The Marlboro' Democrat.

"Do thou Great Liberty Inspire our Souls and make our lives in thy possession happy, or our Deaths Glorious in thy Just Defence."

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Hidden.

Nay, do not call me light and false, dear friend.
And turn away from me with cold disdain,
Because the chords you touched with idle hand
Gave forth no answering strain;

Nor call me fickle while I smile and jest.
And look toward the world with happy eyes;
Why should I swell life's sorrowing tide
With unavailing sighs.

Come! I will lift the flowers above my heart,
And show you the dark grave I've hidden deep
You did not know? Nay, do not grieve for me—
The time is past to weep.

Are there not tears enough in life's full cup?
Is not each wind that blows a dirge of woe?
Then let me laugh and sing with careless mirth,
And hide my sorrow low.

"OUR UNCLE JOE."

"I am not a rich man, Mrs. Kennington," said Mark Plinlimmon; and I don't pretend to be, I'm only a back-country farmer, and my profession—that of law—brings me but a slender income out there. But I have a noble farm, and a view of the White Mountains that no artist can paint. And I love your niece, and she has given me reasons to hope that in time I can win her affection; and if you will give her to me I will do my best to make her happy."

"Dear me," said Mrs. Kennington; "all this is very sudden."

Mrs. Kennington, who was the sister of a rich New Yorker, had an abiding idea that her niece Madeline ought to marry a rich man.

"She's very handsome," mentally reasoned Mrs. Kennington, "and she is accomplished; and she made quite a sensation in society this winter when she was introduced; and if such a girl as this isn't to marry well, then I don't know who is. And the idea of this farmer fellow coming here to put in his pretensions, when there are so many eligible young men in society."

"Yes," said Mark, quietly. "I suppose it seems sudden to you. All these things do seem sudden at the last."

"I'm sure I don't know what Mr. Vassar, her pa, will say," said Mrs. Kennington, putting her head feebly on one side.

"Suppose we ask him," said valiant Mark.

"Oh, you can't" fluttered Mrs. Kennington. "He isn't at home. He is in Colorado."

"Then we will write."

"But I don't know his exact post-office address since he left Denver," said Mrs. Kennington.

"In that case," said Mark, "we must wait."

"Yes," said Mrs. Kennington, undecidedly—"yes, I think you had better wait."

So Mark Plinlimmon went back to Purple Peak farm with a lock of red-gold hair close to his heart, and Madeline Vassar returned "into society" with a plain gold band on her first finger of her left hand, and a dewey tenderness in her hazel-eyes which had never glittered there before.

When Mr. Vassar returned Madeline told him her heart secret at once, for the bond of affection between this father and daughter had always been very tender and close.

"So you love him, dear?" said Rufus Vassar.

"Oh, yes, papa!"

"Enough to give up all the flipperies of fashion for his sake?"

"Yes, papa!" uttered the girl with emphasis.

"And become a farmer's wife in the White Mountains?"

"Oh, yes," cried Madeline, earnestly. "Papa, may I write to him to come?"

"Not just yet, child," said Mr. Vassar. "I've got a little more business to transact up in Albany before I can consider myself fairly settled at home. But at the end of a couple weeks or so—"

"Papa, you are a darling," cried Madeline.

"Stop, stop, Miss Precipitancy!" cried Mr. Vassar, "I have not promised anything yet, either one way or the other."

"But you're going to, papa—I know you're going to!" cried Madeline, dancing joyfully about.

"We'll see," cried Mr. Vassar.

The great wood fires blazed up the chimneys of Purple Peak farm, casting a red reflection through the twilight on the mountain road outside, when a stout, elderly man walked up to the door, and knocked resolutely on its panels.

"Can you keep me here all night, young man?" he said. "Mr. Rift, of Portcaster, sent me here to have a power of attorney drawn out, and I haven't passed any hotels—"

"No, I should think not," said Mark Plinlimmon, with a cherry laugh. "We don't deal much in hotels along this road. But you are kindly welcome to stay here as long as you like, Mr.—"

"Middleworth," said the stranger, "Rufus Middleworth."

And he sat down his valise and looked around at the dark oiled wainscoting, the ceilings traversed by monster beams, the latticed casements, the old oak settles on each side of the blazing logs.

"You seem to have a fine farm here, Mr. Plinlimmon," said he, "and finely kept."

"It's not bad," said Mark, carelessly.

"And everything in real old English style."

"Yes," said Mark, "it belonged to an old Lincolnshire family who took a fancy to settle out here. They got to dabbling in railroad shares, and failed. The daughters went back to their friends in England, such as they had. The father blew his brains out in New York. The estate was sold a foreclosure. I bought it. There's the history of Purple Peak farm.

Madeline Vassar's father sat down on the old oaken settle, and looked keenly at the tall young farmer. How glad he would have been if only he could see into his heart! For no father willingly gives the apple of his eye to a stranger.

"His face and mien are good," he told himself. "I wonder if his nature matches it. I wonder how I can find out."

One by one the different members of the family dropped in as he sat talking with Mark Plinlimmon. Old Mrs. Plinlimmon was first—a mild, white-haired matron, with soft, wistful-eyes; then a rosy-cheeked brace of nephews.

"Their father and mother are dead," observed Mark, "so I adopted them, and fine fellows they are."

"Not a bad symptom," said Middleworth Vassar to himself. But of course most people are good to their own kith and kin,"

And then entered a most majestic old man, with long, white hair hanging over his shoulders, leaning on a cane.

"And this," said Mark, is our "Uncle Joe," hastening as he spoke to set an easy chair for the ancient patriarch. "Uncle Joe, this is Mr. Middleworth, who has come from Portcaster. I have invited him to stay all night—if you do not object."

Uncle Joe waved his hand like an old prince.

"He is welcome," he said; "very welcome, Mark. In fact any friend of yours is welcome to Purple Peak farm."

And then he began to warm himself at the blaze and fell into a sort of a reverie.

Uncle Joe, whoever he might be, was evidently the person of most consideration in the little household. He sat at the head of the little table, and said grace before meat; and had the warmest corner, the easiest chair, the most tender consideration; and finally, when he trudged upstairs to bed, Mark dutifully held the door open for him to pass through, and Mr. Middleworth asked with some interest:

"Who is that old gentleman? He has a very fine face. Of course I know that he is your uncle—"

"No," said Mark Plinlimmon, smiling; "he is not my uncle at all. He is no relation in the world to me."

"Then who does he belong to?"

"He belongs to nobody. He is a sort of a cousin to Mr. Pendexter, the Englishman who built the house. He went with the young women to Lincolnshire, but he was not welcome there. He was old, you see, and penniless, and past work. So he came back here, and they put him in the work-house. But I think the shock and all touched his mind; and one day we found him here on the steps. 'I have come home,' he said. The work-house authorities sent for him, but I wouldn't let him go back. He is very old, you see, and very feeble; and perhaps they wouldn't be quite so considerate of him as they ought. So here he remains, fancying that he is the master of Purple Peak farm, and that we are his friends and visitors. He isn't the least bit of trouble, bless his kind old soul," Mark added apologetically; "and if it was my father or yours, alone in the world, don't you see—"

"Mr. Plinlimmon, you are right," shouted Mr. Middleworth, astonishing the young man by jumping up, and wringing his hand vehemently. "I'm quite satisfied now. I know now."

"I beg your pardon," said Mark, in some surprise.

"About—about the relationship," said Mr. Middleworth. "I confess it puzzled me a little at first."

He started to return to New York the next day; still he did not divulge his personality.

A month subsequently, when Mark came to the city in response to a joyful letter from Madeline, he was conducted into the library, where an elderly gentleman sat.

"Here is papa, Mark," said Madeline.

"How do you do Mr. Middleworth?" said the amazed son-in-law elect.

"Middleworth Vassar, if you please," said the old gentleman, with a chuckle.

"Aha! My little girl here, who thinks she knows everything, doesn't know that I went up to Purple Peak farm to satisfy myself that she had fallen in love with a good and true man. And I did satisfy myself."

"But you asked no questions, sir," said Mark, still more amazed. "You requested no references."

"No," said Mr. Vassar. "But 'Old Uncle Joe' settled the question."

And then he explained it all.

"I always liked Old Uncle Joe," said Mark, pressing Madeline's hand. "But now I begin to believe he is my good genius."

And so it was the master of Purple Peak farm won the New York heiress.

"Madeline has money enough," said her father. "And her husband has a heart of gold. I knew that when I heard the story of Old Uncle Joe."

ST. STEPHEN'S SPIRE.

How a Tall Tower Was Repaired.

The tower of the ancient church of St. Stephen's, Vienna, which is supposed to have been founded in 1144, was greatly injured by an earthquake in 1519, and it was necessary to restore it. In course of time it deviated out of the perpendicular to a considerable extent. An iron bar was carried through it as an axis for the support of the spire, which, having a considerable tendency to vibrate, might be considered as an element of destruction rather than of strength. Consequently, the thin wall of the lower portion of the spire was reduced almost to a ruin and at length was in such a dangerous condition as to require rebuilding. The removal of the old spire was commenced in August, 1839, and in the following spring all the condemned parts had been removed. The mode of construction adopted in the restoration was novel and ingenious, the slight masonry of the spire being supported by means of a framing of vertical iron ribs, fastened at their lower extremities to a cast iron plate or base and united to each other at intervals by horizontal rings of rolled iron. These rings are made to project from the inner surface, so as to admit of a person ascending with the aid of ladders, to the top of the spire. All the wrought and rolled iron employed in the construction of this iron skeleton, the weight of which was only 123 hundred weight, was manufactured in the government works at Neuberg, in Styria. The cast iron plates or rings were furnished from the government iron works at Mariezell. In the autumn of 1842, when the whole of the masonry of the spire had been completed, the upper portion consisting entirely of iron work, was fixed. This also was attached to a strong cast iron circular plate, similar in construction to that below. This portion of the framing, with the other iron work employed in the spire, weighed about eighty hundred weight, so that the entire weight of iron was between two and three hundred weight. The new portion of the spire was connected to the old by means of an arrangement of iron anchor fastenings. The portion of the spire restored, viz. (from the gallery of the tower to the top of the cross), is about 182 feet high, the cost having been about 130,000 gulden ($65,000), of which sum 15,000 gulden were expended in taking down the old spire and in construction of the necessary scaffolding.

More Spectacle Wearers Than Ever.

The increase in the number of persons using glasses is fully 33⅓ per cent, over previous periods. I speak says a St. Louis dealer to a reporter, from an experience of over thirty years. I attribute this increase partly to the practise people have of buying spectacles from dealers who are unskilled in fitting them properly to the eyes of those who buy them, and partly to the false economy employed by many in using spectacles whose only recommendation is their cheapness. Here in St. Louis fifteen years ago there were only three men engaged in the business of making and selling optical instruments, and these barely made a living out of it. Now there are fifteen in that line, and ten of them have all they can do.

A grocer advertised in the following terse manner, "Hams and cigars, smoked and unsmoked."

MAKING OF CHARCOAL.

Origin and Uses of the Product.

Charcoal is a compound of the Russian and Anglo-Saxon tongues. "Char" is to burn, or reduce to coal or carbon, and "coal" is a term referable to all black substances. Charcoal means, literally, wood reduced to impure carbon by expelling the volatile matter. In the early history of the iron trade it was an ingredient of the first importance. Our present name for fossil coal is borrowed from this material. When made from beech wood it was called "beech coal."

Carbonizing wood is very ancient, as it was described in detail in the works of a Greek author who wrote 300 years B. C. Pliny reports that at this time to make charcoal the wood was stacked up in pyramids and covered with clay or plaster, which was pierced in various places to allow the smoke to escape. The ancients evidently knew how to make charcoal, and were familiar with its properties and uses. The Chinese, who have singularly perfected many branches of industry, carbonize wood in a subterranean furnace provided with two openings, one to serve as a chimney and the other for ventilation. When the subterranean furnace is filled with wood piled up vertically, it is covered with twigs and branches of trees, and lastly earth. It is then ignited at the openings, and as soon as the smoke comes off in sufficient abundance the valves are closed so far as to leave only a very small opening. Five days after the fire has been ignited the smoke commences to clear up, and finally to become perfectly transparent, in proof that the combustion of all the volatile ingredients of the wood is complete. When this point is reached every outlet is hermetically sealed, and in the course of six days more the contents of the furnace will be found to be sufficiently cool to admit of the removal of the charge.

The Chinese method is one of extreme simplicity, and furnishes thirty to thirty-five per cent. of hard, resonant charcoal, and is a great improvement on the processes followed in this country and Europe. In the Eastern States for more than one hundred years the forests on the hillside have been despoiled of their trees, and great quantities of charcoal have been made for use in the manufacture of charcoal iron. So much injury has been done to the country by the ruthless manner in which this work has been done that it is a question whether all of the iron manufactured can compensate for the damage. If the person who first invented charcoal had dug down into the bowels of the earth and brought to light the coal buried there and had never discovered how to carbonize the wood, it would have been an untold blessing to the beauty of our forests, irrigation of our soil, and to the many stories that have been woven around the charcoal camp—of monarchs in disguise, seeking to escape pursuit; of outlaws fleeing from the myrmidons of the law; of lost huntsmen, abducted children; of gnomes and wood spirits and kobbolds; of hermits and saintey men—affording a confusion of history, superstition and religion, which lends to the depths of the forests a charm peculiarly its own.

Charcoal-burners, as a rule, are a rude set everywhere, living, as they do, apart from the dwellings of men, often in houses not made with hands, out of the reach of schools.

In "olden times" charcoal-burners were called colliers, an occupation which furnished the family name of Collier, Collyer and Colyear. Some years ago it was discovered that wood charcoal removes offensive smells from animal substances, and counteracts their putrefaction. This property has been largely used in dwellings, hospitals, sewers and manufactories. Some gases are absorbed to a large extent; for example, one volume of fresh charcoal will absorb ninety volumes of ammonia, fifty-five volumes of sulphureted hydrogen, thirty-five volumes of carbonic acid, and 1.75 volumes of hydrogen. Charcoal also absorbs a considerable quantity of water from the atmosphere.

Charcoal is one of the most indestructible substances in nature which has been known from the earliest times. The Romans charred the stakes which were used for the construction of bridges, and after a lapse of nearly 2,000 years, the remains of the woodwork in the foundation of the famous bridge built by Caesar over the Rhine have been found to have been perfectly well preserved. Most of the houses in Venice stood on piles of wood which have all been previously charred for their preservation.

Charcoal being perfectly non-volatile and possessing no affinity for any other element at ordinary temperatures, forms the most lasting ink possible, and papyri penned with carbon ink are as legible and perfect as on the first day they were written. Charcoal is also a conductor of electricity, and is thence used to surround the earth-terminals of lightning conductors. For making charcoal crayons the willow is the best wood that can be employed, as it is uniform in its texture and degrees of hardness and softness.

When charcoal is required for medical or chemical purposes it is recalcined in a close vessel, washed with acids and water, and carefully dried and ground. For making gunpowder-charcoal the lighter woods, free of resin, such as the willow, dogwood and alder, answer best, and in their carbonization care is taken to let all of the vapors escape. Of the different kind of wood, lignum vitae yields the largest quantity of charcoal, the Norway pine the smallest quantity.

Old Shoes Remade.

It may be a surprise to some people to learn that the old shoes cast into the ash barrel are liable to reappear in the boudoir and parlor. A New York reporter who saw a couple of rag pickers quarrelling over a lot of worn-out and seemingly worthless footgear interviewed one of the chiffonniers, and found that they sold them to the manufacturers of wall paper. He followed up the clew, and on questioning the foreman, of one of these establishments, elicited the following bits of information.

"We buy," said the foreman, "all the boots and shoes the scavengers can bring us. We pay different prices for different qualities of leather. A pair of fine calfskin boots will bring as high a 5 cents. We don't buy cowhide boots. The boots and shoes are first soaked in several waters to get the dirt off them. Then the nails and threads are removed, the leather ground up into fine pulp, and is ready for use.

"The embossed leather paperings which have come into fashion lately, and stamped leather fire screens, are really nothing but thick paper covered with a layer of this pressed leather pulp. The finer the leather the better it takes the bronze and old gold and other expensive colors in the designs painted on them. Fashionable people think they are going away back to the medieval times when they have the walls of their libraries and dining rooms covered with this embossed leather; they don't know that the shoes and boots which their neighbors threw into the ash barrel a month before form the beautiful material on their walls and on the screens which protect their eyes from the fire.

"We could buy the old shoes cheaper if it were not for the competition from carriage houses and book binders and picture frame makers. I don't know how many other trades use old shoes and boots, but the tops of carriages are largely made of them, ground up and pressed into sheets. Bookbinders use them in making the cheaper forms of leather binding, and the new style of leather frames with leather mats in them are entirely made of the cast off covering of our feet.

Negro Shiftlessness At Beaufort.

A few years ago the writer had occasion to pass the summer in Beaufort. All around could be seen houses which gave evidence of the refinement of former days. Their former owners, however, were gone, and in their place Africa had established itself. Weeds, overran the flower yards, windows and doors were either broken or unhinged, the walls were blackened, lumber partitions were torn away for firewood, and ruin existed. In every room could be found a whole family of negroes. The visitor would be at a loss to know upon what these people subsisted. They worked but little, and nothing was in store. An evening on the beach explained the problem. At about 5 o'clock the black mass began to assemble. From houses, from among the forest inland, along the roads—in fact, from the whole landward view negroes of all sorts and sizes could be seen flocking to the water's edge, where they gathered up the shellfish, &c., such as were in season. This scene, day in and day out, could be witnessed, the only change being from one kind of fish to another, or from the water's edge to the woods or fields, according as fish or berries or other products of nature were most easily obtained. The absolute reliance upon nature and failure to work for a living was the first indication of a relapse to barbarism. Recent events show that but little improvements had been made. They huddle together, and are never more united then when shielding some criminal from arrest.

If the way to heaven be narrow, it is not long; and if the gate be straight it opens into endless life.

ON SHORT NOTICE.

An Every-Day Incident Gives a Good Wife to a Generous Husband.

Seven out of ten people would turn around and look at him, while not one in twenty would have given her a second glance. He was a great big fellow, more than six feet, with massive shoulders, a well-set head, and eyes that took in every thing at a glance. His dress alone betrayed his rusticity. The flannel shirt, soft hat and heavy boots all bespoke the country. It could be seen at a glance that she was a poor shop girl or a seamstress. Her faded dress and colorless shawl, the slow, tired step, the weary, worn-out look in her great, dark eyes, all bespoke hopeless poverty, and as she walked along among the crowd of elegantly dressed women there seemed to follow her an atmosphere of want and misery.

The man stood at the corner of State and Washington streets, Chicago, and was busy watching a big team of gray horses that were pulling a massive express wagon. As the team passed down State street he leaned listlessly against the lamp-post and gave his attention to the big policeman who stopped teams and cars and condescendingly escorted pretty women across the street. Standing there and partly lost in thought he heard a loud warning cry and turned to see a girl stumbling frantically on the freshly-watered street in her effort to cross close in front of an approaching carriage. It did not take him five seconds to grasp the bits of the excited horses, and having forced them back, to raise the half-fainting girl. Tenderly, courteously and with the gentleness of the strong man he half led, half carried her to the side walk. There he was seen to bend over her, and the words she spoke brought a bright flush to his face and an incredulous look in his eyes. Then they disappeared down the steps of a basement, and an hour later were still there talking earnestly.

But her face had lighted up and she would scarcely have been recognized as the pale, wan woman of two hours before. His face evinced only sincere appreciation, with now and then a shadow of regret. In about an hour they emerged from the restaurant and slowly walked down State street. What had they found to talk about all that time? What would be the result of an acquaintance so strangely begun? The answer was given a few hours later. At the Union depot stood the couple talking calmly and contentedly. The neat new sachel; the little trunk somewhat worse for wear, but stoutly corded; the bright appearance of the girl; the man's air of proud possession, all told the story that inquiry confirmed. They were married. The courtship had been brief, but single life had little attraction for either; and, after all, why should they not care for each other? It was a dainty lesson in love, despite the poverty of surroundings.

How Arago Measured the Power of Steam.

The experiments which were entered upon for the purpose of measuring the force of the vapor of water were very important and very dangerous; important because the safe working of steam engines was dependent upon correct measurements of the force, and because all the properties of heat had to be passed in review; and dangerous because they "imposed the task of confronting the unknown caprices of a formidable force. There were but two men to accept it and conduct it to success: Arago, who never shrank from a duty, and Dulong, already maimed by an explosion, whose previous studies had admirably prepared him for the new work." A rude manometer was extemporized, and a boiler, far less staunch than the steam-boilers of today, was set up, in which water was heated till the pressure was twenty-seven atmospheres. "They could not go further. At this extreme point it leaked at all the joints, and the steam escaped through the fissures with a hissing that was of bad omen. But the observers, though aware of the danger, silent and resigned, finished without accident the measurements which they had begun." Telling M. Jamin the story, which was written but as above from his dictation, Arago said: "Only one being of our company preserved his serenity and slept; it was Dulong's dog; they called him Omicron."

Great Sources of Wealth.

The silver mines of Mexico extend from the Sierra Madre in Sonora, near the northern border, to the gold deposits in Oaxaca, in the extreme south. A continuous vein traverses no less than seventeen states and since the day of its discovery has yielded more than $4,000,000,000. Yet these great sources of wealth are estimated to be not more than one per cent of the undeveloped and undiscovered whole.