

were within a few hundred yards of the guard-room, when we passed the field officer's quarters. I fondly hoped that he would not pass them, and that he would dismiss me at the door, but I was rather surprised to see a blaze of light come from the windows, and to hear the sound of music. It was evident that there was a "hop" going on inside, and I already began to tremble from a sort of instinct that even misfortune was yet to attend.

My premonitions were true, for upon reaching his door my persecutor, in a cheerful tone, said:

"Well, we've had a cold tour; you must come in and take a glass of wine, and perhaps a glass will warm you."

"I'm really much obliged," I hastily answered, "but I should not like to leave my guard."

"Nonsense, nonsense—the guard will be all right; you must come in."

"You must," he said in quite a determined tone.

I felt desperate, and again declared that I thought I should be wrong to leave my guard.

"I'll take the responsibility," said the demon, "so come along," saying which, he grasped my arm, and almost dragged me into the porch of his quarters.

When we entered the house and were exposed to the light of the hall lamps, I fancied I saw a slight twinkle in the eye of the officer, and I began to wonder whether he really knew of my predicament, and wished to have his joke. He gave no other intimation, however, that I saw, but quickly took off his cloak, and said that I had better do the same. Seeing me hesitate, he said, "come, look alive, off with it."

Further remonstrance I found would be useless, so that there was no help for me but a full confession. Summoning my courage and fearing to hesitate, I blurted out, "Colonel, I've no trousers on."

"The deuce you haven't!" he said. "Well, you'd better go and put them on, and then come here as soon as possible, and have a glass of something warm."

I rushed out of the quarters, half determined not to return. I was fully awake now, and shivered like a half-drowned dog; but no sooner had I dressed than the colonel came over to say that a quadrille was waiting for me.

I determined to put a bold face on the matter, and entered the drawing room where a party of about fifty had assembled. It was evident by the titters of the young ladies, the grins of the men, and the subdued smiles of the dowagers, that my story was known.

The colonel had told it as a good joke to the major, who had whispered it to his wife, she had breathed it into the ear of two of her friends, and in about ten minutes every person in the room knew a young subaltern had unwillingly gone his rounds in his nightshirt.

As long as I stayed in that garrison I was a standing joke. When the girls saw me they always looked away and smiled, and it seemed as impossible for me to obtain an answer from any of them as for a clown to preach a sermon. They ever seemed afraid to dance with me, fearing as I afterwards heard, to look at my legs, lest I might be deficient in some articles of raiment.

I soon exchanged and went into another regiment, and years afterward I heard my own adventure related in a crowded drawing room, all the details of the story being true except the name of the prisoner—my misfortune having been attributed to an unfortunate fall.

I never went to bed on guard after that night.—Charming Cross.

SCIENTIFIC.

A COMPOUND LOCOMOTIVE.

An ingenious member of the Manchester Scientific and Mechanical Society proposes to apply the compound principle to locomotives. This is how he sets about it, says the English Mechanic. He would use steam of 250 lbs. on the square inch to work the small cylinder, and expand this steam into a supplementary boiler bearing a pressure of 60 or 65 lbs. to the square inch, so as to have a surplus of effective pressure of 180 lbs. or 190 lbs. in the small cylinder, or about 60 or 65 lbs. in the larger one. The principle alterations proposed are in the boiler. In adapting his plan to a locomotive of the medium size, he would make the boiler two feet longer than at present, and divide it into two distinct parts, the part containing the furnace or fire box to be 2 feet shorter than at present, so as to have the supplementary boiler 4 feet longer, both being equal in diameter, and equal in number, size, and position of tubes, the two parts of the boiler being firmly bolted together, and arranged so that the tubes of one are in a line with the other, so that the hot air and flame may pass freely through from one to the other. An important advantage claimed by the plan is that the driver of the locomotive will be enabled to start his engine with the full power of steam in both cylinders at once, which he could not do if compounded in the usual way. Although this plan will require extra outlay, there will be a considerable saving in fuel, which, with other advantages, it is claimed, will more than compensate for the extra cost. We are not surprised to hear that discussion followed the reading of the paper, in which the feasibility of the plan was generally condemned. Ultimately, however, the discussion was adjourned, in order that the inventor might give further information on the subject.

TEST FOR ARSENICAL COLORS ON WALL PAPERS.

Professor Hager recommends the following method for detecting this dangerous class of arsenical colors, which, we may remark, are not confined to green alone, for even red sometimes contains arsenic: A piece of paper is soaked in a concentrated solution of sodium nitrate (Chili saltpeter) in equal parts of alcohol and water, and allowed to dry. The dried paper is buried in a shallow porcelain dish. Usually it only smolders producing no flame. Water is poured over the ashes, and caustic potash added to a strongly alkaline reaction, then boiled and filtered. The filtrate is acidified with dilute sulphuric acid, and permanganate of potash is added slowly as long as the red color disappears or changes to a yellow brown upon warming, and finally a slight excess of chameleon solution is present. If the liquid becomes turbid, it is to be filtered. After cooling, more dilute sulphuric acid is added and also a piece of clean pure zinc, and the flask closed with a cork split in two places. In one split of the cork a piece of paper moistened in silver nitrate is fastened, in the other a strip of parchment paper dipped in the sugar of lead. If arsenic is present, the silver soon blackens. The lead paper is merely a check on the presence of sulph-hydric acid. According to Hager, the use of permanganate of potash is essential, otherwise the silver paper may be blackened when arsenic is present.

HARDENING STEEL TOOLS, &c.

The following secret, unpatented composition, suggested by the chemist Kulicke, has been employed with success at Saarbrucken for restoring burned steel to its primitive condition, and as it affords a peculiarly hard metal, it is also used for tempering steel tools that are too soft, or may have become so by use, as chisels, saw-blades, &c. Although rather expensive, it is really an economical treatment where large numbers of steel tools are used. Burned steel heated to a cherry red, and forged somewhat on an anvil, is plunged into a well-mixed doughy mass (in a box near by), composed of tartaric acid, 6 ounces; cod-oil, 30 ounces; charcoal powder, 2 ounces; bone black, 8 ounces; beef tallow, 10 ounces; yellow prussiate of potash, 5 ounces; and burned hartshorn, 3 ounces; and is then completely cooled in water. Small articles of cast-iron, such as wheel boxes, axle-bearings, &c., may be successfully case-hardened by being plunged red-hot into a mixture of 10 buckets of urine, five pounds of whitening, and four pounds of salt.

THE VIENNA PRIZES.

Seventy thousand articles have been exhibited at the Vienna show, and 3,002 awards have been distributed. Of this aggregate number of premiums, 321 were diplomas of honor, 3,024 medals for progress, 8,800 medals for merit, 8,328 medals for good taste, 978 medals for art, 1,998 medals for co-operation, and 10,465 diplomas of merit or honorable mention. These were awarded a follows: Austria (without Hungary) 5,991, Germany 5,066, France 3,142, Italy 1,903, Hungary 1,604, Spain 1,157, England and colonies 1,156, Russia 1,018, Switzerland 722, Belgium 612, Norway and Sweden 534, Turkey 470, Portugal 441, United States 411, Denmark 309, Holland 284, Roumania 238, Japan 217, Brazil 202, Greece 183, China 118, Egypt 75, Republics of Central and South America 44, Persia 29, Morocco, Tunis and Tripoli 20, Madagascar, etc. 10, Monaco 9, Mexico, Siam, and Turkestan, each 1.

DAYLIGHT THROUGH THE HOOSAC TUNNEL.

The last charge of powder required to complete the piercing of the Hoosac mountain has been fired, and after the uninterrupted labor of five years the working parties from the east and west stood face to face with no intervening wall to separate them. By the completion of this work the aspirations of fifty years have been realized and the long standing threat of Massachusetts to "let daylight through the Hoosac" has been carried out.

To understand the importance of this tunnel to Boston, and the trade of the West, it is necessary to explain that the Appalachian chain of mountains starting in New Hampshire runs nearly North and south across the western part of Massachusetts, and on to Virginia, forming a rocky wall which has shut out Boston from a direct connection with the west. Some thirty years ago the Boston and Albany railway climbed over this mountain range, and is still Boston's chief means of access to the west. Other railways have since done the same, but in all cases at a cost of fearful detours and fearful grades. The rocky wall spoken of would have been nearly as great a barrier to New York as to Boston had it not been that the Hudson river has hollowed a valley through it which not only give the latter city river navigation to Albany but also a natural pathway for her most important railways. The advantage of railway facilities which New York has had over Boston will be lost to her by the completion of the tunnel, though she will still retain the advantage of the navigation, while Boston will have the advantage of being 200 miles nearer Liverpool. A history of the Hoosac tunnel would require a volume instead of a newspaper article. It was spoken of some fifty years ago, but it

was then intended for a canal instead of a railway. In 1848 the Troy and Greenfield Railway Company took the project up, but with a most inadequate idea of its cost and difficulty. From the time of the failure of this company down to 1862 the history of the project is one of successive attempts and successive failures. In that year the State of Massachusetts resolved to take the matter in its own hands, and placed it under the management of three Commissioners. The difficulties, however, continued to be numerous. The work was let out in section contracts, which did not work satisfactorily. At length in 1868, the whole contract was let to the Canadian firm of Walter and Frank Shanly, who entered into bonds to have it completed by March 1874 for the sum of \$4,694,268. At this time only one twelfth of the work had been done. Under the Messrs. Shanly the work has made rapid progress and now the huge mountains has been pierced. The tunnel is 4 1/2 miles in length, 26 feet wide, and from 23 to 26 feet high. It is ventilated by an enormous shaft at the centre and another near the east end.

This will be one of the celebrated tunnels of the world, and it is at least, pardonable pride in us to refer to the fact that after twenty years of failure by others it has been carried to success by a Canadian firm.

HUMOROUS.

DRAWING A CROWD.

Years ago a story fell under our observation which gave considerable amusement at the time. A certain gentleman wagered that he could collect a large crowd of people in a popular street of London simply by the utterance of a few words. The wager was accepted, whereupon the adventurous man proceeded to the street indicated, on which was a church, and intently gazed upward, saying, as he did so, "There it is!" In ten minutes, quite a concourse of people had crowded around him, all gazing upward, and pouring out question and ejaculations, such as, "What is it?" "Where?" "Do you see it?" &c. Finally, some individual, bolder than the rest, pressed close to the originator of the mystification, and asked, "What do you see?" "The clock on the steeple!" was the retort, as the triumphant winner of the wager slipped through the discomfited crowd, and disappeared, leaving them to receive the joke as they would, having satisfactorily proved that one of the easiest things in the world is to draw a crowd in a large city. A somewhat similar incident of this kind occurred in San Francisco a short time ago. A man carrying upon his shoulders a heavy iron bar struck it against a large glass window and cracked the pane. The street was one where loaded vehicles frequently passed, and so to prevent the jarring from causing the bracks to extend, a ring was drawn about the spot on the glass with a diamond point. Somebody caught a sight of the shivered spot and the circle about it, and stopped to look. Another did likewise; the crowd increased, and in a short time four policemen arrived on the run, it having been reported at headquarters that a pistol ball had been fired into the office, and that the place had been robbed. Of course the coming of the police drew a still larger crowd, and the office was almost besieged. The excitement could not be allayed, and the crowd did not disperse until a placard was hung up, giving the explanation of the affair, and even then a number lingered near to spell out the words.

BABY'S FIRST TOOTH.

The Danbury News details the following pleasing domestic event:—Mr. and Mrs. Harbison had just finished their breakfast. Mr. Harbison had pushed back, and was looking under the lounge for his boots. Mrs. Harbison sat at the table, holding the infant Harbison, and mechanically working her forefinger in its mouth. Suddenly she paused in the motion, threw the astonished child on its back, turned as white as a sheet, pried open its mouth, and immediately gasped, "Ephraim!" Mr. Harbison, who was on his knees with his head under the lounge, at once came forth, rapping his head sharply on the side of the lounge as he did so, and, getting on his feet, inquired what was the matter. "O Ephraim," said she, the tears rolling down her cheeks and the smiles coursing up. "Why, what is it, Armethea?" said the astonished Mr. Harbison, smartly rubbing his head where it had come in contact with the lounge. "Baby—" she gasped. Mr. Harbison turned pale, and commenced to sweat. "Baby—O, O, O, Ephraim! Baby has—baby has got a tooth!" "No!" screamed Mr. Harbison, spreading his legs apart, dropping his chin, and staring at the struggling heir with all his might. "I tell you it is," persisted Mrs. Harbison, with a slight evidence of hysteria. "O, O, it can't be," protested Mr. Harbison, preparing to swear if it wasn't. "Come here, and see for yourself," said Mrs. Harbison. "Open it's little mouney wouny for its own muzzer. That's a toothy woody; that's a blessed little 'ump o' sugar." Thus conjured, the heir opened its mouth sufficiently for the author of its being to thrust in his finger, and the gentleman having convinced himself by the most indubitable evidence that a tooth was there, immediately kicked his hat across the room, buried his fist in the lounge, and declared with much feeling and vehemence that he could lick the

individual who would dare to intimate that he was not the happiest man on the face of the earth.

THE CEDAR POST.

We heard a good one the other night about some young ladies at a certain private boarding house up in the West End who thought they would play a trick on their lonesome male boarder. They got an old cedar post and dressed it up "femalery," one volunteering a chignon, another—a palpitator! another pads, and so on infinitum until each had deprived herself of some of her most necessary toilet, and laid it—oh, so beautifully—on the young man's bed: and left. When the long shalows came, (unfortunately Mr. — was to call that evening), the young man came also. He immediately proceeds to his room and upon first sight of the "pretty creature" and her position, blushed, (as every young man does), and left to inform some of the Mr. M.—'s of his narrow escape. But strange to say not even Mary, who had been let into the secret, could be found. He suspects; returns to his room, peeps, and afterwards boldly enters, and with "feelings all over" proceeds to investigate, when lo! the cedar post. Clerkibus now thinks it his turn, and being the fortunate owner of a good lock and keys, commences (we blush to think of it) to strip the unfortunate "lady," and lock up all except the post, which has been carried out. These girls didn't go out on Sunday night, nor see the circus, and now they say Mr. — is the meanest fellow that ever stopped at their house.

BALLOT WOMEN.

"Yes" says an advocate of "Woman's Rights" in San Francisco. "They say man was created first. 'Sposin' he was! Ain't first experiments always failures? If I was a betting man, I'd bet two dollars and a half they are. The only decent thing about him, anyhow, was a rib, and that went to make something better. (Applause.) And then they throw it in our face about Eve taking that apple. I'll bet five dollars Adam boosted her up in the tree, and then only gave her the core! And what did he do when he was found out? True to his masculine instinct, he sneaked behind Eve's Grecian bend, and whimpered, "Twerent me; twas her." Bring up your daughters to love and caress the ballot, and when they are old and ugly they will not depart from it. Teach them that man occupies no position that women cannot fill, even to a pair of pants. Teach them that without the ballot woman is simply a cooking and washing machine; that with it she can just rule her little roost. We have plenty of ballot girls, but what we want is ballot women."

THE SLANDEROUS TONGUE.

The tongue of slander is never tired. In one way or another it manages to keep itself in constant employment. Sometimes it drips honey and sometimes gall. It is bitter now, and then sweet. It insinuates or assails directly, according to the circumstances. It will hide a curse under a smooth word, and administer poison in the phrase of love. Like death, it "loves a shining mark." And it is never so available and eloquent as when it can blight the hopes of the break down or destroy the character of the brave and strong. What pleasure man or woman can find in such work we have never been able to see. And yet there is pleasure of some sort in it to the multitudes, or they would not betake themselves to it. Some passion of soul or body must be gratified by it. But no soul in high estate can take delight in it. It indicates lapse, tendency toward chaos, utter depravity. It proves that somewhere in the soul there is weakness, waste, evil nature. Education and refinement are no proof against it. They often serve only to polish the slanderous tongue, increase its tact, and give it suppleness and strategy.

TRIFLES.

Our lives, or rather their happiness or misery, are in a great measure made up of trifles, just as time is made of moments. The discomfort of having to wait for a meal beyond its regular hour, of finding things ill-prepared or carelessly done, of meeting slovenliness and discomfort when ease or even elegance is expected, these are ills more difficult to bear than the uninitiated imagine. Most houses might be comfortable and elegant. Yes, elegant! for comfort consists in finding everything where it should be; elegance in adding to what should be there that which needs not be there, but whose presence surprises, attracts, and gratifies. There is often neither comfort nor elegance in the richer mansions, while both are found in the laborer's cottage. A jug filled with flowers, a neat white curtain, a couple of flower pots, may effect what the expenditure of hundreds has not achieved. Let it not be said that these are mere trifles, unworthy of attention. Distrust the pretence of that spirituality whose eyes are too lofty for the common things of life. In the long catalogue of things to "think on," they rank at any rate among the "whatsoever things are lovely."

You say they are trifles; then all the more they ought not to be neglected. But, trifles though they be, to neglect them is not a trifle; it is a breach of plain duty.

A GOOD LESSON.

If your boys revolt from study, give them an opportunity to test the pleasure of manual labor, and then let them follow the occupation they prefer. In nine cases out of ten, books will carry the day.

"When I was a boy," said the elder Adams, "I had to study the Latin grammar, but it was dull, and I hated it. My father was anxious to send me to study grammar till longer, and going to did not like study, and employment. It was opposed. He was quick in his answer."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

ONTO.

"Well, John, if Latin grammar suit, you may try ditching, perhaps that. My meadow needs a ditch, and you may Latin by and try that."

"This seemed a delightful change, and to the meadow I went. But I soon found ditching harder than Latin, and the first forenoon was the longest I ever experienced. That day I ate the bread of labor, and glad was I when night came on. That night I made my comparison between Latin grammar and ditching, but said not a word about it. I dug the next forenoon and wanted to return to Latin at dinner, but it was humiliating, and I could not do it. At night toil conquered pride, and I told my father—one of the severest trials of my life—that if he choose I would go back to Latin grammar. He was glad of it; and, if I have since gained any distinction, it has been owing to the two day's labor in that abominable ditch."

Sawdust and Chips.

A man who came home from a Saratoga ball in a crowded coach declared that he had no objection to rings on his fingers, but that he had decided objection to "bells on his toes."

An Irishman was asked if Lola Montez ever smoked. "Yes sir, she did," he exclaimed, "and so does every volcano. Perhaps you'll show me the lovely crater that don't smoke!"

"I didn't at all expect company to-day," said a lady to her visitors, with a not very pleasant look; "but I hope you'll make yourself at home." "Yes, indeed," replied one of them, starting off; "I will make myself at home as quick as possible."

A young man from the country, after walking into the Lebanon, Ky., post office, the other day, and dropped an unstamped letter into the box, remarked gleefully to a companion as they went away. "Don't say anything about it, but I beat the government out of three cents that time!"

A poor little church-goer asked his mother where the "cattle with a thousand tails" lived. "Cattle with a thousand tails, child!" exclaimed the astonished parent, "there are no such things." "Yes there are," returned the boy; "the minister said the cattle with a thousand tails were the Lord's!"

The slowly-starving editor of a paper in Battleboro, Vt., drops into poetry as follows:

"We had sweet dreams the other night, When all around was still, We dreamed we saw a host of folks Pay up their printer's bill, We wish the dream would come to pass, And our empty pockets fill— Tar da ump a te diddle dum, Te tump te iddle dill.

A lady amuses herself in a curious way with the polite hypocrisy of society. She has an orange plant in her parlor which bears neither bud nor blossom, but she has had two full-blown flowers and a half-opened bud of wax placed upon the barren stalk. Her callers admire the sweet perfume of the lovely flowers, and the gentlemen notice that the bud has expanded considerably.

A lot of minstrels went to a county town and advertised to give a performance for "the benefit of the poor, tickets reduced to sixpence." The hall was crammed full. The next morning a committee for the poor called upon the treasurer of the concern, for the amount said benefit had netted. The treasurer expressed astonishment at the demand. "I thought," said the chairman of the committee, "you advertised this concert for the benefit of the poor?" Replied the treasurer, "Didn't we put the tickets down to sixpence so that the poor could come?" The committee vanished.

A colored man living on West Green Street, having admired a colored widow living in the next block above, but being afraid to come out boldly and reveal his passion, went to a white man of his acquaintance the other day, and asked him to write the lady a letter, asking her hand in marriage. The friend wrote, telling the widow, in a few brief lines that the size of her feet were the talk of the neighborhood, and asking her if she could not pare them down a little. The name of the colored man was signed, and he was to call on her Sunday night for an answer. The writer of the letter met the nigger limping along the street, and asked him what the widow said. The man showed him a bloodshot eye, a scratched nose, a lame leg, and a spot on the scalp where a handful of wool had been violently jerked out and he answered in solemn tones:—"She didn't say nuffin, and I didn't stay dar more'n a minute!"