## Farm, Garden and Household.

### Value of Corn Fodder.

Dr. Nicholls, in *Journal of Chemistry*, says: "The opinion we have always held upon the question of the value of green corn fodder for milch cows has been that when raised for broadcast sowing it is nearly worthless, but when sown in hills or in drills, and cultivated, with access of air and sunlight, it is of high value. During the present season we have made some experiments to test the correctness of these views. Stalks were collected from a field where the seed was sown broadcast, and also stalks growing in drills upon the same field, and they were dried in a drying closet to expel the moisture. Both specimens were planted at the same time (the 6th of May), and it was found that the broadcast sowing contained 92 per cent. of water, those from drills 83 per cent. of water. Thus it was shown that the difference of solid matter in the two was relatively as 8 to 17 per cent. The solid matter was composed of starch, gum, sugar, and woody fibre. There was almost an entire absence of sugar and gum in the stalks from the broadcast sowing, while the stalks that had grown under the influence of light and air held these nutrient principles, in considerable quantities. The stalks were collected at the period of growth just before the ear begins to form, a period when most farmers begin to cut the fodder for their cows. Our experiments upon corn fodder have afforded us important information upon other points. We find that the stalks cut before they reach a certain stage of growth are deficient in nutrient matter, and therefore it is a waste to feed them too early. The corn plant, like all other vegetable structures, has but one object or aim in its growth, and that is to produce seed. It is engaged during its whole life in storing up large quantities of starch, which is to be used when the pressing occasion arives, or the seed vessels mature, to form by some subtle, mysterious changes the rich nutrient principles which are found in seeds. As soon as this struggle is over, the corn plant, like all annuals, dies a natural death. It is not necessary for frost to strike it; it dies from simple exhaustion. The proper time to cut and feed corn-stalks is during the four or five weeks which succeed inflorescence, or in other words, they should not be cut until the flower is fairly developed, and the ear commences to form; and any corn that is so planted that the ear cannot form and mature, is practically worthless as fodder. Farmers may learn from these facts that corn designed to be cut for fodder should be planted at two or three periods during the season; some fields quiet early, others somewhat later and still others as late as is safe. In this way, when the hot, dry months of July and August are reached, and the pastures falter, a supply of fodder is secured at a proper stage of growth to afford the largest amount of nutriment.

### Feeding Grain to Farm Stock.

Grain feed to fowls is received in the "crop" or first stomach, where, mingled with small pebbles, it is soaked and ground, then passes into the second stomach and intestines, and is thoroughly digested. No grain ever passes through the body of a healthy domestic fowl in a whole, unground condition; and, therefore, it is safe to say that no great gain can be made in grinding or cooking grain for poultry.

But we know from experience that oats, corn, &c., will pass nearly a hundred feet to the small stomach and intestines of the horse and be found in the manure as whole grain. Hence careful farmers will not feed oats while their teams are preparing fields for barley, and quack, daisy and other seeds are sown by horse manure over clean fields and farms. This whole grain can be soaked and softened, or finely ground, and part of it will be absorbed as it passes along the intestines, leaving little but refuse matter in the manure. But it seems reasonable that the grain fed to a horse at one meal, and moving through the intestines measurably by itself, preceded and followed by masses of hay, on which only a small portion of the absorbents of chyle can act at once, will be of less benefit than if mixed with the whole mass of hay, so that in all portions of the bowels where hay is there is also rich grain food to be absorbed and carried into the blood. The assertion is probably true that two-thirds of the meal mixed with cut and moistened hay is better than the whole fed separately and unground. But with all ruminants or cud chewing animals this separate feeding of grain or meal is peculiarly unfortunate.

### Household Recipes.

SPINACH.—It should be cooked so as to retain its bright green color and not sent to table, as it so often is, of a dull brown or olive color; to retain its fresh appearance, do not cover the vessel while it is cooking, and when done, drain in a colander, chop fine, add a lump of butter, heat through, and serve.

BOILED PEAS.—They should be fresh when cooked, and boiled in just enough water to cover them, which should be salted, and boiling when the peas are put in. Do not cover the vessel while they are cooking, which ought not to be longer than twenty minutes, unless they are old. Drain off all the water; add a little cream and a small piece of butter.

PEA SOUP.—To every quart of unshelled peas allow two quarts of water, in which boil the empty pods half an hour; remove, strain, add one pint cold water, place over the fire, and put in two pounds of beef cut in small pieces; boil slowly one hour, and if not enough water, add some boiling hot; put in the peas, and if the meat is not desired in the soup, remove it; boil half an hour, and ten minutes before serving add two tablespoonfuls of rice flour stirred smoothly in half a teacupful of new milk; stir frequently to prevent the flour from scorching.

### How to Make Root Beer.

A good root-beer is a desirable thing in the hot days of summer, not only for slaking thirst but also because of its utility as a tonic. This is the way to make the real, old-fashioned brew: Take spruce boughs, black-birch bark, sarsaparilla, winter-green leaves, sassafras, yellow dock, and dandelion roots; boil together in a large kettle, with a handful of hops and two quarts of wheat bran, and two quarts of molasses. When boiled enough—two hours or so—strain through a sieve, cool, and add a pint of yeast. If not very sweet to the taste, add more molasses. Let it work over night, and bottle. Secure the corks tightly, and it will foam well. The same can be made in larger quantities, and put into a fifteen-gallon cask, and worked from the bung-hole for a few days, but it will not foam so well as if bottled.

### When to Cut Timber.

I cut down about half an acre of small growth of young timber, mostly hickory, from five to fourteen inches in diameter. It lay in the tree as it fell till the following winter, and spring, when I trimmed it up and chopped it into stove-wood, and put it in the wood-house. In the winter of 1871 and 1872 I burned it for common fire-wood, and have not discovered any worm-eating or powder-post as is common for wood in such circumstances. I saved a few butts for axe-handles. I split one of them the other day, and found it as withy and free from worm-eating as the day it was cut.

## A Ball in India.

There is a tale told that once at an up-country station in India a ball was given by the English troops. At the last moment lady after lady sent an excuse. Whooping-cough, measles, or what not, kept them at home, watching over their little darlings. One—the only one in the place—however, went. To her horror, she found that she was the only lady in the room. There were nearly a hundred gentlemen present, and these were crowding round, asking for the pleasure of the first dance. It was too much for her. She had only lately arrived from England. Gazing wildly about her, she burst into a flood of tears, and had to be removed.

## FRIENDSHIP IN REAL LIFE.

Mr. J. M. Francis, U. S. Minister at Athens, Greece, writes to the Troy *Times* as follows:

A few years since there lived in Bebek, a village on the Bosphorus some six miles above Constantinople, an elderly Greek gentleman named Tchelby Yorgaky. He was the possessor of some property in real estate, and a sufficient income was derived from this source to supply the moderate wants of himself and his amiable wife, leaving a balance more or less which was distributed for charitable objects. They had no children. The venerable couple were very happy in each other's society: they had few intimate associates outside. But among these was a friend of ours, an eminent American citizen, who for some time resided near their dwelling in Bebek. One day our friend was invited to spend a social evening with Mr. Yorgaky, the latter saying that if agreeable, he would on this occasion relate some facts of his family history which might possibly prove interesting as constituting a strange chapter of real life at the East. Our friend promptly accepted the invitation, as any live Yankee would have done under this stimulus to curiosity. The old gentleman's statement—and our friend vouchsafed for Yorgaky's character for truthfulness, after an intimate acquaintance with him for many years—was substantially as follows:

My father's name was Yohannis Giros. His father carried on the bakery business. At quite an early age Yohannis was employed as bread-seller at his father's stall near the Egyptian bazaar at Stamboul. There he made the acquaintance of a Turkish boy of about his own age named Ibrahim, who was employed as salesman in his father's tobacco shop close by. A remarkable friendship grew up between these two boys. All their leisure time they spent in each other's society. They indulged in sports together. They talked over plans of business by which in future years they might not be separated a single day. They would achieve fortune, and share their wealth together. These were the day dreams of Yohannis and Ibrahim. Time wore on. The boys had attained the age of 17 or 18 years. Ibrahim's father secured for his son a situation as tchiboukgi (pipe-bearer) to the Pasha of Bagdad. This was great honor for a boy in humble circumstances. But Ibrahim did not desire the place, for it would take him far away from Yohannis. Parental decision, however, was omnipotent in the case, and go he must. But before separating the boys had a long conference together. "I must go," said Ibrahim, "but I shall return to Constantinople as a pasha, and then you will share my honors and fortune." The separation of Yohannis and Ibranim was painful. When the final adieu was spoken, each pledged the other that his friendship should remain constant so long as life endured. Yohannis sorrowfully returned to his business at the bread stall; Ibrahim accompanied his master on the long journey to England.

Years passed by; Yohannis succeeded to the humble business of his father on the decease of the latter; he married, and was blessed, as the poor are so often blessed, with many children. By steady industry and strict economy, he was barely enabled to support his large family comfortably. His mind frequently dwelt upon the scenes and loves of youthful days, and the Turkish boy Ibrahim was always a central figure in these memories. A dozen years prior to this time he heard that his dear friend of boyhood's days had died, but the memory of that friend was reverently cherished by him; one so dearly loved in the fervor of youth could not be forgotten by the generous-hearted Yohannis, even amid the cares and struggles of a life of toil.

One afternoon, while partaking of his frugal meal, and surrounded by his loving family, Yohannis was startled by the appearance of a very unwelcome visitor—the chief police officer of the Sublime Porte. The official announced to Yohannis that he must accompany him immediately to the Porte. In those barbaric days such a summons meant condemnation and death, often without any assignable or known cause. Yohannis and his family were terrified; they pleaded for delay. But the officer was inexorable; Yohannis was dragged away amid the piteous cries and pleadings of his wife and children. Arrived at the Porte, the officer conducted his prisoner through a long hall with guards stationed on either side, to the door of an apartment, where at a given signal the door opened and Yohannis was at once brought face to face with the Grand Vizier.

"This is our sublime master, the grand vizier," said the officer. Yohannis immediately prostrated himself before that august personage, and commenced pleading very earnestly for his life. "Spare me, sublime master, spare me," he ejaculated: "spare me for the sake of my innocent and dependent wife and children, if not on account of my innocence of all wrong-doing. Why should I be brought here to be made the victim of the bowstring or the axe? I have been a good and peaceful subject of his majesty; I have earned bread for myself and family by honest labor; I have wronged no man. Let me go, and you shall have their blessing and my prayers in return for your mercy. If I am killed they will die, for they cannot earn bread to support life."

"You cannot go back to your business," said the grand vizier, calmly.

"Then, sir," responded Yohannis in a more resolute tone, "the blood of an innocent man and his family you are about to murder be on your garments: the avenging power of Almighty justice pursue you, sir, to the end; your crime shall not go unpunished."

"Yohannis," responded the grand vizier, "arise and answer my questions."

"Yes, sire, sublime master."

"When a boy you served as bread-seller for your father close by the Egyptian bazaar?"

"Yes, sire, and I now keep that same stall."

"You had a friend named Ibrahim, who attended his father's tobacco shop very near you?"

"Oh, yes, sire; oh, yes," answered Yohannis, nearly overcome with emotion.

"And you and Ibrahim, on parting, pledged each other to friendship for life; Ibrahim saying that he should return some day with the honors and wealth of a pasha, and he would share with you the benefits of his position?"

"Most truly you have spoken, sublime master; but this was long ago, and poor Ibrahim—I shall soon meet him in a better world than this—has been dead this many, many years."

"Ibrahim is not dead," said the grand vizier; "he lives and is in good health; he remembers Yohannis Giros; he never forgot the pledge made to him at the time they parted; and now he has the ability and determination to make good that pledge. Yohannis Giros," exclaimed his excellency, rising from his seat and extending his arms, "Yohannis Giros, behold in me your friend in boyhood, Ibrahim the tobacco-seller."

The two embraced and kissed each other; tears flowed freely. Yohannis was almost crazed by the mental reaction. He sobbed and cried like a child. The great heart of the grand vizier was filled with gladness. As soon as the emotion awakened by this exciting scene could be controlled, Ibrahim said to Yohannis:

"Now you are appointed to a responsible post; you will be my saroff (banker). You will at once receive your outfit of dress. When properly attired go hence with the attendants of my staff to your home and tell the good news to your wife and children. The horse and equipage suitable to your rank are ready for you. You will at once be provided with all the means required to place your family in a position becoming the dignity of your situation. Attend to these duties to your family first of all; close up your little business, and then report to me for duty. Yohannis and Ibrahim are reunited; the pledge of boyhood is fulfilled. Great is the 'Lord God, and Mahomet is His prophet."

Yohannis was then arrayed in the glittering uniform of his rank; a beautiful Arabian charger handsomely caparisoned was furnished him, and with personal servants and a guard of honor he rode rapidly to his humble dwelling in Stamboul, having been absent little more than two hours. The family could scarcely credit their own senses when Yohannis reappeared so wonderfully changed externally, and with his retinue of attendants. They were overcome with joy. The scene can be better imagined than described. From that day forth they enjoyed happiness and prosperity.

Ibrahim's course had been this: From the humble position of tchiboukgi (or pipe-bearer) so the Pasha of Bagdad he was successively promised to be clerk, secretary, and Keyha Bey; then as Pasha, subsequently as Pasha of Bagdad, succeeding his former master; then as Pasha of Aleppo, and finally, in recognition of his great ability and successful administration of affairs, he was appointed by the Sultan as Grand Vizier of the Turkish Empire.

"And this," said the old gentleman to my friend at Bebek, "is the true story about my father, which I promised to tell you, and which, I think, presents an example of sublime fidelity in friendship. As I bless the memory of my noble father, so also do I bless the memory of his benefactor and friend, the true-hearted Turk Ibrahim, once the boy tobacco-seller at Stamboul."

I have given this narrative as related to me, without embellishment. The property owned by Tchelby Yorgaky at Bebeck was inherited by him from his father, and the latter became its possessor from that pledge in boyhood exchanged between Yohannis and Ibrahim.

## Simple Acts of Life.

We have but to observe human action as it meets us at every turn to see that the average intelligence, incapable of guiding conduct even in simple matters where but a very moderate reach of reason would suffice, must fail in apprehending with due clearness the natural sanction of ethical principles. The unthinkidg inspititude with which even the routine of life is carried on by the mass of men shows clearly that they have nothing like the insight required for self-guidance in the absence of an authoritative code of conduct. Take a day's experience and observe the lack of thought indicated from hour to hour.

You rise in the morning, and, while dressing, take a phial containing a tonic, of which a little has been prescribed for you; but after the first few drops have been counted succeeding drops run down the side of the phial—all because the lip is shaped without regard to the requirement. Yet millions of such pqials are annually made by glass-makers and sent out by thousands of druggists; so small being the amount of sense brought to bear on business. Now, turning to the looking-glass, you find that, if not of the best make, it fails to preserve the attitude in which you put it; or, if what is called a "box" looking-glass, you see that the maintenance of its position is insured by an expensive appliance that would have been superfluous had a little reason been used. Were the adjustment such that the centre of gravity of the glass came in the line joining the points to support (which would be quite as easy an adjustment), the glass would remain steady in whatever attitude you gave it. Yet year after year tens of thousands of looking-glasses are made without regard to so simple a need. Presently you go down to breakfast, and taking some Harvey or other sauce with your fish find the bottle has a defect like that which you found in the phial—it is sticky from the drops which trickle down, and occasionally stain the table-cloth. Here are other groups of traders similarly so economical of thought that they do nothing to rectify this inconvenience.

Having breakfasted, you take up the paper, and, before sitting down, wish to put some coal on the fire. But the lump you seize with the tongs slips out of them, and if large, you make several attempts before you succeed in lifting it—all because the ends of the tongs are smooth. Makers and venders of fire-irons go on, generation after generation, without meeting this evil by the simple remedy of giving to these smooth ends some projecting points, or even roughening them by a few burrs with a chisel. Having at length grasped the lump and put it on the fire, you begin to read; but before you have got through the first column, you are reminded by the changes of position which your sensations prompt that men still fail to make easy chairs. And yet the guiding principle is simple enough. Just that advantage, secured by using a soft seat in place of a hard one—the advantage, namely, of spreading over a large area the pressure of the weight to be borne, and so making the pressure less intense at any one point—is an advantage to be sought in the form of the chair. Ease is to be gained by making the shapes and relative inclination of seat and back such as will evenly distribute the weight of the trunk and limbs over the widest possible supporting surface, and with the least straining of the parts out of their natural attitudes. And yet only now, after these thousands of years of civilization, are there being reached (and that not rationally but empirically) approximations to the structure required. —*Herbert Spencer in The Popular Science Monthly.*

## A Mysterious Noise.

A correspondent recently heard a succession of strange, crackling noises out of doors at night, and had great difficulty in finding the cause. The sound came from some fallen walnut tree leaves, and he naturally expected to find that some species of insect caused the leaves to rustle.

"At the next spot where I examined, I closely watched the *modus operandi*, and saw the dry, brown leaves gradually curling open, moving like little automata; one opening would touch another, and that in turn rolled open, with the peculiar rustling sound that had at first attracted my attention. But there was nowrm there. What then was the power that carried on this general movement? Upon mediating a little, the truth flashed upon me; it was simply that the day had been remarkably warm for an April day, and the heat of the sun had warped the leaves, curling them up like a voluta; but as the sun set, the northeast wind had blown the clouds and moisture from the Atlantic, and, coming in contact with the dry leaves, had caused them to uncurl. Thinking that some motion would accelerate their movement, I stamped upon the ground, and immediately the whole garden seemed alive with motion. The occurrence seems of small account, but it illustrates in a perfectly natural way the force and effects of variations in temperature."

POLITICS IN MINNESOTA.—The Republican State Convention of Minnesota nominated C. R. Davis as candidate for Governor. Resolutions were adopted favoring cheap transportation, according to capital in railroads the right of reasonable remuneration, but opposing unjust discriminations and all arbitrary and improper use of the growing power of railroad and other corporations. The fourth resolution says that no rights should be vested in railroad corporations beyond the control of future legislatures. The fifth resolution heartily applauds the active measures of Congress in ferreting out and exposing corruption, and demands pure official conduct and the punishment of unfaithful public men. The sixth resolution condemns without reserve the salary and back-pay motion, and demands the prompt repeal of the law authorizing it.

A LUCKY WOMAN.—A lady in Lynn, Mass., last week sold a bag of rags to a peddler. She was perfectly well satisfied with her bargain until she remembered that in order to guard against thieves and robbers she had secreted in the bag two bank books, notes, and so forth, to the value of about $4,000. But considering how careless she had been, she was luckier than she deserved to be; for with all the energy and acuteness of despair, she sought for that peddler, and found him in Salem, and recovered her treasure.

## The Asiatic Cholera.

### The First Signs of its Appearance.

A physician gives the following as the manner in which the cholera makes its approach upon its victims:—

MALIGNANT CHOLERA.

Usually preceded by a simple painless diarrhœa, lasting from a few hours to two or three days. If sudden, commencing with a very profuse discharge from bowels, with or without vomiting, accompanied by severe pain down the thighs and almost instantaneous exhaustion.

Discharges—after the first—consist of a watery or turbid fluid, containing numerous small white rice-like particles. With a peculiar alkaline odor, but nearly or quite free from fæcal smell, and devoid of bile.

Prostration and lowering of temperature very rapid, and bearing no relation to the frequency of the discharges.

Surface temperature lowered from 4 degrees to 8 degrees, or more, but internal heat increased. Subjective sensation of oppression.

Cramps usually beginning in fingers and toes, extending to the arms, legs, &c.

Expired air deficient in carbonic acid early in disease.

Urine suppressed early.

Purple asphyxiated hue of lips, extremities and often of entire body, from intense engorgement of venous system and absolute lack of oxygenation of the blood, with suffocative difficulty of breathing.

Indifference and apathy; the mental faculties, however, commonly remaining clear; excessive wakefulness.

The "faceas cholerica"—once seen, not easily forgotten—the features pinched and corpse-like; the eyes encircled by a dark purple band; the cornea flattened; the arteries in the neck pulseless.

SPORADIC CHOLERA.

Attack sudden, or occasionally preceded by some nausea, colic pains, and intestinal rumbling. Commences with almost incessant simultaneous vomiting and purging, the pain being of a griping nature.

Discharges at first the usual contents of stomach and bowels, afterwards becoming greenish or yellowish. If protracted, may be colorless, or even present some floating shreds. Very offensive, and so strongly impregnated with bile as to cause scalding and smarting in their passage.

Prostration and lowering of temperature progressive, and resulting from the exhausting drain of the discharges.

Surface temperature not so much depressed, and internal heat not above normal standard. Patient usually complains of chilliness.

Cramps commonly limited to abdomen and legs.

Expired air natural until death impends.

Urine rarely suppressed, unless in extreme collapse.

Pallor of exhaustion: sometimes a livid look, but never the peculiar blueness of true cholera; difficulty of breathing less marked, and proceeding from weakness rather than asphyxia.

Usually, much anxiety; the mind, in fatal cases, oftenest becoming clouded towards the end. Most frequently, sleepiness from exhaustion.

In collapse, the features are pinched and the whole eyeball appears sunken; but the flattening of the cornea is absent, and the characteristic aspect of true cholera is wanting.

## Agriculture vs. Manufactures.

### Some Figures from the United States Census Report.

The census report of the United States says that there are 12,505,923 persons engaged in all pursuits in this country. Of these, 5,922,471 are engaged in agriculture, and 2,707,421 engaged in manufactures. Of the agriculturists, 2,977,711 are classed as farmers, and are to be taken as the proprietary class, though unquestionably nine-tenths of them work with their own hands, and as hard or harder than their own laborers, who number 2,885,996. That is to say, in other words, the farmers employ a fraction less than one hand each, in spite of the fact that the average of farms is 158 acres each. The number of farms is 2,659,985, and the average horse-power required to work each farm of that size would be nearly five, or say 10,000,000 in all. The census shows that there are 9,590,956 horses, mules, and working oxen employed in agriculture. Six farmers and farm laborers therefore are all that are allowed to serve each ten-horse power employed in agriculture. Of the 2,707,421 engaged in manufactures, on the other hand, there are 2,053,996 who draw wages as laborers, while at least two-thirds of the remaining 653,425, the entire proprietary class in manufactures, must be presumed to work with their own hands. The census returns 42,877 persons under the style of "manufacturers," the rest being chiefly bosses of small trades and establishments, who contribute their own labor to the sum of the gross product, without claiming deduction for their own share of wages. These 2,707,421 manufacturing persons only tend 2,346,142 horse-power, and that, too, as machinery in a much more available shape than that of the farmers.

The farming class has a gross product of $2,447,538,658. Of this one-third goes to the keep and feed of the $1,525,276,457 worth of stock which the farmers must maintain, and to the repair of their $336,878,429 worth of machinery, while $310,286,285 is paid in wages. It hence follows that the 2,971,711 farmers of the country divide among themselves a profit of about $400 per capita, with no allowance made for their own labor, which is more than half the total labor bestowed upon their farms. This, upon the capital invested in farms, stock, &c., ($11,134,955,747), is an interest of about 1¼ per cent.

The manufacturing class has a gross product of $4,232,325,442. From this is to be deducted the cost of materials used, valued at $2,488,427,242, and the $775,584,343 of wages paid, leaving $968,313,857 to be divided in the shape of profits among the 653,425 persons in manufactures who do not receive wages. This is a net profit of $1,466 per capita, or over 45 per cent. upon the gross capital of $2,118,208,769 employed in manufactures. The manufacturer pays his employe an average annual wage of of $330, or three times what the agriculturist pays is laborer.

## An Excellent Move.

The Germans of Cincinnati recently let loose fifteen hundred birds in the suburbs of that city, which they had brought over from Germany. The object is to introduce some of the most beautiful songsters, and some of the most beautiful of plumage, of Germany, into our country, in the hope that they may increase and multiply till they fill our fields and forests with beautiful songsters and insect destroying birds. Among the birds imported are the blackbird (a singer), thrush, goldenfinch (very beautiful and a sweet singer), green bird, bullfinch (easily tamed and trained), redbreast, starling (a fine singer), lark (like the famous English lark), green-finch, gold-finch, and knot-pecker. The society propose to make another importation the present year twice as large as this one, when they will bring over the wagtail, magpie, hedge sparrow, titmouse, nightingale, redtail, German quail (a singer), and fence sparrow, with such others as may be worth bringing.

## How it Feels to Freeze.

One who knows tells how pleasant it is to freeze to death in Minnesota. He says the bitter cold does not chill and shake a person as in damper climates. It stealthily creeps within all defences, and nips at the bone without warning. Riding along with busy thoughts, a quiet, pleasurable drowsiness takes possession of the body, and, in mind, the fences grow indistinct, the thoughts wander, weird fancies come trooping about with fantastic forms, the memory fails, and, in a confused dream of wife and home, the soul steps out into oblivion without a pang of regret.

## Something of a Romance.

### A Story of a Life Time.

In the City of Portland, Me., in the memorable martial year of 1861, a respectable merchant was moved to grave anxiety by his only daughter's infatuation with a masculine admirer, of whose antecedents and character it was very difficult for her or her family to gain any definite knowledge. She had been introduced to him in a mixed company, on some semi-public occasion, by an acquaintance knowing him only slightly and by name; his first subsequent call upon her at her home had been without formal invitation; and, indeed, his forwardness in improving the introduction would have been resented by the young lady herself but for her immediate "strong liking" as the phrase is, for the man. He was handsome and gentlemanly; and, beyond this, had what she persisted in regarding as a face to be implicitly trusted. Her parents—and her father, particularly—refused to accept this latter characteristic in lieu of all other ordinary guarantees of social trustworthiness; and, after expostulating vainly with her against encouraging an acquaintance with a visitor of whose origin and avocation no one in town seemed able to give any satisfactory information, took renewed pains to ascertain what manner of person their daughter's suspicious admirer really was. Little by little came the discovery that he lived, in a covert way, by his wits. A friend of the merchant's was sure that he had once seen him coming out of a gaming-house; another, who boarded in the same house with him, reported that he kept strange hours. In short, the father gathered enough information of this kind to feel justified in assuring his daughter that her now devoted caller was not a respectable character, and declaring that he must come to the house no more. The parental fault had been in allowing the acquaintance to go on even thus far under matter of such doubt, and its penalty was shown in the girl's resolute refusal to believe anything against her hero. He had a face, she persisted in saying, that refuted every calumny upon his honor, and any one who knew the first thing about physiognomy would say that such a frank, honest countenance could not belong to a bad man. Parental authority, refusing to be moved by this argument, and continuing its ban against the lover, the infatuated damsel capped the climax of her filial disobedience at last by a clandestine marriage and elopement with the object of her incorrigible faith. They were traced to the parsonage where the matrimonial knot had been tied, and from thence had disappeared from the city. Never having anticipated such a result as this, the deserted parents were overwhelmed with grief and fearful apprehension, and lost all heart for the future. The mother, who had been an invalid for some time, died under the shock; and the father, at this accumulation of misfortunes, sank into a lethargy from which he rallied only to find himself a bankrupt. Thus were family and fortune both broken up in a brief time by a thankless child's disloyalty and wilfulness. Then the ruined merchant, too, disappeared from Portland with what little he could save from the wreck of his old home, and the story travels with him to California, whether he wandered desolately, in the hope of distracting his thoughts from the past, and seeking a lonely livelihood. Too old and worn to contend successfully for a new career anywhere, his business experiences on the Pacific side of the continent were but a series of feeble failures, until a day about five years ago found him the keeper of a small candy-stand on Washington street, near the old post-office, in San Francisco. Every day since then, says the *Post* of the latter city, which now takes up the tale, no matter how heavily the winter rain came down, or the gusty summer winds swept down from Telegraph Hill, the old man has appeared at his humble stand and sold cheap sweets to to passing children until the occurrence of incidents now to be mentioned. Amongst his little customers there came one day, about a week ago, a bright-eyed, neatly dressed lad, apparently in his ninth or tenth year, who bought candy to his taste and seemed greatly pleased at its cheapness. Well he might have been, too, for the poor, old, shabby, generally crabbed vender, had seen that in the boyish face which impelled him to tempt the little fellow to come again. And never doubt that the temptation was successful. The boy came day after day for his bargain in confectionery, and always his face was studied by the old man with a strange kind of wistfulness. At last there was a confidence between the two, and the elder asked and was told the youngster's name. "I thought I knew that countenance!" exclaimed the white-haired candy-man, with a curious expression of face; and, requesting a neighboring merchant of the curb to take supervision of his stand for a few moments, he told the boy that he would accompany him to his mother's house. "The youth," continued the San Francisco paper, "surprised, perhaps, at this notification, but nothing loath to oblige his old friend, led the way to a fine mansion on Bryant street, where a richly dressed, handsome lady appeared at his cry and immediately fell sobbing upon the neck of the candy-man, calling him 'Father!'" Thus, after ten years, the ex-merchant of Portland met his undutiful, runaway daughter again, having been led to such reunion by her son's inheritance of his father's face. The story to be told, with many pentential tears, by the lady was a follows: Her husband, the owner of such a memorable countenance, was really a gambler when she married him, though rather through discouraging misadventure in preceding worthier calling than by vicious natural taste. After their marriage, however, and flight to California, he resolutely renounced the green table and all its surroundings and bravely applied himself to legitimate business in an humble grade. Very poor and hardly pressed at first, he presently gained opportunity for a small investment in mining stocks; and this succeeding, was able to establish himself on Montgomery street as a broker. Fortune favored him at every turn, and he is now a rich, highly honored citizen of the Pacific metropolis. When their position was sufficiently assured to give them confidence the young wife wrote a very penitent letter to her parents Maine, begging their forgiveness of her unfilial disregard of their commands, and pleading in extenuation thereof the manner in which her her husband's physiognomy had justified her seemingly infatuated trust in it. The letter was returned to her by the Portland postmaster with a curt note announcing her mother's death and her father's bankruptcy and disappearance, and from that time until the meeting recorded above she suffered an agony of self-reproach which not even her father's restoration to her is likely to abate altogether. That her father never returned to his candy-stand may be readily inferred, and that his reconciliation with her husband includes future ease and plenty for him is only accordant with the commonest justice of human nature; but the general story does not leave a wholly pleasant impression, save as the reader may be able to abstract his mind from its imperfect moral compensation, and dwell only upon its physiognomic suggestions.

## Singular Cause of Fire.

A singular, but not unprecedented, cause of fire in a dwelling-house in Connecticut is thus referred to by a correspondent of the Hartford *Times*: "The residence of Hon. Addison O. Mills, of Canton, narrowly escaped destruction by fire on the afternoon of Sunday, from the following curious circumstance: Several new tin milk-pans were lying on a bench on the southwest side of the kitchen, and the reflection from the sun actually caused the ceiling to take fire about five or six feet above them. The fire burned from thence up to the eaves of the building, through the boards, and deeply charred a post of the house back of the boards, when it was discovered and extinguished. The next day, about the same time, the reflection was again noticed by the bright light, and the pans were removed before the boards had ignited again. The boards were painted red, which may account for the ignition.

## A Bold Robbery.

### A Train Thrown From the Track and Robbed by Armed Men.

The express train on the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railroad bound east, was thrown from the track about 7 o'clock, attacked and robbed, and the engineer killed. It occurred about four miles west of Adair Summit, between the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers, and some sixty miles west of Des Moines. The spot selected was favorable for the deed, their being no habitation within several miles, and none in sight, and withal it was at a sharp curve.

The robbers, who were all but one masked, had removed the plates connecting one rail with those next to it, and putting a rope through the holes in one end, awaited the coming train. When the train was within two rods of the place, the rope was pulled, and the rail was thrown across the track. Simultaneously several shots were fired in quick succession. The engineer saw the displaced rail and reversed his engine and applied the air-brakes, which was his last act. Engine, tender, and two baggage-cars were thrown into and across the ditch, and the forward trucks of the first passenger coach were thrown from the track. At once two of the scoundrels, one unmasked, attacked the express car, compelled the messenger to give up the keys by holding revolvers at their heads, and took from the safe nearly $1,700 and one sealed bag of Wells, Fargo & Co.'s, amount not known. Pistols were also held at the head of the registry clerk and Mr. Rice, Assistant Superintendent of the road, who was also in the car, and had hardly recovered from the shock of the concussion when the robbers entered.

The engineer, John Rafferty, was found with his neck broken, caused by falling at the time of the crash. He was also wounded by a pistol shot in the thigh. At first it was supposed he was shot dead, but this proves not to have been true. Dennis Fahy, the fireman, when the concussion was over, found himself lying on the floor of the cab unhurt, with the dead body of the engineer on top of him. Dragging the dead body on the track, he started to alarm the others on the train, but was compelled to turn back by the robbers. Putting out the furnace fire, he let the water out of the boiler, thus avoiding an explosion. No others on the train were injured, but several were fired at. The conductor, Mr. William Smith, had two bullets sent through his clothing.

While the robbery was going on the passenger-coaches were guarded by the remaining robbers, so that no aid could be afforded from that source. At the first shock the passengers were thrown forward, and after the recoil many started forward to the scene of the wreck, but were driven back by threats, mingled with oaths and occasional shots. The passengers, however, were not otherwise maltreated, the robbers confining themselves entirely to the mail and express car.

Fortunately the through registered letter package from San Francisco to New York was unnoticed by the thieves, while three and a half tons of bullion express matter were undisturbed. As soon as they were satisfied the thieves jumped from the car, mounted and rode away southward, less than ten minutes from the time of the attack.

As soon as word could be got to Chicago the company offered a reward of $5,000 for the discovery of the robbers. To this the Government will add the highest amount allowed by law. The whole southwestern part of the State is aroused, and the line of the Burlington and Missouri Road is heavily guarded. Special trains with armed men left Council Bluffs last evening in parallel lines to intercept the robbers, and a large scouting party left Atlantic, some fifteen miles south of the disaster. Five miles south of the spot, the trail of five horsemen has been struck, and followed to Nodaway River, some thirty-eight miles southward. A full description of the horses, it is believed, has been obtained, and it is thought the robbers can hardly escape. The general opinion is, that they are a set of Missouri guerrillas, similar to those who robbed a bank at Corydon some two or three years ago.

## Waste no Time.

After allowing yourself proper time for rest, don't live a single hour of your life without doing exactly what is to be done in it, and going straight through it from beginning to end. Work, play, study, whatever it is—take hold at once and finish it up squarely and clearly; then to the next thing, without letting any moments drop out between. It is wonderful to see how many hours these prompt people contrive to make of a day; it is as if they picked up the moments that the dawdlers lost. And if ever you find yourself wher you have so many things pressing upon you that you hardly know how to begin, let me tell you a secret. Take hold of the very first one that comes to hand, and you will find the rest all fall into file, and follow after like a company of well-drilled soldiers; and though work may be hard to meet when it charges in a squad, it is easily vanquished if you can bring it into line.

INGENIOUS.—An ingenious contrivance was introduced to get the whaling vessels over the bar and into the harbor of Nantucket. The *camels*, as they were called, were two immense caissons which were placed on either side of the whaler, with three great iron chains passing under its hull. From these caissons the water was then pumped until the vessel rose sufficiently out of water to escape the bottom of the bar.


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