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August 14, 1871.

POETRY.

BESIDE THE SEA.

TO E. D. B. S.

The sea rolls up against the beach,
The old house fronts the sea;
Only the high road's level reach
Betwixt its waves and me.
Across the window-ledge I lean
And watch the waters play,
As you have watched their shade and sheen
[illegible]
Like this, when [illegible]
The sky and sea b[illegible]
With sunset tints of gold and rose
Lie flushed in equal glow;
And far across the shining bay
A rainbow faintly fades away.

How like a dream it seems to me,
A tender dream come true,
To watch, in silent sympathy,
The sunlit sea with you!
I turn to look upon your face;
It is not one, indeed—
With all the frankness of your race—
That he who runs may read:
But like a flower that drops apart
When summer sunbeams shine,
The closest leaflets of your heart
Have opened unto mine,
With all your yearning thoughts that fly
Beyond the sea, beyond the sky.

I would that like the sunbeams, dear,
I held the happy power
To shed a radiant atmosphere
About the drooping flower—
That as the cloud of April flies
Before their bright control,
So might the shadow from your eyes,
Its substance from your soul!
Vain wishes—unto us who know
How black such shadows fall—
The face we love best hid below
A coffin-lid and pall—
Love has not any balm to cure
These griefs that silently endure.

And I who love you, friend of years,
Can give you only this—
The mute companionship of tears,
The language of a kiss;
Or a quiet clasping of the hand
When memories overflow,
And scenes upon the sea and land
The liget of long ago.
Not much for giving, it is true,
To one in merrier mood,
But something, after all, to you
So to be understood;
And in this old house by the sea,
I comprehend you utterly.

Its ancient walls are eloquent
Of days that are no more;
Fair days, serene with sweet content,
Dark days, that darkly bore
The burden of a fierce despair,
A sharp, unequal strife—
Wherein who struggles he shall wear
The bitter scars for life.
You wear them—ah! the cruel need,
God knows it! Let it be.
Some day the riddle we shall read
And all the reason see;
The shadows darken on the bay;
The color fades; you turn away.

—*Aldine for August.*

IN THE WRONG HOUSE.

Major John Parkinson was a good looking bachelor, who had lived forty-five years, but who had taken such good care of himself that he was really quite a young man.

He had gone to India when only fifteen years old, and was now returning, after thirty years' absence, the possessor of an ample fortune, most of which he had already sent to America for investment.

The Major did not like boarding-houses, and had therefore written to his agent in New York to purchase and have fitted up for him a comfortable residence in a good neighborhood.

On a cold, rainy November evening the Ghundaree entered the harbor, bringing the Major once more to his native land. He eagerly hastened to the office of his agent for information regarding the location of his new home, determined to pass the first night of his arrival under his own roof.

On reaching the office of Mr. Smith, his agent, he learned that he was absent, but the key had been left for him, accompanied by a note regretting that business in the country compelled the writer to relinquish the pleasure of personally greeting the Major on his arrival, assuring him that he would find his house in complete order, with servants to minister to his wants.

Though sorry the agent had not been able to meet him personally, the Major made the best of it, and turned to the card attached to the key for instructions as to the location of his residence, and saw written thereon: "No.—Wakefield St.;" but what number, unfortunately, the card did not say. "However," muttered the Major, "I can't go very far wrong as it says between Hudson and Vandam streets. At the worst, it is only trying the doors with my key until I come to the right one."

And the Major strolled briskly off through the rain, humming to himself, "Home, sweet home."

After much inquiry of policemen and consulting of directories at corner drug stores, and studying of cabalistic characters on the street lamps, our Major succeeded in discovering Wakefield street—a broad, handsome street, lined on each side with substantial looking brown stone houses.

"A very good neighborhood," the Major thought, approvingly, "very good indeed. I don't object to this kind of things at all. Smith is certainly a capital judge of real estate. Now I wonder which of these houses belong to me?"

They were all painfully alike—all with handsome bay windows on the first floor, imposing flights of stone steps, and vestibules of white checked marble. The Major crept softly up the steps of one, and applied his key under the silver-plated knob.

It wouldn't fit. This certainly could not be the house; moreover, he felt unpleasantly like a burglar, as he sneaked down the steps again.

He tried the second door, and then the third. Both obstinately declined to yield to the gentle persuasion of the key.

"This is beginning to get awkward," thought the perturbed Major, wiping the beady drops from his brow. "Suppose I should be obliged to spend the night here, trying to get in. Besides, if I'm not careful I'll be arrested, and spend my first night for thirty years in my native land in a station house. I'll try one more door, and if that doesn't prove to be the right one, I'll go to a hotel."

He slipped the key in the keyhole; it revolved noiselessly, and the door swung softly open on its polished hinges.

"The right one at last, as I live!" chuckled the Major. "That good-hearted rascal, Smith, means to give me a surprise. I see through it all now. But I don't intend to be surprised at anything after this."

He looked around. The gaslights were burning brightly in the hall, reception room, and parlors, the soft summer-like atmosphere of a furnace dispelled all lingering idea of cold or wet; and there were groups of merry guests moving to and fro to the inspiring notes of a grand piano.

"Smith never told me a word of the place," thought Major Parkinson, "but it is a good idea—a capital idea. Called unexpectedly in the country, eh? Ah, he's a sly Smith."

He placed his dripping umbrella in the stand, and deliberately hung up his hat and overcoat on the elegant black walnut rack, and then he came and stood in the doorway, both hands serenely joined under his coat tails, and a beaming countenance which showed all the white teeth to good advantage.

"Goodness, gracious!" exclaimed a portly lady in black velvet, "who is that in the doorway?"

"Aha," laughed Major Parkinson, complacently rubbing his hands, "you intended to surprise me, but you didn't after all. My dear madam, how do you do?"

"Sir, I don't know who you are," said the lady of black velvet, rather grimly, failing to recognize the Major's proffered hand.

"Dear me, Aunt Rosa," chirped a younger lady—she certainly couldn't be more than eighteen, and was as fresh as a rosebud—tripping forward, "don't you see it's cousin John?"

The Major looked puzzled; but it would have been rude for him to back churlishly out when such a pair of cherry lips were put up for him to kiss, such a pair of dimpled arms around his capacious waist.

"I never knew that I had such a pretty cousin," was the Major's interior reflection; "but I dare say it is all right—Smith knows."

"And here's cousin George and Stephen and aunt Margaret, and her girls," cried the cherry-lipped damsel, eagerly pulling him forward.

Major Parkinson shook hands with them all around, feeling that he had just come into a large unexpected inheritance of relations.

"I knew the Ghundaree would be in to-night," cried one of the girls, clapping her hands. "We have been counting the days, cousin John."

"The Ghundaree! Then I'm all right after all," thought the perplexed Major. "I was beginning to think there might be some awkward mistake here, but the Ghundaree settles matters."

"Oh, and here's mama!" exclaimed irresistible cherry lips, dancing backward and forward like a pretty little Dervish. "Grandma, he's come! I knew he would be here to-night.—Come quick and speak to grandma, John."

And the Major was pulled along by the sleeves of his coat towards the silver-haired old lady, with a white lace cap, and a string of enormous gold beads around her shriveled throat.

"Well, John, I do declare!" cried grandma, "who would have thought the climate of India would have changed you? Why, you used to be tall and slim, like a bean-pole; but I suppose its hurricanes and earthquakes, and all that sort of thing that has settled you down so short and stout."

Major Parkinson did not know exactly what to say to this, so he shook the old lady's hand, saying:

"How do you find yourself this morning, ma'am?"

"And you haven't asked after Clara. Poor Clara," chimed in the eighteen year old girl.

"Oh, ah, pardon me!" stammered out our hero. "I was just going to inquire after Clara."

The lass with cherry lips beckoned to a tall, graceful girl in the window, not exactly young, but still passing pleasant to look upon, with large gray eyes and soft drooping curls of glossy brown.

"Clara!" she cried, "haven't you a word of welcome for cousin John?"

But the graceful girl shrank back, blushing and confused.

"Don't mind her," said the other one in an undertone.

"No, I won't," said the Major.

"She'll be right, presently."

"I dare say she will," answered our hero.

"But it is such nonsense," went on the elf, whom the matron addressed as "Gracie."

"Now, Clara, you know who it is, when you are to be married to him in less than a week!"

Oho! this was beginning to grow a little serious.

Married! in less than a week! He, Major John Parkinson, who had lived a life of contented celibacy for five and forty years!

In spite of his resolution not to allow himself to be surprised, the Major rapidly felt the sensation creeping over him, not only of surprise, but also a species of dismay. M[illegible] he blushed more vividly than [illegible] self.

Surely it was time for an explanation now; and he was just opening his lips when Gracie whirled him round, standing on tip-toe to whisper knowingly in his ear:

"Don't you want to see the wedding cake, cousin John? and the wreath? and the veil?"

Without waiting for an answer, she tip-toed him into another room, pulling him along by the coat-tail.

It was embarrassing, to be sure; but then how pleasant it was. The veil was a heap of snowy lace, like a "cloud of vapor," the wreath was all orange blossoms, wove in with tiny green buds; but the cake! The cake was a miniature mountain of icing, and frosted flowers and cupids, chiseled in sparkling white sugar, clinging around the bouquet of white flowers on the crest.

"Only think of it," said Grace, a little thoughtfully, as she pulled an orange blossom into its place in the chaplet, "to have the wedding so near after an engagement of fifteen years. Oh, cousin John, you ought to be a very happy man!"

"I will explain," thought the bewildered Major, breaking into a cold perspiration. "Yes," he began aloud, "but I——"

"You'll show me the ring, won't you?" coaxed Gracie, as if with a sudden thought. "That's a darling, for of course you have it in your vest pocket. And what have you brought for Clara? An India shawl, of course; and I hope it is very, very splendid; for there's nothing in all the world too good for our Clara."

"Grace," said the Major confidentially, taking her hand in his, "I want to tell you something. It's very awkward, but it isn't really my fault, and I'm sure you will forgive me when you come to hear how entirely I have been the victim of circumstances."

Grace's blue eyes grew big; the cherry lips parted—what could it be?

"Well," she ejaculated breathlessly.

"I'm not cousin John at all," said the Major with a jerk "It's a mistake! I'm Major Parkinson,"

"You—are—*not*—John Milward?"

"Not I; nothing of the sort," and our Major, visibly brightening up.—But I know John Milward very well. Came over with me in the Ghundaree—if he's your cousin John, you have got a splendid fellow for a cousin."

And then Major Parkinson told Grace how it had happened, and she blushed and laughed, and wondered how they could all have been so stupid, and confessed that, "after all, she didn't think he had been so very much to blame."

"Except that you oughtn't to have kissed me back so heartily," Grace added maliciously.

"I won't next time," said the Major, humbly.

"But fifteen years in India; it would, of course, alter any one so completely," she said; "and what can have become of the real John?"

She took him back to the parlor, where he made his excuses as fluently as he could. Grandma was a little inclined to be offended at first, and Stephen, a muscular young man, muttered some half-audible words about punching the Major's head for him. But fuller explanations restored a friendly feeling once more, and the *pater familias*, sensible man, insisted on the Major remaining.

"For, if you are not our cousin John, you came over in the same steamer with him, and that ought to insure you a welcome," he said cherrily. "So sit down, sit down, Major. You are the rich East India nabob, then, who has bought the house next door? We've teased Gracie a good deal about setting her cap for the new neighbor, haven't we, Gracie?"

"Papa," remonstrated Gracie, coloring up as bright a scarlet as a flamingo's wing.

"I'm glad to make your acquaintance," went on the comfortable old gentleman, "even if the manner is not quite so formal as etiquette books insist on! My name is Corey—Peter Corey—and now let me introduce you to our family circle, and—

So, in less than five minutes, the Major, entirely free from the trammels of his false position, was made cordially at home in the merry party, and exceedingly snug and jolly he found it.

Presently a ring at the door announced a new arrival, and the real genuine cousin John rushed in, all aglow with his rapid walk, and dripping from head to foot with rain drops.

"Had no end of trouble at the Custom House with my luggage—couldn't come a minute sooner!" he exclaimed, hugging grandma and Clara and Gracie, all at once, with two or three little ones swarming over his back and legs the while. "Why, hallo, Major Parkinson, how the deuce came you here?"

Then ensued a third edition of explanations and comments, and then they were merrier than ever.

"Of course the Major will stay here," cried Mr. Corey, when finally his guest made a move to go. "To-night, at least."

"Of course, of course," echoed John Milward. "Mustn't he, Grace?"

"He must do as he pleases," said the young lady, demurely.

"Yes, Percill," said the Major, and down again.

Parkinson attended the wedding the next week, and helped to decorate the drawing-room with flowers, and carried chairs back and forth, and went errands, losing himself invariably on the way, and he sent to the bride a solid silver tea service, and altogether, he made himself so useful that Mrs. Corey said, feelingly, "What should we have done without that dear Major?"

Grace, the gipsy, insisted on calling him "Cousin John," the same as ever, but from all appearances there will be another wedding before the year is out in the Corey family, and Major Parkinson's brown stone house will be *graced* by a mistress who was first seen by the Major *in the wrong house.*

A Confined Judge---A Fearful Lesson which made Another Temperance Man.

Last Saturday a well-known ex-Judge entered the Park Hospital in a state of partial intoxication. He spoke incoherently, and laughed when warned of the danger of imbibing too freely during the hot weather. On leaving the hospital the genial Warden Brown advised him to seek some shady retreat, else he would be certain to return on a stretcher. The Judge strolled over to Delmonico's, and there invested a few dollars in S. O. P. brandy. He was found soon afterward by one of the Broadway squad at Broadway and Reade street, unconscious.

To summon the ambulance from Park Hospital was the work of a few minutes. "Another case of sunstroke," said the anxious patrolman. The surprise of Dr. Vandewater and Warden Brown may be imagined when they found their patient to be the ex-Judge. The usual restoratives were applied and the case pronounced simple alcoholism.

The ex-Judge slept. His breathing indicated a drunken stupor. His snoring alarmed the other patients; but still he slept on. At length, as the hour of midnight approached, Warden Brown, who is an ardent temperance man, conceived the idea of curing the Judge of his only infirmity. He sent for a coffin, packed it with ice, and then laid the Judge on the ice. The lights were turned down, and only the pale gleams of the moon entered the room. A white cloth was thrown over the coffin, and one solitary attendant watched the corpse.—The ice began to melt, and the Judge began to revive. A few muscular movements indicated returning consciousness. As the influence of the ice became more powerful the contortions increased, and were soon followed by a violent torrent of oaths.—They fell fast and thick, but still the semi-conscious occupant of the coffin failed to realize his position. At last he opened his eyes, looked and felt about him, experienced strange sensations, and at last took in the situation. "Great God!" he exclaimed, "they think I'm dead, and are going to bury me."

To cry out for help was the first impulse. He yelled like a Comanche Indian. Warden Brown, the doctors, the orderlies, and all the patients who could, crowded to the coffin. The corpse insisted that it was not dead, but it required a very careful examination and a serious consultation before Dr. Vandewater would express an opinion. He directed the Judge to leave the coffin and get into a bed. "No, sir," exclaimed the thoroughly frightened man; "if I go to sleep you'll bury me, dead or alive. I'm going home."

And he did go home, vowing never to drink any more. So far he has kept his word.

The following legend relates how a certain Grand Duke of Florence built a bridge without expense to the State: The Grand Duke issued a proclamation that every beggar who would appear in the grand plaza at a certain designated time should be provided with a new suit of clothes free of cost. At the appointed hour the beggars of the city all assembled, whereupon the officers caused each avenue of the public square to be closed, and then compelled the beggars to strip off their old clothes, and gave to each one, according to promise, a new suit. In the old clothes thus collected enough money was found concealed to build a beautiful bridge over the Arno, still called the Beggar's Bridge.

NET WEIGHT OF HOGS.—The Kentucky rule is said to be, for the first 100 pounds, deduct 25 for gross; for the second 100 pounds, deduct $12\frac{1}{2}$; for the third 100 pounds, deduct $6\frac{1}{4}$; all over the third hundred is net.—The net weight of a hog weighing 100 pounds gross is 75 pounds; a hog of 150 gross will net $118\frac{3}{4}$; of 250 gross, $206\frac{1}{3}$ net; and a hog, the gross weight of which is 300, will net $256\frac{1}{4}$ pounds. From the gross weight of a hog which goes over 300, only $44\frac{3}{4}$ pounds is deducted, even should the weight be 400 The rule, if correctly stated, may be of use to somebody.

A Condemned Criminal Starves Himself to Death.

An Englishman under sentence of death in London has just succeeded in starving himself to death. It is only lately that a condemned man in Massachusetts tried the same thing, but failed. His contemporary was more successful. A London letter says:

"He received his sentence on the 1st of August, and from that moment he refused to take his food, and died on the day he was to be hanged, which was the 12th instant. It seems, therefore, that a strong man, in good health, can live only twelve days without food. On the first night the governor of the prison did not think there was any determination on the part of the prisoner to refuse food, but that his appetite had merely forsaken him for the time being through the severity of the sentence. On the following day Flynn still persistently refused to eat anything, and the governor called the attention of the surgeon to the matter. The surgeon advised that he should be tried to the breakfast time the following day, and if he still continued in his determination to reject his food means should be taken to compel him. Contrary to the expectations of the surgeon, he still held out, and it was decided to bring the stomach-pump into requisition. Up to this time the man had conducted himself with more sullenness than violence, but when he saw the surgeon and his attendants at the door of his cell with the stomach-pump he seized a stool, and, swinging it over his head, swore he would knock out the brains of any one who attempted even to enter his cell. They were thus held at bay for some time, but the warder who had been in attendance on Flynn watched his opportunity and seized the prisoner round the arms and body and pinioned him while the surgeon and his attendants succeeded in placing the pipe of the instrument down the man's throat. Finding himself baffled in his attempts not to allow the use of the instrument, he now became exceedingly violent, and worked his head about in so ferocious a manner that the interior of his throat was lacerated so much that the surgeon found it useless to attempt to use the pump again. After this the prisoner's boots were removed and slippers supplied to him; for, seeing the mood he was in, it was thought he might make use of them as weapons of violence. On the day following, as indeed on every day since his sentence, the Governor endeavored to induce him to partake of food, and sent to his own residence for tea and bread and butter to give the man. This was also refused, Flynn taking just a sufficient quantity of the tea to moisten his throat and his lips, but leaving the solids entirely untouched. He died on the twelfth day, and, strangely enough, his body was found to be only slightly emaciated."

Terrible Affair in Princess Anne County---A Man Shoots his Uncle.

We obtained yesterday morning from a gentleman, who resides in Princess Anne county, the particulars of a terrible affair which occurred in that county Monday afternoon. Wm. H. Batton, a white man living in "Gum Swamp," in the southwestern portion of the county, shot, and probably fatally wounded his uncle, Maxwell Batton, on account of a quarrel about cattle. Our informant states that the younger Batton went out into his woods Monday morning and drove up a herd of cattle, which he put into his farm pen. Maxwell Batton, his uncle, whose residence is about a quarter of a mile from his nephew's house, ascertained that some of the cattle driven up by his nephew were his (the uncle's) property.

He accordingly went over to his nephew's house and ordered a colored boy to turn his cattle out of the pen, that he might drive them home. His nephew became enraged at this, and picking up his gun, which had been concealed behind a post, told his uncle to "Go back, a— of a b—, or he would send him home." The old man not heeding this threat, Batton discharged one barrel of his gun, loaded with buck-shot, at his uncle, the charge entering his body just above the right hip. The old man fell to the ground, when the bloodthirsty wretch walked up to him and discharged the other barrel of his gun, loaded with bird-shot, in his face. The wounded man was taken up and carried to his home, but his condition was considered hopeless, and he is probably dead at this time.

A son-in-law of the elder Batton applied to a justice, whose term of office had expired, for a warrant for the arrest of the murderer. He was sent to another justice, and it is probable the man has been arrested, although he had not been up to an early hour yesterday morning.

We are informed that Batton's wife ran out into the yard after the first shot had been fired, and implored her husband not to shoot again. He told her he had "shot the s— of a b—," and would shoot her if she didn't go back to the house Our informant says that there is a large family of these Battons in the county, and that they are constantly engaged in quarrels among themselves. Wm. Batton is now under indictment for stealing cattle, and the family generally bear a bad name.—*Norfolk Journal.*

"Stop Thief."

The most successful and consequently the most celebrated detectives of the world have been governed by a few and apparently very simple rules of conduct in ascertaining and determining the character of the rogues with whom they have had to deal, and whose detention and arrest on an extensive scale have given them the high reputation they enjoyed as detectives. And the very first rule determining their conduct was to nab the first man who cried "stop thief" in a miscellaneous crowd where a theft was committed. The same rule will apply with equal force and pertinency to political parties raising the cry of "frauds," "corruption," etc., in political campaigns. The party leaders who design to commit some rascally fraud in an election will invariably start a cry of fraud and corruption on their opponents for the purpose of covering their own rascalities. It is safe to say that in ninety-nine cases in a hundred where such a cry is raised, it proceeds in the first instance from the party who purposes the fraud. This is incontestibly true so far as our experience and observation have gone, and it requires no great shrewdness in observation to see why it should be true. Human nature is the same in the thief as in the political cheat and fraud, and *vice versa.* What holds true as to the one will hold universally true as to the other. They are both human, and both in the path of intentional error; and, practically considered, they must both be deemed coincident frauds, operating on the same line of craft and instigated by the same motives of deceit.

When the Greeley cry of "fraud" first came up from North Carolina we knew just as well what it meant as we do now—that it was designed to divert attention from the same glaring "irregularities" (to use the mildest possible term) of their own. The Democratic Legislature of that State paved the way for the class of frauds named, when they so villainously gerrymandered the State as to render it next to impossible for the Republicans to gain control of the Legislature, or to elect a majority of the members of Congress, even if their strength should be sufficient to carry the State by ten or fifteen thousand majority. This sort of game, which the Democratic Legislature, chosen in 1870, practiced on the people of the Old North State, is in keeping with the worst description of rascality that may be practiced by intimidation or the use of money. Had it not been for this atrocious gerrymander the Republicans would have had a majority in both branches of the Legislature, as well as a majority of Congressmen.—*Rich. (Va.) State Journal.*

The Hairy Chap that Stole Jerusha Jane.

It is many years since I fell in love with Jane Jerusha Skeggs, the handsomest country girl, by far, that ever went on legs. By meadow, creek, and wood and dell, so often did we walk, and the moonlight smiled on her melting lips, and the night winds learned our talk. Jane Jerusha was all to me, for my heart was young and true, and loved with a doubled and twisted love, and a love that was honest too. I roamed all over the neighbors' farm, and I robbed the wildwood bowers, and tore my trousers and scratched my hands in search of the choicest flowers. In my joyous love I brought these to my Jerusha Jane; but I wouldn't be so foolish now, if I were a boy again. A city chap then came along, all dressed up in fine clothes, with a shiny hat and a shiny vest, and a moustache under his nose. He talked to her of singing schools (for her father owned a farm) and she left me, the country love, and took the new chap's arm. And all night I never slept, nor could I eat next day, for I loved that girl with a fervent love that naught could drive away. I strove to win her back to me, but it was all in vain; the city chap with the hairy lip married Jerusha Jane. And my poor heart was sick and sore until the thought struck me, that just as good fish remained as ever was caught in the sea. So I went to the Methodist Church one night and saw a dark brown curl peeping from under a gipsy hat, and I married that very girl. And many years have past and gone, and I think my loss my gain; and I often bless that hairy chap that stole Jerusha Jane.

Atlantic and Pacific Railroad---Heavy Subscriptions.

A despatch from San Francisco, dated August 30th, says: "Twenty-one hundred and fifty-three San Franciscans have now subscribed an aggregate sum of $1,628,300 towards the capital stock of the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad Company, and their road between this city and St. Louis south of the snow belt. Eight thousand citizens, or one-third of the votes of the city, have petitioned the Board of Supervisors to submit to the people at the next election an ordinance authorizing a municipal subscription of $10,000,000 towards the enterprise. The petitions are still circulating and their numerous signatures are considered conclusive of the success of the ordinance. Notwithstanding a committee of 100 has recommended, on a final vote, by 38 yeas to 34 nays, the proposition to compromise with the Central Pacific on their agreement to abandon the Goat Island scheme.—This accomplished, the majority, amid much confusion, carried an adjournment sine die, to prevent a reconsideration through the arrival of absentees.

"The *Bulletin* says the prospect for a competing road, to be aided by the proposed municipal subscription, is already invincible in its strength, and that the adverse action of the thirty-eight members of the committee will have no effect against the movement."

Wonderful Invention of a California Blacksmith.

W. M. Bernard, blacksmith, has invented, discovered or constructed a road cylinder, which is designed to convey freight or passengers. It consists of a large drum open at both ends, supposed to be from four to sixteen feet in diameter, according to the size of the machine, and from five to seven feet in length. Inside of this wooden cylinder three grooved tracks of steel, one inch by three-eighths, are laid. This completes the description of the shell, which in perspective looks like a wine vat lying on its side.—Within this is placed another cylinder closed at the ends, and upon the outside of which are three tracks of iron conforming to the three within the other cylinder. To the centres of this inner cylinder the shafts are attached. The freight is placed in the inner cylinder, and the machine is ready to go. The force required to move it is just equal to the force that would be required to slide the inner cylinder on three rails well oiled.

It is in one sense a sled which lays a track for itself as it goes. The inventor believes that it will revolutionize the whole wagon business. Experiments have been made with one roughly constructed, only four feet in diameter, which was freighted with 2,500 pounds of iron and seven men on the outside, which was carried easily over level roads by one horse. The tracks were rough and the entire model imperfect, but the experiment greatly encourages the inventor, who has applied for a patent, and will have a working model on exhibition at the State fair. The trouble so far has been to give the thing a name which shall be descriptive of its construction and use. Many have been suggested. Among them "revolving sled," "barrel railroad," "cylindrical wagon," "drum coach," "roller portage," and the one used by us, "road cylinder." Like all inventors, "Billy" is laughed at for the quaint novelty of his invention, and his neighbors talk of placing the machine under bonds not to kill sheep or trespass upon the dairy; but "he laughs best who laughs last," and Billy is reserving his laugh for a final chuckle.—*San Francisco Record.*

The Deepest Well in the World.

At about twenty miles from Berlin is situated the village of Sperenberg, noted for the deepest well that has ever been sunk. Owing to the presence of gypsum in the locality, which is a moderate distance from the capital, it occurred to the Government authorities in charge of the mines to obtain a supply of rock salt. With this end in view, the sinking of a shaft or well sixteen feet in diameter was commenced five years ago, and at a depth of 280 feet the salt was reached. The boring was continued to a further depth of 960 feet, the diameter of the bore being reduced to about thirteen inches. The operations were subsequently prosecuted by the aid of steam until a depth of 4,194 feet was attained. At this point the boring was discontinued, the borer or bit being still in the salt deposit, which thus exhibits the enormous thickness of 3,907 feet. The boring would have been continued in order to discover what description of deposit lay under the salt, but for the mechanical difficulties connected with the further prosecution of operations. During the progress of this interesting work, repeated and careful observations were made of the temperature at various depths. The results confirm very closely those which have been already arrived at under similar circumstances.

A MAN 103 YEARS OLD COMMITS SUICIDE.—It is quite astonishing to find a man 103 years old hanging himself, as Wm. George did at Rochester, Illinois, last week, for since death at any rate must be close at hand, the trouble of a rope, of finding a place of suspension, and adjusting the halter, seemed to be hardly worth the taking. On the other hand, it may reconcile us to being cut off untimely at eighty or so, to know that when a man gets into the hundreds he doesn't find life particularly pleasant. Still, if we have any reader who is 103 years old, we advise him to be patient. What little is left of his mortal coil will shuffle itself off soon enough.

A WESTERN publisher lately gave notice that he intended to spend $5,7 dollars for a "new head" for his paper. The next day one of his subscribers dropped him the following note: "Don't do it—better keep the money and buy a new head for the editor."

THE best get-up for ladies—eight o'clock A. M.