

[From Sam Slick.]

Rufus Dodge at Niagara.

"I was once at the Cataract House to Niagara. It is just a short distance about the Falls. Out of the winders, you have a view of the splendid white waters, or the rapids of foam, afore the river takes its everlasting leap over the cliff."

"Well, Rufus come all the way from Boston to see the Falls; he said he didn't care much about them hisself, seein' that he warn't in the mill business; but, as he was a goin' to England, he didn't like to say he hadn't been there, especially as all the English knowed about America was, that there was a great big waterfall called Niagara, an everlastin' almighty big river called Mississippi, and a perfect pictur' of a wappin' big man called Kentuckian there. Both t'other ones he'd never sot eyes on."

"So as soon as he arrives, he goes into the public room, and looks at the white waters, and said he, 'Waiter,' said he, 'is them the Falls down there?' a-pintin' by accident in the direction where the Falls actilly was."

"Yes, Sir," said the waiter.

"Hem!" said Rufe, "them's the Falls of Niagara, eh! So I've seen the Falls at last, eh! Well its pretty too: they aint bad, that's a fact. So them's the Falls of Niagara. How long is it afore the stage starts?"

"An hour, Sir."

"Go and book me for Boston, and then bring me a paper."

"Yes, Sir."

"Well he got his paper and sot there a readin' of it, and every now and then, he'd look out of the window and says: So them's the Falls of Niagara, eh? Well, it's a pretty little mill privilege that too, ain't it; but it ain't just altogether worth comin' so far to see. So I've seen the Falls at last!"

"Arter a while in comes a Britisher."

"Waiter," says he, "how far is it to the Falls?"

"Little over half a mile, Sir."

"Which way do you get there?"

"Turn to the right, and then to the left, and then go a-head."

"Rufe heard all this, and it kinder seemed dark to him; so arter cypheerin' it over in his head a bit, 'Waiter,' says he, 'ain't them the Falls of Niagara, I see there?"

"No, Sir."

"Well, that's tarnation all over now. Not the Falls?"

"No, Sir."

"Why, you don't mean to say, that them are ain't the Falls?"

"Yes, I do, Sir."

"Heaven and airth! I've come hundreds of miles a purpos to see 'em, and nothin' else; not a bit of trade, or speckelation, or any airthy thing but to see them cussed Falls, and come as near as 10 cents to a dollar, startin' off without seein' 'em arter all. If it hadn't a been for that are Britisher I was sold, that's a fact. Can I run down there and back in half an hour in time for the stage?"

"Yes, Sir, but you will you have no time to see them."

"See 'em, cuss 'em, I don't want to see 'em, I tell you. I want to look at 'em, I want to say I was to the Falls, that's all. Give me my hat, quick! So them ain't the Falls? I ha'n't seed the Falls of Niagara after all. What a devil of a take-in that is, ain't it?" And he dove down stairs like a Newfoundland dog into a pond arter a stone, and out of sight in no time."

"In about a half-hour arter Rufus raced off to the Falls, back he comes as hard as he could tear, a-puffing and a blowin' like a sizeable grampus.—You never seed such a figure as he was, he was wet through and through, and the dry dust stickin' to his clothes, made him look like a dog, that had jumped into the water, and then took a roll into the road to dry hisself; he was a caution to look at, that's a fact."

"Well," said I, "Stranger, did you see the Falls?"

"Yes," said he, "I have see'd 'em and felt 'em too: them's very wet Falls, that's a fact. I hante a dry rag on me; if it hadn't been for that ere Britisher, I wouldn't have see'd 'em at all, and yet a thought I had been there all the time. It's a pity too, that that winder don't bear on it, for then you could see it without the trouble of goin' there, or gettin' ducked, or gettin' skeered so. I got an awful fright there—I shall never forget it, if I live as long as Merusalem."

"You know I hadn't much time left, when I found out I hadn't been there arter all, so I ran all the way, right down as hard as I could clip; and, seen some folks comin' out from onder the Fall, I pushed straight in, but the noise actilly stunned me, and the spray wet me through and through like a piece of sponged cloth; and the great pourin', bilin' flood, blinded me so I couldn't see a bit; and I hadn't gone far in, afore a cold, wet, clammy, dead hand, felt my face all over. In believe in my soul, it was the Indian squaw that went over the Falls in the canoe, or the crazy Englisher, that tried to jump across it."

"Oh creation, how cold it was! The moment that spirit rose, mine fell, and I actilly thought I should have dropt lumpus, I was so skeered.—Give me your hand, said Ghost, for I didn't see nothin' but a kinder dark shader. Give me your hand. I think it must ha' been a squaw, for it begged for all the world, jist like an Indian. I'd see you hanged fust, said I; I wouldn't touch that are dead tacky hand o' your'n for half a million o' hard dollars, cash down without any ragged eends; sad with that, I turned to run out, but Lord love you, I couldn't run."

The stones was all wet and slimy, and on-natural slippy, and I expected every minute, I should held heels up and go for it; atween them two critters, the Ghost and the juicy ledge, I felt awful skeered, I tell you. So I begins to say my catechism. What's your name? said I. Rufus Dodge. Who gave you that name? Godfather and godmother granny Eels. What did they promise for you? That I should renounce the

devil and all his works—works—works—I couldn't get no farther, I stuck fast there, for I had forgot it."

"The moment I stopt, Ghost kinder jumped forward, and seized me by my mustn't-mention-'em, and most pulled the seat out. Oh dear! my heart most went out along with it, for I thought my time had come. You black seasioner of a heathen Indian! said I; let me go this blessed minute, for I renounce the devil and all his works, the devil and all his works—so there now; and let go a kick behind, the wickedest you ever see, and took it right in the bread basket."

Oh, it yelled and howled and screeched like a wounded hyena till my ears fairly cracked again. I renounce you, Satan, said I; I renounce you, and the world, and the flesh, and the devil. And now, said I, a jumpin' on terry firm once more, and turnin' round and facin' the enemy, I'll promise a little dust more for myself, and that is, to renounce Niagara, and Indian squaws, and dead Britishers, and the whole seed, breed and generation of 'em, from this time forth, for evermore.—Amen."

"Oh blazes! how cold my face is yet! Waiter, half a pint of clear cocktail; somethin' to warm me. Oh, that cold hand! Did you ever touch a dead man's hand? it's awful cold, you many depend. Is there any marks on my face? Do you see the tracks of the fingers there?"

"No, Sir," said I, "I can't."

"Well, then, I feel them there," said he, "as plain as anything."

"Stranger," said I, "it was nothin' but some poor no-souled critter, like yourself, that was skeered a'most to death, and wanted to be helped out, that's all."

"Skeered!" said he: "serves him right, then; he might have knowed how to feel for other folks, and not funkify them so peskily; I don't keer if he never gets out; but I have my doubts about it's bein' a livin' human, I tell you. If I hadn't a renounced the devil and all his works that time, I don't know what the upshot would have been, for Old Scratch was there too. I saw him as plain as I see you: he ran out afore me, and couldn't stop or look back, as I said catechism."

He was in his old shape of the serpent; he was the matter of a yard long, and as thick around as my arm, and traveled belly-flounder fashion; when I touched land, he dodged into an eddy, and out of sight in no time. Oh, there is no mistake, I'll take my oath of it; I see him, I did, upon my soul. It was the old gentleman hisself; he come there to cool hisself. Oh, it was the devil, that's a fact."

"It was nothin' but a fresh water eel," said I; "I have seen thousands of 'em there; for the crevices of them rocks are chock full of 'em. How can you come for to go for to talk arter that fashion? You are a disgrace to our great nation, you great lummokin coward, you. An American citizen is afeard of nothin' but a bad speckilation, or bein' found out."

"Well, that posed him—he seemed kinder bothered, and looked down."

"An eel, eh! Well, it mought be an eel," said I, "that's a fact. I didn't think of that; but then if it was, it was godmother granny Eels, that promised I should renounce the devil and all his works, that took that shape, and come to keep my bargain. She died fifty years ago, poor old soul, and never kept company with Indians, or any such trash. Heavens and airth! I don't wonder the Falls wakes the dead, it makes such an everlastin' almighty noise, does Niagara.—Waiter, more cocktail—that last was as weak as water."

"Yes, Sir," and he swallowed it like wink."

"The stage is ready, Sir."

"Is it?" said he, and he jumped in, all wet as he was; for time is money, and he didn't want to waste neither. As it drove off, I heered him say, 'Well, them's the Falls, eh! So I have seen the Falls of Niagara, and felt 'em, too, eh?'"

Curb or Check Rein on Horses.

We have a serious intention of erecting ourselves into a permanent institution for the relief of distressed animals. In a late number we glanced briefly at the unhorsemanlike practice of sitting upon horseback while the horse was at rest. We come now to a more prevalent evil practice, in the abuse of the curb and check rein. In the Cultivator for 1854, p. 281, is an article on this subject from an English paper, which ought to be repeated, or something like it, every year.

As we go upon our daily beat from the cottage on Third street to the Cultivator office, our sense of horsemanship is almost daily outraged by what we see at the rails and posts along the curb-stone. Country people come in with their generally well-kept horses, and hitch them up while they do their shopping or other errands, which sometimes takes half a day or more. Now, these people have not the slightest intention to abuse horses; on the contrary, many of them would fight for their steeds as soon as they would for their wives or children; but this is the way they do it: Most of those who come on horseback ride a Spanish saddle with high pommel, and with a short bridle rein. They dismount, and to keep the bridle rein from getting over the horse's head, they hitch it back over the pommel, by which it is drawn tight, and the horse's head slightly curbed.

If the horse was in motion, this slight curb would cause very little uneasiness, but while all the muscles are at rest, this tension soon becomes exceedingly painful, especially as many of these country horses are not at any other time subjected to the curb. The horse bears it very well for a little while, but soon begins to step out and champ the bit, and if it had the gift once vouchsafed to Balaam's ass, would reprove its owner with all the modern improvements of the language. But as the poor brute has no such faculty, and as the rider is the ass in this case, it must grin and bear it; unless, indeed, the editor of the Cultivator happens along, and quietly putting a finger under the rein flips it off the horn, and goes on as innocently as if nothing had happened, while

the relieved animal holds out his grateful nose and says, 'thank you, old fellow!' in a kind of horse latin, that is perfectly intelligible to the editor aforesaid."

One day last fall we were sitting in the store door of our friend Nelson, of Urbana; it was the day of the Country Fair, and as Nelson's store is right foremost the public square, the rural equestrians came in and soon filled the rails with their saddle nags. The riders as usual hitched up the bridle rein over the horn of the saddle, and went to see the sights. We noticed one colt, a spirited iron gray, trussed up in this way, which soon began to show signs of intense torture. Our finger began to itch to get hold of that curb; the colt riled at the rail, and we hitched about as unasily in our seat, and finally as we were about going to the rescue, after saying to Nelson that a man deserved to be—who would truss up a horse in that way, the gray luckily slipped the rein off the pommel, and out went his nose, the gladdest colt on the public square; and we were about to take off our hat and give three cheers, when we thought it might compromise the dignity of the Cultivator, so we only clapped our hands, and gave three cheers inwardly."

But this is only one phase in the abuse of the check rein. Farmers are not the only sinners in this respect, in fact, they are least guilty, and it is because their horses are so seldom subjected to check, that they suffer most intensely when it is imposed. Our town and city folks have most to answer for. Here we see even the cart-boys, with a tun of sand in their cart, and the poor horse—which is generally a cast-off omnibus or livery horse—checked up most unmercifully, because the ragged driver takes as much pride in having his team look well, as his more aristocratic predecessor; and at every jar of the cart, or misstep of the poor damaged brute that hauls it, the latter gets the full benefit of the jolt upon his jaws, which are by this time providentially pretty well hardened."

The evil begins much further back. The colt in the barn-yard, that has never known restraint until now he is some three years old, is roughly caught, and a bit forced in his mouth, a crupper put over his tail, and a belt around his body, and then his nose drawn in half way to his breast, when he is left to suffer and sulk, sometimes for half a day. When this editor was a lad, he was guilty of just such enormities, but these are among the original sins of which he has most heartily repented. In breaking a colt to bit, the rein should never be drawn so as to cause positive pain in the muscles of the neck; for besides the inhumanity and uselessness of such a course, the horse's mouth is irretrievably damaged by it for all future use; a good mouth is indispensable for a good saddle horse."

When the horse goes into harness, again comes the abominable curb, to make him hold up his head. As before remarked, in a little horse, with all his muscles in action, a moderate curb is not very painful, and is often useful after long habit, in steadying his carriage; it is like every other bad habit in this respect. But to hitch up the team to a post, leaving the curbs tightly drawn, is an unmitigated abuse. Every day we see fine carriage teams standing in that way, left by the hour. The noble beast first puts out his fore feet, then gathers again, turns his neck quite to one side, then to the other side, to relieve the aching muscles, and all because the thoughtless driver had neglected to take the check reins out of the hooks, or for fear his team would get their heads down."

On Sundays our devotions are often very much disturbed by such sights. Fine carriage teams are trussed up for two hours at the church doors, sometimes hot and in fly time; they can only twitch their skin and wag a stump of a tail; sometimes in winter, with the keen wind singing in their ears, and their forefeet in the frozen slush of the gutter. In such cases, if it were not Sunday, and if it were not for disturbing better worshippers, we would like to throw a topepo into a pew of the owner, who ought to be made to sit astride of a sharp rail without any cushion on it, all the time his team was hitched up that way.—[Ohio Cultivator.]

The Lace Vail.

Not many days since a gentleman who had lost a bet with a lady and heard her say that she had lost a lace vail which she prized much, thought he would pay his debt and do the polite thing by purchasing a new vail of fine quality and present it to his fair creditor."

It must be stated for a fair understanding of what followed, that the gentleman was a bachelor of long standing, and a man of little information touching the world of fancy goods, though a proficient in sugar, cotton, and provision speculation."

He accordingly stepped in a fashionable milliner's establishment, and asked to see a lace vail of fine quality."

"Here is one, Monsieur," said the amiable priestess at the head of the temple."

"How much is it?"

"It is only fifteen, sir."

"What! only fifty? Dear me! I thought these things were exceedingly dear. If that's all they cost I don't wonder at the ladies being fond of wearing such flimsy knick-knacks. Only fifty! Dear me! Show me something better."

The priestess stared; the bachelor remained perfectly cool. Here was a customer! A man who wanted something better, dearer. More vails, lace ones, were displayed."

"Dis is only sixteen, sir, and dis one seventy-five."

"Dear me, only seventy-five? Well that is wonderful, to be sure. It is a very pretty article, I see, but can't you show me something better?"

"No, sir; dis is the most dear—de plus cher article in de citee."

"You don't say so! Well, well, who would have thought it? These women, they always were a

mystery, ever since the days of Adam. Give me the change for a dollar—in quarters?"

The milliner did so.

"I'll take this one," said the simple-minded bachelor, folding up the seventy-five vail. "Give me a quarter and keep the seventy-five for yourself.—Dear me, how cheap. Who would have thought it?"

"I see no seventy-five, sir. You have no hand them to me," said the milliner."

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," said the bachelor, amiably and smilingly; there they are on the counter, pointing to the three quarters."

"Dis!" exclaimed the milliner, with an astonished look."

"That," said the bachelor, more smilingly than ever, preparing to put the vail in his pocket."

"Ah, de man fou—crack-o-brain! I tell you, Monsieur, dat article be de most dear in the citee! You onderstan me—you no onderstan de English? De most dear, I tell you—seventy-five dollar."

"What!" said the bachelor, turning rather pale and dropping the vail as if it had suddenly turned to a coal of fire in his hands, "Seventy-five dollars!"

"Yes, sir, and very sheep at dat."

"Seventy-five dollars for that cobweb? I tho't you meant seventy-five cents!"

If ever a bachelor walked fast, that one did.—He goes around in a stew of indignation, relating his adventure, and winding up his story with the words—

"Yes, Sir, the female French woman actually asked me seventy-five dollars for the short end of a bobweb."

An experienced bachelor going into a fancy milliner's store is pretty much like an innocent fly venturing into a spider's nest.—[Cin. Columbian.]

LINDSEY'S DOUBLE-ACTING ROTARY FORCE PUMP.—This pump has just been patented in America and England, and far excels any pump heretofore invented; its peculiarities are simplicity, power and cheapness.

Its simplicity; there is nothing about it but iron and cast metal, and it can be taken apart and put up by any one, and will last for an age. It has the power to raise water hundreds of feet, with the extra expense of \$3 and the price of pipe. Water rises in it by hand 100 feet per minute! For cheapness; a No. 1 pump (for all ordinary purposes) complete, and fifty feet of pipe, costs but \$30!

The handle at the top turns the pipe and pump, and every revolution fills the cylinder twice, affording an abundant supply of water with the least possible expense and labor.

It is peculiarly adapted to deep wells, railroad stations, salt works, mining and manufacturing purposes. Wherever it is introduced, the old force, suction and chain pumps will disappear. Practical and scientific men pronounce it as without an equal for all that is here claimed for it.

The Scientific American, after seeing it in operation, says: "This pump is very simple in construction, not liable to get out of order, durable, easily operated and economical; we regard it as an excellent improvement."

Circulars, with an accurate drawing and full description, sent free of charge to all parts of the country. No. 1 has a one inch pipe; No. 2, 1½ inches; No. 3, 1½ inches; and the prices \$30, \$42, \$54; the No. 2 and 3 are designed for very deep wells, railroad stations, &c., where much water is required.

The subscriber is the general agent for the sale of these pumps to all parts of the world, and exclusive agent for New York.

Orders must be accompanied by the cash, and should be explicit as to the kind of pump wanted, depth of well, shipping address, &c. They will meet prompt attention. A pump and pipe weighs about 180 lbs. No charge for shipping or cartage. Wells over 50 feet should have extra gearing, which costs \$3.

JAMES M. DENEY,
Com. Merchant, 56 John-St., N.Y.

For sale by H. Lindsey, Inventor, Asheville, N. C.

BUTTER.—Will salt preserve butter? No; that question is easily answered. Salt is added to butter for two reasons—one is to assist in its preservation, the dairy-women vainly thinking that plenty of salt will keep the butter sweet.

Another set add salt with dishonest motives, with the idea that all the salt put in the butter is sold at the full price the butter brings. It is a great mistake. Every pound of salt put in butter over what is needed to give it flavor, instead of bringing a cash return to the butter maker, proves a positive loss of twenty-five cents a pound, because it reduces the value of every pound of butter so over-salted, frequently as much as three cents a pound.

Butter is not preserved by salt. That is positive. It will keep just as long and just as sweet as olive oil, without salt, if no other substance is incorporated with it. It is the caseine of milk that spoils the butter, and unless free from that, no art can keep it sweet.

Butter should be churned at 65 deg., and immediately afterward reduced to 40 deg., and the less it is touched by hands the better.

It must be worked cool, either with or without washing, as this is a mooted question, until absolutely free of buttermilk or particles of sour curd, and then just enough, and no more, salt added to suit the taste of the consumer. The salt must be pure, and one ounce to ten pounds of butter will be sufficient.

Then pack the butter solidly in any cask of sweet wood or stone pot, so as to exclude the air, and just so long as the air is excluded the butter will remain sweet.

If it could be kept perfectly excluded, the period that it would keep sweet is forever. Your question is answered. Salt WILL NOT preserve butter.—[N. Y. Tribune.]