TIMELY TOPICS.

Russian salad is made by cutting up raw apples and every kind of available vegetable into small slices and laying them in a shallow dish with salt, a little vinegar and pepper, and the best oil. The dressing must thoroughly saturate the mixture for at least twelve hours, and then the effect is said to be found very agreeable.

A fanciful genius has suggested to the *Scientific American* that it is now time to celebrate the completion of the first cubic mile of humanity, and gives a calculation to show that the bodies of all mankind, from the first Adam down to the present, if closely packed without diminution of volume, would exactly fill that space; the aggregate weight of all mankind to date is estimated at 4,212 million tons.

A manufactory of paper bricks has been opened somewhere in Wisconsin. The bricks are said to be exceedingly durable and moisture-proof. They are also larger than the clay article. Paper is now also used for making barrels. Straw pulp is run into a mold made in the shape of a half barrel, cut vertically. The ends are of paper, but are protected by wood. The barrels are lighter and two-thirds cheaper than those of wood, and flour will not sift out of them while in transit. The staves are three-eighths of an inch thick.

When it becomes known in the neighborhood of Charles Pizzola's sausage factory, in San Francisco, that he was buying cats, the excitement was intense. The story went that the boys had captured dozens of cats for him, and that, whenever one was sold to him, he cut off its tail with a cleaver, stuck the stump into a pail of salt, and then turned the maimed brute into a room, from which it never came out alive. A cat with its tail cut off is believed to fatten quickly; so the conclusion was that Pizzola was fattening cats for sausage. He was arrested on a charge of cruelty and fined $25; but he proved that he had bought only four cats, and had put them to catching rats in his factory.

William J. Wilson, the colored man who founded the Freedman's bank, has just died at Washington. He was a man of energy and activity, and well educated, and started a freedman's bank in the cellar of a building in the central part of Washington, to which speedily the colored intrusted their savings. Soon he moved into more pretentious quarters and might have got along nicely had he not listened to friends who urged him to apply to Congress for a charter for the bank and power to start branch institutions. From the first the bank grew, until there were at least 100 branches in the different Southern cities. When the bank went down all of Wilson's property went down with it. His daughter, who had led colored fashionable society in Washington, got a situation as teacher, and Wilson obtained a clerkship in the postoffice. He was fifty-nine at the time of his death, and an LL. D. of an Ohio college.

Six Charlie Rosses in the Field.

Although four years and a half have passed since the kidnapping of Charlie Ross, the father avers he has never given up the search. At the present time he is engaged in looking up six different clews. One of them is in Australia, and he is daily expecting a letter detailing the history of the discovery of the boy. There are two more in England, and a fourth in the mountain fastnesses of Wales. That the interest of the public in the case is not abated is manifested in the numerous letters which Mr. Ross continues to receive. On an average he gets a letter every day from some person who is certain he has seen a child living under suspicious circumstances, or resembling the portraits of Charlie.

In the course of his journeying Mr. Ross says he has found that a majority of these children are the offspring of people who have separated through domestic troubles, and have been placed in some out-of-the-way place by either mother or father in revenge. The boy found in Bradford county, supposed to have been Charlie, was taken from his mother in Vermont.

Mr. Ross has almost arrived at the conclusion that his boy is not secreted in the country. He thinks, if he is alive, it is most likely that he is in New York, in some crowded tenement house, where the people are used to seeing children run around without parents. He said that he knew of one case where an Italian had a child living on the fifth floor of a tenement that none of the other inmates had ever seen. He has not given up all hope, and says that every case presented to him, having the least sign of probability, will be carefully investigated.—*Reading (Pa.) Eagle.*

Spanish Agriculture.

In most of the little fields the soil was being turned up for the reception of seed by a method quite novel to me; a laborious, but a most thorough one. The implement was a two-pronged steel fork. The prongs were over two feet long and six inches apart, and joined together with a square shoulder, from which a straight wooden handle three three feet in length extended. These tools weighed altogether from ten to fifteen pounds, and were strongly made. The operation is as follows: The diggers, generally five in number, stand in a row close together, working backward. Simultaneously they raise their forks perpendicularly up, as high as possible, and then bring them down with all their force, driving the sharp prongs eighteen inches more or less into the hard ground; then, taking hold of the extremities of the handles with their two hands, to get the utmost leverage, they throw themselves backward, each prizing up a huge chunk of soil. Two other laborers follow in front, and, armed with heavy hoes, break all extra large chunks to pieces with smart blows. Seven men so working get over the ground astonishingly quick, and turn it up in a most effective manner. A heavy wooden barrow, of primitive construction, drawn by a yoke of oxen, finishes the preparation of the soil.—*On Foot through Spain.*

There are about 5,000,000 plows in use throughout the United States.

Thrilling Incident of a Flood.

During the heavy flood at Paterson, N. J., an exciting incident occurred: The hill where the Passaic falls are situated was thronged with visitors throughout the day. Just above the river had stretched across the meadows, cutting off the road, and forming an immense pond. Out of this the water poured into the rocky gorge which forms the approach to the fall, and such was its volume that the chasm into which the fall tumbles, seventy feet in depth, was filled half up with the flood, which roared so as to be heard a mile away, and sent out a spray that fell for many yards around like a heavy rain.

At this point in the afternoon an incident occurred that startled beyond expression the thousand spectators there assembled. A boy ten years old was driving an open wagon along the road by the river side, above the fall a considerable distance. At points the road over which he was driving was submerged, but not to a great depth, and he had made several fords successfully. A man walking along the road hailed him and asked for a lift; the boy took him in, and the two drove along together. Presently they came to a point where the lamp posts along the side of the road were almost half buried in the water, but the boy whipped up his horse and drove in. All at once the two in the wagon felt the body of the same lifted up by the water, and they floated off, while the horse continued on with the wheels. The body of the wagon floated out on the broad pond that has been mentioned. The water was comparatively smooth, but still the current was strong, and the wagon body was carried with considerable rapidity in the direction of the fall. Throngs of persons were walking along the side of the stream, and they saw the novel craft borne away. A hundred yards ahead of where the two were a bridge crosses the river, and just beyond that occurs a slight fall in the bed of the stream, and from there on the water rushed like an arrow to the fall, only a short way distant. As the wagon body drew on faster and faster toward the bridge, its occupants could see the spray of the fall and hear its roar. The boy was frightened and tried to jump out, but the man held him tight. The screams of the little fellow could be heard by those on shore. Everybody rushed to the side of the water; a hundred directions were called out, but nobody knew what to do. As the wagon body came nearer to the bridge, women screamed and ran away. The bridge was reached, and the pair seemed now beyond help, and then help came. A man driving over the bridge saw, as everybody did, the strange craft sweeping down, and having his wits about him, jumped from his wagon, unstrapped the reins from his horse, and directed another driver to do the same. The two pairs of reins were strapped together and thrown over the rail of the bridge. The end fell into the water, and as the wagon body, going now with immense velocity, came near, the man above cried out to the pair below to catch hold. The reins were held right in the course of the wagon body, and as this swept by the man, holding fast to the boy, grabbed at them, and caught them, and the two were drawn safely upon the bridge, while the wagon body dashed over the fall.

Wonderful Narrative of a Rat.

While workmen were tearing up the old floor of a freight house at Auburn, N. Y., they came across an unused scale box some eight inches deep, and about four feet square. It was pried up from its position, and as it was being raised, a rattling sound was heard inside. The men broke it open, when out dashed a monstrous rat. Chase was given the rodent, but the animal managed to escape by running into a pile of freight. The rat was as large as a good-sized kitten, and so gray from age that it was almost white. The bottom of the box from which it emerged was found to be covered to the depth of an inch or more with peanut shucks, corn, corn cobs and the like. The only opening that could be discovered was a small hole about an inch and three-fourths in diameter through which a rod had passed. When young and small, the rat, it is supposed, crawled into the box, and after gorging itself with plunder was unable to get out and thus became an involuntary prisoner. It gradually grew until it reached enormous proportions. The litter found in the box indicated that other rats fed it, and thus kept it from starvation. The rodent was undoubtedly confined for several years, and the action of the other animals in supplying it with means of subsistence, shows a degree of intelligence that the rat has never been given credit for. How the imprisoned rat obtained water or other liquids to quench its thirst, is a mystery; but that it was in the box for several years there can be no doubt. Had it not been for the accidental discovery, the rat would have remained in its prison until it died of sheer old age. Its long imprisonment did not seem to impair its physical qualities to any extent, as was evidenced by the sprightly manner in which it dodged about to get away from the workmen when it was released. The men could have killed it readily had they not been taken so completely by surprise at the unexpected appearance of the rodent. They did not deem it possible that even a rat could crawl through such a small aperture.

The Bulk Silver Makes.

The new vault in the United States treasury, in New York, which has been prepared for the storage of silver dollars, is forty-eight feet in length, thirty feet in width and twelve feet in height. If every available inch should be packed solidly with 412½ grain dollars it would not hold far from forty million dollars. Every one knows that silver is bulky, but few persons are aware how bulky it is. A bag of 1,000 412½ grain dollars weighs 59 3-16 pounds averdupois. Accordingly 100,000 of these dollars weigh not far from three tons. If a merchant or banker having a payment of $60,000 to make is compelled by circumstances to pay with silver dollars, he would need a vehicle as strong and as large as an ordinary coal cart (made to carry a ton of coal) to transport them, and if this should be heaped up no more than 32,000 silver dollars could be loaded on it.

SHIPWRECKED HEROES.

Two Disasters of the Sea Recalled—Manly Self-Denial in Time of Peril.

It was at two o'clock on the morning of the 26th of February, 1852, that the troopship Birkenhead, having on board a large number of soldiers, with the usual proportion of women and children, 631 souls in all, struck on a rock near Point Danger, Cape of Good Hope, and filled. Captain Salmond was in command of the vessel; Lieutenant-Colonel Seton, of the Seventy-eighth Highlanders, of the soldiers. Of course the pins of the davits had rusted and the larger boats could not be launched; but two cutters and a gig were got out and manned, and the women and children placed in them. The colonel "summoned his officers to a consultation and impressed upon them the necessity of composure and of preserving discipline among their men to the very last." At this moment the ship parted, and the fore part went down, and the word was passed that further effort was in vain; let each do the best he could to secure his individual safety. A few men jumped overboard, but the remainder collected on the poop, soldiers and seamen alike, "steady, quiet and resolute." The captain retained his post, cool and collected, as if there was a ship under him, and Colonel Seton, with his drawn sword in hand, stood in the gangway to cut down any one who might endeavor to force his way toward the boats. When the ship reeled and quivered ere going down, Captain Salmond shouted, "Let all who can swim now try to save themselves." One man exclaimed, "Make for the boats!" as he threw himself into the waves, but "the colonel and his officers entreated their men—and not in vain—not to attempt an entrance into the boats, which were already fully loaded with women and and children. The officers now shook hands and took leave of one another, when, on a sudden, the vessel broke again crosswise, abaft the mainmast, and the poop, heeling over with a lurch, plunged beneath the water," only twenty minutes from the time she struck. The captain was brained by a falling spar; the colonel was drowned, and of the hundreds so rudely awakened only 184 lived to tell the story of the Birkenhead; but among them were all the women and all the children.

In the other instance to be recorded the men who died lacked the example of superiors who had long commanded them, and to obey whom was second nature; but the circumstances were even more tragic, the agony was infinitely longer, and the heroic triumph perhaps even greater. The story of the Central America was once in everybody's mouth, yet to how many folk of this generation does Herndon's name recall Herndon's deed?

The Central America sailed from Havana for New York, September 8, 1857, with a crew of 101 men, besides 491 passengers, many of them miners returning with their gold or for their families, and many of them women and children. "Many were possessed of large sums; and there were but few whose wealth did not number hundreds, while many reckoned their gold by thousands of dollars." When she was twenty-four hours out a gale sprang up that soon increased to a hurricane; by the morning of the 11th the captain was apprehensive; soon after the vessel sprang a leak, and though all hands were set to work the inflowing water put out the fires and the ship fell helpless into the trough of the sea. Once again by bailing she was freed so that they could start the fires, but the pumps became disarranged and the water gained on them terribly. The captain cut away the foremast so as to make a drag, but when it fell it was dragged beneath the hull, and pounding the ship's wounded sides, made the leak worse. By paying out a hawser they extemporized a drag and brought the ship head on, but it soon parted and left her at the mercy of the waves. The water had gained till the women and children were driven to take refuge in the men's cabin; there there was such a scene as not even the annals of shipwreck can parallel. Gold lay about, minted, in dust, in ingots, by thousands and thousands of dollars. Some men bound it round their bodies with belts and in handkerchiefs to carry them down more swiftly when the fatal plunge came; "others, unwilling to be weighted in the struggle by their burden of dross, were scattering it wildly about the cabin floors. Full pouches lay untouched upon the sofas. One of the passengers, who afterward escaped, flung about the cabin $20,000 and bade who would satisfy his thirst for gold, but it was passed by." Terrible as the prospect was, the courage exhibited was marvelous, and not even the women shed a tear. On the afternoon of Saturday they hailed the brig Marine, of Boston, which had suffered cruelly in the storm, but promised to do her best to relieve them. "Until her hopeful appearance," wrote a woman passenger, "not a tear had been shed that I am aware of on board the steamer. Till the moment we first espied the sail which we believed brought us relief, we had remained passively awaiting the result. There seemed to be a perfect calmness, which I could not have believed it possible for so great a number of persons to exhibit under such fearful circumstances. But when the brig hove in sight there were tears of joy, and the men worked with renewed energy and hope. The women besought them to work with all their might, and said they would themselves assist in the labor if the men did not do their best. In fact some of them were so eager to help that they even tried to put on men's clothing in order to go and work at the pumps." It was 3.30 when the brig came under the Central America's stern, and, without any unnecessary delay, began removing the women and children. The task was not easy, for the smaller vessel drifted slowly away, and the boats took longer and longer at each trip; besides, so heavy was the sea, they could carry but a few at a time. "The men made no attempt to save themselves until all the women and children were saved. Again and again the boat returned; again and again she made for the brig with her precious freight; yet not a murmur was heard; no exclamation of selfish despair arose! At length every woman had been securely transported to the brig; then came the turn of the crew and the male passengers. About forty of these reached the Marine before the ship went down." Most of the crew and many of the passengers were still toiling at the ineffectual pumps, and the captain stood by the wheel, giving orders firmly and uttering cheerful exhortations. He had declared that he would not quit the ship. "Thank God," he said to a friend, "the women and children are safe; do you take the next boat." He attempted to charge his friend with a farewell message to his wife, but his emotion overcame him; after a few moments he recovered himself, and continued to direct affairs at the boat returned from the brig. It was just eight o'clock when a great wave smote the Central America and sent her down with some five hundred men. When Mr. George, a survivor, came up from what he thought an unfathomable depth, there was in the water "a crowd of heads." But the weaker soon went down, and the waves began to separate the despairing company. "Many were desirous to isolate themselves as much as possible, lest they should be dragged down in some desperate struggle for life. Others, afraid of the loneliness, cried to their neighbors to keep together." One by one they went down and only four of their number were saved some hours later, as if by a miracle. "I was forced by the wind," writes the captain of the bark Ellen, "to sail a little out of my course. Just as I had altered it a small bird flew across the ship once or twice and then darted against my face. I, however, took no notice of this circumstance till precisely the same thing occurred the second time, which caused me to think it somewhat remarkable. While I was thus reflecting about the incident, the same mysterious bird, for the third time, made its appearance and went through the very same extraordinary maneuvers. Upon this I was induced to re-alter my course into the original one in which I had at first been steering. I had not gone far when I heard strange noises, and on endeavoring to discover from whence they proceeded, I found I was in the midst of people who had been shipwrecked."

Richard the Third.

William Winter, the well-known New York dramatic critic, gives the following graphic pen picture of Richard III.:

There are authentic portraits of Richard III. One depicts him as attired in a close suit of scarlet, over which hangs a robe of cloth of gold, and on his head a black cap adorned with a pearl. Another presents him in a black cap, a body suit of cloth of gold, and a black robe, with black and red sleeves. He was below the ordinary height, but muscular and very strong. His frame was thin and compact. One of his shoulders was slightly higher than the other. His neck was short, and his head habitually dropped forward. His face was short; his complexion pale olive, and his hair dark brown; his eyes were dark and very fine; his cheeks sunken, and his features regular and aquiline. His forehead massive and majestic; and his voice was remarkably sweet. He had a habit of playing with the handle of his dagger, and of sliding a ring on and off one of his fingers.

The character of Gloster is that of the worst of human monsters—a wicked man of genius. The ugliness of his soul is symbolized by the ugliness of his body. Bitter, fiery, arrogant, cruel, crafty, impelled by an energy which never halts nor flags, he is determined o rule a world which he despises and contemns, and by which he is feared and hated. His intellect is towering and royal. He looks down upon human passions, and makes them his plaything. He uses all men, and he trusts no one. He is alone, and he walks alone in his blood-stained, haunted pathway to imperial power. He knows himself, and is never fooled. His hypocrisy deceives others; it never deceives him. But he is human, and bears a conscience, and through that the ever watchful Nemesis strikes him at last.

During the earlier and larger part of his career—although the subtle interpreter of him will indicate that his remorse and his miserable sufferings are almost coincident with his crimes, and are all the while slowly gathering way—not Niagara itself is more steadfast in its course than is the current of his tremendous will. But, when his crimes and his remorse are at their worst, a mother's curse smites him, through crown, and mail, and royal robes, and from that moment his genius begins to wither. His awful deeds rush back upon him. The grave gives up its dead to haunt him. Fear—a new phantom, more hideous than the rest—appalls his soul; and he leaps, in fiend-like fury and viper-like malignity, to a desperate and bloody death.

Female Clerks at Washington.

The first female clerks in the national treasury, says a New York paper, were appointed in 1862 by Secretary Chase, who placed them in the office of the comptroller of the currency at $600 a year. They cut and trimmed the United States notes issued in sheets, and did their work very well. As soon as they had been appointed there were many other applicants, and their number steadily increased, many of them securing places through the peculiar energy and perseverance which will refuse to take no for an answer. There are now more than 1,300 women in the departments at Washington, the majority employed in the bureau of engraving and printing and in the government printing office. They excel as counters, their slender, sensitive fingers turning notes with great rapidity and exactness. They detect counterfeits, it is said, quicker than men, though they do not succeed so well in accounts, as the average feminine mind has little natural love of figures. Counters and copyists receive $900 a year; other women $1,200 to $1,400, several of them $1,600, and one in the internal revenue $1,800. Most of the clerks are well educated and refined, and many have seen more prosperous days. A number are widows and daughters of army and naval officers who lost their lives in the civil war. Very few of the young women or widows marry or resign, and consequently the hundreds who are constantly seeking places in Washington have very slender prospects of success. The most untiring, obstinate place-seekers at the federal capital are women.

Jugglers and Juggiery.

Speaking of the late Robert Heller, a New York correspondent says: This man was a very accomplished juggler; and yet his feats never equaled those of the Orientals. The popularity of such exhibitions is found in the success which attends its best practitioners. Both Signor Blitz and the Fakir of Ava left large estates, and Heller also was rich. One of the oldest references to jugglery is found in Porphyry (A. D. 250), who speaks of those "who showed apparitions of the gods in the air." Jugglery lives age after age, and yet there are no schools for instruction, nor do we know how these wonderful tricks are acquired. As a general rule the practitioner must be adapted by nature to the business and take to it from inclination. It is said that jugglery originated in Egypt, so famed as a land of mystery, whence the art spread to Greece and Rome. Americans never have excelled in it, and our best practitioners are foreigners.

The most famous juggler of modern days was Robert Houdin, who combined great skill in legerdemain with rare knowledge of mechanics. He was a native of France, and was intended for the bar, but abandoned legal studies for the study of a juggler. After this he went to Paris and became absorbed in mechanical wonders. At the age of forty he was the most accomplished juggler in Europe, and his skill in mechanics enabled him to introduce new and startling feats. He was the only man of this craft honored by an invitation to play before Queen Victoria, which he did with marvelous success. In 1855 Houdin (then fifty) attended the Paris exposition. Here he obtained the gold metal for a method of applying electricity to clocks, and he then retired with a large fortune. Two years afterward he published his life and adventures, which forms a very entertaining book.

A Stone in a Horse's Jaw.

For a long time a lump has been observable in the side of the jaw of a horse belonging to Superintendent Osbiston, of the Gould and Curry and Best and Belcher mines. Yesterday a veterinary surgeon made an incision, and to his astonishment brought to light a hard and smooth stone, about two inches long and one inch in diameter. The stone was of a yellowish white color, and apparently as hard as marble. In order to make sure as to the nature of the stone, Mr. Osbiston took it to a jewelry store and had it sawed in two lengthwise. When it was cut there was seen in its center what had once undoubtedly been a grain of barley, half of which was visible in each piece of the stone, the grain looking as though petrified. Around this nucleus the stone had formed in regular layers or growths, the rings of which were distinctly to be traced. The material of which the stone was formed appeared to be the same as is found in the incrustrations on the tubes of boilers. It is thought that the grain of barley pierced the skin of the horse's mouth and imbedded itself in the flesh; and that the saliva then deposited upon it limy matter. The stone is as hard as marble, and the annular markings are very distinct.—*Virginia City (Nev.) Enterprise.*

Excessive Politeness.

The Saxons are a very polite people, so over-polite that they not infreqeuntly bring down ridicule upon themselves. It used to be told in Dresden in Canseur's student days that a stranger in the city was one day crossing the great bridge that spans the Elbe, and accosted a native with a request to be directed to a certain church which he wished to find. "Really, my dear sir," said the Dresdener, bowing low, "I grieve greatly to say it, but I cannot tell you." The stranger passed on, a little surprised at this voluble answer to a simple question. He had proceeded but a few rods when he heard hurried footsteps behind him, and turning saw the same man running to catch up with him. In a moment his pursuer was at his side, his breath nearly gone, but enough left to say: "My dear sir, you asked me how you could find the church, and it pained me to have to say that I did not know. Just now I met my brother and asked him, but I grieve to say that he did not know either."—*Boston Transcript.*

The World a Tribunal.

A man, said Emerson, passes for what he is worth. Very idle is all curiosity concerning other people's estimate of us; and all fear of remaining unknown is not less so. If a man know that he can do anything, that he can do it better than any one else, he has a pledge of the acknowledgment of that fact by all persons. The world is full of judgment days, and into every assembly that a man enters, in every action he attempts he is gauged and stamped. In every troop of boys that whoop and run in each yard and square, a new comer is as well and accurately weighed in the course of a few days, and stamped with his right number, as if he had undergone a formal trial of his strength, speed and temper. A stranger comes from a distant school, with better dress, with trinkets in his pockets, with airs and pretensions. An older boys says to himself: "It's no use; we shall find him out to-morrow."

Taking Cold.

The *Periscope* says: "When a person begins to shiver, the blood is receding from the surface; congestion, to a greater or less extent has taken place, and the patient has already taken cold, to be followed by fever, inflamation of the lungs, neuralgia, rheumatism, etc. All these evils can be avoided and the cold expelled by walking, or in some exercise that will produce a prompt and decided reaction in the system. The exercise should be sufficient to produce respiration. If you are so situated that you can get a glass of hot water to drink, it will materially aid the perspiration, and in every way assist nature in her efforts to remove the cold. This course followed your cold is at an end, and whatever disease it would ultimate in is avoided; your sufferings are prevented and your doctor's bills saved."

The Prince of Wales is thirty-seven years old.

Fond of Snakes.

What induced Lieutenant J. Q., of a recently-extinct colonial regiment, to deal as largely as he did in snakes, no one of his brother officers could imagine. It was not to study their nature and habits, for Q., although the very best of fellows, was not in the line of scientific pursuits. Nevertheless, snakes he had galore; snakes in casks, snakes in boxes, snakes in baskets; huge pythons, slender whip-snakes, eel-like water snakes, long, brown, ugly rat-snakes; in fine, all sorts and conditions of snakes. Puff-adders and rattlesnakes he could not procure, as the country did not produce them; the *tic polonga*, common enough, and a deadly ophis of the viper tribe, he, for some reason or other, best known to himself, fought shy of. But he compensated for the loss of this venomous gentleman by keeping whole broods of equally-poisonous brother cobras, from the infants as they emerged from the shell, up to the parents and grandparents of the family—old hoary maters and paterfamilias, with deeply-patched and mottled skins, and with spectacle-marked hoods, big enough for a doctor of laws. Well, with these reptiles generally, Q. juggled, making armlets and necklets of his smaller subjects, and converting himself into a regular Laocoon with the bigger ones; though, by the way, no friends were ever intrepid enough to personate that unhappy priest's sons. Periodically from the cobra's jaws he pulled out the fangs, and then, on the vantage ground that the grooved, wound-inflicting teeth were gone, and the poison could not be injected, he trifled and toyed with these dangerous favorites. One day he had some visitors, ladies among them, to see his exhibition, and he was cleverer and more expert than ever, more to their horror than amusement. But in the midst of playing with a half-grown, excited cobra, whose eyes were sparkling, whose tongue was darting, with hisses, in and out of its mouth, and whose hood was outspread to the utmost, his hand got too close to the snake, and it struck him just between the finger and the thumb, making two very small, pin-pointed punctures. He only gave the beast a tap, and went on with his performances; but after a few moments he turned ghastly pale, a heavy perspiration covered his forehead, he almost fainted away, and in the most anxious and distressing tones said, "I am a dead man! that cobra's fangs have not been extracted since I had him." And then, what between intense alarm, and "the potent poison" rapidly "o'ercrowing his spirit," every one thought poor Q. was gone. Luckily, there was one doctor on the spot, another not many miles away.

The first dealt boldly with the scalpel, and, at great risk to himself, sucked the wound; had there been the least abrasion or scratch on his lips his life would also have been endangered. When the other quickly arrived, some further means were adopted; and after many hours of never-to-be-forgotten anxiety, they had the satisfaction of seeing the poison symptoms diminish, and ultimate recovery take place.

But right and left the serpents were slain, and, after his very narrow shave, Q. eschewed further acquaintance with the snake race.—*Good Words.*

Sheep Living Without Water.

The Lebanon (Penn.) *Courier* prints the following extract from a letter from Stehman Forney, of the United States coast survey, dated on the island of San Clement, in the Pacific, Dec. 1, 1878:

"I am at present engaged in making a survey of San Clement island. It is forty miles from the mainland, and is twenty-two miles in length and two miles wide. It is a wild, dreary place, with no water on it, except in immense natural tanks, which are so deep and precipitous that the water in them is inaccessible. I transport the water for my men and horses from the mainland. There is no wood either on the island, which is of volcanic formation, and composed of lava and conglomerate. The top of the island is covered with an abundance of grass, which sustains about 10,000 sheep, and, strange to say, they live, grow very fat, and are very profitable to their owners, and yet in the summer season get no water, except in the form of dew on the grass. There is, however, a peculiar plant on the island called the ice plant, which is filled with moisture and is eaten by the sheep to quench their thirst. They are very fat, and make the finest mutton I have ever eaten."

The First Mowing Machine.

A New York exchange says: The man who first invented the mowing machine was Enoch Ambler, of the town of Root, Montgomery county, in this State. Ambler made the running gear substantially the same as now, but failed on the scythe. His first machine was made in 1834, and was put on trial at Currytown, Montgomery county, by Wm. P. Dievendorf, who still resides there. He mowed something over an acre of grass, but the scythe being straight and smooth, and no guards being used, the work was but imperfectly done. The machine was condemned as useless. Ambler is now an old man, and resides in the town of Bleeker, Fulton county, where he has for years been engaged in making shingles for a livelihood. Had he succeeded in adding to his machine the sectional scythe and guards, he would to-day have been one of the richest men in the world. How small a circumstance controlled his destiny.