

Sadd the Poker at the jamb to the Kettle on the hob: "Idle thing. While I labor at my hard, toil, lay job You do nothing but sit contented and sing, While with fiery coals I bathe; Then your lid you gayly raise; Or you go to sleep and or am, With your nostrils breathing steam. Pleasant work is all you do— Ah! but I'm not you, you know, But in this neg mera e day M'rit never wins its way; Hence you queen it, while a quiet drudge I am; But I'll strike, if I like!" Said the discontented I Poke: at the jamb.

Sadd the Kettle on the hob to the Poker at the jamb: "Crusty thing! While engaged in toil, bushy I am Or, to give them warning, cheerfully sing While I clatter, hiss, or bubble, Never grudging time or troubl, There you idly stand and wait, Laz, and, when the time is past, Ashes scattering and dust, All above, around, below, Showing, plain as steel can show, Neither pleasure nor willingness in the job You may strike, if you like!" Said the pot and noisy Kettle on the hob.

Sadd the Mantel-shelf above to the jarring-twain below: "Silly pair! Do you really fancy, when you quarrel so, That the people either notice you or care? If, your duty close pursuing, You're talking left for doing, Had no envy, each for each, Each for each, each for each. Go to work, and with a will; You have each his place to fill; Yours, the Poker, is to toll; That the Kettle quicker boil; Yours, the Kettle, is to bear a heating sore, Not to strike if you like!" Said the Mantel-shelf, and then it said no more.

Then the Poker at the jamb and the kettle on the hob. Lost their tea. Though the Kettle gave a short, convulsive sob, As it shook hisself and set on the fire. With the coils the Poker wrestled Till the Kettle lower nestled, And its spite forgotten soon. Humped the first roses of a tune; Working into a row. Then the Mantel-shelf below: "Gainst the bars it beat and rang Till the Kettle chirped and sang, And the good wife said: "This is a sight to please! Let them say what they may: Never was there in a kitchen such as these!"

—New York Ledger.

A GOOD SHOEMAKER.

How a Trade Well Learned Brought a Fortune.

I was born in the Luxembourg just about fifty years ago. Goodness! how I used to work at the bench when I was a lad, sewing and hammering, hammering and sewing on boots and shoes. There was that dear old father of mine, with his steel-rimmed spectacles perched on his nose, who set me an example of thrift and honesty. "Above all," he used to say to us, for a brother then worked with me, "be a good shoemaker. Never scamp anything. Do the best you can, and do it all the time."

•We would work from sunrise until far into the night. The pay we got was little enough—so small, that we used to watch the candle that fluttered in the wind and worry over its cost. If we worked very, very hard, and custom was good, we might count a gain of 2 francs each; but sometimes we would all stop pegging away, because the poor people in our village had no money to spend for shoes. Oh, how difficult it was to buy a sack of coarse flour or a little scrap of meat! We lived from hand to mouth. Poor old father! Do what we could to help him, he got into debt, and owed at one time as much as 30 francs. What a huge sum that seemed to me to be! What a whole mountain of embarrassment!

I starved myself in order to put a little money aside. One day I said to father: "This thing don't work. I am going to clear out. I can't stand it."

"You will leave me, my son? Your old father is an incumbrance to you?"

"No, not at all. But I must go away to work for him."

"It is well," replied my father. "You are a good shoemaker. Your stitches are strong and even. You shape well. Go see the world, and God's blessing accompany you."

I went to Paris, and led a miserable life there for a time. I hardly gained my bread at first. The habits of the Parisian shoemaker horrified me, for I had been brought up by a pious father. I was a good workman, however, and after a while found steady employment; but I could help poor father but very little. Oh, it used to make my heart sore to think of him cramped up in his little dingy room, working away for a crust of bread. The habits of economy he taught me helped me then. I scraped together son by son, and at last sent him 10 francs. He wrote me that the sum had saved him from being turned out of his poor old chamber. "This will never do," said I. "I must go somewhere else. I am a good shoemaker, and my experience in Paris has given me the finishing touch. I must go somewhere else, where the art of Orisip will be appreciated."

One fine day in 1850 I took a place as landsman on an English bark, from Havre to Boston. I landed in the United States with just 40 cents (2 francs) in my pocket. I sought work at once. I saw in a little shoemaker's shop up a narrow street a sign written on paper and stuck on the glass with wafers. I could not read it. I did not know a single word of English then, but over the door there was a German name. I made bold to enter, and talked German to the proprietor.

"Sit down," he said, "on that bench, and sew me on that sole."

"I am a fair shoemaker, and you will see," I replied.

It was a pleasure to take hold of the tools once more; they seemed to know me. How I blessed my father then! My boss was satisfied, and I got a job right off at \$1 a day and my food. This was a fortune to me then. I worked for six months steadily, and save for a second-hand pair of trousers, bought by me at a bargain, I hoarded every penny. I sent the dear old father \$50, and back came his blessing. He wrote he had never seen so much money at one time in his life. But it was ambitious. Just then the California fever was raging. Something told me to go to the Pacific coast. I took ship and crossed the Isthmus. Just before arriving at San Francisco there was a heavy gale; we came near being shipwrecked, and I lost my hat. I remember that quite well. I landed with exactly \$1. On

board there was a carousing shoemaker, who had been sent for from the East by a man who kept a shop in San Francisco. I heard him say that he had come before his time, and that, anyhow, if he could do no better, he was going to work at cobbling. He mentioned the name of the man who was to hire him, and I had his consent to apply for the place.

I went to the shoe shop at once and asked for the position.

"It is given to another man, who ought to be here soon, and I can't make use of you. Besides, you have no hat."

"That makes no difference," I replied. "I see shoemakers' wages are \$6 a day (it was the flush times of California then); give me \$3 and feed me, and only let me stay till the man you hired turns up, for I am indeed a shoemaker."

The boss gave a kind of grudging consent. Then I set to work, and slept that night in the shop. When the master came to the shop in the morning, he found everything in elegant order, and I had made \$6 before breakfast by mending a boot. I suited him exactly, for I am a good shoemaker. I lived with that man for a year, and saved all my money. I sent the dear old fellow at home \$100. If you could only have seen the letter that came back! The blessed old daddy wanted to know if I thought he was a spendthrift. That \$100 he was going to make do for the next three years! There was a chance he had in Sacramento. I went there my master giving me some of his shop-worn stock. I did a splendid business. In six months I had made for my share \$3,000. My fortune was before me. Poor old daddy, was not forgotten. I got a cross letter from him this time. The poor, simple soul wanted to know whether I thought he was going to the dogs. Did I want to make him a drunkard, a gourmand, and put all kinds of temptations in his way? Too much money was the source of all evil. I was robbing myself to pamper him. But for all that there was a lot of sweetness in the letter.

Well, I thought that fortune was now mine. But one night a bad fire broke out and I was burned out. Fires occurred in Sacramento every night, and were the work of thieves. I gathered together the few pairs of boots I could put my hands on, and placed them, with my money, all in gold, in a trunk, and I carried it out of the wooden shanty just as the roof fell in. For better security, I sat on my trunk, and gazed bewildered-like at the flames. "I have something left," I said, "after all, to begin the world with." Just then I was struck a heavy blow over the head with a club, and lost all consciousness. When I came to I found myself on the ground and my trunk gone. The thieves had done the business for me. Ah, then I gave myself up, just for a moment, to utter despair.

"I am ruined, ruined forever; poor old daddy!" I thought. But I was not ruined, for that crack on the head was the means of making my fortune. I was robbing myself to pamper him. But for all that there was a lot of sweetness in the letter.

And may I not make him a good shoemaker?" he asked. "But you go too fast. Let me think over it. You ask me to leave this old Luxembourg, where I was born. I should never see again the grave where your mother, my good wife, has slept for this last thirty odd years. I don't know. I am very old. I should be in the way. I love my old trade. Do they wear shoes in California? May I cobble there? I assure you, though the hog-bristles bother me just a little at times, and my hammer moves just a trifle slower, still I can turn out a very decent job. I wonder if I cannot beat you now. Come, let us try."

To please the old man I took up a bit of work and commenced on it.

"It was well done," said father, admiringly. "I see you have not forgotten my lessons. Perhaps that one stitch there is not quite—quite as even as it should be. My remarks don't worry you? Still, and he held out with his shaky hands the old boot near his eye, "it will pass muster."

At last the blessed old man consented to go with me. Next day we had a feast in the village. All the old cronies were invited—the cooper, the watchmaker, the butcher, the droyer, the tailor and the tax collector. The curate gave the party his blessing. Oh, what a good time had I! The old man was introduced to every one as M. the American shoemaker, who had learned his trade in the Luxembourg."

We kept it up all that afternoon and late into the evening. It was a feast as that sleepy old town will remember for many a day. Just occasionally I noticed that the old man weakened when some ancient chum took him by the hand to bid him good-bye. Then I would say: "Dear daddy, it's your grandson that claims you. How the deuce do you ever expect that he will be a good shoemaker without your teaching him?" That was an all-powerful argument. The blessed old man made the trip with me across the ocean with much fatigue. How glad my wife was to see her husband and his father, and, as to the baby, he went at once into his grandpapa's arms.

Of course, father was too old to go to work, but still he insisted on having his bench. As he grew feebler, the stitches became more uneven, and we were often alarmed about the awl slipping, which might have pricked him. He lived, though, happily with us for some years. He grew more unsteady day by day, and wandered a little; but still he would spend an hour or two every day at the bench. He made a goat harness for the little boy, and quite a number of pretty things in leather.

One day I heard him in his room tapping, tapping away on his lap-stone with more than ordinary vigor. Then I listened to him. He said: "A good job—a very good job. Capital, though I ought not to praise myself. There never was but one man who could equal me, and that was my dear, dear son; and his son, my grandson, shall also be a first-class shoemaker, if the good God, whose name be blessed, only lets me live a little, a very little longer."

And then I heard the rattle of the hammer, as if it had dropped on the floor, and I went into his room, and there the dear old man had passed quietly away with a last prayer on his lips. There are no shoemakers now-days like in the old times.

HOW TO ENTERTAIN AN EVENING PARTY.

SPANISH BLIND MAN.

In this game, instead of blindfolding one of the players, his hands are tied behind him, and in that difficult way he must endeavor to catch one of his companions, who must, when caught, submit to the same restraint.

THE RIBBONS.

Each person in the company takes a ribbon, and holds it by one end. The other ends are all united in the hand of one who leads the game, and who, consequently, is placed in the middle of the circle.

When he says, "Pull," they must let go; when he says: "Let go," they must pull the ribbon which they hold. It is astonishing how many forfeits are won at this simple game.

THE DOWN FLIES.

One of the players takes a flake of cotton or a bit of down, which he casts in the air in the midst of a circle formed by those present who are seated close together. He at once puffs with his breath to keep it floating in the air, and the one toward whom the flake takes its course must puff in the same way to keep it from falling on his lap, which would cost him a forfeit.

Nothing is more amusing than to see ten or twelve people, with upturned faces, blowing and puffing, each in his own way, to send from one to the other this flake of cotton.

Sometimes it happens that as one cannot laugh and puff at the same moment, the tuft of cotton falls into the mouth of one of the company, who in vain tries to find breath enough to blow it away. This excites the laughter of the other players, who demand from him a forfeit for his glibtyn.

ARMY EXERCISE.

This game furnishes a good joke, but must be played circumspectly, that no offense may be given, and no unpleasant consequences arise. The company are drawn up in line, with a Sergeant and Captain—the former standing at the head of the line, the latter in front of the regiment, to give the word of command. The two officers must be in the secret, and act in concert. The Captain gives the order, and puts his men through their drill, they taking the time from the Sergeant. After a few ordinary commands, such as: "Heads up," "Eyes right," etc., the word is given to "ground right knees," whereupon all the men kneel down on the right knee. Then comes: "Right hands forward," whereupon the Sergeant stretches out his right arm and hand horizontally in front of him at full length. "Left hands backward," and the left arms are thrust back as nearly horizontally as possible with the shoulders. Now comes the word: "Fire!" at which the Sergeant gives his neighbor a push; he, taken unawares, tumbles against the next man, and down goes the whole row like a house of cards.

Books and Maple Sugar Eighty Year Ago.

In his autobiography, Thurlow Weed gives an interesting picture of boy-life in a new country eighty years ago. He says:

"My uncle had a small clearing, with an extra log-house, into which we moved. My first employment was in sugar-making, an occupation to which I became much attached. I now look with great pleasure upon the days and nights passed in the sap-bush. The want of shoes (which, as the snow was deep, was no small privation) was the only drawback upon my happiness. I used, however, to tie an old rag carpet around my feet and get along chopping wood and gathering sap pretty well. But when the spring advanced, and bare ground appeared in spots, I threw off the old carpet incumbrance and did my work barefooted.

"There is much leisure time for boys who are making maple sugar. I devoted this time to reading, when I could obtain books. I borrowed books whenever and wherever I could. I remember to have heard that a neighbor, some three miles off, had borrowed from a still more distant neighbor a book of great interest, and, after this book had been read by those better educated to the privilege, I started off, barefooted, in the snow, to obtain the treasure. There were spots of bare ground, upon which I would stop to warm my feet. And there were also, along the road, occasional lengths of log fence from which the snow had melted, and upon which it was a luxury to walk. The book was at home, and the good people consented, upon my promise that it should be neither torn nor soiled, to lend it to me. In returning with the prize, I was too happy to think of the snow or my naked feet. Candles were then among the luxuries, not the necessities, of life. If boys, instead of going to bed after dark, wanted to read, they supplied themselves with pine knots, by the light of which (in a horizontal position) they pursued their studies.

"In this manner, with my body in the sugar-house, and my head out of doors where the fat pine was blazing, I read with intense interest a 'History of the French Revolution.'

An Editor's Invention.

In commenting on the various methods for keeping birds away from fruit-bearing trees proposed by California papers, a Nevada paper winds up by suggesting the following plan for ridging the trees of the troublesome little pests: "Let the ranchmen send east to the manufacturers of toy balloons and get them to manufacture a lot of artificial hawks, the bodies of which may be inflated with gas. One or two of these let up into the air 200 or 300 feet, by means of a small cord, will protect whole acres of ground against birds. If there is anything that causes loss of appetite to a small bird it is to have a large and able hawk plunging about over his head. When the rubber manufacturers take out a patent for this invention of ours, either as a toy or scarecrow, we shall claim a royalty."

Chicago Times.

The thunder grew louder. The storm gathered, hovered, burst. In a moment we are wet—but hark! through the roll of the thunder and the swirl of the rain, there sounds the bay of the hounds upon the mountain side. Old Spot is giving tongue, and that means the game is bear. Young Spot joins in, and—boom, boom—down the can on they come. The younger dogs stop chasing deer and add their sharp voices to the infallible roar of the old trailer who follows on, as sure and as relentless as death. Where else now is music? Where is any harmony other than that of the full-voiced pack-a-cry? Oh! Patti, Gerster, Nilsson; oh! Remenyi, Rubenstein, we love thee all, but no, thank you, we can't come just now.—*American Field.*

Definition of an American.

An amusing anecdote is related of the Hon. Jeremiah Halsey, of this city, during the incumbency of our fellow-townsman, Henry Ruggles, in the Malta Consulate. At a dinner party, at which

were Messrs. Halsey and Ruggles and other Americans and foreigners, there was some chaffing among the guests about their nationalities.

In the course of the talk some of the guests boasted of their American citizenship. Thereupon an Englishman turned to Mr. Halsey and inquired, with jocose superciliousness, "Ah! what is an American?" "An improved Englishman, sir," was the prompt retort. The keen reply provoked roars of merriment among the assembled party.—*Norwich Bulletin.*

Coaches in the Days of George IV.

Hackney coaches were always drawn by a pair of horses, for the most part miserable-looking creatures, which it would have been cruelty to urge to any speed, though I fancy they were capable of keeping up their jog-trot for a considerable time. The drivers were usually elderly men, attired in stone-colored greatcoats with many capes. I also just remember two or three sedan-chairs waiting for hire near the old squares at the west end of town, but they were worn and shabby, though with likeness enough of their better selves to recall Hogarth's pictures to mind. There were stage-coaches from certain central points to the suburbs running several times a day, but seldom starting on their last journey later than 8:30 o'clock p.m. Small chance was there of procuring a place in the "last coach" from any suburban district without the preliminary ceremony of booking it. There was always, however, and at all hours of the day, one hope—though often a forlorn one—for the tired wayfarer, and this was a "return chaise." The phrase familiar enough fifty or sixty years ago has no meaning now, but when railways were not, and the wealthier classes traveled chiefly by aid of post horses, the empty post-chaise on its return journey was often to be seen on the highroad. The postilion, to be sure, always kept his eyes open to catch any sign from a pedestrian going the same way, for it was a common thing for the roomy yellow chariot to halt and a little bargain be struck, in accordance with which the pedestrian obtained a "lift."

—London Society.

Wages in Paris.

In the jewelry and silversmith trade, an important one in Paris, apprentices, as soon as they begin to work on their own account, receive 4s. a day, experienced foremen earning from 12s. to 24s. per day. Type-setters get from 6s. to 12s. per day, and pressmen something short of this generally. Wood-engravers vary from 6s. to 12s. a day, but those who take rank as artists earn from 12s. to 24s. With regard to the building trade, there is an average wage paid by practically all contractors. The city of Paris is the great employer of skilled labor of this kind, and it now pays to stonecutters 10s. for twelve hours' work in summer, and 8s. for eight hours' work in winter. Other masons receive 6s. in summer and 5s. in winter, and tinsmiths, marble-masons, and painters and glaziers about the same, with, of course, higher rates for those engaged in the artistic branches, such as fresco and other decorations. In those trades which have to do with interior decoration, the wood-carvers earn from 10s. to 12s. per day, upholsterers and others at the same rate, while German and Italian workmen get from 2s. 6d. to 4s. per day. Mechanics earn from 4s. upward, according to their special employment and ability. The average day laborer, in all kinds of employment, receives from 2s. to 4s. a day, and foreigners, who arrive in Paris by shalos, manage to save something to take home. M. Haussouville estimates the number of regular workmen in Paris at 250,000, of those who live by occasional jobs at 75,000, and of beggars and vagabonds at 15,000.

Deaths from Consumption.

The following table shows the total population of States reporting the greatest number of deaths from consumption in the last census year, and the number of deaths per 10,000 inhabitants.

States	Population	Died of consumption	No. per 10,000
New York	5,082,871	12,853	25
Pennsylvania	4,292,861	8,833	1