☞ Any person who takes the paper regularly from the post-office, whether directed to his name or whether he is a subscriber or not, is responsible for the pay.

The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers from the post-office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

"I, TOO, KNOW A MAIDEN."

"I know a maiden fair to see.
Take care!
She can both false and friendly be,
Beware! Beware!
She is fooling thee!"

I, too, know a maiden fair to see,
Sweet and gracious as maiden should be.

Purity and truth beam forth from her eyes,
Her heart is the home of the virtues we prize.

Her mind is a storehouse of sensible lore,
Old-fashioned, it may be, and something more.

Such beautiful hands! they say it who know,
'Tis precious home duties that make them so.

Like a good little fairy, she is busy all day,
At the web of content, in her sweet, quiet way.

Each thread of the warp is a plain, homely duty,
While silver-thread kindnesses add to its beauty.

She is not a coquette, her faithful heart
Would scorn to act such a frivolous part.

She will love some day, she is but human,
This sweetest, most lovable little woman.

A king among men, her chosen will be,
The noblest knight of this century.

So if you are he, do not be afraid,
To step forth and claim her, your dear little maid.

—*Jennie Wayne, in Woman's Magazine.*

GLOVE MAKING.

The Process Described as Seen in an English District.

"A pair of gloves, if you please."

"Yes, sir. Kid gloves?"

The customer indicates the kind of gloves he requires, and down comes a long shallow box, divided into several compartments, in each of which there lies a neat bundle of gloves of various colors and shades, held together by a band of paper.

"What size, sir?"

The size is mentioned, and one of the bundles is lifted out of its compartment and quickly and carefully opened at one end. Gloves of the exact size and shade required are selected, the price is paid, and there, for the most part, the transaction ends. How many of the thousands who every day go through this process have any idea of where and how the soft, delicate, tight-fitting gloves they wear are made?

Enormous numbers—said to exceed two-thirds of the entire consumption—are imported from France, Germany and Sweden. But there is a large home manufacture, which is carried on to a considerable extent in and about Worcester, but principally in the west of England.

If the reader will glance at a railway map, and let his eye follow the main line of the London & Southwestern railway, he will find, about midway between Salisbury and Exeter, a station marked Yeovil Junction. Should he actually travel down the line and change at this junction, he would speedily find himself landed at the ancient market-town of Yeovil, the center and capital of the glove-trade, or as it is locally described, "the gloving"—a town of about eight thousand inhabitants. A visitor from the North or the Midlands would probably be surprised, on entering the gloving metropolis, to find nothing of the noise or dirt which is usually associated with manufacturing industry. No tall chimneys belch out black clouds of smoke, no gaunt factories rear themselves aloft above the houses, no ponderous machinery makes its throb felt even by passers-by in the streets. No obtrusive signs of the trade which is being carried on meet the eye anywhere. The place is clean and bright and quiet, and surrounded by green hills and luxuriant valleys dotted over with magnificent timber. Yet it looks what, indeed, inquiry proves it to be a prosperous and thriving town, presenting a marked and agreeable contrast to most of the sleepy old towns whose glory has long since departed, in this beautiful west country. In this respect the capital is a fair sample of all the gloving centers; a general air of prosperity pervades them all.

The area over which the trade extends is not large. A line drawn east and west through Yeovil and continued for ten miles in each direction would intersect the whole district, which lies on the borderland of Somerset and Dorset, and includes some half-dozen small towns and fair-sized villages, of which Milborne Port, Sherborne, Stoke-sub-Hamdon and Martock are the principal. Nor can the trade itself be compared for magnitude with many other industries; it is a mere pigmy beside the cotton, the iron or the woolen trade.

Let us have the pleasure of conducting the reader over one of the glove factories, fourteen or fifteen of which may be found in Yeovil alone, that he may see the present state of one of the most ancient industries in the country, and have an idea of the number and variety of the processes and hands through which his gloves have passed. Beginning at the beginning, we enter a room in which the raw material lies before us in the shape of hundreds of bundles of sheep-skins tanned and bleached as white as the driven snow. Handling them, we find them soft and elastic to the touch. These are not the skins of our high-bred English sheep, which are wholly unfit for the purpose, but the skins of half-wild mountain-sheep, which are collected by Jews over the east of Europe and the western part of Asia. The glover does not care for the skins of your wool-producing sheep; his dictum is "the rougher the hair, the better the pelt" (skin). These skins were formerly imported untanned; but the German tanners have now beaten the English tanners out of the market, and they are bought in the condition in which we now see them here, in Berlin or Vienna. As the skins are required, they are taken out of the store and soaked in a vat containing the yolks of eggs, in the proportion of ten dozen skins to one gallon of yolks. In order to secure that every part of the skins shall be thoroughly soaked, they are trodden by men's feet. This is done, it is said, "to feed or nourish them," or, in other words to make them still softer and more elastic. The soaking over, the skins are next taken to the dye-house, and laid face uppermost on a slightly convex, lead-covered board. Here they are rapidly and frequently brushed over with dye-stuff until they have absorbed a sufficient quantity to give them the desired color, when they are again brushed with what is called "a striker"—that is, a liquid preparation that will fix and render permanent the dye already put on them.

The skin is next hung up in a stove or heated room, where it rapidly dries. When dry, it is handed over to a man whose business it is to examine it, and if, as is almost always the case, it is too thick for the purpose for which it is intended, or is of unequal thickness, to pare it down until it is of the required thickness and of one uniform thickness all over. In some places this process is carried on in the factory, but more commonly in an outbuilding attached to the workman's home. It is done by means of a peculiar knife, shaped like a quoit, the outer edge of which is kept very sharp. Fixing the skin, by a dexterous movement of the hand, to a horizontal bar in front of him, he lays hold of it with the left hand to keep it stretched, and with the right hand scrapes off so much of the fleshy matter at the back of it as may be needed. Considerable skill is required to pare the skin without cutting it, and should the workman be awkward he may not only injure his work, but seriously cut himself.

The skins are next passed under the eye of an experienced workman, who assorts them into their various qualities. After this, they are passed on to another room, where they are first rolled up in damp cloths, very much after the manner in which a laundress rolls up clothes preparatory to wringing the water out of them; and when so rolled up, they are vigorously pelted, so as to develop their utmost stretching capacity from head to tail. Then they are spread out on a broad flat table, and carefully, though very quickly, for the workman's eye gets exceedingly sharp, examined for flaws or defects of any kind, such as the scar left by a wound or thorn-scratch, or a thin place, which when found is instantly made into a hole. The examination over, the cutter has made up his mind how this particular skin before him can be cut up to the best advantage—that is, in such a manner as to leave as little waste as possible. His mind made up, he lays on a paper pattern, taking care to place it so that it shall be the right way of the grain and not across it; then, with a pair of shears, resembling sheep-shears, he cuts it into as many oblong squares—each of which is just large enough for one glove—as the material will admit of. Out of the parts left he cut pieces for the thumbs and forefingers or sides of the fingers usually pronounced "storgets" and for the binding round the top and the opening just above the palm of the hand, which are called "welts." Having cut a number of skins, he proceeds to pare the pieces, endeavoring to match them exactly in color and quality, and to make up little bundles containing all the pieces necessary for each pair of gloves. This process is one of the most important of all those through which the leather passes. A clumsy or careless workman will cut it to waste, getting several pairs of gloves less out of a dozen skins than a clever and careful one. As we watch the process, we are struck with the rapidity with which the work is done, and with the skill shown in dealing with flaws in the leather. Here, for example, is a skin with a hole in the best part of it about the size of a shilling; with seeming rashness, the man cuts the leather so that that very hole comes into one of the oblong squares. We call attention to the fact, when, with a smile, he points out that at that precise point a hole will be required for the thumb-piece.

The pieces of leather, called in the trade "tranes"—for they are no longer skins—are now passed on to another room, where they are cut into their final shape. Hitherto, we have been dealing with the preparation of the material for gloves, and a stranger might have followed all the processes so far without gathering from what he saw any indication of the use to be made of these pieces of leather. But now they begin to assume a shape which can not be mistaken. The reader, especially the fair reader, has doubtless often seen, if not used, the shapes with which pastry is cut into leaves, circles, squares and so on. Now, if you will put your two hands together, palms uppermost, and imagine a shape that would cut out the figure made by these two hands, minus the thumbs, and treating the two little fingers as one, you will have a very fair idea of a glover's puncher or "web." In the room we now enter we find quite a number of these punches, agreeing with the number of sizes manufactured. One of them is laid on a sliding table edge uppermost; then six of these oblong squares of leather—which have been placed face to face in pairs, so that right and left hand gloves may be cut together—are laid upon it, and covered with a thick pad of wood or vulcanite. The table is pushed forward until the punch and its burden rest under an iron press, not unlike a printing-press. One pull at the powerful lever, and the press comes down and the leather is cut. The thumb-pieces are next treated in the same manner. Up the back of every pair of gloves there are three lines of ornamental work of some kind. If these gloves are to have the heavy silk-work on the back called tambouring, they will now be laid upon a block and punctured with as many holes as there are to be stitches in the tambouring. Before leaving this room, the size of the gloves is stamped on the back of one, and a corresponding or matching number is written inside each of the two pieces of leather that are now an embryo pair of gloves, so that if, in any of the subsequent processes, they should be accidentally separated, they may be identified and brought together again. After they have been looked over and carefully perforated with scissors wherever the punch may have left a jagged edge, they are ready to resume their travels.

Tied up in bundles of a dozen, they are given to women, who do the ornamental work on the back of the gloves. Some of these women work on the premises, and others at home. Most of the tambouring, which is very popular, is done in cottage homes. Entering one of these cottages, you may see a woman rocking a cradle with one foot, and giving an occasional glance at the dinner cooking on the fire, while she bends over a frame on which the gloves are stretched, and with a crochet-hook, and apparently little more attention than a knitter gives to her stocking, she quickly adds those three times three rows of silk-work up what will be the back of the gloves. Carrying back the gloves to the factory, she will receive ninepence a dozen for her work.

The gloves are next given out to other women, who also work at home, to be stitched—that is, to have the fingers completed and the thumbs put in. This is now nearly all done by a recently-invented and cleverly-adapted sewing machine, the needle of which comes down on the tip of an upright iron finger. Gloves are not all stitched in the immediate neighborhood of the factories, but are often sent long distances into remote country villages, where, work being scarce, labor is cheap. And to facilitate this, a class of middle men (or women) has grown up—people who come in from the country to the factories, and take away a hundred or a hundred and fifty dozen a week, which they distribute among the women of the village in which they live, collect again when finished, and bring back to the factory. These pattern-out or tegmen are paid the usual price, some half-crown a dozen for the stitching, and make their own bargain with the actual workers. They are generally supposed to make a profit of about threepence a dozen; but, as a matter of fact, being shopkeepers, they commonly make two profits—one on the gloves, and another on the goods the sewers purchase at their shops. These people have a somewhat difficult part to play, as they stand between two fires; but they are a most useful class, and carry work and its rewards into many villages where, but for them, they would never come. They have done much to stay the exodus of the population from this part of the agricultural districts, enabling parents to keep their young people, and especially their young women, at home, instead of sending them to the great towns to seek for employment.

Having come back from the stitchers, the gloves are sent out once more. If they are heavy winter gloves, they are sent out to be lined with warm soft cotton material. If they are lighter goods, they are at once dispatched to be welted—that is, to have the binding put round the top and the opening at the wrist. The buttons or clasps, as the case may be, are next added; then alone, they come back to the factory for the last time, and pass the final examination.

They have still a rough, unfinished, untaught look, which would prove anything but tempting to a purchaser. They are now forwarded to the laying-out room, where they are stretched with ordinary glove-stretchers, and then put on heated steel hands, which take out all the creases and improve their appearance. Nothing now remains but to assort them, to put them up in neat bundles according to size, to pack them in boxes and to send them to market.

The special gloves that we have been following through all their stages are those which are known in the trade as "grain" goods, and are sold to the public under the name of dog-skin, Cape, and other names, each name indicating some peculiarity in the quality and finish of the leather. Many other kinds of gloves are made in the district, such as calf and buck and doe-skin; the calf gloves are made from English calf-skins, and the buck and doe from English lamb-skins. There is also a large manufacture of fabric gloves—in other words, of gloves made of cotton, woolen, silk or merino material. Real kid, however, is nowhere made in this district. The processes through which leather gloves of every kind pass are very much the same as those described above, and the manufacture of fabric gloves differs only in the comparative fewness of its stages, beginning with the process of punching the material into the required shape. After that, its course is undistinguishable from that of the manufacture of leather gloves.

There are altogether about five-and-twenty factories in the district, ranging from one which claims to be the largest glove factory in the world, and is capable of turning out forty thousand pairs per week, to some which produce only from five hundred to a thousand pairs in the same time. These factories give employment to nearly ten thousand persons, five-sixth of whom are women. Only about a quarter of the employes work in the factories; the rest take the work home, and in many cases do it in time which would otherwise be wasted. By thus finding employment for the wives and daughters of an immense number of agricultural laborers—an employment which in no way interferes with their domestic duties—the gloving brings a large amount of comfort into the hands of the peasantry of the West, and a livelihood which would under other circumstances be hard and hopeless in the extreme.—*Chambers' Journal.*

LAYING A GHOST.

The Mischief Wrought by the Settling of the Coal-Bin.

In a Lewiston (Me.) house, the well-known host of which not long ago died, such strange ramblings have been heard that the story has gained currency that the ghost of the dead was walking the familiar halls at midnight. Suddenly the stories were contradicted, and it was said that the explanation had been found. We never heard it until the other day, when some one asked: "Did you ever hear how they laid that ghost in Blank's house on Blank street, in this city?"

"We never did," was the reply.

"The noises were actually horrible, I know they were, because I was well acquainted with one of the inmates of the house, and more than that, to prove that there was no hallucination in the case, I passed an evening there. There is no question about the noises. Under the influence of the stories abroad, they made me rather squeamish. At about eleven o'clock there was a rumble that shook the house. It was disagreeable, darned if it wasn't. It made your back grow cold, but I didn't put any faith in the ghost theory. One of the inmates of the house was the hired girl, who was superstitious. She was heard screaming violently in the middle of the night. They went to her bedside, and the blood was actually flowing from her mouth so great had been her fear of something. She was literally just about frightened to death. Noises continued at times day and night; a low, distant rumbling was heard chiefly. Probably all other sounds were magnified, but the rumbling was the chief disturbance. Then the story got abroad that the devil in an's ghost was haunting his place of business, and had been seen by a watchman in the night. Things got very bad in the house. It was lucky it was finally settled. Now, what do you suppose it was? I'll tell you. They found a settling going on in a coal bin. The coal would in a strange sort of way roll down from the pile. It made a loud noise in the cellar. They fixed the coal bin so the coal couldn't rattle, and the ghost no more walks the halls at night. It was a case where two or three boards did the business."—*Lewiston (Me.) Journal.*

A WRITER'S CHANCES.

Plain Language and Composition Essentially Necessary to Success.

A writer's chance of being widely read depends greatly on his style, and it seems to us a proof of literary affectation for any author to write in florid or obscure language. No man who writes for posterity can afford to neglect the art of composition. Dr. Johnson's verbosity was a standing joke among many of his contemporaries. Of Jim Macaulay said that he wrote in a style in which nobody ever made love, quarreled, drove bargains or even thought. When he wrote to his friends he wrote good English, but when he wrote for publication he "did his sentences into Johnsonese." He has had his reward," says a writer. "His Rambler lies unread on our book shelves; his talk, as recorded by Boswell, will be perused by thousands of delighted students. Carlyle's extraordinary style undoubtedly militates against his being more extensively read. The feelings of the ordinary reader after having read "Sartor Resartus" are similar to those experienced by Jerrold on a memorable occasion. "On the author of 'Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures' recovering from a severe illness Browning's 'Sordello' was put into his hands. Line after line, page after page he read, but no consecutive idea could he get from the mystic production. Mrs. Jerrold was out, and he had no one to whom to appeal. The thought struck him that he had lost his reason during his illness, and that he was so imbecile that he did not know it. A perspiration burst from his brow, and he sat silent and thoughtful. As soon as his wife returned he thrust the mysterious volume into her hands, crying out, 'Read this, my dear. After several attempts to make any sense out of the first page or so she gave back the book, saying, 'Bother the gibberish! I don't understand a word of it!' 'Thank Heaven!' cried Jerrold, 'then I am not an idiot!'"—*All the Year Round.*

OLD AGE.

How Best to Check Its March Toward Final Decay.

When old age has really commenced, its march toward final decay is best delayed by attention to those rules of conservation by which life is sustained with the least friction and the least waste.

The prime rules for this purpose are:

To subsist on light but nutritious diet, with milk as the standard food, but varied according to season.

To take food, in moderate quantity, four times in the day, including a light meal before going to bed.

To clothe warmly but lightly, so that the body may, in all seasons, maintain its equal temperature.

To keep the body in fair exercise, and the mind active and cheerful.

To maintain an interest in what is going on in the world, and to take part in reasonable labors and pleasures, as though old age were not present.

To take plenty of sleep during sleeping hours. To spend nine hours in bed at the least, and to take care during cold weather that the temperature of the bed-room is maintained at sixty degrees Fahrenheit.

To avoid passion, excitement, luxury.—*Scientific American.*

LEAVING A HALL.

How It Is and How It Should Be Done by Progressive Citizens.

Last Saturday evening a lady gave an elocutionary entertainment in one of our assembly halls. Among those who had a fancy to spend an hour or so in listening to her rendering of a few pieces with a will and [illegible] and a sum each down again. Some of the audience happened to look at their watches, and got up and went out to look at the weather. Then the rest stepped out a moment. They thought a storm was coming.

The elocutionist had just finished recitation, when, way behind the scenes, Mamma Mc-Cree, Mamma Mc-Cree, Mamma Mc-Cree! Be-ee-ee-ee! Be-ee-ee-ee!