that they might be preserved from all danger and that they might be happy. He then arose and commenced undressing, in the meanwhile talking to himself and making expressions aloud like the following: "What a fool I have been;" "Some thieves might have picked me up;" "I wonder if I have got it;" then taking two large rolls of bank bills from different parts of his person, which he put under his pillow and then got into bed. The landlord says he never heard the Lord's Prayer repeated in a more impressive manner. The stranger is a heavy lumber dealer from the upper Hudson. *Troy Pr*

Mesdames Beecher and Tilton.

[From a Report of the Tilton-Beecher Trial.]

Mr. Tilton cast a quick, nervous glance toward the door, and saw two ladies and Edward J. Ovington crossing the threshold. One of these ladies was Elizabeth R. Tilton; the other was her friend, Anna M. Hicks. Mrs. Tilton was attired in a black silk dress and dark velvet cloak, with a black velvet hat ornamented by an ostrich-feather. She removed her veil and glanced for a moment at her husband. Mr. Tilton returned the look, and then whispered softly to Messrs. Beach and Fullerton. The lawyers simply smiled and made no answer. Mrs. Tilton for a time was the central figure of attraction. She was very pale, and her manner was that of a timid, shy woman, who felt ill at ease under hundreds of staring eyes. The crowd instinctively instituted a comparison between her and Mrs. Beecher, and the result was favorable to Mrs. Tilton. It was apparent that they were opposite in character. On one side was a weak, timid, sentimental woman; on the other, a positive, determined and, even in her old age, a handsome woman. Mrs. Beecher was cool and self-possessed throughout the proceedings, notwithstanding the bitter attacks upon her husband's honor. Mrs. Tilton was evidently nervous and embarrassed. Mrs. Beecher has a classical face, full of force and expression. Mrs. Tilton's face is of the commonplace type.

Our Railway System.

The past year has not added largely to the length of the railroads in this country. This was mainly owing to the fact that on account of the depression in business and the legislation by most of the Western Legislatures, but few new roads were built. Much has been done, however, toward the improvement of existing roads, and in making ready for the traffic anticipated when the financial and business affairs return to their normal condition. The *American Railroad Journal* gives the following as a near approximation to the actual present status of our railroad system:

RAILROADS IN THE UNITED STATES JAN. 1, 1875.

States, etc.	*Miles.*	*Cost of road, equipment, etc.*
Maine	1,073.97	$ 41,022,713
New Hampshire	998.40	33,179,315
Vermont	939.70	45,108,722
Massachusetts	2,681.62	101,796,308
Rhode Island	246.61	8,921,895
Connecticut	1,178.14	59,001,718
New England States	7,118.44	$ 289,031,671
New York	7,615.48	463,729,887
New Jersey	2,514.40	156,324,108
Pennsylvania	6,428.05	448,222,703
Delaware	366.93	6,168,379
Maryland and Dist. of Col.	1,895.59	57,318,219
West Virginia	679.04	61,307,801
Middle States	21,372.55	$1,133,071,045
Virginia	1,718.93	74,361,222
North Carolina	1,488.96	40,019,687
South Carolina	1,481.45	39,018,955
Georgia	2,410.70	59,101,318
Florida	488.71	17,691,654
Southeastern States	7,588.75	$ 230,192,836
Alabama	2 024.80	70,895,589
Mississippi	1,141.24	43,001,792
Louisiana	657.28	30,117,002
Texas	1,827.65	67,318,901
Arkansas	804.71	43,722,718
Tennessee	1,836.80	58,319,555
Kentucky	1,519.29	63,728,513
Gulf & So'th w'st'rn States	9,783.68	$ 366,194,012
Ohio	5,496.55	261,715,927
Michigan	3,993.84	173,817,299
Indiana	4,376.05	190,807,178
Illinois	8,242.55	358,718 916
Wisconsin	2,551.90	96,311,717
Interior (East) States	24,763.29	$1,100,871,037
Minnesota	2,227.31	95,312,173
Dakota Territory	131.14	5,059,671
Iowa	4,311.43	143,319,729
Nebraska	1,896.25	53,727,833
Wyoming Territory	458.54	27,240,557
Missouri	3,521.01	141,791,312
Kansas	2,480.89	74,617,856
Colorado Territory	785.29	30,993,160
Indian Territory	379.85	17,598,329
Interior (West) States, etc.	15,638.61	$ 589,660,827
California	1,972.25	98,142,918
Nevada	654.25	53,722,719
Utah	696.51	41,398,222
Oregon	996.59	18,934,712
Washington Territory	170.70	7,956,701
Pacific Slope, States, etc.	3,790 30	$ 219,965,272

GENERAL RECAPITULATION BY SECTIONS.

Sections.	*Miles.*	*Cost of road, equipment, etc., etc.*
New England States	7,118.44	$ 289,031,671
Middle States	21,372.55	1,133,071,045
Southeastern States	7,588 75	230,192,836
Gulf and Southwest'n States	9,783.68	366,194,012
Interior (East) States	24,763.29	1,100,871,037
Interior (West) States	15,638.61	589,660,827
Pacific Slope, States, etc.	3,790.30	219,965,272
Grand total Jan. 1, 1875	90,050.62	$3,928,926,400
Grand total Jan. 1, 1874	87,386.39	3,726,413,009
Increase in 1874	2,664.23	$ 202,513,391

Of the increase of main and branch line was added by—New England, 79.08; the Middle States, 406.54; the Southeast States, 58.32; the Gulf and Southwest States, 236.40; the Interior (E.) States, 587.76; the Interior (W.) States, 138.60, and the Pacific Slope States, 296.90. Of the increase of second, etc., track, about one-half is due to the New York Central and Hudson River railroad third and fourth tracks between Albany and Rochester. The Erie, the Pennsylvania, the Philadelphia and Reading, and the Baltimore and Ohio railroads have also added largely to their auxiliary tracks, sidings, etc. The roads of the interior States have done comparatively little in this regard. The additional cost of railroads in the United States adds up $202,513,391. About two-thirds of this sum has probably been expended on new works, and the remainder in the improvement of the tracks, equipment, buildings, etc. Most of the great roads have largely relaid their tracks with steel rails. In the tables given above we make the total length of track laid down 90,050.62 miles, of which 77,206.28 miles are main and branch lines, and 13,844.34 miles second, third, and fourth tracks and sidings. The average cost of all the railroads of the United States, obtained by dividing the total cost by the sum of tracks laid, is $43,630 per mile, or if divided by the sum of all the main and branch lines only, it is $51,556 per mile.

Deceived the Dog.

If we may believe our foreign critics and commentators, Americans are fair game for artist and artisan, and very easily brought down. The latest joke against us comes from Paris by way of England and is after the style of Zeuxis, his cheat. A French animal painter, poor in every sense of the word, cast about desperately for a patron, and after total failure, happened to recall the story of the clever Z. He immediately began a deeply pathetic and tragic picture, "The death of the Poodle," and every morning took his dog into the studio, and placing the unhappy creature before the painting, administered a stout whipping. Picture finished—rich American invited to studio—dog comes in—sees "Death of Poodle"—remembers stripes—howls tumultuously—rich American strikes attitude—"Ha! deceived dog—how true, how beautiful!"—buys picture at a gorgeous price—is happy. Artist is happy! Dog is happy!—*New York Tribune.*

A WHITE marble monument has been placed over the grave of William H. Seward, in the Fort Hill Cemetery, at Auburn. It is described as an immense, finely-sculptured table, laid entirely over the tomb, raised at the head about three feet higher than the surface of the plane, in the form of a cinerary urn, twined with ivy, and surmounted with a cross wreathed with the leaves of the oak and the laurel. The face of the table bears the words, "William H. Se