FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Domestic Hints.

EXCELLENT POUND CAKE.—One pound sugar, half pound butter, eight eggs, ten ounces flour before it is sifted, nutmeg or mace as desired.

OAT MEAL.—Take one pint of oat meal, and just warm water enough to stir up a batter like griddle cakes. Pour it into a shallow pan and bake for twenty minutes in a hot oven. Or add a handful of wheat flour and a little water and bake as griddle cakes.

PLAIN SUET PUDDING.—Take one pound and a half of common flour, half a pound of beef suet chopped very fine, two eggs well beaten, one pint of new milk; mix. Have ready a bowl well greased; put in your pudding; tie down with a cloth; boil steadily for two hours. Grated lemon peel improves it.

QUINCE JELLY.—Slice the quinces without either paring or coring. Put them into a preserving kettle and just cover with water; put over the fire and boil until soft. Remove from the stove and strain off the liquor. To every gallon allow four pounds of white sugar, and boil very fast until it becomes a stiff jelly.

CRAB APPLE JELLY.—Cut out the eyes and stalks of the apples, halve them, and put in a preserving kettle, with enough water to prevent burning; cook until soft; then strain through a sieve, and afterward through a muslin bag; to every pound of liquor put one pound and a quarter of sugar; boil gently for twenty minutes.

ICED APPLES.—Pare and core one dozen large apples; fill with sugar mixed with a little butter and cinnamon or nutmeg; bake till nearly done. Cool, and, if possible, without breaking, put the apples on another dish. If not possible pour off the juice; have some icing prepared; lay it on the top and sides and set into the oven a few minutes to brown slightly. Serve with cream.

TO CAN TOMATOES.—Scald them so that the skin will peel off readily, and cut them up in a colander to drain, removing all hard and inedible portions. Boil them in a porcelain or brass kettle till done, which will be in about five minutes from the time they begin to boil. Then dip them into cans and seal immediately. The liquor which has drained off may be spiced and boiled down to catsup.

GRAPE JELLY.—Pick the grapes from the stems, simmer them till soft in just water enough to cover them, pour into a jelly bag and drain. Measure the clear liquor, pour it back into the kettle and boil twenty minutes, skimming constantly. Then add for every pint of juice, as measured, a pound of white sugar, and boil till it is hard when cold. Heat the glasses and pour it into them while hot. Cover with egg paper.

MINCEMEAT WITH TOMATOES.—Take cold roast or boiled meat and chop it fine with about an equal quantity of ripe tomatoes, season with an even teaspoonful of pepper, a heaping teaspoonful of salt; spread a layer of bread or cracker crumbs in a pudding dish, put in the mincemeat and tomatoes, spread a thick layer of bread crumbs on the top with a little butter, and pour over a teacupful of water. Bake it one hour and you will have a delicious dish. Cold gravy mixed with warm water, or a cupful of stock, are nicer for moistening than water. Butter enough should be used to make the top brown, like escalloped oysters.

GRAPE JAM.—Seven pounds of grapes and three and one-half of sugar. Steam the grapes, weigh, and then wash them, put in a kettle with about a pint of water, over a moderate fire, stirring occasionally to prevent burning; in forty or fifty minutes, or less, the seeds will slip from the skins; then rub through a collander, and return to the kettle with the sugar. Boil from one to two hours, according as it thickens; stirring it all the while or it will burn. If it is desired to make a sauce for cold meats, etc., to this quantity add two tablespoonfuls of cinnamon, one cloves, and one-half pint of vinegar just on taking from the fire. Any kind of grapes will do, wild, cultivated or green.

MIXED PICKLES.—To one gallon of vinegar put four ounces of bruised ginger, two ounces of white pepper, two of allspice, two of chilis, four of turmeric, one pound of mustard seed, one-half pound of shalots, one ounce of garlic, and one-half pound of coarse salt. Boil all together except the mustard seed, which must be added afterward. Then mix very smoothly one-quarter of a pound of made mustard with some of the vinegar, when cold, in a basin, and add to it the remainder with the seed. Take broccoli, radish pods, French beans, or any other vegetables or fruit; blanch the vegetables, lay them on a sieve, and sprinkle a little salt over them to draw out the water. Let them stand in the sun till very dry, then pour the vinegar boiling over them, slicing in some horseradish if desired. Add green and red peppers until the pickles are hot enough to suit the taste.

Thrashing and Cleaning Wheat.

Good clean wheat, without cracked or cut kernels in it, will always sell more readily, and at a better price, than wheat foul with weeds, seeds and chaff, and full of cut or bruised grain.

Thrashers are apt to manage in a way to secure their own interest, rather than of the owner of the grain, by rushing the work so as to put through a large amount of grain, and increase the average profits of their labors. The farmer who has raised a good crop of plump wheat has only himself to blame if he allows the thrashing machine to do the work in an unworkmanlike manner. The most of the thrashing is done by men who own the machines, and go about from farm to farm, thrashing by the bushel, so that the more grain is put through the machine in a day the greater will be the profits, and are apt to act on this principle by crowding their machines to their greatest capacity.

With careful management on the part of the machine men, a great saving may be made to the farmer, and satisfactory results to themselves; for, with the improved machinery, which has been brought almost to perfection during the last few years, the work may be done well and rapidly enough to satisfy the ambition of the thrasher, or the economizing spirit of the farmer. As the machine hands with it a large gang of men and horses to pay and feed, the farmer naturally feels some as the owner of the machine does, that he would like to get through with the job as soon as possible. So, while the injury may be on both sides, the loss from the slighted work all comes off the farmer. Grain may be and often is wasted in the cutting and handling, but the greatest waste is in the single operation of thrashing, often without anybody's knowing it, or stopping to think about it. Insist on saving all the grain possible, and have the work done well.

Barring the danger of fire, steam is the most economical power for thrashing purposes, giving a more steady speed to the machine; so if the grain is fed through at an even rate there is no danger of the grain being blown through with the chaff at the moments of high speed. Besides, it is decided cruelty to animals to press horses into a succession of full days' work running the thrashing machine, during midsummer, while the days are long, the heat oppressive, and flies inflict their severest punishment. Give the horses all the protection they can have from the flies, and the machinery will be less liable to be broken and the grain wasted by an irregular motion.

As the straw has now become a matter of great importance, it should be put upon the stack over a carrier. In this way the chaff and whatever grain which would otherwise be wasted, by being left scattered upon the ground on account of its fineness, the pitchers not being able to put it upon the stack with the use of their forks, would be saved.

Questions and Answers.

How can evergreens be made to grow stocky?

By nipping the tip ends.

How prevent mildew on grapes?

Sprinkle them with sulphur.

What process is required to make good onion "sets" for next spring?

Sow onion seed now, thickly; allow them to get to the size of peas, then pull and dry them, and they will make fine "sets."

Thick or thin planting, which, for hedges?

Thick versus thin planting is the subject of many a controversy. An Iowa correspondent advocates thick planting. He says twenty thousand plants per mile of Osage orange is his rule for an Osage hedge.

Will smoke injure grapevines?

A paper read before the French academy of sciences recently asserted that vineyards in close proximity to limekilns are often badly injured from the smoke, and that in some instances the fruit becomes, in consequence, impregnated with noxious odors to such a degree as to unfit it for wine. The smoke from brickkilns has, according to other authorities, proved disastrous to grapevines.

What is a good remedy for hoof-bound horses?

Strong brine applied three times a day is recommended for foundered or hoof-bound horses. Wash the legs and pour upon the bottom of the feet.

A correspondent who believes in liquid manures for small gardens wanted to know how to avoid the unpleasant odor that comes from the liquid manure.

Scatter a little plaster (gypsum) in and about the tank or barrels which contain it.

To Cure Butter for Winter Use.

Reduce separately to fine powder in a dry mortar two pounds of the best and whitest common salt, one pound of saltpeter, and one pound of white sugar. Sift these ingredients, and then blend them well. Put the whole in a close covered jar, to be used as required. One ounce of this composition to be added to every pound of butter, just as you take it from the churn, sprinkling and working it in the same manner as usually with the salt alone. Observe, however, in the first place, to work the butter until entirely freed from milk; then weigh it, and to every pound of butter add one ounce of this composition. Butter thus cured must be kept three or four weeks before it is fit for use.

To Dry Sweet Corn.

When the corn has become best for table use, remove all husks and silk. With a sharp knife cut just the ends of the kernels off, and with a knife scrape the milk and balance of the corn, leaving the hull on the cob. Now put the corn in pie tins, or on plates an inch thick, and place in the oven and just scald the milk; then place in the sun or any warm place to dry. When wanted for use, put in warm water and let soak some time, and cook slowly. When done add a little sweet milk, a small piece of butter, salt and pepper to taste.

Shoeing Vicious Horses.

A horse, no matter how vicious and obstinate he may be when attempts are made to shoe him, can be rendered quiet and manageable by making him inspire during the operation a few grains of the ethereal oil of parsley dropped on a handkerchief. A large number of trials of this substance have been made with the most troublesome and violent animals, and in every case with perfect success.

Flogging a Garroter in England.

A prisoner named William Leonard, who was convicted of a highway robbery with violence from a young lady, received recently in Newgate the first installment of the forty lashes awarded him. The prisoner had been previously flogged in 1870 for a similar offense, and the present is said to be almost the only instance in which the punishment of the cat has not proved effectual in preventing the offender from repeating acts of violence; and Mr. Commissioner Kerr, having regard to this fact and to the prisoner's previous bad character, sentenced him to undergo two separate floggings of twenty lashes each at an interval of one month, and then to be kept in penal servitude for seven years. The prisoner, who is stated to greatly dread the punishment, and frequently appealed to the governor to relieve him from it, representing that he was ill and unable to bear the flogging. Dr. Gibson, the medical officer of the prison, was consulted, but he could find no reason in the condition of the prisoner to justify any remission of the punishment. The moment he was brought into the room where the punishment was to be inflicted, the reporter says, he began howling and appealing to Mr. Smith and Dr. Gibson to have mercy upon him, and it was with some difficulty that he was fixed to the whipping block. At the first stroke he shrieked for mercy, and urged the warden who was administering the punishment not to give it to him too hard. He continued shrieking and crying all the time the punishment was being inflicted, and when it was completed he pretended to faint, and he was taken back to his cell.

A State's Valuation.

The valuations of New York State reaches an aggregate of $2,466,267,273, an increase over the aggregate of the equalization board last year of $98,487,171. The increase last year over the year previous exceeded $198,000,000. The valuation in New York city is rated by the local assessors as follows:

Real estate	$883,643,548
Personal property	217,300,151
Total	$1,103,943,699

The State assessors, in equalizing the valuation among the counties, have added $102,243,377 to New York's quota, making her total $1,203,187,076, which is, however, a decrease upon an equalized valuation of last year of $2,344,504. The total taxation upon the valuation throughout the State, at the rate established by the Legislature last year of 3 11-24 mills, will be $7,511,870, of which New York city will pay something over four millions.

The Pressure of Sunlight.

Professor Clerk Maxwell says: The mean energy in one cubic foot of sunlight is about 0.0000000882 of a foot-pound, and the mean pressure on a square foot is 0.0000000882 of a pound weight. A flat body exposed to sunlight would experience this pressure on its illuminated side only, and would therefore be repelled from the side upon which the light falls. Calculated out, this gives the pressure of sunlight equal to about two and a half pounds per square mile. Between the two and a half pounds deducted from calculation and the fifty-seven tons obtained from experiment, the difference is great, but no greater than is often the case between theory and experiment.

Saving the Gas.

The idea of saving gas is getting to be little less than a mania with some of our city officials.

"What are you coming home at this hour for?" asked the wife of one, as he came stumbling in at six o'clock, the morning after a torchlight reception.

"Caush, my dear," was his naive reply, "I di'n' want to come in the ni', but wait 'til morn'—ter save 'er gas, you shee."

She couldn't see it in that light, and told him so as she led him into the house by the ear.

A BAD SON.—Several years ago a wealthy citizen of Boston bought one of the finest lots in Forest Hills cemetery, and inclosed it with granite curbing and steps leading to the entrance. Upon dying his body was interred in the lot, which, with the general estate, became the property of an only son. This son became addicted to gambling, and in a short time his wealth disappeared. Finally, he sold the burial lot to a stranger, and caused the bones of his father to be removed to one of the $25 single graves.

VERY "FUNNY."—When the drop fell at the quadruple hanging at Fort Smith, Ark., a few days ago, a large bulldog which was lying under the scaffold sprung at the bodies as they came through the door, and with difficulty could be removed. A local paper, referring to this incident, says that the spectators laughed, and "a ludicrous scene, for a few moments, followed."

The Philosophy of It.

Why do I love you? I don't know!
They say love never gives a reason;
But that he has one I don't doubt,
Do you? You do! That's downright treason.

Not always, let me tell you, sir,
Love practiced such excess of prudence;
'Twas once his custom to explain
The why and wherefore to his students.

And how to solve each puzzling case
He taught by rule and illustrations;
But skeptics, such as you, have made
Love shy of giving demonstrations.

Why foolish mortals love at all,
Why we two hold each other dearest;
How long 'twill last, and where 'twill end,
You'd like to know, you precious querist?

You never will! I'll tell you that,
Yet still maintain my first assertion;
Love understands what he's about,
And blinds you, first, for his diversion.

Ah, why I love you! If I knew,
I would not tell you—no, no, never!
For souls like yours were made to seek,
And mine to hide, you see, forever.

There's little, sir, you don't find out,
But since that little makes life pleasant,
I think I'll keep it secret still,
And so keep you, too, for the present.

JOHN CONROY'S LUCK.

In the year 1849, John Conroy, who had been admitted to the bar in the State of Massachusetts, finding that his native town was pretty well stocked with lawyers, made up his mind that he would leave his home and seek his fortune in the South. He was a young man of good talents and great industry, but, being poor, had not the means to sustain himself until he could acquire a reputation in the profession that would yield him a requisite income. He therefore gathered his little store of money, and set out one cold winter day to seek some place to locate on the Mississippi river. At least, such was his intention.

The most trifling circumstances, he remarked, frequently turn one's destiny for good or evil. I had spent some little time in most of the towns along the Mississippi, and finding nothing that seemed to justify a young lawyer of Northern birth in living there, I finally arrived at Columbus, Tennessee, just eight months after I had left my home. 'Twas here I met a gentleman who gave me a letter of introduction to a lawyer residing in Hickman, Kentucky, who he thought could assist me in my efforts to become established.

It was a bright morning that I mounted my horse, and with my letter safely stowed away in my saddle bags, set out on my journey. I had ridden until late in the afternoon, and was somewhat weary when the roofs of a small village, situated about a mile in advance of me, came invitingly before my vision. My tired horse must have discovered them about the same moment as his master, for he pricked up his ears and commenced to accelerate his pace. Turning from the highway and following a lane bordered with green sward; I made a short cut to the village street. But just before I reached the houses I met a short, puffy person on horseback who was coming down the road.

"Good day, sir," he said," reining up his steed, which, at a glance, I saw was thoroughbred. "Good day, sir. Are you going to halt here, or do you go anywhere in the neighborhood of the Kentucky State line?"

Not being acquainted with the topography of the country I could not answer his question directly, but told him that I was going to Hickman.

"Ah," he rejoined, "that is all right. You'll have to pass my place, and perhaps put up there for a night. Now, sir, I would be obliged to you if you would do me a small favor. My name is Northup, Elliston Northup, and I live only some fifteen miles from Hickman.

"I shall be happy to oblige you, it in my power," I replied; "but permit me to ask you if you are in any way related to Lawyer Northup of Hickman?"

"Yes, sir," he replied, "he is my brother."

"I am very happy to meet you, sir," I continued, "for I bear a letter of introduction from Major Saunders, of Columbus, to your brother." And I immediately opened my saddle bags and got out my letter, which I handed my new made acquaintance to read.

"Old Saunders," he said, with a smile, as he finished reading it, and handed it back to me. "He is a good fellow. Is his nose as red as ever? I haven't seen him for a couple of years."

"I must confess," I replied, with a laugh, "that the major's nose is pretty fiery."

"He is an awful drinker," said Mr. Northup. "Few men can hold the night with him, I assure you."

"You astonish me," I replied. "I was at the hotel a week with him, and I never once remember having seen him at the bar."

"No, no," exclaimed Mr. Northup, "Saunders don't drink at a bar. He's a very peculiar man, very methodical; all his drinking is done at the club. There's where you'll see him lay his companions out like ninepins. But really I'm detaining you. My object was to ask you to inform my daughter, whom you will find at home, that Jake has run away from me again, and I suppose has taken to the woods. Tell her, if you please, to inform Thompson, the overseer. No doubt he'll be sneaking around before I return."

"Run away?" I ventured to observe.

"Yes," replied Mr. Northup. "I was taking him up to Larkin's plantation to sell him, for he's no manner of use to me. So he managed to slip away soon after I arrived at the village yesterday."

Promising to attend to Mr. Northup's request, we bid each other good-bye and separated. After a good night's rest, I set out the following morning on my journey.

It was almost dusk when I rode up to Mr. Northup's mansion. A dozen or more hounds seemed determined to dispute my passage up the lane, and their barking had the effect to bring Miss Northup to the front porch, where she welcomed me and received the message her father sent me.

"Jake is a bad fellow," she replied. "Papa has borne with his bad conduct for a long time, and, strange to say, he never had him punished until last week. The wretch cut out the tongue of one of our favorite hounds, and papa then ordered Thompson to whip him—and as Mr. Larkin was willing to buy him to work in his lumber mill, papa determined to sell him."

"He must be a bad fellow," I replied.

"Indeed, you are quite correct," she answered; "but I knew he had escaped before you arrived, for he visited the quarters about daylight. Thompson only heard of it at noon, and started away with some neighbors in pursuit of him, and he has not yet returned. It's a wonder papa had not turned back, but now that I recollect, he had some business at Cranch's creek. Did he say when he would return?"

"I think not," I replied.

During the evening we had a pleasant conversation, and I took occasion to inform Miss Northup of the object of my visit to Hickman.

"I dare say, uncle will be glad to see you, for he is really over-worked with business. He took a young gentleman in his office a short time ago, but they couldn't get along at all; so they separated. Uncle is very forgetful and nervous, scarcely any one can manage to endure him, but he is a kind man at heart and very generous. Papa and he are so very different in temperament, you wouldn't suppose they were brothers."

It was ten o'clock when I started to go to bed, and Miss Northup came up the stairs behind me, accompanied by her maid, who carried a couple of candles. On the upper landing I met an enormous black cat with green eyes, who crouched as if she intended to spring upon me. I always had an aversion to cats. I am not superstitious nor inclined on the side of the metaphysical doctrines of those who support them, but a strange and unaccountable feeling crept over me as I stood in front of the animal with its glaring orbs and raised back. At a word from the girl, however, the cat glided down the stairs and was lost to sight.

When I reached my chamber Miss Northup remarked:

"Your door has a bolt on it, and I believe it is the only room in the house that is secured."

"Don't you lock your lower doors?" I asked.

She smiled and replied: "We never think it necessary."

Musing on the strange custom which, by-the-bye, I did not consider very safe, I went to bed and tried to sleep, but found it unable to do so. Strange visions floated across my brain, and I lay twisting and turning in the bed, vainly desiring slumber. I heard the clock down in the hall strike two, and then some chanticleer, as sleepless as myself perhaps, gave a prolonged crow. As the voice of the rooster died away, there came a noise as of a person jumping from the window sill to the floor, and then followed the light and almost noiseless step of one ascending the stairway. Miss Northup's room was in front and adjoining mine, and I listened with a quick beating heart to the creak upon the stairs. I got up quietly, and slipping on some of my clothes, seized one of my pistols.

Step by step the creak came toward my door. I put my ear to the keyhole, and could hear the breathing of the villain. I stood motionless, the pistol grasped firmly in my hand. Not a muscle moved nor a nerve was slackened, for I felt that Heaven had selected me as the instrument to effect its purpose. The step passed on and reached Miss Northup's door. I heard it open softly, and I also opened mine; the moon was shining almost as bright as day. Stepping softly along the entry I slightly opened Miss Northup's door. No object was visible, save the bed within, upon whose snow white sheets lay the intended victim of the assassin. I opened the door still wider, and saw Hannah, the maid, in a sound sleep on the floor, while in the further corner of the chamber stood a tall man, armed with a knife. He saw me, and was evidently in the act of making a spring upon me.

My heart swelled into my throat almost to suffocation, and I made a bound into the room, and Miss Northup started up with a scream, the villain made a spring for me and I fired, taking deliberate aim. The blood spurted from his mouth, and Jake fell his full length upon the floor, shot directly through the brain.

For an instant Miss Northup did not comprehend the situation, and implored me not to murder her. But the noise of the pistol aroused all the household, and the truth was soon understood.

* * * * *

Lawyer Northup and myself agreed very well indeed, and the reader will not be surprised to learn that I ultimately married his niece, whose life I certainly saved. I have now lived many years in Kentucky, but I invariably keep up the old Northern custom of locking up my house when I go to bed.

Is the Country Rich?

Mr. Edward Atkinson read an interesting paper on the true condition of the country before the Social Science Association at Saratoga, in which he presented some important facts and suggestions bearing upon the depression and hard times. In regard to the cry for cheaper transportation he remarked that a healthy laboring man consumes about five hundred pounds of meat and bread in a year, and that the railroads at this time carry a quarter of a ton, or five hundred pounds, from Chicago to Boston for a dollar and a quarter, or less than a day's wages of a laboring man. Freight charges cannot, therefore, be considered a burden upon the cost of provisions in the East.

As to the power of accumulation, he counts that the population of Massachusetts owns, in fact, about an average of six hundred dollars per head; that it produces an average of three hundred dollars per head, per annum, and that if it ceased to labor it would consume all the accumulated wealth of the State, its surplus or capital of every kind, in at most three years. Small as the surplus is, he remarks that in modern times there is no nation which cannot support a much larger population than it has; and adds that in this country there never was so great an abundance of all material wealth as in the present year of poverty and depression. The East is crowded with manufactured products, the West with grain and meat, the Middle States with coal and iron, the South with cotton, sugar and corn. Everywhere there is abundance; and even money is so abundant that it can be borrowed for from two to three per cent. This is true; and he adds the striking remark that we are acting as though we should never need any more mills, mines, roads, tools or implements of industry of any kind. We are pretending, he says, to economize, but, in fact, letting inevitable destruction go on; destruction in which there is no profit, but only loss. He contrasts with this what he calls the profitable destruction which goes on when a nation is wisely active and not stagnant, and which is caused by the substitution of new and improved tools and machinery for old. This, he shows, goes on at such a rate and so constantly that in a cotton factory nothing is permanent except the foundations, and nothing is so certain as that all the other parts will be replaced by new at short intervals, in order to admit of more profitable production. This apparent waste produces greater wealth, as he shows, while our present apparent economy leads only to real waste and poverty. Debt, taxation, fires, he asserts, and rightly we think, need not trouble us, if only we will go to work, and if we can only have stable currency and greater liberty of exchanging our products.

In these days, when the politicians are intensifying the prevailing depression by jeremiades about our poverty and impending ruin, it is encouraging to read the views of a practical cotton manufacturer like Mr. Atkinson, who shows us that we need not be ruined unless we perversely sit with our hands in our pockets.—*New York Herald.*

Mining in Germany.

The German *Mining Annals* states that the proprietors of most of the mines in the districts of Dortmund, Bonn, and Halle have been at considerable expense in providing for the use of workmen coming from a distance sleeping houses and canteens. Nearly all these buildings have been erected upon the model of similar establishments belonging to the State at Saarbruck and elsewhere. The workmen are lodged in them and are provided with food from Saturday till Monday, and many of the unmarried men take up their residence in them altogether. These establishments have accommodation for from fifty to three hundred persons each; and, as a general rule, the proprietors let them at a trifling rental to a contractor, who is bound to lodge the unmarried men for a moderate sum, and to afford them facilities for cooking their meals in the house. The price of lodging and food varies from 5d. to 1s. 3d. a day, but is rather more in Westphalia, where the workmen get coffee twice a day and meat once. Lights and firing are in nearly every case supplied gratis by the proprietors of the mine, though there are a few places where the workman pays 3s. a month for bed, lights and firing. The dormitories have from six to ten beds, and the workmen are provided with bedding and linen. At the end of last year the district of Dortmund alone possessed twenty-eight large and seven small sleeping houses, with canteens attached, capable of receiving 4,800 lodgers. Several of these houses contain reading-rooms, libraries, lecture halls, etc., and in a few of them are to be found baths, to which the occupants have free access. One of the best is at Silberau, near Ems, standing upon 2,500 square feet of ground, and large enough to lodge 200 workmen in dormitories, with from three to seven beds in each. The refreshment-room on the ground floor is constructed to hold 300 people, and all the rooms are heated in winter by hot water stoves. The building cost £4,500, or at the rate of £22 10s. for each lodger.

A TRAMP'S STORY.

Jumping the Railroad Trains and Stealing a Ride—Through Kansas on Foot.

A tramp who was doing Kansas on foot concluded to try the cars, and relates his experience as follows: I ran in between two cars and examined them as well as I could in the faint moonlight. I found that there was a small projecting ledge at the end of each car, upon which I could place a foot, and that I could hold on securely to the slats that formed the framework of the car. I accordingly jumped up and placed myself in position and breathlessly awaited the starting of the train. The whistle sounded, the bell rung and off we went—myself like a circus performer, riding two fiery, untamed cars full of Texan steers.

In about a quarter of an hour, however, and before I had time to accustom myself to my strange situation, a head appeared from the roof of the car above me, and a voice exclaimed: "Hello! what are you doing there?"

"Getting a free ride," said I.

"Well, don't stop there in that dangerous place; climb up the steps to the roof here."

I obeyed, and soon found myself lying on the roof near my new interlocutor, a young brakeman. He questioned me very closely as to where I had been, why I was taking free rides, and so on; to all of which, I regret to say, I was obliged to answer somehow. Finally, taking a liking to me, he told me he would give me a free ride to Kansas City if he could; but that the conductor was a terribly smart man, and that he did not think I could escape his eye. He was right; the conductor spied me at Abilene, the first station, and I was turned off the cars after a brief, inglorious ride of fifteen miles. The experience was mortifying, and I said to myself: "Jumping the railroads is not what it is cracked up to be."

It was a glorious, delicious night, and I threw myself down on the verandah of the depot and went to sleep.

An hour or so after, I was awakened by the dull thundering of another eastward train, as it came rolling into the station. It was another immensely long cattle train, with a passenger car at the end, for the accommodation of the drovers. "Try again," said the inward monitor. I ran forward, and seated myself on the steps at the end of the last car, and in a few minutes was again flying over the rails. I was discovered about a quarter of an hour before getting to Junction City (twenty-five miles). The conductor, a short, fat, good natured man, told me to come into the car and take a seat.

"You know," said he, "you ought not to be doing this sort of thing. You are a man of intelligence, I can see, and you know you are doing wrong."

"Well," said I, "I know it is wrong, but necessity sometimes compels us to do things we don't like."

"Have you any money?" said he.

"Not a cent," I replied, which was the truth.

"Well, now mind, you'll have to get off at Junction City," said he.

"All right," said I.

At Junction City, however, when he came and shook me (not ill naturedly), and asked me why I had not got off, I promised I would disappear without fail at the next station. I kept my word. But I felt sore about giving up this capital chance for a free ride. So I thought that without casuistry I might be justified in getting between the cattle cars again. So I chose as convenient a pair of cars as I could find; laid myself as flat to the front car as I could, to escape observation, and awaited the next move. Several of the guards and brakemen flashed past me with their lanterns; but not one observed me. The whistle sounded, and off we went.

The experience that I had in this novel and exciting position lasted for upward of three hours, so that I had plenty of time to take note of all that was interesting. It was not nearly so dangerous as might be imagined. The iron couplers prevented the cars from coming together so as to crush me. I had a fair footing about three inches wide for each foot. All I had to do was to keep a firm hold of the slats. The highest speed of the train was about fifteen miles per hour.

The car in front of me contained about twenty head of cattle, all immense Texan steers, with horns of prodigious proportions. The car in the rear contained, I suppose, the same number of cattle. They had not been watered, as I afterward learned, for two days, and consequently were in a feverish, restless state.

Close to me was a white bull, rather smaller than the average, but a creature of a very resolute disposition. When I first began to notice my fellow passengers, this bull had got his horns fixed in the lower tier of slats, and was making violent efforts to free himself. In this he was presently successful. He then took it into his head that he should like to see the country, as presented on the other side of the car; and after squeezing himself and his companions unmercifully, and crushing one of my fingers with his horns, he got round to the desired position, and for a few minutes seemed well content. But a storm of lightning and thunder was raging all the while; the flashes set him up again in his tantrums, and the last I saw of him at that time he was plowing his way to the other end of the car.

The three brutes that were now nearest to me, in a kind of bovine tangle, were evidently suffering terribly from thirst; and every time we came near water would fight and thrust at each other with their horns in a desperate manner.

When, however, they had subsided into something like quiet, the poor brutes would seem docile enough, and would rub their great rough noses against my hand. But then I got several violent blows from their horns, which rather overbalanced this display of sympathy.

The lightning and thunder, in the mean time, were tremendous. There was no rain, but I afterward learned that there was a terrific rainstorm at Topeka and the surrounding country.

At length I was inexpressibly relieved to see a streak of dawn; some cocks crew on the neighboring farms; and soon the east was a blaze of rosy splendor.

We had just finished one of these interminable waitings at a station, which seems to be the fate of transportation trains, when one of the brakemen spied me, and called the conductor.

This was a fiery headed young man. "Come down," he said. "What business have you up there in that dangerous place?" Said I: "I can't come down; the train is moving." Said he: "It is not half so dangerous to come down as it is to stay there." So I was compelled to descend. The train began to move faster, and thus seemed to end the second chapter of my "jumping" adventures. As the caboose at the end of the train passed, however, I saw its empty steps. A sudden idea struck me. I rushed forward, seized the handle, and by a violent effort jumped upon the step. Somebody shut the door of the caboose behind me, as I seated myself. I was so elated with this little triumph over the fiery little conductor, that I took out my pipe and had a solemn smoke of ratification.

The train went express through three or four stations, so that I was carried as far as Rossville before I was discovered. I am bound to say that the fiery little conductor was more amused than angered when he found that I had outwitted him, and as I got off the train, said: "Good-bye, colonel; I hope we shall meet in better times."

Down came the rain in drenching floods. Rossville looked as if it was founded in a quagmire. At the depot, where I sought shelter, a sympathizing Irishman said: "Put off the train, eh? Well, never mind, there will be a transportation train along in half an hour and maybe you can jump that." "Hardly," said I, "in broad day." "Don't lie too sure of anything. Try it. Here's the train. Try yer luck."

I slid round to the "off" side of the cars, that is the side opposite the depot (the best side for jumping operations). In broad daylight I mounted a coal car and lay down on its shelf—always "keep low" in these operations—and was carried to Topeka, eighteen miles distant, without the slightest molestation.

Such was my night's adventures in jumping cars. I can now readily believe the stories that men have told me of riding from Galveston to Denver, from San Francisco to St. Louis, from New York to Kansas City, entirely free of charge, and without walking more than a few miles. I myself in one night rode nearly eighty miles with no more discomforts than those I have described. The conductors, though they have stern duties to perform, are not inhuman to the unfortunates who elude their vigilance, and "steal a march" upon them. Their sentence, in general, is: "You must get off at the next stopping place." They almost never (as I have learned from many) insist upon your getting off while the train is in motion; and they would, I believe, in many cases prefer that the poor man should ride free; but the lynx eyes of their subordinates are upon them, and they dare not be merciful.

I do not see how "jumping" can be prevented. At a station all is bustle and motion about a train. The engineer is attending to his supplies of coal and water, and to the condition of his engine; the brakemen and others are attending to the coupling of the cars and the shipment of freight. In the midst of all this, nothing is more easy than to slip aboard some car in the middle of the train. You are then sure of a ride to at least the next station, or you may even be carried, as I have known many to be, the whole length of the journey without discovery.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

Interesting Items from Home and Abroad.

Liberia is at peace with her neighbors.....

Political disturbances have taken place in Cape Town, Africa.....The Bucyrus machine works of Cincinnati made an assignment. The liabilities exceed $100,000, and assets are $140,000.....The boiler of a steam thrasher exploded near Canfield, Ohio, killing Noah Cummings, Daniel Fox and Isaac Rhodes, and severely injuring two others.....In Otis, Mass., a tramp killed a woman named Hazard with a club. He was arrested.....A fatal cutting affray occurred on Solomon's island, Md., in which Capt. Richard Hook, of Solomon's island was killed, and a Mr. Hill, a citizen of Calvert, was terribly and probably fatally cut by a man named Hewes.....As usual the reports of the Eastern question are conflicting. On the one side peace is assured, and on the other Russia has given Prince Milan three million rubles and sent Cossacks into Servia. But a few days now will tell the whole story.....Lucius Robinson accepts the nomination by the Democrats for governor of New York.

Gen. Howard expects trouble with the Indians in the far Northwest unless arrangements are made to pacify them..... In the Beaver court, in the Mountain Meadow massacre case, Judge Boreman, in the course of his charge to the jury, said: "The prisoner, J. D. Lee, stands before you charged with being a participant in one of the most atrocious massacres of human beings—of men, women and children—in the Mountain Meadows in 1857, that ever was known in any civilized part of the world. The evidence shows that the persons killed were immigrants. For several days previous to the massacre a combination of Indians and white men had been making attacks on their encampment. Indians and white men vied with each other in the fiendish work of destroying over one hundred and twenty men, women and children. It has been alleged that Lee shot one woman with a gun and cut the throat of another, telling an Indian not to spare the life of a young woman whom the savage asked him to save. The jury brought in a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree ..... One hundred thousand tons of Pittston coal sold in New York at prices ranging from $2 to $3.75 per ton.....The case of Thomas Duffy, another of the "Molly Maguire" conspirators, who is accused of being accessory before the fact to the murder of Policeman [illegible] at Tamaqua, was given to the jury at Pottsville, and a verdict of murder in the first degree was returned. This is the ninth conviction for murder of members of this organization..... John K. Tarbox was renominated to Congress by the seventh Massachusetts district Democratic Congressional convention.

At Eatontown, N. J., a jealous Pole murdered his faithless wife and then committed suicide by shooting himself.....New York city is flooded with visitors ..... The Northfield bank robbers have at last been hunted down and captured by the citizens of Dakota, after a desperate fight, in which one was killed and the other three seriously wounded. .....The American and Irish teams competed at their return match, at Creedmoor, near New York city, which resulted in a victory for the former by eleven points, the score standing 1,165 for the Americans to 1,154 for the Irish. At the end of the match at eight hundred yards the Americans had a lead of fifteen points, which was increased to thirty-two at the close of the shooting at nine hundred yards' distance. Col. Farwell, however, "went to pieces" at one thousand yards, making six misses in his score and a bull's-eye on the wrong target, and closed with only a total of 165 points. The remaining five men made an average of two hundred points per man, and thus enabled the team to hold its own. Gen. Dakin made 208, followed by Mr. Rathbone with 204, while Milliner led the Irish team with 206. The scores at the close of the range at eight hundred yards stood: Americans, 409; Irish, 394; at nine hundred yards, Americans, 386, Irish, 369, and at the one thousand yards range, Irish, 391; Americans, 370. The Americans have won all three of the matches—two at Creedmoor and one in England.

Near Ralston, Forest county, Pa., a newly opened lumbering hamlet, two cabins, occupied by George Parks and Daniel Cooper, wood choppers, employed by the Pennsylvania lumber company, were washed down the mountain side into the stream below at an early hour in the morning, and before the families were aroused from their slumbers. The Parks family consisted of seven persons, the father, mother and five children. There were nine members of the Cooper family—Cooper, his wife, six children and Mrs. Adams, the mother of Mrs. Cooper. The sixteen persons were all drowned, and their bodies carried away and jammed between a "boom" of logs in Forest creek. The houses were completely wrecked. The country is very sparsely settled, but it is feared that other lives were lost during the great storm ..... A frightful accident occurred at an early hour in the morning, at Black Lick Station, on the Pan Handle railroad, about twelve miles from Columbus, Ohio. The train was running at the rate of perhaps forty miles per hour, and from some cause four cars of the train jumped the track and rolled down an embankment, which is some twenty-five or thirty feet high at that place. Four persons were killed and a large number severely injured..... Philip Riley, of Watertown, Conn., beat his wife recently and she went to her father's house. He went there, and, being ordered away, stabbed William Foster in the abdomen, and his wife's father, Robert Woods, in the head and arm ..... The Philadelphia Exhibition is not to be extended beyond November 10th, the time originally set for closing it. The managers expect that the chilly weather of October will make the unwarmed buildings uncomfortable for visitors, and, consequently, that the present large attendance will end with September.

The explosion of the mine containing fifty-two thousand pounds of dynamite, at Hallett's point, Hell Gate, was successfully accomplished at the time appointed. Two hundred thousand people covered all points of observation in hopes of a grand yet terrible display, but they were disappointed in the promises of Gen. Newton fully sustained, as there was no shock beyond a slight oscillating movement of the earth and a rumbling noise, accompanied by an upheaval of water, mud and stones. It is thought the blast effectually did the work intended, but it cannot be fully ascertained until the dredging machine has been at work.....The result of the fisheries of Newfoundland this year is far below that of last year, but the increased price makes up for the small catch.....A large kier, holding about 1,200 pieces of goods, exploded with great force in the Clyde bleachery, in Warwick, R. I. The loss is from $5,000 to $10,000. The operatives had not arrived.....The city of Zacatecas, Mexico, was captured by the insurgents under Gen. Cadena on the twenty-fourth of August, who turned it over to the foreign consuls the same night. The government troops recaptured it on the twenty-eighth, having defeated the insurgent troops a few hours previously. The insurgent cause is said to be again on the increase. Gen. Porfirio Diaz is at Oaxaca with a well armed army and is constantly gaining recruits.....As George Winthrop was making an ascension from Paxton, Ill., the balloon burst when at a height of five hundred feet, and the unfortunate aeronaut jumping clear from the wreck struck the earth feet first, being driven into the earth up to his knees and receiving internal injuries from which he died.

Louisville, Ky., has experienced a slight earthquake shock.....Soundings on the reef under which the Hell Gate explosion was fired shows more and clearer water than the engineers dared hope for.....The captured Northfield bank robbers have been identified as the notorious Cole and Bob Younger and Al. Carter, a Texas desperado.....Benjamin Riggen fatally shot James Ford, at Crisfield, Md., because the latter refused to let Riggen woo his daughter.....The British ship