The [illegible]ridge Chronicle.

[illegible]SULIVANE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. I. NO. 24. CA[illegible]AND, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1871. Terms: $1.50 per Annum

What the Baby is Thinking About.

"What is the baby thinking about?"
Why, surely, of topics there seldom is dearth.
To move the half animate jelly with doubt,
With disgust, or with rage, from the hour of its birth
Till its wants, with articulate voice, it expresses.
While chafing with impotent zeal, to explain
The muddle ma e by our fatuitous guesses,
Its thoughts doubtless run in the following vein·

Here comes that great stupid who thinks he must toss me,
And hollow his paternal twaddle at me;
I declare, I believe it delights him to cross me!
Why can't the great nincom for once let me be?
Up I go, in his paws, till my blood chills with terror,
And down again, shuddering, swiftly I sweep!
Will he *never* have done? *Y-a-h!* Put me down sir or
You'll soon hear a yell that will make your flesh creep!

"Why! Don't poppy's deary want more ridy-dide!"
No! I *don't!* The man thinks I am India rubber
Enveloped in oak-tanned rhinoceros hide,
Instead of a sensitive atom of blubber!
Ya-a-h! Now, with his nose, he is going to muzzle me?
Ya-o-oh! How I'm rasped with his whisker's coarse hairs!
Why don't the great bear put his nose in a muzzle? He—
Phew! He—Ya-e-e!—has been smoking cigars!

Yes, "Tum to its muzzer!" I know what *she'll* do with me;
Though never intending a trick that is scurvy,
She'll squeeze me, and kiss, and before she is through with me
A half-dozen times I'll be turned topsy-turvy!
Just what I expected! Now down goes my head!
How long *must* I lie with heels kicking the air?
My eyeballs are bursting! I'm more than half dead?
I'm black in the face, from the rush of blood there!

"*There* now, sitty up!" I should think it high time!
Of course! Now I've got to be churned on her knee!
She *never* will learn not to stir up the chyme!
I'm sick! If you don't stop I'll puke? You hear *me?*
"Why! It's sick in its poor little tummie!" You bet?
'Twas the jouncing. Now what is that horrible stuff?
Paregoric! by all that is nasty! You bet!
I *won't* take it! Goo-google-*now!* Now that's rough!

Goodness, gracious! What now? There's a pin my back pricking!
"The colic!" No! Hang it! It's clear through the skin!
"*Don't-ee Ki!*" *You* would "Ki," with a pin in you sticking!
Dickens take Mrs. Winslow! *That* won't pull a pin!
Jerusalem! Why don't they find it? The nnnies—
They think a live pincushion likes to be nursed!
Ye-e-e! You're squeezing my back now, just where that pin is!
So. They've found it at last, where they should have looked first!

I hate pantomime, but I can't get a word in;
I wonder now why I so helpless was made,
That six months of life is already a burden?
Well, "let us have peace," for I'm just about played,
By the way, that reminds me—'tis my dinner time;
Of course 'twill be only the usual trash;
But I'm hungry, so here goes, in pantomime—
Hey, muse! If you please, I will "wrastle my hash!"

A YACHTSMAN'S ROMANCE.

The London season was over, and a considerable number of its late celebrities were collected in various pleasant spots closely contiguous to the waters of the Solent. Blighted beings had repaired to Cowes, and shattered hearts to Ryde. Gentlemen who were, in popular parlance, about "done up," were enjoying themselves with an hilarity, that might have betokened the zenith of worldly prosperity and commercial success, in different crafts belonging to the pleasure fleet which covers the English Channel with animation during the months of July, August, and September. Of all social phenomena there is none probably more curious than that thus stated by a distinguished novelist: "How is it that men whom in their palmy days I have seen haggard, careworn, and dejected by the simple fact that they are utterly and irretrievably ruined, suddenly become the most light-hearted and jolliest of mankind?" The explanation probably is reaction—reaction from the suspense of anxiety to the certainty of despair. Or possibly the philanthropists who propose to themselves the extinction of impecunosity at a modest profit of eighty per cent. might consider that the true *raison dêtre* was to be found in the fact that these volatile human wrecks are blest with expectations in the background, and usually have a reversionary interest more or less available.

The scene is Ryde Pier, and the hour about 7:30 P. M. A pretty spot, and by no means an unfavorable hour for visiting it. Like Melrose, Ryde Pier and the view which it represents may be visited with signal propriety by the pale moonlight or in the pale twilight. The eternal promenade on the pierhead, the perpetual accompaniment of brilliant music and interminable scandal, the careless tide of demonstrative flirtation—these things are pleasant enough *per se*, but they have, no doubt, a tendency to become monotonous. It is a very different thing, Ryde Pier after dinner. You can secure society without crowd and company without effort. You may meditate *solus*, or *sólus cum solâ* you may flirt. And the prospect is not without its charm. There in the Solent is the squadron of dainty craft, their sails furled, still and motionless at anchor, the lamp fixed to their mastheads reflecting itself with a quivering motion in the tide below; and the whole effect being that of a marine illumination. A little further on, and you can see the line of light on the mainland and distinctly trace the terraces of Southsea and Portsmouth. If you turn round you will see full in your face the little town of Ryde alive with gas, and the windows of the Victoria Yacht Club all aglow. Then, probably, to enhance the sentiment of the moment, the strains of music steal upon you; and were it not that you are seasonably reminded of contingent rheumatic pains, you might be tempted to lapse into poetic reverie.

Mr. Jim Lawlesse, to address him at once by his familiar title, was scarcely a gentleman of a poetic temperament, yet from the prolonged intentness of his gaze upon the waters, as he lounged across the railings of the pier, and the fact that he had suffered his cigar to become extinguished in his hand, he might, for all one could have told to the contrary, been meditating a sonnet to his mistress' eyebrow, or be speculating deeply on the philosophy of the unconditioned. Of that little yacht yonder—the one nearest the shore, with its tiny light twinkling from amid its rigging—the Sea Fan was her name—Mr. Jim Lawlesse was temporary proprietor. Jim's friends were in the habit of saying that, having made the land too hot for him, he had taken to the waters; and there may have been reasons which rendered St. James' street a slightl[illegible] too public place for our hero. So M[illegible] Lawlesse had accepted an invitation fro[illegible] an old college friend to go on a yachtin[illegible] trip in the Sea Fan. But the Sea Fa[illegible] owner had been called away, and Mr. La[illegible]lesse was the man in possession *pro te*[illegible] A boat containing a gentleman and t[illegible] ladies pulled to the pier, and Mr. Lawlesse's attention was aroused. The party had come from the Petrel, about a mile out, and consisted of the proprietor of the Petrel, Sir Hedworth Dare, and his two daughters, who stood to each other in the relation of step-sisters, as Sir Hedworth had married twice, Edith and Kate. When Mr. Lawlesse went up to the two as they landed, it was pretty obvious that Sir Hedworth Dare would have been quite as well pleased had that gentleman not chosen to present himself; for the baronet regarded Mr. Lawlesse as a detrimental, and had a wholesome and parental horror of the class.

"Ah! Lawlesse; thought it was Moonington," said Sir Hedworth; "said he would be here to meet us."

The Hon. Sam Moonington was eldest son of the heir of Moonshine, and desperately smitten with Miss Kate Dare. Sir Hedworth—so said Ryde society—was bent upon the match. The Hon. Sam was certainly a catch—so said the ladies; Moonington was an ass—so (somewhat abruptly) said the gentlemen in general, and Mr. Lawlesse in particular.

Jim, however, was not to be taken aback by this very tepid welcome, and walked down the pier with Sir Hedworth and his two daughters.

"Are you going to the ball to-night, Mr. Lawlesse?" asked Kate Dare. It happened to be within a few hours of the commencement of the Yacht Club ball.

Of course Mr. Lawlesse was going; and so was Mr. Moonington. That gentleman had just joined them; and so they all were. "And so we shall all meet again presently." And Jim Lawlesse sauntered off after having bade the ladies an *au revoir*—in decidedly better spirits than when he had first met Sir Hedworth and the Misses Dare.

"I don't think I should mind backing my luck against that of the Honorable Sam's," said Jim Lawlesse, as he proceeded to dress. Miss Kate Dare had promised Mr. Lawlesse the first waltz.

* * * * * * * *

The dance given by the Royal Victoria Yacht Club was unusually and brilliantly successful that year; so said everybody; and the ball is certainly one which, if for no other reasons than those of a spectacular nature, is well worth seeing. The elegant devices which convert a balcony into a corridor, the profusion of banners, the trophies of yachtsmen, the decidedly nautical features in the dresses of the ladies—all these add a charm which is exclusively their own to the affair.

Mr. James Lawlesse entered the room almost at the same time as the Dare party. On the arm of Sir Hedworth rested his eldest daughter, on that of the Hon. Sam Miss Kate Dare. The baronet's tone was more chilled than ever when he caught sight of our hero approaching in the distance.

Amid an indescribable chatter strongly flavored with marine jargon the first quadrille was danced. Mr. Moonington's partner was Miss Kate Dare, his *vis-a-vis* the gentleman whom we have for form's sake christened the hero of this slight narrative. But the first quadrille, as even fast quadrilles are sometime or other, was over at last, and within a few minutes of its termination Mr. Lawlesse claimed the younger of Sir Hedworth's two daughters as his partner in the first waltz; and Mr. Moonington surrendered the lady who without doubt was the object of his affections and ambitions, certainly not with the best grace in the world. Miss Dare, however, was close by, and disengaged. Would Miss Dare give him, the Honorable Sam, the pleasure of that waltz? Most happy; and the pair whirled off. The elder of Sir Hedworth's two daughters was far from displeased at the *contretemps*, and she determined to make the most of it. She did not see why the heir to the Moonshine peerage should be calmly appropriated for and by her younger half-sister. For her part, she could never quite understand what there particularly was to charm people in Kate. Besides, Kate had her time before her; she had only finished her first season, and Edith Dare's first season was an affair of the more or less long past. If Kate did not choose to know her opportunity such a charge of ignorance should not be brought against Miss Dare, in plain truth this young lady was as little pleased with her father as with her sister in the present matter. It would be no such bad thing, she thought, if the event should prove that the calculations of the former were at fault; as for Kate, the child was far too ignorant to calculate at all.

The fair partner of Mr. Moonington put forth all her pleasures—and they were not inconsiderable—to captivate and please. She suggested a walk in the corridor—it was so hot in the ball-room. Curiously enough, also the keen eyes of Edith Dare had noticed a movement of her sister.

"I think," said the young lady, in a low tone, "we will sit here, just behind that pillar. The air blows in so cool, and we have such a pretty view of the sea."

Almost immediately on the other side of the pillar were Miss Kate Dare and Mr. Lawlesse.

"Ah! Mr. Moonington, there, I declare, are my sister and Mr. Lawlesse. How very sentimental!" And Edith looked up in the face of the Honorable Sam, who, judging from his expression, was not particularly pleased. He looked in the direction indicated, and then turned again to his partner.

Under the shadow of the pillar Edith advanced with her cavalier a little nearer her sister.

"Romance, did you say, Mr. Lawlesse? I don't think there's much romance in the present century, least of all at Ryde. If you want romance I think it would be necessary to search for it on far wilder waters than those of the Solent."

"I suppose," returned Mr. Lawlesse, who had evidently been reading 'Ixion in Heaven,' "that romance is to be romantic."

"And who is romantic nowadays?"

The pair were standing close together, and Mr. Moonington and his partner could distinctly see Mr. Lawlesse's hand laid upon Kate Dare's.

"I think, Mr. Moonington, we will go inside. It is getting rather chilly here—romantic perhaps, rheumatic certainly," said Miss Dare, in accents sufficiently audible to arouse the attention of her sister and Mr. Lawlesse.

"Hadn't a notion," remarked Jim, turning round with something of confusion, "that anybody was so near."

[illegible] sister's slumbers, I am disposed to fancy that they were principally relative to Jim Lawlesse.

A beautiful morning, two or three days after the club ball: Ryde was thinning gradually; but among the visitors who remained were Sir Hedworth Dare, his two daughters, the Hon. Sam. Moonington, and Jim Lawlesse, the latter of whom still waited the return of his friend, the proprietor of the "Sea-Fan."

Sir Hedworth Dare was going to take a morning's sail in his yacht the "Petrel." His two daughters were coming, and they were to be accompanied by Mr. Moonington. The Baronet had noticed something of the events of the ball-night, and Mr. James Lawlesse was discreetly omitted from the party.

Kate Dare was passionately fond of the sea, and was herself an excellent oar. She had told Jim as much the other night. She could not imagine, she said, any life more perfect then the yachtman's; and it must be allowed that the existence is not without its attractions. If you study independence, you realize it in a degree possible under no other circumstances. You go from place to place according to your own sweet will. The instant that a sentiment of boredom commences to creep over you your anchor is weighed and the scene is changed. Hotels may charge prohibitory prices, lodging-house keepers may drive their inmates to distraction; what care you? All that hotels, and all that lodgings could supply you have close at hand ready to your beck and call.

Sir Hedworth's party were on board the "Petrel," and the yacht was just about to slip her moorings.

"Where's Kate, Edith?" inquired the baronet, not seeing his youngest daughter on deck.

"Oh, down in the cabin, papa—I suppose."

These last two words were added in a somewhat lower tone, and as she said them Edith rather blushed. She sat down, however, presently, next to Mr. Moonington, and was soon making the running at a speed not less than that of the good yacht "Petrel."

"Tell Kate to come up," said Sir Hedworth, after he had leisure to think of other things than certain matters of purely nautical importance; and Edith Dare called for her sister down the companion-ladder. Receiving no answer, she descended into the cabin.

"Papa," she said, on returning, "I don't see Kate at all. I suppose at the last minute she made up her mind not to come."

This was not exactly the truth. Edith Dare had determined from the first that Kate should not be amongst the party, and to this end she had managed to divert her attention to something else at the moment they were leaving the house. Sir Hedworth was not satisfied with the explanation, and knit his brow. His younger daughter was his favorite, and, not being blind to the character of the elder, he did, in plain truth, suspect something of the ruse that had been executed; but he said nothing, and the "Petrel" went on.

Some person else had selected the present morning as a favorable one for a sail, and that was Jim Lawlesse. He had taken no companion, and was talking abstractedly to the master of the "Sea-Fan." The regulation telescope was suspended from his neck, and something impelled him to look through it in the direction of what seemed a black speck. He examined it again.

"Looks uncommonly like a boat; and so far as I can make out, whoever, is inside her is in distress, for it appears to me," said Jim, "as if they were making signs."

The master of the "Sea Fan" was of the same opinion, and the pair decided that they would "stand about" and try to get at the object.

"By Jove!" cried Jim, as they drew a little nearer, "it's a woman, I declare!"

And a woman it certainly was—evidently exhausted with the severity of her efforts to make headway against the waves. They were within two or three hundred yards of the boat; and Jim ordered the yacht's pinnace to be let down, and said he would himself run up this female Columbus.

"Miss Dare!" cried Jim, as the pinnace touched the boat, "is that you? What on earth brought you here—three miles from the shore?"

"Oh! Mr. Lawlesse, I am so glad to see you, or some one. I was about getting exhausted, and thought—"

But Kate Dare was unable to say more, for she fell back in a dead faint.

Jim Lawlesse transferred himself into her boat, and rowed to the yacht; and when Kate Dare next became sensible she found herself lying in the ladies' cabin of the "Sea Fan," with Mr. Lawlesse by her side.

"How very kind!" were her first words; and "How very fortunate!"

"It was certainly fortunate that I should have seen you; but there is no kindness," said Jim, "Don't speak till you have quite recovered."

The recovery was not long delayed; and Kate Dare commenced to tell Jim Lawlesse exactly what had occurred.

"You know," she said, "that we—that is, papa, and Edith, and Mr. Moonington, were to have gone out for a sail in the 'Petrel' this morning. Well, I was dressing, and thought I had plenty of time, when on looking out of the window I saw the yacht starting. I was determined not to be robbed of my cruise, so I hurried and went down to the water, and got into the little boat. You see, they were close to me. The 'Petrel' didn't seem to be more than a hundred yards ahead, and I thought that I could easily attract their notice. Besides, I had imagined, naturally, that they would discover I was left behind; and I thought, most likely, they would put back for me. However, I couldn't manage it; and I rowed on and on; and when I looked back, the shore was ever so far behind, and I didn't know what to do; and I only hoped some person would pick me up—and at last you did; and I am really more obliged than I can say."

Jim blurted out some disclaimer, in reply, which does not materially affect the course of this narrative.

It was decided that the best plan would be to steer for home immediately, and to land as near Sea View as possible—where Sir Hedworth Dare's house was situated.

"People talk so absurdly in Ryde," added Miss Kate Dare, as an argument to clench the plan.

When the shore was reached, there was scarcely a person visible; two persons, however, had noticed the disembarkation from the "Sea Fan"—one was Edith Dare, and another, Mr. Moonington.

"If that does not convince him nothing else will," thought Miss Dare.

Miss Dare's wish was accomplished, and before the house was reached the heir of the earldom of Moonington had declared himself.

"Where on earth is Kate?" said Sir Hedworth, as he met Mr. Moonington and his newly-gained *fiancee*.

"We have just seen her, papa, landing from Mr. Lawlesse's yacht," was the sisterly reply.

"The devil you have!" replied the baronet, *sotto voce*.

"Ah! here they come, I declare," added Miss Dare. "Hope you've had a pleasant sail, Kate?"

"Kate," said Sir Hedworth, as that young lady was bursting out into all manner of ejaculatory explanations, "I want to speak to you at once. I am surprised," continued the baronet, when the library was reached, "that you should have acted as you have done—that you should have given me the slip in the dishonest manner you did, simply to do a most improper thing—go out in the yacht of a young man to whom you know I exceedingly object. As for his conduct, it is simply disgraceful. I don't understand it, upon my soul I—"

"Oh, papa! what do you mean?" burst in Kate. "Mr. Lawlesse has saved my life." And Kate narrated to her father all that had occurred. The baronet's face changed more than once in the course of his daughter's story.

"Go up and dress for dinner, Kate. I will go up and thank Mr. Lawlesse."

Sir Hedworth met the gentleman standing on the steps of the porch.

"No thanks whatever are due, Sir Hedworth," replied Jim. "I am only sincerely grateful that I saw your daughter when I did."

"Don't go, Lawlesse," continued the owner of the Petrel. "Come and stay dinner." And so saying, Sir Hedworth turned aside to speak to his elder daughter whom he saw coming.

"Edith," he said, "I should like to know what you meant by telling me that Kate was in the cabin this morning?"

"Really, papa, I knew nothing to the contrary. I'm glad she was in more agreeable society. But Mr. Moonington is in the library, and I know is anxious to see you. He is calling you—pray go!"

Later on that evening there was another interview—this time between Sir Hedworth and Mr. Jim Lawlesse. It was entirely satisfactory. Kate had spoken to her father in the interval on the subject of her lover. Jim had made, and would make, no declaration without Sir Hedworth's consent. That consent was given.

"Lawlesse, you have not only saved my daughter's life, you have acted, as I have heard from her, in a manner infinitely creditable to yourself."

"Kate," said Jim to his affianced bride, before they parted that night, "don't you think I was right, and that there may be romance even close to Ryde, and on the waters of the Solent, after all?"

Towing by Steam on the Canal.

A novel plan for the propulsion of canal boats by steam was presented to the State Commission by the Hon. Chas. Howard, of New York, one of the oldest shipping merchants in the State. He exhibited a miniature canal filled with water, with two curves, or one reverse curve. The canal has a chain on each side, one for ascending boats and the other for descending boats. These chains are kept in their place around the points of the curves of the canal by spars, one end of which is shackled to the shore, the other end to the chain. These spars prevent the chain from being drawn ashore on the point of the canal by the boats that are towing on it. On the concave side of the curve is a short chain attached to the shore at one end and to the chain at the other to prevent the chain drawing from the concave side of the curve. The spars above described have also a short brace chain that leads from the outer end of the spar, diagonally to the shore in such a manner as to take all the strain off from the main chain beyond that point, which divides the tension as often as necessary, so that a light and convenient main chain can be safely used, and if any accident occurs to any one section, it can be repaired, while the balance of the chain each side is intact. He also exhibited several miniature canal-boats, made on the same scale of the canal, with a small wheel on the side of the boat near the bottom, secured to a shaft that extends through the side of the boat. The wheel has a groove in its periphery, with projectiles for the link to drop into. The main chain is laid into the groove, and when the engine turned the wheel, it drove the boat along with great speed with two or three other boats in tow, and turned the curves of the canal, passing the spars and guy chains with perfect freedom and ease. The chains are continuous the whole length of the level, but do not extend through the locks. The plan contemplates the plan of having only one boat in five fitted with an engine, and this engine boat to take about 160 tons cargo, and the other four 210 tons each, and tow them from Buffalo to the Hudson, and then ship a pair of Indian paddles, which are rigged very simple, on each side of the boat, and continue the voyage to New York and back with her fleet of barges or common boats. The paddles were shipped in two minutes of time, and made very rapid speed through the miniature canal.

THE KOH-I-NOOR.—The following story is told concerning the Koh-i-noor captured in India: "The Koh-i-noor was captured in this cheap way: In 1849 that well known diamond became part of the spoil of the Anglo-Indian army, on the conquest and annexation of the Punjab, and being then estimated at $1,250,000, there was great joy over such a prize. Without consulting the army, Lord Gough and Sir Charles Napier, in command, audaciously presented the great diamond to Queen Victoria in the name of the combatants. It was not the general's right to rob the army by bestowing the greatest of its spoils of war upon the Queen, nor ought she to have accepted it without seeing that the soldiers had been paid for it. From that time the Indian army have not received a shilling for their capture of the Koh-i-noor, and Victoria has retained the gem as her own personal property, instead of placing it among the crown jewels belonging to the British nation.',

How a Man Eloped with His Own Wife.

Late in July last the good people in the town of Lyon, Oakland County, Mich., were much excited by an application for divorce on the part of the wife of Samuel B. Dolph, a Detroit drover, on the ground of adultery. The wife was the daughter of a wealthy farmer of their county. Dolph, who had been enjoined from removing anything from a farm that was the property of his wife, attempted to take possession of the place, ejected the family living upon it, and was arrested for riot. In the meantime the family he had ejected reinstated themselves, and when he returned he found them well guarded by armed men. Dolph was then arrested and gave bail. Subsequently Dolph and his father visited the farm and found people cutting the crops, and for interfering with them he and his father were arrested for assault and battery. Other suits were brought by the wife, and elder and younger Dolph, and by various parties, and legal gentlemen were retained on one side or the other to take part in the controversies. The suit at law embraced injunctions, replevins, trespass, and pretty much everything else known to the civil and criminal calendar, and the litigations bid fair to extend through several months, and perhaps years. Dolph is well known, and has many influential and wealthy friends, and the same may be said of his wife; and these friends, it appears, were strenuous in their efforts to keep them separated. Mrs. Dolph remained secluded at the residence of some of her friends, and a policeman was employed to watch Dolph, fears being entertained that he might attempt to abduct her. Thus matters passed along for several weeks, and a few days since an arrangement was effected by which Mrs. Dolph was to pay her husband $3,000, and all the suits, except that for the divorce, were to be discontinued. The papers were drawn up and signed, and the parties separated, Mrs. Dolph avowing it as her determination never to live with him again. Dolph, however, insisted that he loved his wife, and a friend volunteered to effect a reconciliation between them. It is not necessary to state in detail all that occurred, but, to make a long story short, we may simply announce that the plan worked like a charm. Mrs. Dolph consented to elope with her husband, and Dolph to elope with his wife. She returned to the place where she was stopping, packed her trunks, to be ready to move at a given time, and Dolph prepared himself for a journey too. The friend referred to took a carriage and obtained Mrs. Dolph, subsequently drove after Dolph. The carriage was driven rapidly to Hamtramck, where it remained until evening, and from thence the reconciled couple took passage on a train that carried them many miles away. Telegrams have been sent in every direction, but no traces have been discovered of Mr. and Mrs. Dolph. They are out of reach of Detroit and Pontiac lawyers, who have pocketed fees to the amount of about $4,000, and they have sworn to forget and forgive, and hereafter live happily.

Animal Teaching.

We have all witnessed in our time, says *Land and Water*, the astonishing performances of certain animals, birds, and fishes which were trained for the purpose of exhibition; but the majority of these though they served to prove the possibility of a higher training and a more useful one, yet in themselves they exhibited a lamentable amount of waste labor and waste power.

Long years before the American Rarey's name was heard as a "horse-tamer," a secret existed, as a family heirloom, among a sect of the O'Sullivans in the south of Ireland. This family was known as "The Whisperers," and they possessed the power of rendering as quiet as a lamb the most stubborn and unmanageable horse that ever existed. Whether they did anything more to the horse than breathe into his nostrils, we know not; but by doing this and by kind soothing, and other ways known to themselves, they effected their purpose and retained their fame. Putting the question of drugs, or stimulants, or other fascinating means aside, and coming to the point of pure and unadulterated domestication and teaching, perhaps there was no one person in modern times achieved so much success in animal teaching as S. Bissett. This man was an humble shoemaker. He was born in Scotland, in 1721, but he afterward removed to London, where he married a woman who brought him some property; then turned broker, he accumulated money until the year 1759, when his attention was turned to the training and teaching of animals, birds, and fishes. He was led to this new study on reading an account of a remarkable horse-show at a fair at St. Germains. Bissett bought a horse and dog, and succeeded beyond his expectations in teaching them to perform various feats. He next purchasde two monkeys, which he taught to dance and tumble on a rope, and one would hold a candle in one paw and turn the barrel organ with the other, while his companion danced. He next taught three cats to do many wonderful things, to sit before music-books; and to squall notes pitched to different keys. He advertised a "Cat's Opera" in the Haymarket, and successfully carried out his programme, the cats accurately fulfilling all their parts. He pocketed some thousands by these performances. He next taught a leveret, and then several species of birds, to spell the name of any person in company, and to distinguish the hour of the day or night. Six turkey-cocks were next rendered amenable to a country dance, and, after six months' teaching, he trained a turtle to fetch and carry like a dog, and, having chalked the floor and blackened its claws, he made it trace out the name of any given person in the company.

RENDERING WALLS WATER-TIGHT.—It is proposed by Mr. F. Ransome, of London, to render stone and brick walls water-proof by coating them to saturation with a solution of silicate of soda, which is superficially decomposed by the further application of chloride of calcum. The surface thus obtained consists of silecia of lime, which is perfectly soluble, while it does not alter the appearance of the wall.

A slight coolness rose between Julia and Augustus at dinner the other day at Newport. The attentive waiter separated them with a pyramid of ice cream.

Storms and the Signal Service Bureau.

The immense area of the United States, with its interminable lines of telegraph, provides a field for meteorological observations that is wonderful to contemplate. As we have already noted, a storm approaching the Atlantic coast is announced two days in advance of its reaching a given point. One signal observer gathers up the first threatning disturbances of the elements as they fret at the base of the Rocky Mountains, and traces them along, for the storm makes slow time compared with the electric telegraph until the fully developed storm reaches the New England coast.

Or, a cheery but unusual wind is felt in the Mexican Gulf, at Key West, or Galveston; the barometer falls suddenly; the indications are that a series of disturbances are taking place somewhere in the atmosphere. Presently the storm, gathering its forces in our semi-tropical regions, commences its journey toward the North. It is traced along, gathering intensity in its progress, until the telegraph reports it at New Orleans. The wind and the rain follow, and dash over the "Crescent City." The steamers start from their moorings, and the deep, muddy river is lashed into fury, and seems molten copper under the glare of the continuous lightning; the sugar-cane and cotton-fields are desolated; when suddenly the storm, now fairly launched, turns into the great highway of the Mississippi Valley, rushes along twelve hundred miles, until it reaches St. Louis, deluging that city in rain, and possibly wrecking some of its more delicate steam craft; then, as if bent on more mischief, it will strike off toward Chicago and the great lakes, moving Westwardly, Northwardly, then Eastwardly, until striking the Atlantic off the coast of Newfoundland, the discontented and ruin-scattering child of the tropics is finally lost in the intense cold of the Northern latitudes.

And the history of the four days' progress of this storm—days consumed by its journey through the heart of the continent—is not only given, but the arrival of the storm at every important place is anticipated, and its conduct along the route is kept with unfaltering precision and the most scientific care.

Twenty-five miles an hour is shown by signal service operations, to be the average velocity of a storm; when it has twice that velocity it becomes a tornado. Now, a storm proper, starting from the foot of the Rocky Mountains, and traveling toward the Atlantic coast, even if severe in its demonstration, is beaten all the way by the railway train, which averages more rapidity in its movements than the ordinary storm; while the telegraphic message, no matter how much headway storm and railway cars have made, passes both, and arrives at its destination without any real perception of consumed time.

The wind in the upper currents, as marked by the Mount Washington observations of last winter, is often rushing past at the rate of one hundred miles an hour. When it was of this great velocity, at Portland, sixty miles away, the weather was perfectly calm and clear.

On the 5th of March, 1871, Mount Washington observation, the wind was blowing fifty miles; at Portland, two miles. Balloons sometimes reach an altitude where the wind is blowing a hundred miles an hour. These winds in the high air are almost exclusively from a Southerly direction—many from the equator toward the poles. But this rule is not imperative, for the surface of the earth, by its heat and cold, affects the direction of the high winds. Phenomenal winds are cyclones, one of the severest of which known in history, a few years ago swept over some portions of English India.

Society and Fashion.

At a Staten Island wedding there are to be ten bridesmaids but no groomsman.

A novelty in wall decorations is leather paper, which has the effect of fresco and is very beautiful.

Very few ladies at Saratoga seem to be willing or courageous enough to appear in the same toilette twice.

All the ladies in Paris now dress in deep mourning, and the gaiety is confined entirely to the foreign visitors.

The Chinese crepe dresses have found unusual favor this season at the sea shore as they do not shrink or wrinkle with the dampness.

A man is in no danger as long as he talks love, but when he writes it, he is impaling himself on his own pot-hooks most effectually.

Overskirts are now worn so very long that the underskirts are usually made of an inferior quality of silk, with flounces the same as the overskirt.

A lady at Long Branch appeared at one of the "hops" in a dress of yellow satin trimmed with flounces of black lace, on which were fastened *live* Brazilian bugs.

A cynical man says the reason women are so fond of writing letters is that they rejoice in the opportunity of saying all they wish without the possibility of an interruption.

Bronze boots have entirely gone out of fashion, as the least dampness turns them a light purple color, and the polish used to renovate them stains all goods with an ineffaceable stain.

UNITED STATES REVENUE.—Returns from all the various Revenue Districts, save the third Mississippi, show the aggregate receipts for the fiscal year, ending June 30th, 1871, to be $144,011,724, a falling off from the year previous of about $41,000,000, the principal decrease being in the income tax, which realized this year $19,157,958, as against $37,775,873 for 1870. The sources from which this revenue was derived are as follows: Spirits, $46,282,463; tobacco, $33,568,587; fermented liquors, $7,309,141; banks and bankers, $3,643,889; incomes, $19,157,958; miscellaneous, $15,413,930. Full returns from the delinquent district will only swell the aggregate about $12,000.

FURNITURE POLISH.—One pint of linseed oil, one wine-glass of alcohol; mix well together; apply to the wood with a linen rag; rub dry with a soft cotton cloth, and polish with a silk cloth. Furniture is improved by washing it occasionally with soap-suds. Wipe dry, and rub over with a very little linseed oil upon a clean sponge or flannel.

An Order for a Picture.

Woods and cornfields a little brown—
The picture must not be over-bright—
Yet all in the golden, gracious light
Of a cloud when the Summer sun is down.
And always and always, night and morn,
Woods upon woods, and fields of corn
Lying between them, not quite sere,
And not in the full, thick, leafy bloom,
When the wind can hardly find breathing-room
Under their tassels—cattle near,
Biting shorter the short green grass,
And a hedge of sumac and sassafras,
With bluebirds twittering all around—
(Ah, good painter, you can't paint sound!)
These, and the house where I was born,
Low and little, and black and old,
With children many as it can hold,
All at the windows, open wide—
Heads and shoulders clear outside,
And fair young faces all ablush;
Perhaps you may have seen, some day,
Roses crowding the self-same way
Out of a wilding; wayside bush.

Listen closer. When you have done
With woods and cornfields and grazing herds,
A lady, the loveliest ever the sun
Looked down upon, you must paint for me;
Oh, if I only could make you see
The clear blue eyes, the tender smile,
The sovereign sweetness, the gentle grace,
The woman's soul, and the angel's face
That are beaming on me all the while.
I need not speak these foolish words;
Yet one word tells you all I would say—
She is my mother; you will agree
That all the rest may be thrown away.

Alice Cary.

Facts and Fancies.

The church for affianced ones—St. All Banns.

The most unpopular of all watchwords—Tick.

A shilling dentist must be a man of low extraction.

A handy tune—"For tune." It is not common metre.

The biggest "guns" are often the greatest "bores."

Stage-drivers look upon a rainy day as peculiarly fare-weather.

Chew your meat, eschew greasy gravies. Don't chew your tobacco.

In Truro, Mass., there are 105 widows whose husbands were lost at sea.

The man who became a liquor celler goes a long way toward a basement.

Some tectotalers would even prefer a watery grave to preservation in spirits.

On an English railroad, a certain train is run 194 miles in four hours and a quarter.

A new purfume has been invented, called "The Breath of a Charming Woman."

In Michigan there are 172 Congregational churches, with a membership of 11,984.

In time the mulberry tree becomes a silk gown—and a silk gown becomes a woman.

A child at Albany swallowed a ring, and the mother became so frightened that she died in a few minutes.

Last year the Baptist Board of Missions received $203,000 into its treasury. This year they propose to raise at least $230,000.

The young lady who was caught smoking by her mother, excused herself by saying it made her smell as though there was a man about.

Good housekeepers are putting up all the fruit they can, and little boys and girls are willing to try and put down as much fruit as their mothers.

A gentleman said to an old lady who had brought up a family of children near the river, "I should think you would live in constant fear that some of them would get drowned." "O, no," responded the old lady, "we only lost three or four in that way."

The Burlington *Free Press* ascertains that there is much alarm in this City concerning the cholera. It is misinformed. We ain't afraid of cholera. We are only afraid that the officers of the Staten Island Ferry Company will never be punished.—*N. Y. Paper.*

A farmer cured a balky horse in the town of Eden, Fond du Lac county, Wisconsin. He hitched a pair of cattle to a log-chain around the horse's neck, and prevailed on 'em to lean a few tons weight on the yoke. The horse didn't start, but his head came out by the roots. The hide, a set of shoes, and a lunch for the crows are all that is left of the indocile steed.

Savings for Old Age.

No one denies that it is wise to make provision for old age, but we are not all agreed as to the kind of provision it is best to lay in. Certainly we shall want a little money, for a destitute old man is indeed a sorry sight; yes, save money by all means. But an old man needs just that particular kind of strength which young men are apt to waste. Many a foolish young fellow will throw away on a holiday a certain amount of nervous energy which he will never feel the want of until he is seventy, and then how much he will want it! It is curious but true, that a bottle of champagne at twenty will intensify the rheumatism at threescore.

It is a fact that over-tasking the eyes at fourteen may necessitate the aid of spectacles at forty instead of sixty. We advise our young readers to be saving of health for their old age, for the maxim holds good in regard to health as well to money, "Waste not, want not." It is the greatest mistake to suppose that violation of the laws of health can escape its penalty. Nature forgives no sin, no error; she lets off the offender for fifty years sometimes, but she catches him at last, and inflicts the punishment just when and where, and just how he feels it most. Save up for Old Age, but save knowledge; save the recollections of good and noble deeds, innocent pleasures and pure thoughts; save friends, save love. Save rich stores of that kind of wealth which time cannot diminish nor death take away.—*Rural New Yorker.*

FEARFUL EXPLOSION.—The details of the explosion of the boiler of the steamer Chautauqua, on Lake Chautauqua, have been received. Many of the features resemble those of the Westfield explosion. Every person on board, some 40 in number, were thrown in the air. Many were carried as high as 250 feet. A lady was thrown "about 300 feet, and she was found drowned in that position, standing erect, her feet fast in the soft mud of the marsh in about six feet of water, with the book still in her hand that she had playfully taken from her husband a moment before."

Why was Eve not afraid of the measles? Because she'd Adam.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc3661_scm12289-0096