THE JOURNAL.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 25, 1885.

Entered at the Postoffice, Columbus, Neb., as second class matter.

SETTING TYPE.

Hark to the click
Of the types in the stick!
They fall and they meet with monotonous sound,
As swiftly the fingers that seize them go round
To hurry them into the stick
With a click, click.

There they are in the stick!
What do the types tell the world as they stand?
Here it is satire; there eloquence grand.
Weak as nothing when single, combined they command.
A wonder-power in their click,
As in order they march into the stick.

Look again in the stick.
To the workers of evil they sorrow betide;
The cheat and oppressor in vain try to glide
Away from the click, but the earth can not hide
Them away from the click, click,
Of the types falling into the stick.

As they click, click, in the stick,
Monarchs and tyrants their marshaling dread:
They know that to freedom the types have been wed,
And the visions they see are in color blood red,
And they shake at the sound of the click.

Forever that click, click!
In the gas that makes the day-shine or in the sun's light
That stick is forever increasing its might,
And seeming to say: Here we stand for the right!
Oppressors, beware of the stick!

Those gay-colored types in the stick!
States, monarchies, potentates, Pashas and Kings,
The painter, the player, the poet who sings,
Stand in awe of those poor, little, dull, leaden things,
And the ominous noise of the click.

But these types in the stick,
To the just and the true all nations around,
To the whole of mankind where the virtues abound—
Most welcome to such is the musical sound
Of the types with their click.

—*Frank J. Otterson.*

A KISS IN THE DARK.

How an Unprincipled Man Was Outwitted by a Woman.

Hon. Marmaduke Gervoise was a man with two very decided ideas—one was that any young lady on whom he might propose to confer the name of Gervoise ought to think herself a very lucky girl, indeed; and the other was that she ought to have a magnificent fortune to counterbalance in some measure the immense advantages which would accrue to her from such a union. He was not, by any means, a bad fellow—in fact, men generally said "Gervoise was a deuced good fellow—so good-tempered, you know, and always ready to lend a hand." And they were right in saying so, for he had learned that a good-tempered man, who is willing to be useful to his friends in little matters, is generally welcome, and everybody is only too glad to make use of him, instead of undergoing any trouble themselves. But he had one disadvantage—he was exceedingly poor. Still he was to be met everywhere in town and country, and in the latter particularly ladies gave him a hearty welcome. "Mr. Gervoise was so jolly and so useful. We really don't know how we should get on without him." Besides, he was undoubtedly a man of good family; and, even if queer stories had occasionally been whispered about him, how many people are there whose lives would endure rigid cross-examination? Only mothers with daughters whom they were desirous of placing in society looked askance at him, and warned their girls "not to give any encouragement to that Mr. Gervoise." The rest of the world was glad to see him, or was utterly indifferent to him; and, as he shot well, played a good game of billiards, was great in the art of arranging picnics and water parties, and had a good tenor voice and some knowledge of music, both men and women found him a good companion indoors and out, and pronounced him an acquisition.

At the time of our story there was a very large gathering of guests in the fine old house known as Bindon Court, the property of Thomas Fudgelow, Esq., an honest-hearted and hospitable manufacturer, who had married a very charming, beautiful and well-bred wife, and who was never so happy as when entertaining as many pleasant people as his picturesque, but somewhat rambling, house would hold. Among the number of his guests at this particular time was Hon. Marmaduke Gervoise. He found the house a very pleasant one to stay in, and made himself very useful in many ways to the owner, putting him up to many a wrinkle in the matter of inviting and entertaining his guests, and managing to make all things run smoothly and pleasantly when difficulties cropped up, as they occasionally did. But he had another, and far more particular reason, for wishing to be at Bindon Court on this especial occasion. Miss Muriel Merriewether was very lovely, very young, very charming in manner, very highly accomplished, and report said she had twenty thousand pounds a year, absolutely her own. Moreover, she was an orphan, she was a great friend of Mrs. Fudgelow's, and she had promised to spend this October at Bindon Court, so Hon. Marmaduke condescended to imagine that he might be induced to think seriously about her. At any rate, the shooting at Bindon was first-rate, and if the young lady did not prove so attractive as he hoped, he would at least have some sport.

To Bindon, therefore, he went, and he at once set himself energetically to work to carry the lovely Muriel and her fortune by assault. It must be remembered that he was a favorite with women, that he was a fine, manly, handsome fellow enough, and one who would hardly fail to make an impression on any girl whose heart he had determined to win. Miss Merriewether was not a girl easily won, however. She had set up for herself a standard of manly excellence far beyond that required by the average young lady. It may be that her wealth had already made her suspicious of men and their purposes; but it is certain that her standard included high integrity, resolute purpose, a noble aim in life, and other things of which Gervoise had not the faintest conception. It need not be supposed from this that Miss Muriel was a dull, heavy, solemn young woman—far from it. She was as bright and joyous, as full of vivacity and intelligence as any girl of her age might wish to be; but her vivacity was tempered by her own perfect honesty of thought, and her acknowledgment of the responsibilities of life.

Utterly unconscious of the character of the girl whose affection he proposed to himself in his idle, careless, confident way to win, Gervoise commenced the siege without a suspicion that failure could possibly await him, and that very confidence stood him in good stead, for it gave him a firm and upright bearing before the girl which she, in her innocence, might and did take for outward evidence of the *mens conscia recti*. Up to a certain point Gervoise seemed to carry all before him. The respectful admiration with which he began his approaches soon gave way to the less restrained intercourse of a naturally agreeable intimacy, which, in its turn, drifted into the lively friendliness possible between those whose tastes in the less serious matters of life are similar. Gervoise was now keenly anxious to advance still further; but here he met with his first check.

To Miss Merriewether it was a very different matter to consider man as a pleasant companion for a day, and to allow her mind to entertain for a moment the idea of that man as the prop and mainstay of a whole life. It was not enough that the mental should appear to be gold—it must be hall-marked and true to the core. Nevertheless, her mind was often deeply moved by the obvious advances of the man who knew, in his worldly wisdom, how to work upon the sweet weakness of a woman's mind, and who did not fail to hint that had he such a one as a guide and counselor, his life might and should be more useful in the future, and all his forgotten yearnings after the good and noble should revive within him. And all this well-acted humility and delicate flattery, applied to the point which was her weakest, because she thought it was her strongest, took more hold upon Miss Merriewether than she dared to admit to herself or he to hope. He looked capable of great things. Strong, handsome, genial, clever, and well-connected, he might be the very partner of whom she had dreamed, who would aid her with every gift belonging to him in the great purposes of good which she had in her mind. Why should she not be the means of rousing him from the slumbrous frivolity of his present life? And yet—her money! He was poor, she knew. Was she never to be sure of being wooed for her own sake alone? She must judge for herself, and it must be no hasty judgment. She would be very circumspect, and yet as the idea of cold calculation with regard to this man passed through her mind, she felt a pang at her heart which told her, unwilling though she might be to admit it, that the poison had begun to work. How it is possible that innocence and truth should hold their own against worldly wisdom and guile unless a miracle should interpose on behalf of the former?

A morning shooting-party had ended in a lunch in a charmingly-sheltered nook, at which the ladies had joined the sportsmen, adding materially to the picturesqueness and vivacity of the scene, but considerably interfering with the continuance of the sport after lunch was over, and eliciting sundry savage and ungallant growls from certain old and ardent sportsmen, who considered women utterly out of place anywhere but in a drawing-room. Gervoise, however, was not one of these, and he had willingly laid aside his gun and consented to stroll home with some of the ladies, the more readily as he seemed to see an opportunity of pressing his suit to a successful issue. This, however, was denied him; but when at last he parted from his fair companion he left her in little doubt as to his speedy intentions, and in a great and conflicting state of emotion as to the result of them. Nothing was said, however, that day, and, after a most pleasant evening, the gentlemen retired to billiards and cigars, and the ladies to rest, or rather to those mysterious rites which precede that act. Like the others, Muriel retired to her room, and, without much delay, to bed; but, finding her mind unsettled with the occurrences of the day, and longing for sympathy and advice, she at last rose hastily, and, donning her dainty dressing-gown and slippers, made her way to the room of her hostess, with whom she often enjoyed a late chat, and in whom she was half inclined to confide her difficulties. This bestowal of confidence, however, was a harder task than she had counted on; her friend was tired and sleepy, and not by any means in good mood for receiving confidential utterances, and it is only into a really sympathetic ear that such utterances can be poured; so, finding it getting late, Muriel said good night, and, seizing her bedroom candle, rushed off to her own room once more. Her very haste, however, led her into difficulties, for at the first corner she came to a sudden blast blew out her candle, and left her in absolute darkness. Never mind. She could find her room in the dark; it was not very far. She could hear the gentlemen still making a noise over their pool; all would be safe; and so she groped her way along the passage, turned another corner, hit upon the door of the room, opened it, felt her way along the bed to the dressing-table for her matches, and—found herself encircled by a pair of strong, warm, and evidently manly arms, while a voice said in surprise:

"Hullo! Why, who the deuce are you?" adding, as the sense of touch assured him that it was no robber, but simply a woman. "Don't be frightened, my dear. What brings you here?"

"My dear," indeed! Did he take her for one of the maids? If he was the man she thought him to be (for she recognized Gervoise's voice in an instant), he would let her go instantly, without a word, without even asking who she was. Thank goodness! he could never find out in the dark, and if she did not speak he could not tell. So she only struggled hard in his grasp, but never uttered a sound.

"Don't be frightened," he continued, in a soothing, but to her a horribly familiar manner. "I won't hurt you. Of course, you mistook the room. Only tell me who you are, and give me a kiss to keep your secret, and I'll let you go."

A kiss, indeed! And this was the man she had believed to be so chivalrous. Never should he learn whom he had held in his arms. And she struggled harder than ever to escape.

"Quiet, silly one!" he said, with some impatience in his tone. "Don't I tell you I won't hurt you. Come, give me a kiss, and tell me your name like a sensible girl, and I promise to let you go. I can't do fairer than that, can I?" But still no sound from her, only a further struggle as he strove hard to kiss her and she to push his face away, severely scratching his cheeks in the dark in her efforts to avoid his caresses. And now he, too, began to get angry and to strive more masterfully for the toll which he was determined to take, with the result of finally reducing his victim to an utterly exhausted condition of body, though her spirit was such that she allowed no sound to escape her. But her prolonged and silent resistance had thoroughly roused his spite, and the true temper of the man came out unchecked; and, as he impressed a kiss upon her cheek, wet with angry tears,—"Little fool" he said, "if you had not been so absurd I would have let you off, but now I am determined to know who you are; there, that little pinch will last long enough to enable me to recognize you in the morning, and make you repent of your folly," and as he spoke he gathered up the tiniest bit of her velvet cheek in his teeth and bit it sharply, causing little pain, but making a mark which would be visible for many days. And then he let her go, and she darted as quickly as the darkness would allow her into the passage, and away to Mrs. Fudgelow's room, leaving, in her wild, angry haste, her candlestick and one little slipper behind her. Gervoise, who had come up from the billiard room to fetch a cigarette, now decided, remembering the scratch he had received, to go to bed, but, having brought no light with him, he had to manage his undressing as best he could in the dark. Whilst groping along the room, he felt with his bare foot the soft slipper; "One more link in the chain of evidence, my lady," he remarked with a chuckle, putting the slipper under his pillow.

Meanwhile, Muriel had flown in a half-hysterical state to the arms of her friend and hostess, and had poured out her indignant story into her sympathetic ears.

"How could he? How could he?" she kept ejaculating, as she gradually told all the details of the matter, and showed her pretty cheek with the little angry red mark in the center of it, and then her slipper, he had that also—what could she do? How could she escape the shame of detection? She knew from his tone how insolently triumphant he would be. Mrs. Fudgelow was full of sympathy and indignation.

"He shall leave here to-morrow, my dear, I promise you."

"But that won't prevent his knowing who it was he kissed. Oh, he is horrid, horrid!"

"Never mind, dear, leave that to me. I think we can outwit him. Men are clumsy things at the best; they have their brute force, and that is all they can rely upon. A woman can always outwit any man; and now, come, I will take you to your room and see you safe in bed, and then you must go to sleep and hope for the best." And Muriel went to bed in all due submission, but hardly slept much.

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Gervoise woke early, as was his wont in the country, and his mind instantly reverted to the incident of the previous night. How sorry she, whoever she was, would be to think that she had not submitted quietly. After all, what was a kiss in the dark? Nothing for a girl to mind. He would have the upper hand of her now, though, perhaps, he was sorry he had marked her. No girl would like that. Never mind, it was done now, and could not be undone, and with that satisfactory reflection he put on his dressing-gown and hurried off to the bath-room before the house began to stir.

Returning some ten minutes afterwards, and proceeding to shave, he was considerably disgusted to find a long, curved scratch across his right cheek, which did not add materially to his personal appearance, and which, he feared, could not in any way be attributed to a slip of his razor. No matter; he had marked her, too; and, by the way, there was the slipper. He would have a look at that; no doubt it was a pretty little thing, and there would be no difficulty in finding the fellow to it; and, as he thought thus, he moved toward his bed, and passed his hand under the pillow in search of it. He drew it out, and stared at it in amazement. It was an enormous old, worn-out, frowsy carpet-slipper, which would have fitted a giant. Could this be the one that he had placed beneath his head last night? He shuddered at the idea; he was sure that it was nothing of the kind; he could not be so deceived! But his visitor had dropped her candlestick; he had heard it fall, and she certainly had no chance of picking it up again. He searched for it anxiously. It had got kicked under the dressing-table in the struggle. He went down on his knees and groped for it. He brought it to light—a horrible, battered tin candlestick of the very commonest make, and literally covered with grease! He was utterly lost in astonishment, and then it suddenly dawned on him that it was a trick. Oh, ho, that was the game, was it? Two could play at that. Now he was glad he had marked her. Cover her face as she might, it would be impossible to escape detection. What a little fool she must be to think she could get the better of him! Wait a bit, till breakfast. If she came down he would recognize her at once. If she had a lady's "headache," and avoided putting in an appearance, he would still know who she was, of course. What a little fool! Well, well, she must take the consequences. And he went on with his dressing. He purposely lingered over his toilet, and gloated over his coming triumph. He determined that he would be a little late, so that his victim might suffer from the expectation of his coming. The breakfast bell, therefore, had rung some time before Hon. Marmaduke Gervoise strolled into the breakfast room to find all the guests assembled. As he tendered his apologies to his hostess, he noticed that she had a small piece of black plaster on the center of her left cheek! Good heavens! it could not have been she! What a terrible mistake! And yet he recollected that it certainly was the left cheek of the mysterious visitant that he had marked. Her greeting, too, was decidedly distant. He cast his eye hurriedly and anxiously around the table. All the ladies wore a piece of black plaster in the center of the left cheek!

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That very morning the Hon. Marmaduke Gervoise found himself obliged to hurry away from Bindon Court without even saying "good-bye" to anyone but his host, and it was noticed that his name was not mentioned in conversation that evening, nor was any regret expressed at his departure, only Miss Merriewether was confined to her room by reason of a bad headache.—*London Truth.*

CONCERNING PUNS.

Something Which Punsters Should Read, Reflect Upon, and be Governed Accordingly.

When a young man finds that he has given expression to a pun, he should take a piece of assafœtida about as big as a hickory nut and chew it. He will not feel like making another pun as long as the taste of the drug remains in his mouth. He should carry some of the drug in his vest pocket when he goes out in company, and keep a piece in his mouth constantly. It may be offensive to the company, but it will not be half so offensive as his old back number, teeth-worn puns, and he will become a favorite. If this course will not cure him he had better go and drown himself.

There is no such thing as a new pun, as every word that is susceptible of a pun has been punned for thousands of years, so when you hear a person make a pun you can be sure it is a thousand years old. If a man or woman, when making a pun on a word, realized that an Egyptian mummy in the museum, when alive, had made the same pun and laughed at it boisterously, he would be ashamed of his own attempt. The Persian language is good enough if you take it straight, and it is foolish to torture it. The man who makes puns habitually is usually a weak man, who imagines he is smart, as you can see by watching him as he laughs at his own smartness.

As good a way as any to squelch a punster, is to listen to his pun, look thoughtfully and say, "Before the Flood," or "Credit to Adam." Young men who get in the habit of making puns on all occasions lose their positions, girls go back on them and they go through life alone, except in rare instances. A girl hates to face the prospect of a lifetime of poor puns, and will think twice before marrying a punster, as he is liable to practice his puns on his wife.—*Persian Mediator, 1800 B. C.*

—A very sensible physician of great experience once assured the writer that it was of no more use to argue with an angry woman than to debate with a northeast snow-storm. — *Providence Journal.*

—An expert on insanity holds that an imperfect supply of oxygen, or simply breathing a vitiated atmosphere, may suffice to produce the mental disorder known as melancholia.—*Chicago Times.*

AT THE RINK.

Johnson Tells His Friend Boswell the Story of His Experiences on Roller Skates.

"To begin with," said Johnson, to a *Tribune* reporter, "I must tell you that a man whom I had always looked upon as a friend gave me a couple of tickets to a roller-skating rink. If you are at all acquainted with roller-skates I need say no more, but for fear you are not I will relate my sad experience with them. Let me remark parenthetically that if I am ever given a good chance I will subject my false friend to gross indignities, as he is the sole cause of my miscellaneous aspect this night. I will not tell you the name of the particular rink I visited, but as there are only about eighteen in the city you may be able to guess it.

"Well," continued Johnson, "having nothing particular to do this evening, I thought I would use one of the rink tickets, and I accordingly visited the horrible resort from which they were issued. I reached the place about eight o'clock, and already the smooth floor was filled with merry skaters, whirling gracefully over the surface. It looked very easy, and I knew I was a very clever performer on the ice, so I thought I would take a little whirl myself. First, let me ask you Box, if you have been on roller-skates?"

"No," answered Boswell, "I have never had an opportunity. But I have written up several carnivals, and it looked like a very easy accomplishment."

"O, it did; did it?" said Johnson, sarcastically. "Well, I'll give you this other ticket, and I'll buy a box when you make your first appearance. I suppose some of your friends skate?"

"Yes, I have a female relative who is learning the art, but she is lame now."

"I'll bet she is if she had half my experience. But to proceed. I signed a lease for a pair of skates and buckled them on. Then I arose. It would be hardly fair to ask me how long I stood up, as I did not have time to calculate the exact period. However, I sat down again. Not that I cared at all to sit down, as I was far from tired, but my recollection of sitting down is very distinct. Just feel that eye-tooth. I know it was not loose when I dined. Well, with the aid of the railing I stood up again, and a pleasant-faced young man with gold braid on his cap kindly informed me that my skates were on wrong side before. He courteously volunteered to adjust them, and then told me I must strike out boldly.

"That pleasant-faced young man left his countenance firmly fixed in my mind, and if fate wills that we shall meet again I will do a desperate deed. According to his instructions I struck out boldly. At least I remember that was what I started to do. Something struck me a violent blow on the back of the head, and—well, talk about your Stoddard lectures! I'll bet I saw the whole of the 'Castle-Bordered Rhine' inside of thirty seconds. You can't imagine—well, just feel that."

Johnson bared his marble brow and placed Boswell's palm on a lump as big as an egg-plant which had arisen in its might on the back of his head.

"Just feel that annex I built on the back of my head without a permit. It's pretty large now, but you should have seen it when I came to. Talk about your double-headed boys! I was a sight. When I regained consciousness I involuntarily looked around for the pleasant-faced young man with the gold-braided cap, but he had made good his escape. I was assisted to the railing by a young man with a polo cap, who looked as though his name might be Chauncey, or Herbert, or Reginald, or some other such name that suggests nessel-rode pudding or tutti-frutti. I know that week-days he viciously pecks at a counter with a stub-pencil and yells "Cash."

"I suppose you quit then," said Boswell, eyeing the well-developed lump critically and comparing it with the egg-shaped shadow that Johnson's head cast on the opposite wall.

"Quit," snarled Johnson, scornfully. "Do you suppose I'd give up when I saw such fellows as 'Cash,' who had legs like matches, skating so gracefully? After I had reduced this bump a little by the use of ice-water, I again took the floor and skated all the way around the rink. Of course I had one hand on the railing," he added, noticing Boswell's wondering look, "but I made it. I tried this four or five times, and then I grew bolder. 'Cash' glided by me with such ease that I gained confidence and started to glide after him. Will you believe me—I thought I had the hang of the thing, for I went along nicely until I reached the center of the rink. When I saw that panorama I had resolved to give it up, and so I put on my Newmarket. I started out again without removing it, and I'm sorry I did now, as I might have saved that from the wreck. I reached the middle of the rink, as I said, and was going along nicely when a dispute arose between my feet. One wanted to go toward the entrance, while the other seemed bent upon going up to the band-stand, and they started. Of course I wanted to stay where I was, but the feet wouldn't have it that way. They went as far as they could, and then suddenly started forward in parallel courses. They went too fast for me and I was obliged to sit down again in order to stop them. As I did so I heard something break, and I learned too soon that the sections of my beloved Newmarket had taken sides with my feet and had separated. This shattered Derby rolled away and gained for me the only bright spot in my memory of the occasion, for it interrupted the progress of one of my friend 'Cash's' skates, and for a moment the air was completely filled with drygoods clerk and polo cap.

"That wound me up. I sat right there and removed my skates, picked off the sections of my Newmarket, recovered my disabled Derby, and limped over to the dressing-room. There I paid the rent for my skates and forfeited the lease. I have to carry this coat on my arm, and as both of them are lame it is not a pleasant load. I think I am injured internally.

"Why don't you go to the afternoon sessions and learn how to skate?" queried Boswell.

"Boswell," said Johnson, pathetically, yet sternly, "we have been warm and fast friends for many years. Do not sever that friendship by again referring to the pleasant pastime of roller-skating. I hope that I shall never try it again, but if I ever do I shall use a net. I have resolved never to read the newspapers again or look at hangers in the street-cars, because if I should ever see a roller-skating rink mentioned I could not be held responsible for my actions. The mission of my life now is to mete out justice to the alleged friend who gave me the tickets and to the pleasant-faced man with the gold-braided cap. Let's go," and Johnson went home on the two o'clock Gurney, while Boswell, the historian, resumed his pilgrimage to his "third-story back."—*Chicago Tribune.*

—A farmer on Russian River, California, ten years ago owned one hundred acres of wheat land from which he derived an annual profit of $1,000. He cut it into five-acre tracts and sold it to hop and fruit growers. Now the same one hundred acres supports eleven families and yielded this year a profit of $32,000, a single acre producing $600 in plumbs.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

—As an illustration of the depression in land values in England, it is stated that an estate in Devonshire, of 420 acres, for which £18,000 was refused a few years ago, has just been sold for £8,000.

A SAVIOR OF CHILDREN.

What George Smith Did for the Little Toilers of the London Brickyards.

The wonder grows upon him who watches the current of events, as described in the columns of the newspapers of the day, why any one need go elsewhere for stories of noble human effort and beautiful self-sacrifices and heroism. No classic pages contain a more inspiring recital than the account given in a recent number of the *Pall Mall Gazette* of the labors of George Smith in behalf of the hard-worked infant slaves of Great Britain. The degradation and misery of the children, who, until George Smith appeared as their savior, toiled from earliest history in the brickyards and on the canals of Great Britain, can never be appreciated by those who have not seen it. What the child's life in the brickyards really meant may be imagined faintly from the fact that it was no rare thing to see a little child toiling under the weight of forty pounds of clay, which it was the duty of the children to carry to the table where the bricks are made. These mere babes—some of them only four or five years old—would do such work as this for thirteen or fourteen hours a day, and work nights in addition. George Smith was the son of a poor bricklayer, and began his life as one of the little serfs of the brickyard. For sixpence a day he would carry these heavy weights of clay, walking the equivalent of fourteen miles, and on every night of extra work, carrying a weight which mounted up to a total load of five tons. His sixpences he spent in books. The vitality that gave him a margin of energy above that needed for the drudgery of his daily tasks pushed him up into the position of manager of a brickyard, but his personal success did not deaden his sympathy with the cruel victims of the system from which he had escaped. He set himself at work to lighten their loads and ease their lot, and as a result lost his situation.

Thenceforward he gave his whole life—body, soul and mind—to the cause of the poor children in whose behalf he had sacrificed himself. There were 30,000 children living in the bondage of the brickyards, and in their behalf this noble-hearted though imperfectly equipped philanthropist laid siege to the public and the Legislature, and by the mere dint of enthusiasm, and hard work, and what the unjust Judge in the parable called "continual coming," compelled the country to listen, and succeeded in obtaining three acts of Parliament. His first achievement was the Brickyards act of 1871, by which these 30,000 children were taken out of their pens and sent to school. When he had done this for the 30,000 brickyard children he turned to the rescue of 60,000 children who lived on the canalboats of Great Britain in an ignorance, degradation and brutality even worse than that of the brickyard children. In 1877, six years after the passage of his Brickyard act, he got from Parliament the Canalboat act, by which these 60,000 children, too, were allowed to escape from the little six-feet square cabins of the canalboats into school. The Canalboats act as it came out of Parliament was not all that was needed, and this indefatigable man set himself to work to have it amended. This took seven years more, but at the end of that time the work was done, and, thanks to the unselfish heroism of George Smith, 30,000 brickyard children and 60,000 canalboat children are now given through education an escape into the life of a real humanity which, but for him, they never would have breathed the air of.

While George Smith was doing this for others he was doing nothing for himself, and to-day he is a white-haired man, too old to obtain employment, unfitted by his peculiar occupation for the last twenty years from doing manual work, penniless, and with a family living in distress and poverty. His mission is not ended. The gypsy children of England are still to be rescued, and he had set his heart upon doing that work before he shut his eyes. He has recently had a grant from the Royal Bounty Fund of one thousand five hundred dollars to save him from immediate destitution, but this makes no permanent provision for him. The nation which spends three million a year for the support of its royal idlers should not be willing to see the man who has done the royal work accomplished by George Smith abandoned to actual want and compelled to cease his philanthropic efforts. The *Pall Mall Gazette* well says the reward of philanthropy such as his should certainly not be literally starvation, and a man of his disinterested enthusiasm and capacity for philanthropic work should at least be allowed his rations. Even convicts have as much as that. It is worth passing notice that this magnificent philanthropy is not the fruit of any professional labor agitation nor of any use of the great power and wealth of the trades unions, but of the simple, unassisted, individual self-sacrifice of one man. Communism, Socialism, trades unionism never spoke a word or lifted a finger in behalf of the ninety thousand children whom George Smith has given his life to save.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Bill Nye's Philosophy.

To the young the future has a roseate hue. The roseate hue comes high, but we have to use it in this place. To the young there spreads out a glorious range of possibilities. After the youth has endorsed for an intimate friend a few times, and purchased the paper at the bank himself later on, the horizon won't seem to horizon so tumultuously as it did aforetime. I remember at one time of purchasing such a piece of accommodation paper at a bank, and I still have it, I didn't need it any more than a cat needs eleven tails at one and the same time. Still the bank made it an object to me, and I secured it. Such things as these harshly knock the fluff and bloom off the cheek of youth, and prompt us to turn the strawberry-box bottom side up before we purchase it. Youth is gay and hopeful, age is covered with experience and scars where the skin has been knocked off and had to grow on again. To the young a dollar looks large and strong, but to the middle-aged and old it is weak and inefficient. When we are in the heyday and fizz of existence, we believe everything, but after awhile we murmur: "What's that you're givin' us," or words of a like character. Age brings caution and a lot of shop-worn experience purchased at the highest market price. Time brings vain regrets and wisdom teeth that can be left in a glass of water over night.—*The Ingleside.*

—A New York correspondent refers to a society war between Gotham's "parvenus" and the "noblesse." In New York the "parvenus" are those whose money was made by their father. The "noblesse" are those whose money was made by their grandfather. It may seem rather a narrow line, but it is the best we can do in this "blahsted kentry."

—A very brilliant light is obtained in China from candles—only of late years imported into Europe—made of wax supplied by insects specially reared through Chinese ingenuity.

—Artificial oysters and mushrooms are now sold in Paris.

BUYING NEW TOOLS.

Matters Which Farmers Should Carefully Look Into Before Purchasing.

The farmer who now selects new tools for another season's work, will find it a matter of economy in labor, to choose those which are as light as a sufficient degree of strength will admit. Wielding a needlessly heavy tool is a waste of strength. But there is a great difference in the work to which it may be applied. A hand-hoe, for instance, may make two thousand strokes in an hour, or twenty thousand a day. A needless ounce in weight will therefore require the constant movement of this ounce twenty thousand times daily, or equal to more than half a ton, which the operator must expend in personal strength. Some tools are half a pound heavier than use requires; and day laborers, who use them, waste an amount of strength equal to whole tons in each day. There are other tools not requiring the constantly alternating movement of the hoe, when additional weight is not so detrimental, as for example—the crowbar, which being used as a lever, does not require constant motion. But in all cases, tools are to be constructed in accordance with their intended purpose. The crowbar must be heaviest where the weight rests, and decrease in size with the distance from this point. There is often too little taper towards the hand, and consequently the bar is usually bent under the weight, and nowhere else. Properly constructed, the handle would be bent as soon as any other part, and no sooner. The same principle will apply in the construction of hoe-handles, which should be strong where the right hand moves, and if the tool, slightly tapering toward the blade, to which most of the motion is given, it will prevent a needless expenditure of strength.

The principle with which Dr. Holmes imagined the maker of the hundred-year "one-horse shay" adopted in constructing every part of the vehicle according to strength required, may be also applied in the construction of tools as far as practicable. The part which most frequently breaks should be made stronger next time. That which never breaks is needlessly heavy. A light plow, strong enough for continued use, economizes the strength of the team. If twenty pounds too heavy, the friction which these twenty pounds create on the sole in dragging over or through the soil, will require a force at least equal to ten pounds more than is necessary. These ten pounds constantly bearing on the horse all day will amount to about as much as plowing one entire acre in a twenty-acre field. Some plows are made much heavier.

All these matters should be carefully looked into in purchasing any tools; and such as are in frequent or constant use require more care in selection than such as are rarely employed; and more care should be given to the form and strength of those parts which have a quick vibratory motion, where momentum must be continually created and arrested, than in such as have a continuous or revolving motion. As human strength is more valuable than horse or steam power, hand tools should be selected with particular care, and light and effective, as well as durable ones, preferred to those which are heavy, clumsy and inefficient, especially if in daily use.

Where the efficiency of a tool depends entirely on the momentum which may be given to it, a different rule applies, as with a hammer, which must have a weight corresponding with its intended use. A heavy hammer would not drive a small, slender nail, but would bend or double it; while the quick blow of a light hammer would accomplish the desired purpose. On the other hand a large spike could not be driven with a light hammer. Rivet-heads are spread only with the quick blows of a light hammer, in the same way that a stake or post has its head battered and split with a light axe. A heavy pounder is required for a heavy post. A tack-hammer would make no impression on it, whatever might be the vigor with which it is used.—*Country Gentleman.*

THE TEETH.

Cleanliness is All-Important to Their Preservation.

Cleanliness is all important in the preservation of the teeth. Perfectly clean teeth will not decay. Food remaining in contact with the teeth by lodging between them, or somewhere about them, is a very prolific source of caries or decay of the teeth. An article in the *British Medical Journal* says: "The general prevalence of dental caries is chiefly owing to food remaining on and between the teeth after meals from breakfast-time till the following morning, when according to custom the teeth are brushed; brushed, but probably not cleaned, as the brush is more often used to polish the surface merely than to assist in removing what has accumulated between them. Experiments have been referred to that prove the solvent action of weak acids on the teeth; and I think it will be conceded without proof, that were portions of our food mixed and moistened as in mastication kept during the night at the high temperature of the mouth, the compound would become sour. It follows that dental caries must continue to prevail as now, while it is the custom to allow food to remain in contact with the teeth all night. The following observations show the dependence of caries on food remaining in contact with the teeth. When the teeth are wide apart food is not retained, and they generally remain free from caries. The lower front teeth are seldom attacked by caries when, as is generally the case, the spaces between them are closed to the entrance of food by tartar. The backs of all teeth, upper and lower, being kept free from food by the tongue, are seldom affected by caries. Lodgment of food takes place between the bicuspids, between the molars in the depression on the masticating surface of these teeth, and on the broad walls of the molars, and these are the chief seats of caries. While mastication is performed by the molars and bicuspids, the upper front teeth remain free from food and caries; but when they themselves are made to do the work of lost or diseased molars, and the food gets between them, caries is certain to follow before long. Further proof can not be required that, if no food remained in contact with the teeth after eating, they would be free from caries, unless acted on by acidity from other sources. The only indications, therefore for the prevention of dental caries are the neutralization of acid applied to the teeth, and the removal of food before it has become acid."

In conclusion it may be said that the greater part of the decay of teeth might be prevented by scrupulous cleanliness and attention to the diet. The teeth ought to be freed from all particles of food between them by the use of a wood or quill tooth-pick after each meal, and the use of the brush at least every night. It is advisable to use a little castile soap on the brush, which will neutralize any remaining acidity and assist in preventing decay.—*Phrenological Journal.*

—Turnips for feeding purposes should be used at the rate of a peck a day to each full-grown cow or to each ten sheep.—*Cincinnati Times.*

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