

THE FIRE ANNIHILATOR.—Mr. Phillips, the inventor of this new apparatus, recently gave an exhibition of its powers to a large company assembled at the London Gas works. The Philadelphia American says:

After some preliminary remarks on the vast losses from fire, amounting, annually, in the three kingdoms, to £200,000, & the inefficacy of water in quenching the furious conflagration, he set fire to a compartment of a large open building, filled with partitions and temporary joisting of light wood, daubed with pitch and turpentine, and hung with rags soaked with the same combustible. The flames ascended, roaring with such vehemence as to repel the spectators to a distance of forty feet, reaching, apparently, beyond all remedy by water, when Mr. P. with one of his hand machines, somewhat larger than a good size coffee pot, from which a volume of gas and vapor was discharged, extinguished the flames "in half a minute;" and then, to prove that there was no noxious quality in the rustling air, immediately walked through the building with a lighted candle in his hand. A company has been formed to manufacture these new style fire engines; which, if they answer as well in practice as they seem to do in experiment, will soon make their way to this country, and form their field of operation in subduing flames, and, perhaps, fire riots.

DIVORCE IN CONNECTICUT.—A clerical gentleman of Hartford, attended the House of Representatives last spring to read prayers, and being politely requested to remain seated near the Speaker during the debate, he found himself the spectator of an *unmarrying* process so alien to his own vocation, and so characteristic of the Legislature of Connecticut, that the result was the following:

IMPROMPTU.

ADDRESSED BY A PRIEST TO THE

LEGISLATURE OF CONNECTICUT.

"For cut-ting all *connect*-ions fained *Connect-i-cut* is fairly named! I twain *connect* in one, but you *Cut* those whom I *connect* in two. Each Legislature seems to say, What you *CONNECT-I-CUT* away."

DR. MOSES AND COL. BACKENSTOS, IN OREGON. An offensive act on the part of Col. B. occasioned a letter from Dr. M. asking for an explanation, which was replied to in the following manner, viz: the morning of the receipt of the letter by Col. B. he armed himself with two of Colt's revolvers and a large mule-whip, and at 7 o'clock A. M. entered the sleeping apartment of Dr. M. After preparing himself by throwing off his cloak, cap, etc. he called out, and as the Doctor was jumping out of bed, he was struck over the head with the butt end of a pistol, which blow was repeated, nearly stunning him. He however succeeded in closing with the Col. and reached the door, calling for help, which being at hand enabled the Doctor to obtain possession of the whip, which was applied so vigorously to the Col. that it is stated he ran off, pursued by the Doctor, (who was in his night-clothes,) over the ice for a short distance, leaving his cap, cloak and pistols.—(N. Y. Tribune.)

A Snake Story.—The Anaconda belonging to Welch & Co's. Menagerie, while they were exhibiting at Columbus, Ohio, was suddenly taken ill—it was supposed to have been an attack of 'dyspepsia,' induced by slothful habits, and the occasional swallowing of a full-sized rabbit, whole. Dr. B——, a regular physician, who was staying at the Neil House, was called in.—He prescribed a dose or two of calomel, etc., which relieved it considerably, but did not effect a complete cure. Welch, who was preparing to move about that time, promised the Doctor that in case the varmint died, he would send it on to him, in part payment for the

trouble he had taken. A week or so after this, it died sure enough, and nicely coiled up in a large whiskey barrel; which was then filled up with spirits, it was forwarded to the Doctor, who not having time to attend to it just then, had it deposited in the back room of the hotel, which was used as a sleeping room by sundry stage drivers, &c.

Some of these, having noticed the whiskey stamp on the barrel, took the liberty of inserting a spigot in the side next the wall, where it was not likely to be perceived, and for a week or two those who were in the secret had a jolly time of it, whenever it was their turn to stay over night at the hotel. The time having arrived for the Doctor to return home, he went in to overhaul his snakeship, and was much surprised to find him entirely 'out of liquor,' and in an advanced state of decomposition. He said nothing, but had him buried as quietly as possible.

The next morning, on his way home, seated on the stage-box beside the driver, he in course of conversation, related the 'suckemstance,' when the driver was immediately taken with the most violent retchings, and seemed determined to go into a fit of convulsions; in fact it required all the Doctor's strength to keep him from pitching off the box. After several unsuccessful efforts to speak, he finally managed to articulate—'confound your infernal snake! I thought the liquor had a thundering strange flavor'

Gold is the God of this world; only whisper the word, and its worshippers fall down on their knees. Breathe it in the valley, and it is heard on the mountain top. Tell where it can be found, and millions rush to the spot faster than they would go to heaven.

RECIPE FOR CURE OF COUGH.—Take of boneset as much as you can grasp in your hand, and two quarts of water; boil it to one quart; add a pint of molasses; let it simmer a few minutes, and then strain and set it by to cool. Take one gill three times a day before eating: it is an excellent remedy.