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UNREST.

The farther you journey and wander
From the sweet, simple faith of your youth,
The more you peer into the void.
And search for the root of all truth,
No matter what secrets uncover
Their veiled mystic brows in your quest,
Or close on your astral sight hover,
Still, still shall you walk with unrest.
If you seek for strange things you shall find
Them,
But the finding shall bring you to grief;
The dead look the portals behind them,
And he who breaks through is a thief.
The soul with such ill-gotten plan
With its premature knowledge oppressed,
Shall grope in unsatisfied wonder
Always by the spirit of unrest.
Though bold hands lift up the thin curtain
That hides the unknown from our sight;
Though a shadowy faith becomes certain
Of the new light that follows death's night;
Though miracles past-comprehending
Shall startle the heart in your breast,
Still, still will your thirst be unending,
And your soul will be sad with unrest.
There are truths too sublime and too holy
To grasp with a mortal mind's touch,
We are happier far to be lowly;
Content means not knowing too much.
Peace dwells not with hearts that are yearning
To fathom all labyrinth's unguessed,
And the soul that is bent on vast learning
Shall find with its knowledge—unrest.
—Ella W. Wilcox, in the Weekly.

HER TRIUMPH.

Our city was so small and the pipe organ so large that it was an elephant on our hands, as good organists had to be hired from other cities at large expense, the only player in Hubbard being the one who manipulated the Presbyterian organ, which instrument we had tried to outbid. We were Methodists.
At the end of two years, during which we had endured many number of organists, good, bad and indifferent (mostly the latter), I was delighted one summer Sunday morning, upon entering the church, to hear real music, and surveyed with some curiosity the small figure of a young woman about twenty years old on the organ stool. She did not attempt anything intricate, but the music was all majestic, soulful, religious.
A few weeks later, one of the trustees asked me if we could give the new organist a room at our house, adding that possibly sister and myself might find her a pleasant companion in our little home. She had been in town about six months, writing in an insurance office, but she objected to a boarding house and wished to get into a private family.
She came to us quietly, every inch a lady. You might not call her pretty, but she had speaking eyes which made you forget everything else when she looked at you. They were bright when she was in conversation, but I soon noticed that when she was not animated they were sad, and I felt to wondering what sorrow had befallen her so early in life. She was pleasant and helpful but not confidential, and nothing eventful occurred until just after the holidays when she came in quite excited, saying that one of her young friends at home was to be married the next week, and she had leave of absence for a fortnight. She had said very little about her family, but I knew she had sent them a Christmas box, so if I thought anything of her emotion, it was for the joy of going home.
It was surprising—the vacancy she left in our house, and you may be sure we welcomed her return with much warmth. But though she evidently appreciated our feelings toward her, I observed that she was making a great effort to control herself. Thinking she was suffering from homesickness, I rapped at her door in the evening to ask if she cared for my society a little while. She was weeping so violently that she could scarcely speak, and when I put my arm about her she burst out:
"O, Miss Van Zandt, if I could only—talk to you—to some one—who would help me—to bear it—and tell me—what to do! O dear! O dear!"
By soothing words and pats, I assisted her to something like calmness, and while I did not urge her to talk, she understood that my sympathies were with her.
Finally she told me that she had had warm feelings toward a young man two years her senior, since she was sixteen, but that he had tired of her apparently, or being influenced by another young lady. For a year she suffered torments at home, and then came to Hubbard to see whether time and absence would not kill her affection or bring back his. It seemed to have done neither, for she had met him at the wedding she had just attended, and although he had expressed pleasure at meeting her again, he did not seek her society and his time was occupied with her rival. And so she felt her long trip had been for naught, and while her judgment told her to forget him, her rebellious heart clung to her girlhood's lover.
What could I say to comfort her?
Nothing, excepting that God knew best, and probably that this great darkness was but the forerunner of a glorious dawn.
After this she spent most of her time after tea playing the organ at the church, and I believe it was a soothing outlet for her pent up feelings. I often went into church to enjoy the exquisite melody which floated out under her fingers. Sometimes she used such selections as Gotschew's "Serenade," Jungmann's "Hemlock," or Marston's "Slumber Song," but more frequently it was her own improvisation.
One evening through the dusk I discerned another listener, who, however, slipped away before I could identify him. This occurred several times, until I placed myself where I could see his face as he passed, when I recognized him as Lawrence Roberts, whom I had known from boyhood. He had recently been appointed a teacher of science in the High School, and wise men said he was destined to make his mark in some

In May the cantata of "Ethere" was given at our theatre. It was not worn so threadbare then, and though it was on the boards every night for a week, the house was always crowded, and families came up by the wagon-load from all the surrounding villages and cross-roads.
To Miss Hunt was assigned the character of Zerah, and I expect never to enjoy a rendition of it so much again. She had often sung to me in the evening, accompanying herself on our little organ, and while I thought her voice musical and pleasing, still it had a girlish quality and lacked power. But this rich contralto which rolled over the audience and sobbed and thrilled—could that belong to our Louise? Yes, through her great heart-sorrow had come her voice, beautiful, womanly, refined.
All the women were in tears and many of the men showed emotion, while I, who loved her and understood her longing, wept uncontrollably. It did not seem as though she could keep up that tension another night, but every evening of the cantata witnessed that same fervor and the same effort on her audience. Sunday she was prostrated, and her organ position for that day was filled by another.
In the fall, a year after she came to our house, she told me that her mother had moved to another city and had sent for her. The evening previous to her departure, Lawrence Roberts called to see her, as he had frequently done lately. Other friends came to bid her good-bye, and as she stepped into the garden to call her, I heard her say:
"You have been very kind to me, but I never suspected it would come to this. Tell me truly, I have not given you false encouragement, have I?"
As he answered in the negative, I called her name, delivered my message, and started for the house. They followed me, and as she was so still, I could not avoid hearing her last words:
"Under any other circumstance I would not tell you what now you should know; my heart was years ago given to another and"—in a whisper, "rejected."
I parted from her with regret, and we kept up a correspondence for some time. Then I lost track of her.
Last week I met a gentleman who is an old friend both of Louise and her boy lover, Clinton Hadley. He related to me this finale:
"One evening I attended a musicale given by a New York lady noted for her high-class soirees, and there met Hadley, whom I had not seen in several years. He looked as handsome as ever, but a trifle bored. We were talking over past events, when I suddenly said: 'Did you know, Clint, that your old girl, Louise Hunt, is on the programme tonight?'"
"He started. 'No! Why, she did not come to us quietly, every inch a lady. You might not call her pretty, but she had speaking eyes which made you forget everything else when she looked at you. They were bright when she was in conversation, but I soon noticed that when she was not animated they were sad, and I felt to wondering what sorrow had befallen her so early in life. She was pleasant and helpful but not confidential, and nothing eventful occurred until just after the holidays when she came in quite excited, saying that one of her young friends at home was to be married the next week, and she had leave of absence for a fortnight. She had said very little about her family, but I knew she had sent them a Christmas box, so if I thought anything of her emotion, it was for the joy of going home.'"
"And he laughed disbelievingly."
"Well, you are an old bachelor, which is just as well. I have not heard Louise since, but I know that she is creating enthusiasm wherever she goes, both on account of her voice and her charming manners. She has been studying with fine instructors and has a salaried position in a church choir."
"Hadley was thinking, and I knew he was recalling his youthful experience, so I let him think. Between you and me, I thought he deserved to be troubled, for he had courted her persistently two years or more, and as soon as she showed affection for him, had thrown her over, just as she did later with other young ladies."
"The whole musicale was very enjoyable, but Louise carried off the palm. I felt Hadley start when she came forward, small but dignified, gracious as a queen and twice as lovely. And such eyes!"
"Her first number was an aria, 'O Don Fatate, from 'Le Prophete,' and Hadley had scarcely recovered from his dazed wonderment, when her second song was due, an English ballad called 'Faithful.'"
"Friendship has failed us, old trust has gone,
Love that was dawning is dead;
Life and its sunbeams are clouded o'er,
Aye, for the past has fled.
You will forget, and our story will seem
The dream of a summer day.
But I shall remember its golden light
When years shall have passed away.
I thought you loved me once,
I dreamed the story true,
The dream has gone,
The love has flown,
But still I am faithful to you."
"But where the world has sung you of sorrow,
Hiding its golden beam,
Then, love, I pray that you may remember
Just once again our dream!
And when the angels guide you to Heaven,
Over the dividing sea,
Look on the shore and give me this well-come,
I know you are faithful to me!"
"I thought you loved me once,
I dreamed the story true;
When shadows fall,
And love is all,
You'll know I was faithful to you!"
"Could it be possible that she knew her old-time love was to hear her, and was she singing to him? Hadley looked as though he thought so, and under cover of the prolonged applause he grasped me eagerly, saying:
"I want to meet her!"
"He had that waked-up look on his face when later in the evening I said:
"Louise, allow me to present an old acquaintance."
"Too accustomed to all kinds of surprises to be taken off her guard, she offered him her gloved hand in a charming manner, saying:
"Good evening, Mr. Hadley, this is an unexpected pleasure."
"But he said, still holding her hand:
"Louise, may I speak with you alone?"
"Certainly," and they stepped into an alcove, where he began:
"Louise, O Louise! what a shame that we ever had any trouble! To-night you have brought up all the happy past, and I plead with you to forget all my unkindness and stupidity, and let us begin where we were before."
"Excuse me, Mr. Hadley. Had it not been for that trouble, I would not have my voice and as to beginning again, I would make my mark in some

will have to ask his permission. Mr. Hadley, Professor Roberts!"—*Detroit Free Press.*
Emptying English Prisons.
The annual report of the English Commissioners of Prisons, recently published, shows that there has been a large decline since last year in the number of inmates of the local prisons of England and Wales. A similar or even more marked diminution of the prison population has been noted in previous years. In spite of the increase in population, there are fewer prisoners than at any previous time in forty years. The decrease since 1878 has been particularly great. The number of prisoners in March, 1890, was 13,877, which was 881 less than in March, 1889; 1659 less than in March, 1888; 5938 less than in March, 1880, and 6956 less than 1878. The prison population is only three-quarters of that of twelve years ago, while the population of the country has increased one-seventh. The Commissioners believe that the diminution in the number of prisoners is due entirely to a decrease in crime, and not to any laxity of the police or of the public prosecutors. The contrast of these figures with the statistics of the ever-increasing prison population of the United States will afford little pleasure to the patriotic residents of this country, but one or two considerations may give him some comfort. The increase of crime in this country is due in some measure to the immigration of men who have led criminal lives in other countries, or who come here with the idea of obtaining money by criminal means if necessary. England itself has sent us not a few persons who have at one time or another formed a part of its prison population. Another reason for the increase of the number of criminals in this country is the restless and rapidly moving manner of life in the communities, and the roughness inseparable from life in the remote parts of the country. When the United States settles into the comparative repose of the ancient civilization the prisons may be less crowded.—*New York Tribune.*
Shooting Grouse.
When flushed the ruffled grouse springs into the air with a whirr and boom that make the dry fallen leaves around dance under the swiftly-beating pinions, says the Philadelphia Press. This is the bird's chief characteristic, suggestive of the power and speed of which it is alone capable. The novice, taken unawares, is often so startled at the burst to wing that he stands in open-mouthed astonishment gazing after the bird, or sometimes aimlessly lets his gun go off into the air, or as often into the ground. The experienced hunter listens for the welcome sound of the bird's wings with a zest that is akin to craving.
The speed of grouse is truly phenomenal. After the first beating of wings that gives the momentum the bird sets its pinions and seems to glide through air like a cannon ball. Unless the sportsman be at a considerable distance in cross shooting there is no possible chance of his being able to put his aim "on" the bird at all. At a distance of thirty yards or more, if the flush is expected and the woods comparatively open, the chance is that a quick shot will pull the trigger. As to whether he will kill or not, all I may say is, try, ambitious reader, you may. I have seen it done.
In some instances after flushing the grouse will fly straight up to the tree top, then away. This is the easiest shot to make. Of the methods of shooting the ruffled grouse I know of but two; they may be called the legitimate and illegitimate. The latter is that of treed the birds with a small dog that thrashes around like a fox and will then bark at them, keeping their attention while the pot-hunter sneaks up to within range and pops the bird over as any boy of ten years might do. The other method is with the bird-dog, and for its merits boasts of shooting the bird only while on the wing. The Pennsylvania season is from October 1 to January 1.
In Mexico You Marry the Entire Family
One characteristic of the Mexican is best exemplified by their proceedings in the event of the marriage of one of their daughters to an American. The Mexican, bear in mind, is possessed of the ineradicable idea that Americans are all rolling in wealth. The idea is a source of never-ceasing envy on the part of one sex and satisfaction to the other. When an American marries a Mexican girl her whole family, her sisters, cousins, aunts, etc., and all their sisters, cousins, aunts, etc., for a hundred miles around are invited to the wedding. This includes every blood relation to the very remotest. They not only come, which is bad, but they stay, which is worse. There they camp, and until every ounce of food and every dollar in sight is gone there they continue to camp, and should the luckless bridegroom have employment they stay still longer, encouraged in the most natural and artless manner by their very hospitable relative, the bride. The feelings of the groom under such circumstances can be imagined, but a protest only meets with tears from the bride and indignant astonishment from the guests, before which the bridegroom generally succumbs. It is apparent that the Mexican merely gorges the hospitality and charity of others by his own, and wants to be done by as he does to others.—*Chicago Times.*
A Famous Oil Town.
The survivors of Pithole, the famous oil town in Venango County, Penn., have been holding a reunion at Titusville, Mr. Porter's count of the present Pithole will show possibly a population of five persons, whereas in its palmy days it had a population of 15,000, and in point of postal business transacted it was the third city in the State, Philadelphia and Pittsburgh only exceeding it. The Holmden farm at Pithole, which once was sold to Chicago people for \$1,500,000, has been sold at a tax sale for \$100.—*Detroit Free Press.*

ICEBERG CAPERS.

THE TRICKS AND ANTICS OF ARCTIC MONSTERS.

It is a Grand Spectacle to See a Mountain of Ice Turn a Double Somersault—"Iceberg Calves."

No one who has ever seen a grand, stately iceberg on "its solemn southward march," writes Frederick Schwatka, in the New York Herald, would ever credit these floating islands of ice with undignified capers and erratic movements, so impressive is the air of awful stillness and almost solemn solidity that surrounds these colossal children of cold climates.
Still a great mountain of ice will sometimes vary its monotonous movements of steady drifting by turning somersaults and double somersaults and whirling tricks until it looks like some huge hydropneumatic hippopotamus with skin of snowlike whiteness, wallowing around in the waters of the northern sea.
I have seen but one such overturning of these moving mountains of marble, and surely it looked as if the "great waters of the deep were breaking up" and that the end of all things had come. Great green waves went thundering by as if a hurricane might have been howling hours across the sea that but a few moments before had been as motionless as a mill pond. Flying flocks of foam dashed down from dizzy heights above, and its slippery sides are almost covered with cascades, formed from the waters that have been lifted up by the rapidly overturning berg.
The first intimation we had of the coming on of the convulsion was a dull shock from under the water against our ship's side as if a submarine blast had been exploded, a shock very much like that given when the great Hell Gate in New York harbor was sprung, and a moment afterward a high rising of the sea near one side of the iceberg was apparent, and through this vast lake of uplifted waters broke through a snow white mass of ice that had been detached from the high crystal mountain far down in the ocean's depths, and that came whirling to the surface with a swiftness that seemed to lift it half way out of the sea, and which kept it spinning and splashing for a full five minutes afterward.
The release of this portion from its frozen fetters far below had disturbed the "stable equilibrium," as the learned scientists would say—of the greater and parent berg, and a moment afterward it began its stupendous swaying, as if some earthquake were influencing it from beneath, until in one of its colossal careenings it fell over and seemed to bury itself in a mass of milk like foam, as if a thousand demons were drowning in the lashed waters of the green sea, and that sent tremendous tidal waves tearing across the depths that would have engulfed the Great Eastern had she been near. It sank for a second only and then rapidly reappeared with a creamy crest that in shallow sheets of white poured down the perpendicular sides of the mighty glacial giant that was trying so hard to find a quiet rest in his watery bed.
Woe to the ship that has ventured too near one of these monsters of ice just as it has taken a notion to give a display of its Arctic antics, for if it be broadside to the tremendous tidal wave that comes curling outward from the center of commotion, and has no time to turn "end on" to meet the rapid rush of waters, it may be thrown upon its "beam ends," as the sailor would say, or thrown over on side, by the steep front of the wave, then fill with water and sink. Such Arctic accidents have been known to occur to careless cruisers in the iceberg region, and probably some of the very mysterious disappearances of polar parties would be solved in this way if the riddle were really unravelled.
The again if the boat has only sailing power she is liable to meet the most erratic gusts of wind, and sudden squalls that can upset her as suddenly as a tidal wave. Everybody has noticed how much more powerful and erratic are the winds around the base of a very high building in a city than elsewhere in it. And so with the great iceberg. It catches all the wandering winds of the high heavens and directs them downward, winding and twisting around its base, until it is very unsafe for a sailing boat to venture near these eddying gusts. So between the little icebergs popping up from the water below and falling down from the sides above, coupled with a chance of the colossal of them all turning a hyperborean handspiral that fairly sets the old ocean frantic with excitement, and not forgetting the twisting tornadoes that the berg brings down to its base, makes it altogether an uncertain undertaking to have a polar picnic too near one of these crystal mountains.
The Arctic whalers, who are the best navigators of these ice laden waters, call these little bergs that break off the big ones either above or below the water line "iceberg calves," and they have no friendship for them, although they will occasionally deign to pull up alongside of a small "calf" and cut enough ice off of it (which I suppose they ought to call "veal") to fill up their refrigerators or ice chests and have ice and ice water aboard until it slowly melts and disappears.
Each one of these little (f) icebergs again sheds still smaller ones as it slowly crumbles to pieces on its march toward the equator, and the huge iceberg itself, with which we first began our description, was only a "calf" that had once broken off from the seaward face of the grand glacier or huge, moving river of ice. So they keep dividing and subdividing as they march along until the massive mountain of ice that broke off from the Greenland glacier in the Arctic seas really becomes merely millions of molehills of ice in the temperate waters of the warmer seas, and then it disappears altogether. And every time they split asunder we have an Arctic acrobatic performance.

But of all the curious capers cut by these colossal masses of ice none is more singular, not even their somersaults, than one I saw being performed in the entrance to Hudson Strait. A furious gale was raging that was driving a drifting icecap before it as if it were a herd of frightened animals. The great flat fields and flocks of ice were speeding eastward before the whistling wind almost as fast as our snug little ship, for we were under double reefed sails, so furious was the storm.
Looming up out of the drifting gusts and whirling eddies of the snow, bearing westward, came the pearly sails of an Arctic ship—a mighty iceberg with a superb serenity in the awful storm cut its way directly through all the obstacles that faced its front. It bore down in the very teeth of the wind and bared its boreal breast to the fields and flocks, crushing them as if they were so many egg shells, and scattering the flying glacial splinters port and starboard like a swift rolling wagon wheel scatters the dust.
This mastless hyperborean bulk was obeying the mandate of a marine current down in the depths of the old ocean's bed. Six-sevenths of the iceberg is submerged, and the superficial current being shallow in the strait discovered by old Heinrich Hudson, while the air, being so much lighter than water, that even a gale can form but a small component of the forces that determine the track of these Titans of the North, so we were greatly awed and edified by the singular yet superb spectacle of an iceberg sailing directly against the wind and forcing its way through fields of ice that would have crushed and sunk the mightiest mailed man-of-war of half a mile. It will impress one for life if but once encountered, and is a curious scene that but few have ever witnessed.
The Land of Pluck.
Far over the sea is a famous little country generally known as Holland; but that name, even if it meant Hollow land, or How land? Does not describe it half so well as this—The Fanny Land of Pluck.
Verily, a queerer bit of earth was never shown upon the sun nor washed by the tide. It is the oldest, funniest country that ever raised its head from the waves (and, between ourselves, it does not quite do that), the most topsy-turvy landscape, the most amphibious spot in the universe,—as the Man in the Moon can't deny—the chosen bit of the elements, and good-naturedly the laughing stock of mankind. Its people are the queerest and funniest of all the nations, and yet so plucky, so wise and resourceful and strong, that "beating the Dutch" has become a by-word for expressing the limits of mortal performance.
As for the country, for centuries it was not exactly anywhere; at least it objected to staying long just the same, in any one place. It may be said to have lain around loose on the waters of a certain portion of Europe, playing peek-a-boo with its inhabitants; now coming to the surface here and there to attend to matters, then taking a dive for change of scene and a most disastrous dive it often proved.
Rip Van Winkle himself changed less between his great sleeping and waking than Holland has altered many a time, between sunset and dawn. All its permanence and resolute ness seems to have been soaked out of it, or rather to have filtered from the land into the people. Every field hesitates whether to turn into a pond or not, and the ponds are always a trying to leave the country by the shortest cut. One would suppose that under this condition of things the only untroubled creatures would be turtles and ducks; but no, stranger, and most mysterious of all, every living thing in Holland appears to be thoroughly placid and content. The Dutch mind, so to speak, is at once anti-dry and waterproof. Little children run about in fields where once their grandfathers sailed over the billows; and youths and maidens row their pleasure-boats where their ancestors played "tag" among the haystacks. When the tide sweeps unceremoniously over Myneer's garden, he lights his pipe, takes his fishing-rod, and sits down on his back porch to try his luck. If his pet pond breaks loose and slips away, he whistles, puts up a dam so that it cannot come back, and decides what crop shall be raised in its vacant place. None but the Dutch could live so tranquilly in Holland; though, for that matter, if it had not been for the Dutch, we may be sure there would have been, by this time, no Holland at all.
And yet this very Holland, besides holding its own place, has managed to gain a foothold in almost every quarter of the globe. An account of its colonies is a history in itself. In the East Indies alone it commands twenty-four millions of persons.—*St. Nicholas.*
Jay Gould and Son.
When Jay Gould is in the city it is n. unusual occurrence for him and his son George to be seen together on Broadway between the Western Union building and Wall street. Since Mr. Gould practically took his eldest son into partnership the two are almost inseparable, and the smallness of stature of the Wizard of Wall Street is never more strikingly apparent than when he is seen standing or walking beside his stalwart son. George, although an uncommonly handsome and well built young man, is not above the medium height, and yet he is almost a head taller than his father. Jay Gould's demeanor toward his eldest son is a charming study. It betokens a degree of affection and pride that makes the possession of wealth seem insignificant. One day last week father and son walked into one of the largest banking houses downtown. The head of the banking firm arose and approached the man of millions with an air of deference. Paying no heed to courtesies intended for himself, Mr. Gould said: "Mr. —, this is my son," and his tone and manner impressed all of the persons present with the idea that "my son" is a very large factor in the Gould family.—*New York Times.*

PATENT ROMANCES.

HUGE FORTUNES REARED FROM THIFLING INVENTIONS.

Honors and Emoluments for the Originators of Valuable Ideas—The "Drive Well" Paid Its Inventor \$3,000,000.

"There is," says an eminent authority, "scarcely an article of human convenience or necessity in the market today that has not been the subject of a patent in whole or in part. The sale of every such article yields its inventor a profit. If we purchase a box of paper collars a portion of the price goes to the inventor; if we buy a sewing machine the probability is that we pay a royalty to as many as a dozen or fifteen inventors at once." Lord Brougham often said that he would gladly have exchanged his honors and emoluments for the profits and renown of the inventor of the perambulator or sewing machine. We are not wishful to lead our readers to covet what are termed "large fortunes" as really conducive to happiness or usefulness. "Fortune" is itself a heathen and not a Christian word. But "invention" is another thing, and the remunerative results are a fitting element for consideration in these days. Howe, the originator of the sewing machine, derived \$500,000 a year, and from their mechanical improvements the celebrated Wheeler & Wilson are reputed to have divided for many years an income of \$1,000,000, while the author of the Singer sewing machine left at his death nearly \$15,000,000. The telephone, the planing machine and the rubber patents realized many millions, while the simple idea of heating the blast in iron smelting increased the wealth of the country by hundreds of millions. The patent for making the lower ends of candles taper instead of parallel, so as to more easily fit the socket, made the present enormous business of a well-known firm of London chandlers. The "drive well" was an idea of Colonel Green, whose troops during the war were in want of water. He conceived the notion of driving a two-inch tube into the ground until water was reached, and then attaching a pump. This simple contrivance was patented, and the tens of thousands of farmers who have adopted it have been obliged to pay him a royalty, estimated at \$3,000,000. A large profit was realized by the inventor who patented the idea of making umbrellas out of alpaca instead of gingham, and the patentee of the improved "paragon frame" (Samuel Fox) lately left by his will \$850,000 out of the profits of his invention. The weaving, dyeing, lace and ribbon making trades originated and depend for their existence upon ingenious machinery, the result of an infinity of inventive efforts.
The discovery of the perforated substance used for bottoming chairs and for other purposes has made its inventor a millionaire. George Yeaton, the inventor in question, was a poor Yankee cane-seater in Vermont. He first distinguished himself by inventing a machine for weaving cane, but he made no money out of it, so some one stole his idea and had the process patented. After a number of years' experimenting Yeaton at last hit upon this invention, which consists of a number of thin layers of boards of different degrees of hardness glued together to give pliability. He formed a company, and to-day he has a plant valued at \$500,000, and is in the receipt of a princely annual revenue derived from this invention. Carpet beating, from being an untold nuisance, has become a lucrative trade through inventive genius and mechanical contrivance. Even natural curiosity has been turned to account in the number of automatic boxes for the sale of goods of all kinds, and fabulous dividends have been paid by the companies owning the patents. The most profitable inventions have been the improvements in simple devices, things of every-day use, that everybody wants. Among the number of patents for small things may be mentioned the "stylographic pen," and a pen for shading in different colors, producing \$200,000 per annum. A large profit has been reaped by a miner who invented a metal rivet or eyelet at each end of the mouth of coat and trousers pocket to resist the strain caused by the carriage of pieces of ore and heavy tools. In a recent legal action it transpired in evidence that the inventor of metal plates used to protect soles and heels of boots from wear sold upward of 12,000,000 plates in 1879, and in 1887 the number reached 143,000,000 producing realized profits of a quarter of a million of money. Another useful invention is the "darning weaver," a device for repairing stockings, undergarments, etc., the sale of which is very large and increasing. As large a sum as was ever obtained for any invention was enjoyed by the inventor of the inverted s-bell to hang over gas to protect ceilings from being blackened, and a scarcely less lucrative patent was that for simply putting emery powder on cloth. Frequently time and circumstances are wanted before an invention is appreciated, but it will be seen that patience will be well rewarded, for the inventor of the roller skate made over \$1,000,000, notwithstanding the fact that his patent had nearly expired before its value was ascertained. The gimlet-pointed screw has produced more wealth than most silver mines, and the American who first thought of putting copper tips to children's shoes is as well off as if his father had left him \$2,000,000 in United States bonds. Upward of \$10,000 a year was made by the inventor of the common needle-threader. To the foregoing might be added thousands of trifling but useful articles from which handsome incomes are derived or which large sums have been paid.
The past season was in the main favorable for the hay crop.
A rapid penman should write thirty words a minute.

THE CLOUDS.

Suspended in the air
Like the mountain cliffs up there,
And wrapt in the softest roseate hue,
The clouds are heaped on high,
And streaked across the sky
With fire emblazoned on the view.
How beautiful they sail,
Robed in a morning veil,
Like vessels on the placid blue,
Ten thousand sunbeams tint,
Ten thousand emblems hint,
The good, the noble and the true.
Now comes the blightsome breeze
With lulling sound of ease,
And drives the saffron flames apart,
As stealing winds have torn
And far away have borne
Some cherished idol of my heart.
May trouble be as light
And virtue shine as bright
Within the fleeting life of all,
As clouds at airy rest
With lightness, downy crest,
Or floating at the Master's call.
—R. H. Havener, in Times-Democrat.

PITH AND POINT.

A shady occupation—Making awnings.
A cooper ought to be able to stove off disaster.
Hides and pelts—The average boy in a snowball season.
The refrain of the Arctic Circle—"Freeze a jolly good fellow."
Son-struck—The gentleman who is knocked down by his offspring.
The man who tried heroic measures found they were several sizes too large for him.
A believer in signs should be cured of his superstition when he enters a dime museum.
Teacher—"Johnny, what causes the daybreak?" Johnny—"I guess it's caused by the nightfall."
"This parrot is worth \$500." "What gives it such a tremendous value?" "It can't talk."—*Sparks.*
Miss Fish—"Don't you think a veil is becoming to me?" Miss Caustic—"Yes, a heavy one."—*Epoc.*
When a "whaling bark" is spoken of, we suppose of course it comes from a birch tree.—*Boston Bulletin.*
"Come out and take a walk." "No the sky is gray, and gray is not becoming to me."—*Fliegende Blätter.*
Attendant (in railroad waiting-room)—"Say, mister, no going to sleep here. This ain't no church."—*Life.*
This world is very old—
But every day
Sees some dyspeptic soul
Pose as a sage.
Peasant (to his son)—"Say, Hans, how long will you have to study before you can wear glasses?"—*Fliegende Blätter.*
Dead hens lay no eggs, because they are eaten; it can not be sung of them, "Each in its narrow cell forever laid."—*Puck.*
The ordinary musician dispenses music by the measure, the bass drummer gets off his by the pound.—*Philadelphia Times.*
It isn't strange that there is trouble when things go at "sixes and sevens." Sixes and sevens make thirteens.—*Chicago Post.*
"Did you tell your father that I loved you with all my might?" "Yes; but he said that your might was too small."—*The Jester.*
It is queer, but true, that women will go to the New York Commissioners of Emigration after an imported girl when they want a domestic.
"I don't see how people who make artificial teeth keep out of the poorhouse." "Why?" "They have so many mouths to fill."—*Epoc.*
You can always judge by appearances. The gas metre very modestly covers its face with its hands; but have a care 'tis fooling thee.—*Boston Transcript.*
Half a pound of glucose,
Half a pound of sand,
Make the angry housewife
And the grocer blane.—*Boston Traveler.*
Belinda—"It's queer, isn't it, but everywhere I go the young men gather round me." Maud—"Perhaps they think there is a safety in numbers."—*Boston Post.*
When a big man in a little town moves to a larger town he is putting himself in a position to learn his first lesson in humiliation.—*Atchison Globe.*
A peculiarity of the rooster is this: That though it was simple chicken on going to roost in the evening, in the morning it always turns to crow.—*Philadelphia Times.*
Ho—"May I take the liberty of calling on you this afternoon, or do you prefer other company?" She—"As far as that goes, no company is as desirable as yours."—*Texas Siftings.*
"I had a splendid time in my vacation this last summer. Meals just when I wanted them, cold and warm baths, capital wines, and no fees for waiters or porters." "And where is this ideal place, doctor?" "I stayed at home."—*Fliegende Blätter.*
A Remarkable Piece of Bluestone.
Probably the most remarkable piece of bluestone ever quarried in this country and brought safely to tidewater is now at Wilbur. It is twenty feet long by twenty-four feet nine inches, ten inches thick and weighs over twenty tons. It was taken out of a quarry near Kingston, and by its side the celebrated slab in front of the Vanderbilt mansion in New York, which is fifteen by twenty feet and eight inches thick, is short of much of its glory. This monster stone is so large that it may have to be cut in two for a buyer, which will detract from its actual value about twenty per cent. In its present shape it is practically dead money to its owners, as it is larger and wider either way than any sidewalk in America.—*Chicago News.*