

HOW TO SUBDUCE A VICIOUS HORSE.—The following fact, says a New York paper, recently occurred in the city:

A beautiful and high spirited horse would never allow a shoe to be put on his feet, without a resort to every kind of power and means to control him. At one time he was nearly crippled by being put in the stocks; he was afterwards thrown down and fettered; at another time one of our most experienced horse-shoers was unable to manage him by the aid of as many hands as could approach. In an attempt to shoe this horse yesterday, he resisted all efforts, kicked aside every thing but an anvil, and came near killing himself against that, and finally was brought back to his stable unshod. This was his only defect; in all other respects he was gentle and perfectly docile, especially in harness. But this defect was just on the eve of consigning him to the plough, where he might work bare-foot, when, by mere accident, an officer in our service lately returned from Mexico, was passing, and being made acquainted with the difficulty, applied a complete remedy by the following simple process:—He took a cord about the size of a common bed cord, put it in the mouth of the horse like a bit, and tied it tightly on the top of the animal's head, passing his left ear under the string not painfully tight, but tight enough to keep the ear down, and the cord in its place. This done, he patted the horse gently on the side of his head and commanded him to follow, and instantly the horse obeyed, perfectly subdued, and as gentle and obedient as a well trained dog, suffering his feet to be lifted with entire impunity, and acting in all respects like an old stager. That simple string, thus tied, made him at once as docile and obedient as any could desire. The gentleman who furnished this exceedingly simple means of subduing a very dangerous propensity, intimated that it is practiced in Mexico and South America in the management of wild horses. Be this as it may, he deserves the thanks of all owners of such horses, and especially the thanks of those whose business it may be to shoe or groom the animals.

LIEUT. GENERAL.—The House of Representatives have refused to entertain a proposition to create the office of lieutenant general.—[Dispatch.]

RICH JOKE.—An Irishman went a fishing, and among other things he hauled in, was a large sized turtle. To enjoy the surprise of the servant girl he placed it in her bedroom. The next morning, the first that bounced into the breakfast room was Biddy, with the exclamation of—"Be Jabers, I've got the devil!"

"What devil?" inquired the the head of the house, feigning surprise.

"Why, the bull bed-bug, sure, that has been eating the childers for the last two months."

The Rev. Mr French, of Nelson, New Hampshire, has recently excavated a bluff near his house, from which his two younger sons and a hired man dig daily one and a half tons of pure black lead, which, delivered at the depot in Keene, eleven miles distant, is worth \$60 per ton.

Those who weep over errors were not born for crime.

HUSK BEDS.—Now (the husking season) is the best time to secure the best and most durable of under-beds. All the inner husks of the corn should be saved for this purpose. True, it takes a great many to make a bed; but when once the sack is filled it is a bed for life, and is the lightest and softest thing of the kind that one could desire. The husks curl up as they dry, and never mat down afterwards. Moreover, no insects ever lodge in them, as vermin do in straw. They are perfectly clean, and being of a strong and tough texture, they will not wear out for years. We regard a good husk bed as cheap at five dollars. A young married couple, to the end of their life, live they ever so long, will have no occasion to fill a new under-bed, if they once have their sacks filled with good, soft, well-dried corn husks. We had ours filled fifteen years ago, and they are this day as 'good as new.'—[Gospel Banner.]

A man in Connecticut obtained a winter's supply of excellent potatoes in the following cute manner. He gave out that he was desirous of obtaining a specimen of the best sort of potatoes, and would pay \$3 for a peck of such, himself to be the judge. Potatoes poured into his cellar from all the country round, and when the avalanche had subsided, the man handed over his three dollars for the best peck, and the next spring sold potatoes enough to more than cover the original outlay, besides having a first quality of article for home use all winter.

SEPARATING THE HULL OF WHEAT.—A patent was lately taken out for a new mode of shelling wheat. It simply consists in passing the wheat or grain through a jet of steam in any convenient manner, so that each grain shall be thoroughly acted upon by the steam which gives to the hull such toughness that it is not pulverized by the action of the stones in the grinding, but it peels off in large flakes. J. W. Howlet and F. M. Walker are the patentees.

It is well known that when grain is ground in too dry a state, the hull is so brittle that a portion of it is pulverized and passes through the bolter with the flour, thus reducing its mercantile value. This invention then removes this difficulty, for the steam toughens the hull so that it peels off most beautifully, and allows all that can be converted into fine flour to pass through the bolter, while the hull like a thin membrane is completely separated.

The Paris Academy of Sciences have been considering the practicability of a railway across the channel which divides England from France.

HINT FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.—Silk cannot be ironed smoothly so as to press out all the creases, without first sprinkling it with water and rolling it up tightly in a towel—letting it rest for an hour or two. If the iron is the least too hot it will injure the color, and it should be tried on an old piece of the same silk. Bright colored silks or ribbons, such as pinks, blues, yellows, greens, &c., always change color on the application of an iron.—Blacks, browns, olives, grays, &c., look very well after ironing. Silks should always be ironed on the wrong side.

During the last two or three centuries, upwards of thirteen fixed stars have disappeared. One of them, situated in the northern hemisphere, presented a peculiar brilliancy, and was so bright as to be seen by the naked eye at mid-day. It seemed to be on fire, appearing at first of dazzling white, then of a reddish yellow, and lastly of an ashy pale color. La Place supposed that it was burned up, as it has never been seen since. The conflagration was visible about sixteen months. How dreadful! a whole system on fire, the great central luminary and its planets, with their mountains, forests, villages, cities, and inhabitants, all in flames—consumed! And here we have a presumptive proof to the truth, and a solemn illustration of a singular passage in the Bible—"the heavens will pass away with a great noise, the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the world also, and the works therein, shall be burned up."

It is stated that Messrs. Crane and Co. of Missouri, have imported eleven camels from the Canary Islands, with the view, provided they can be acclimated, to use them in transporting goods and packages between the outposts of Missouri, Oregon, and California.—The animals have arrived at Baltimore.

THE COST OF WAR.—Secretary Corwin, says the Portland Transcript, estimates the cost of the Mexican war at nearly three hundred millions of dollars. "What a sum," exclaim astonished editors, holding up their hands, "what a sum to be swallowed up in blood!" It is indeed a large sum, but is it the greatest item of loss to be met with in the bloody record? The lives which were destroyed, the widows and orphans made desolate, the national demoralization consequent upon the war, are not these the heaviest, the sorest losses? But then \$300,000,000 is something tangible, very. We can realize that as it is drawn slowly forth from our pockets. The dead are forgotten, the unfortunate mourn in secret, or their cries are disregarded.

POPERY.—It is said that among all her seaward looking cliffs Spain has not a single light-house, from the Pyrenees to Point Europa; she has no railroads, no canals, no telegraphs; and till recently there has been no safety for travellers on the highways.

A LUCRATIVE POST OFFICE.—Jacob B. Moore, Esq., formerly of Concord, N. H., is post master at San Francisco, California. A gentleman who has just visited the place states that the office has above 1300 boxes, which pay \$2 per month, or \$24 per annum, bringing in the snug little item of above \$31,000 for box rents alone, independent of his salary. And there is more yet: Mr. M. pays \$24,000 per annum rent for the entire building in which the post office is situated, and probably rents out enough for offices to accommodate the post office free, and makes a handsome fortune besides.

MEAN THINGS.—It is a mean thing to borrow your neighbor's paper, when you are too stingy to take one of your own.

It is a mean thing to subscribe for a newspaper and never pay for it.

It is a mean thing to steal the exchanges from an editor's sanctum.