DIGNITY OF LABOR.

A Timely Letter From the Pen of Cardinal Manning.

TWO KINDS OF CAPITAL.

If They Can't Ride Side by Side They Must Walk Together.

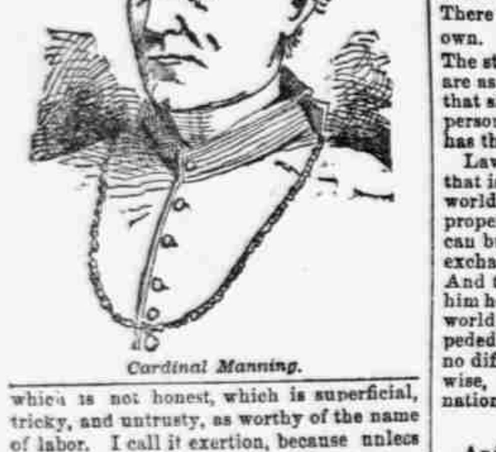
THE PRIVILEGE OF ORGANIZING

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

Part I.

Great Britain has a larger mercantile marine than all the other maritime powers of the world put together. Whereas the mercantile marine of all the other powers reaches 6,600,000 tons, the mercantile marine of Great Britain reaches 6,900,000. What is the cause of all the enormous development of wealth? Some may say it is capital. I say there is something besides capital; there is skill. Some may say it is skill. I say there is something before skill; there is labor, and we trace it up to labor strictly. The first agency and factor of this great commercial wealth, and therefore of the greatness of our country in this respect, is labor. In a book published first about the year 1830, called the "Results of Machinery," and afterward published under the title of "Capital and Labor," is to be found this sentence: "In the dim morning of society labor was up and stirring before capital was awake." There is no doubt of this, and, therefore, I may affirm that labor is the origin of all our greatness.

I will not try to define labor, but will describe it to be the honest exertion of the powers of our mind and of our body for our own good and for the good of our neighbor. I say honest, for I do not account any labor



Cardinal Manning.

which is not honest, which is superficial, tricky, and untrusty, as worthy of the name of labor. I call it exertion, because unless a man puts forth his powers, and puts them forth to the full, it is not worthy of the name of labor. Unless he puts forth his powers honestly for his own good, I call it his destruction; and if he does not put them forth for his own good, and also for the good of his neighbor, I call it selfishness. I think, therefore, that my description is a just one; it is the honest exertion of the powers of the mind and body for our own good and for the good of our neighbor.

BRAIN WORKERS ARE LABORERS.

And here I must put in a plea, in passing, for the exertion of the powers of the mind, and I shall be safe in saying that those who exert the powers of the mind and of the brain are true laborers. They may never have wielded an ax, they may never have guided a locomotive, and they may never have driven a spade in the ground, but I will maintain they are true laborers worthy of the name.

We will now come to what we call for the present bodily labor. I may say that this bodily labor is in one sense the origin of everything, though it is clear that mind must precede it. In these days, perhaps, men are inclined to depreciate mere strength without skill, because our labor is become half skilled and fully skilled, and our industry is becoming scientific. Nevertheless, in the mere labor of the body there is a true dignity. The man who puts forth the powers of the body, and that honestly, for his own good and the good of his neighbor, is living a high and worthy life, and that because it is his state in the world. It is the lot in which we are placed, and any man who fulfills the lot of his existence is in a state of dignity. The condition on which we obtain everything in the world has always more or less of labor.

Now there is no limit as yet ascertained to the fertility of the earth. We are told that in the time of King John the productiveness of the soil of England was about one-fourth as compared with the productiveness of the soil all over the face of England at this time, and as about one-fifth compared with the productiveness of the soil round about London. What makes the difference? Labor, skill, capital, science and the advancement of agriculture. This calculation shows that we have been steadily advancing in the productiveness of our soil and have never reached its limit.

POSSIBILITIES OF DEVELOPMENT.

Labor may be only in the dawn of its work; and if England has developed itself by its labor, as I began by saying, to so vast an extent, do not let us for a moment imagine that we have reached the limit of what may be done by the advancement of that labor. I am old enough to recollect when the political economists of England startled us by a statement that there did not exist in England enough coal under the earth to last for more than 800 years. It seemed to me even then that our nerves might stand the announcement. Nevertheless, it is clear that we never yet have ascertained what is the limit of the coal mines in England. I do not know that any man can make even a probable conjecture.

But not only is labor the law of our state, it is also the law of our development. It is the law of the development of mind and body. But further than this, labor is the condition of invention. Between the intelligence and the hand there is a correspondence so delicate, so minute, that it bears one of the strongest evidences of the wisdom of our Maker. The versatility of the mind in its operations can never be measured; nevertheless the flexibility of the hand is such that it corresponds with the versatility of the mind. The man who in the dim morning of society made a flint knife, had a hard labor to execute works of skill. The man who, succeeding him, had a Sheffield blade, could do perhaps a thousand operations which the flint knife could not accomplish.

THE MULTIPLICITY OF MACHINERY.

We have now happily come to a period when our whole population, agricultural and manufacturing, recognize that the advancement and multiplication of machinery is the greatest aid in creating labor. In order to give the simplest proof of this, I will mention one or two facts which may not be familiar to some who hear me. Until the other day they were not familiar to myself.

First of all, in the last century, inventions followed one another in rapid succession. As you are well aware, in 1743 the fly shuttle was invented; in 1769 the son of the inventor constructed what is called the drop box, in 1767 came the spinning jenny, in 1769 the water frame, in 1779 the two were combined into the mule, in 1813 the power loom followed, in 1765 the steam engine had been completed, in 1811 steam was applied to ships, and in 1824 it was applied to railroads. That is to say, taking only one line of invention, that which applies to the manufacture of cotton and wool, this extraordinary advancement in machinery was attained in 22 years. Then the power of locomotion by land and sea was added. Now what was the effect of this? At first sight it might have been supposed that it would have thrown out of employment a vast number of hands.

M. Say, the French political economist, in his complete "Course of Political Economy," states, upon the authority of an English manufacturer of 50 years' experience, that in ten years after the introduction of the machines, the people employed in the trade, spinners and weavers, were more than 40 times as many as when the spinning was done by hand.

TRUE CAPITAL OF THE COUNTRY.

According to a calculation made in 1825, it appears that the power of 20,000 horses was employed in the spinning of cotton, and that the power of each horse yielded, with the aid of machinery, as much yarn as 1,066 persons could produce by hand. But if this calculation be correct, and there is no reason to doubt it, the spinning machinery of Lancashire alone produced in 1825 as much yarn as would have required 21,302,000 persons to produce with the distaff and spindle.

The Egyptians, according to Herodotus hated the memory of the Kings who built the pyramids, and he tells us that the Great Pyramid occupied 100,000 men for 20 years in its erection. Now it has been calculated that the steam engines of England, worked by 36,000 men, would raise the same quantity of stones from the quarry and elevate them to the same height as the Great Pyramid in 18 hours. If this be so, it seems to be a proof that while labor has been advancing, skill has been developing, invention has been increasing, and the creation of every kind of capital has been augmented beyond anything we could have conceived. So that there has been a perpetual accumulation of muscular power, of mental power, of manual power, and of mechanical power; and this is the true capital of our country, not money alone.

PART II.

I will now turn to the other part of my thesis; that is, to the rights of labor. I am not going to be communistic, and I have no will to be revolutionary. Adam Smith says: "The property which every man has in his own labor, as it is the original foundation of all other property, so it is the most sacred and inviolable. The patrimony of a poor man lies in the strength and dexterity of his hands; and to hinder him from employing his strength and dexterity in what manner he thinks proper, without injury to his neighbor, is a plain violation of this most sacred property." Therefore, first of all, I claim for labor the rights of property. There is no personal property so strictly our own. It is altogether and entirely personal. The strength and skill that are in a man are as much his own as his life blood; and that skill and strength which he has as his personal property no man may control. He has this property in him.

Lawyers say a man's will is ambulatory, that is, it travels with him all over the world. So the working man carries this property with him as ready money. He can buy with it and he can sell it. He can exchange it. He may set a price on it. And this ready money which he carries with him he may carry to every market all over the world; and what is more, he will not be impeded by any foreign currency. No coins, no difficult calculations, decimal or otherwise, obstruct his exchange with other nations of the world.

TWO KINDS OF CAPITAL.

And further, in one sense it is inexhaustible, except that we all have limits and dimensions, and our strength and skill are bounded by what we are. But there it is, perennial, going on always through his life till old age diminishes it; then what remains in him is to be honored with a reverence of which I spoke just now. I claim for labor (and the skill which is always required by labor) the rights of capital. It is capital in the truest sense. Now, our Saxon ancestors used to call what we call cattle "live money," and we are told that what we call chattels and cattle and the Latin word capita are one and the same thing; that is, "heads" of cattle, or workers or serfs. This was "live money," and so are the labor, the strength, and the skill in the honest workman "live money." It is capital laid up in him; and that capital is the condition of production.

For capital which is in money, which I will call dead capital, or dead money, receives its life from the living power and skill of the laborer. These two must be united. The capital of money and the capital of strength and of skill must be united together, or we can have no production and no progress. And, therefore, "labor and capital must ride on the same horse;" and it is said, in a sort of mother-wit way, that "When two men ride on a horse one must ride behind." It is said that capital rides before. Well, now, if they cannot ride side by side they ought to walk hand in hand. Whatever rights then capital possesses labor possesses.

THE RIGHT TO ORGANIZE.

Once more: Labor has a right of liberty. A laborer has a right to determine for whom he will work, and where he will work. I do not mean in any capricious and extortionate way, but he must be first and last the judge and controller of his own life, and he must pay the penalty if he abuses that freedom. This carries with it also the right to say whether he can subsist upon certain wages. This is undeniable. He may set too high a price upon his labor, but then he will pay the penalty. No man can appraise it for him. Another man may offer him his wages, and if he is not content he may refuse it. He cannot say, "You shall work." In all the history of civilization, if you go back to the Greeks or to the Romans, you find that trades and professions always had their societies and fellowships, by which they were united together. It seems to me that this is a sound and legitimate social law. I can concieve nothing more entirely in accordance with natural right and with the higher jurisprudence than that those who have one common interest should unite together for the promotion of that interest.

From this it would seem to me to follow that the protection of labor and of industry has at all times been a recognized right of those who possess the same craft; that those unions have been recognized by the Legislature; that, whether they be employers or employed, whether they possess the dead capital or the live capital, the dead money or the live money, all have the same rights. And I do not see, I confess, why all men should not organize themselves together, so long as they are truly and honestly submissive to one higher and chief, who is superior over us all; the supreme reign of law which has governed, at all times, the people of England.

SHOULD BE REGULATED BY LAW.

I am one of those who are of the opinion that the hours of labor must be further regulated by law. I know the difficulty of the subject, but I say the application of unchecked political economy to the hours of labor must be met and checked by a moral condition. If the great end of life were to multiply yards of cloth and cotton twist, and if the glory of England consists or consisted in multiplying without stint or limit these articles and the like at the lowest possible price, so as to undersell all the nations of the world, well, then, let wages go on.

But if the domestic life of the people be vital above all; if the peace, the purity of homes, the education of children, the duties of wives and mothers, the duties of husbands and of fathers be written in the natural law of mankind, and if these things are sacred, far beyond anything that can be sold in the market, then I say, if the hours of labor resulting from the unregulated sale of a man's strength and skill shall lead to the destruction of domestic life, to the neglect of children, to turning wives and mothers into living machines, and of fathers and husbands into—what shall I say, creatures of burden?—I will not use any other word—who rise up before the sun, and come back when it is set, wearied and able only to take food and lie down to rest, the domestic life of man exists no longer, and we dare not go on in this path. I am not going to attempt a prescription; I should fail if I were to attempt to practice in any art which is not my own; but this I will say: Parliament has done it already. Do not let it be said, therefore, that Parliament has not interposed in the question of labor and in the question of the hours of labor.

THE EXAMPLE OF ENGLAND.

I will ask, is it possible for a child to be educated who becomes a full-timer at 10 or even 12 years of age? Is it possible for a child in the agricultural districts to be educated who may be sent out into the fields at 9? I will ask, can a woman be the mother and head of a family who works 60 hours a week? You may know better than I, but bear with me if I say I do not understand how a woman can train her children in the hours after they come home from school if she works all day in a factory. The children come home at 4 and 5 in the afternoon; there is no mother in the house. I do not know how she can either clothe them or train them or watch over them, when her time is given to labor for 60 hours a week.

I saw in my early days a good deal of what the homes of agricultural laborers were. With all their poverty they were often very beautiful. I have seen cottages with cottage gardens, and with scanty but bright furniture, a hearth glowing with peat, and children playing at the door; poverty was indeed everywhere, but happiness everywhere, too. Well, I hope this may still be found in the agricultural districts. What may be the homes in our great manufacturing towns I do not know, but the homes of the poor in London are often very miserable. The state of the houses, families living in single rooms, sometimes many families in one room, a corner apiece. These things cannot go on; these things ought not to go on. The accumulation of wealth in the land, the piling up wealth like mountains in the possession of classes or of individuals, cannot go on if these moral conditions of our people are not healed. No commonwealth can rest on such foundations.

CARDINAL MANNING.

A Household Remedy.

There is no medicine so often needed in every home, and so admirably adapted to the purposes for which it is required, as Chamberlain's Pain Balm. Hardly a week passes but some member of the family has need for it for some injury or ailment for which it is unequaled. A toothache or headache may be cured by it. A touch of rheumatism or neuralgia quieted. The severe pain of a burn or scald promptly relieved, and the sore healed in much less time than when medicine has to be sent for. A sprain may be promptly treated before inflammation sets in, which insures a cure in about one-third of the time otherwise required. Cuts and bruises should receive immediate treatment before the parts become swollen, which can only be done when Pain Balm is kept at hand. A sore throat may be cured before it becomes serious. A frost bite or chilblain cured and their unpleasantness avoided. A troublesome corn may be removed by applying it twice a day for a week or two. Quinsey and glandular swellings may be suppressed before matter has begun to form in them. Boils are often the result of an injury and may be prevented by timely treatment. A lame back may be cured and several days of valuable time saved. A pain in the side or chest relieved without paying a doctor bill. When so much pain and suffering may be saved by the trivial outlay of 50 cents, it is certainly surprising that any family would do without such a remedy. The fact is, few of those who have used Chamberlain's Pain Balm are willing to be without it.

For sale by E. G. Stucky, 1701 and 2401 Penn ave.; E. G. Stucky & Co., cor. Wylie ave. and Fulton st.; Markell Bros., cor. Penn and Faulkston aves.; Theo. E. Ihrig, 3610 Fifth ave.; Carl Hartwig, 4016 Butler st.; John C. Smith, cor. Penn ave. and Main st.; Jas. L. McConnel & Co., 455 Fifth ave., Pittsburg; and in Allegheny by E. E. Heck, 72 and 194 Federal st.; Thos. R. Morris, cor. Hanover and Preble aves.; F. H. Eggers, 172 Ohio st., and F. H. Eggers & Son, 199 Ohio st. and 11 Smithfield st. wsu

EVERETT PIANO CLUB ANNOUNCEMENT

Certificate No. 325.

Held by C. L. Woods, of Sewickley, is entitled to the piano this week on payments of $1 per week.

Do you want a fine piano? If you do, the Everett Club or Co-operative System offers the following inducements, if you wish to pay cash. By becoming a member you will save $75 in the price of the piano and get it at once. If you cannot spare the cash, you can get your piano any time on payment of $25 cash and $2 50 per week, no interest, and still save $75 in the price. If you cannot pay so fast, by waiting until your number is drawn you will get your piano on payments of $1 per week, no interest, and save $75 in the regular price to our retail trade. Think of this! Our club is composed of 350 members, each paying $1 per week. Thus you see the members are buying for cash, and one piano is delivered to the member whose number is drawn each week until all are supplied; or, if one-half of the members take their pianos and pay $2 50 per week, we deliver twice the number, and get double the amount of cash each week, and it leaves only one-half the number to be drawn on the $1 weekly payments. It is a simple business problem. We are saving our members the difference in price by contracting for 350 pianos at one time, and on a cash basis. We have now enough members to guarantee the success of this plan, and are delivering pianos as fast as our wagons can haul them. Do not wait, but apply for membership before it is too late. Call and see the piano, or send for circular.

ALEX. ROSS, Manager,
suw 137 Federal street, Allegheny, Pa.

BARGAINS IN PIANOS AND ORGANS

At Henricks' Temple of Music.

A large stock of good second-hand pianos and organs will be disposed of in order to make room for new goods arriving daily. Pianos, one Chickering, $225; Steinway, $200; Newton, $175; Wheelock, $150; Marshal & Wendel, $175; Meyers, $40. Organs from $25 upward. Persons wishing to secure a good second-hand instrument of above makes, at a very low price, can do so by calling at Henricks' Temple of Music, 79 Fifth avenue.

For Dedication of the Garfield Monument.

The Pittsburg and Lake Erie Railroad will sell tickets on the afternoon trains of May 29 and the morning trains of May 30, at rate of $3 from Pittsburg to Cleveland and $2 75 from Beaver Valley points, good to return on any regular train up to and including the train leaving Cleveland at 11 P. M. Monday, June 2.

KRAUSE'S HEADACHE CAPSULES, unlike many remedies, are perfectly harmless; they contain no injurious substance, and will stop any kind of a headache, will prevent headaches caused by over-indulgence of food or drink late at night. Price 25 cents; for sale by druggists. Thsu

SOHMER PIANOS! SOHMER PIANOS!

Colby Pianos!

Superior in tone, durability and workmanship. For sale at reasonable prices by J. M. Hoffmann & Co., 537 Smithfield street.

WALL PAPER from the best makes in the latest colorings and at lowest prices, at J. J. Fuchs', 1710, Carson st., S. S.

BLACK GOODS—The most complete assortment of all wool and silk and wool medium and light weight fabrics for summer wear shown in the city.
TTSSU HUGUS & HACKE.

Everything for the Fireplace.

Newest designs in tile, brass, nickel and silver fittings, etc.
JAMES C. THOMPSON, 640 Liberty avenue.

MATRESSES made and renovated.
HAUGH & KEENAN, 33-34 Water st.

CARPETS cleaned and relaid.
HAUGH & KEENAN, 33-34 Water st.

JOHN BROWN'S BODY

Lies Moldering in the Grave, but His Soul is Marching On.

THE LEGENDS OF HARPER'S FERRY

Story of the Negro Whom the Raider Kissed as He Passed to Death.

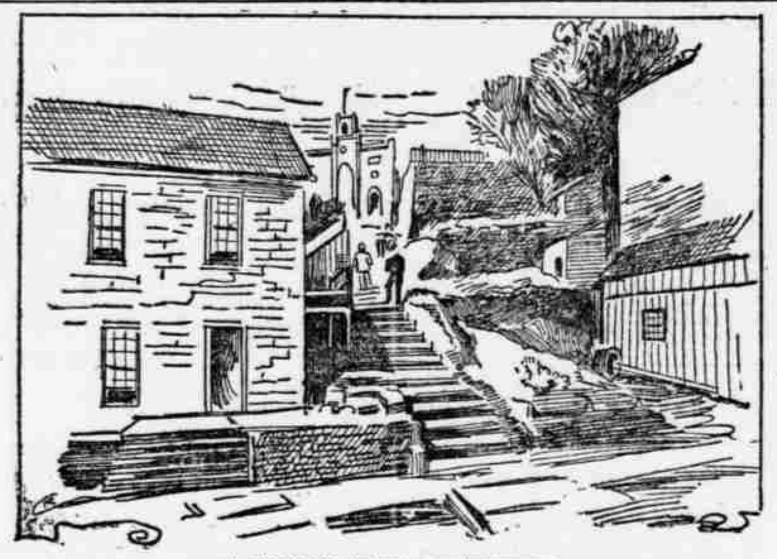
WATER HAS NEVER TOUCHED THE SPOT

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

APPLES! Apples! Pies! Here's yo'" little ragged, rosy-cheeked urchins crying their wares through the train as it stops, the sight of the great bridges, the mingling rivers, the mountains on either side, the sleepy town clambering up the hill to the west—all this and this only is the usual impression of Harper's Ferry, the American Bingin, carried away by the traveler and distributed all the world over; unless perchance he has been a victim of one of those Harper's Ferry pies. Then he will never forget Harper's Ferry and its associate memories; he may even wish that once more, just once more, he may live to meet the maker of that pie. Nor will all the drowsy syrups of the world of medicine give him that sweet rest which he "owds't yesterday."

A Town Beauty.

That there is much else in Harper's Ferry which may have proved as memorable cannot be questioned; and we do not mean the relics of her past, for that may be briefly and reverently told: Born of the Virgin Mother Earth, suffered unto Ulysses Grant, she was chloroformed, slept, and is still sleeping, and I fear will know no awakening.



A GLIMPSE OF HARPER'S FERRY.

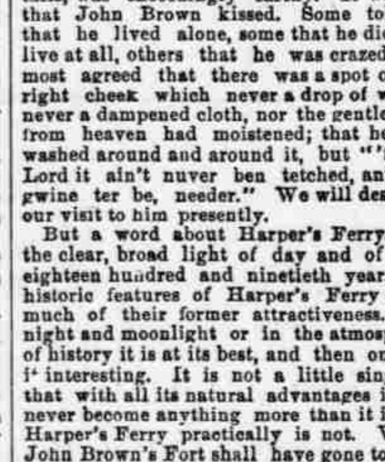
THE KISSING ON THE SCAFFOLD.

But who was kissed by John Brown? Some think he is not here; that he is risen. But he is here, and over at the neighboring town. Many say he holds communion with the great black witch, that he lives not in the land of the living, but the figure we saw yester eve stealing along the profile of a western hill, a great dim silhoutte, with umbrella and flapping coat-tails, was exceedingly earthy. It was he that John Brown kissed. Some told us that he lived alone, some that he did not live at all, others that he was crazed, but most agreed that there was a spot on his right cheek which never a drop of water, never a dampened cloth, nor the gentle rain from heaven had moistened; that he had washed around and around it, but "'fo' de Lord it ain't nuver ben tetched, an' ain' gwine ter be, needer." We will describe our visit to him presently.

But a word about Harper's Ferry. In the clear, broad light of day and of this eighteen hundred and ninetieth year, the historic features of Harper's Ferry loose much of their former attractiveness. By night and moonlight or in the atmosphere of history it is at its best, and then only is it interesting. It is not a little singular that with all its natural advantages it has never become anything more than it is, for Harper's Ferry practically is not. When John Brown's Fort shall have gone to Chicago and another flood sweeps through the town, men will seek in vain for this place which cut so great a figure in the story of the American war.

FAMED FOR ITS PRETTY GIRLS.

There is nothing which the Harper's Ferryan resents so vehemently as the expression "sleepy." Say but the word in association with the name of his town and it sets him agoing directly. He will bring you down great volumes of antiquated lore, stretch huge maps before you, show you what magnificent harbors and splendid manufactories



John Brown's Fort.

can be made, how they will bring wealth and affluence into the country; and he will inveigle you into a long discussion of the relative merits of the locality, and if against all this you remain invincible he will tell you in a mysterious voice how that Harper's Ferry contains more pretty girls than can be found elsewhere in all the towns of the world. Indeed upon this he is nearly right, for it is doubtful whether there is another town of its size in the United States with so large a percentage of girls in its population. Whether it was the fault of the moon or not, it is agreed that at least something very remarkable has occurred, for there are twelve girls to one boy; seven of these are colored, and there is but one-tenth of a white boy to one-half a colored one.

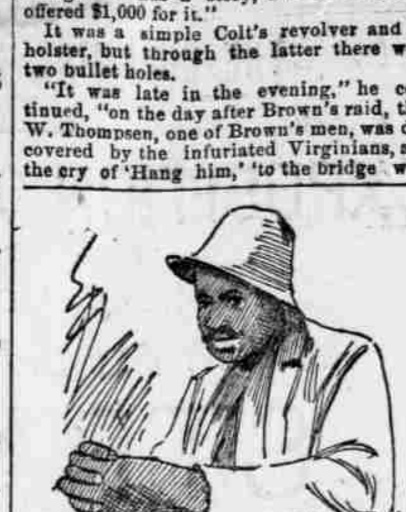
It would be useless to detain one at this late day with the story of the John Brown raid. The public have given this affair its just place in history, and him who was its inaugurator his coveted position among the world's celebrities, and there let him rest. It would be useless, too, to iterate the story of the negro in charge of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad depot who was killed because he refused to let the marauders in on that Sunday night in October, 1859, the first victim to a cause intended to set him free, and, by the way, it did set him free.

THE STORY OF A REVOLVER.

Yesterday we met a man, a gentleman of wealth and prominence, and he held forth a pistol and its holster and said: "See that thing? It has a story, and I have been offered $1,000 for it."

It was a simple Colt's revolver and its holster, but through the latter there were two bullet holes.

"It was late in the evening," he continued, "on the day after Brown's raid, that W. Thompsen, one of Brown's men, was discovered by the infuriated Virginians, and the cry of 'Hang him,' 'to the bridge with



Mamma, Jes Hol' Me Up.

him,' was raised, and he was led and pushed at the point of bayonets to the center of the bridge, stood upright on the railing, shot through the head, fell to the river beneath and was then riddled with bullets so that there was scarcely an inch of him which was not perforated. This pistol I paid a little boy to secure for me, as he floated down the river."

On Harewood Hill when the sun was low, we drew rein before a cabin, half hut, with one window, one door and one chimney, from whence a wreath of smoke stole slowly upward quite prettily. Harewood Hill is west of Charlestown, and is so called because Harewood House, the home of Bushrod Washington, rests thereon. Through the chinks of the wall a dim light played without; inside sat a middle aged mulatto, before a blazing chunk on the hearth, swaying to and fro and mumbling formless ditties, whereof the tunes were of cradles, the words of tombs and specters and the import something weird, uncanny:

A TYPICAL OLD NEGRO.

"Good evening, Abraham."

"Mawnin'."

"You see we are here; now tell about that afair."

"No."

"Abraham, here's a quarter."

"No, suh. Ain't gwine tell you nuffin."

"You may have this quarter, Abraham, if you will."

"No. Ain't gwine tell you nuffin, I ain't. No, suh. Neen poke yo' money ter me."

"Please, Abraham!"

"No; 'fo' Gord, no."

"Abraham?——"

"Law, now, now Massa, is't a whole quarter? Lemme see? How much dooju wanter know?" and Abraham's oily mouth directly enclosed the proffered quarter.

"Now, Abraham!"

But Abraham Linkum sat mute. Five minutes thus passed.

"Abraham, we are waiting."

Still no word from Abraham. Thus foiled we concluded upon a bit of strategy.

"He is a fraud," we said, "a genuine fraud," and started to go. This aroused him.

"'Deed I ain' Massa, 'deed, double-deed I ain' got nuffin to tell—"

"We don't believe John Brown saw you. You are a genuine fraud—"

THE SPOT HE NEVER WASHED.

"Go 'long, Massa; yes, he did. Mammy tol' me so. Yo' see I wuz nuffin but er baby, en long 'bout de time Marse Ossywatmy bin leadin' f'om de Co't 'us' ter be hung Mammy hol' me up, she did, en Marse Ossywatmy kissed me reck heah;" and Abraham pointed to a filthy patch on his right cheek.

There, indeed, say the people, old Ossawattomie Brown kissed Abraham Linkum on the day he was hanged at Charlestown. It was a pity, too, for Abraham Linkum, as ever since he has been positively good for nothing. He was never known to do an hour's work, but is scrupulously clean about every other part of his person save that spot on his cheek, which has never been washed since the day John Brown's lips pressed it 30 years ago.

Will not some enterprising Northerner come hither, secure this odd specimen of humanity, and exhibit him over the country? There is money in it. It would be a sensation everywhere; and doubtless there would be many old, grave and toothless grandmas who could be charged a fat fee for the special privilege of touching lips ever so gently upon that hallowed spot—! But, seriously, it is matter of some wonder that capital has not been made of this negro ere this.

HISS-EVANS.

A Statesman on Saving.

Mr. Chauncey Depew gave lately a pointer on saving by telling an interesting story which is well worth reprinting—here it is:

"Some years ago I took a great fancy to a young man. He got a good salary, but never could save a cent. He was not viciously extravagant, but heedless and not at all careful. Finally he married, and I thought perhaps the responsibility of a wife and subsequent tender responsibilities might induce him to pay more attention to the limitations of his purse. But it did not and the funny part of it was that his wife seemed to be just as indifferent a financier as he was. They were fast drifting on the rocks of bankruptcy. At last he came to me and told me his predicament. I related how, when I was a young boy, it was the rage in Peekskill to have a ''Tis But' box. This was a box in which were deposited all of the quarters and other pieces which would have gone on the plea of the husband or wife. 'Why, John, or why Mary, 'tis but a quarter.' Well, will you believe it, that young man and that young woman rigged up a ''Tis But' box, and in a year he brought me $1,000 and asked me to buy some sort of an investment bond for him.

"Every young married couple in the country should have a ''Tis But' box, and if you will but tell them so with my compliments they will be very happy chicks at the end of the year."

The moral applies as pertinently to quarters and halves saved on shoes as in any other way, and it is urged that if you deal at W. M. Laird's mammoth bargain shoe stores, you will in time lay up your $1,000.

Solid Trains to Cincinnati.

The B. & O. R. R. Co. now operates a double daily service of express trains between Pittsburg and Cincinnati via Wheeling, Zanesville and Columbus. Both trains run through without change or transfer. Pullman buffet parlor car on the day train, and Pullman sleeper on the night train.

EVERY DAY SCIENCE.

Methods of the Sponge Fishermen Off the Coast of Florida.

UTILITY OF THE CARRIER PIGEON.

Graphic Description of a Battle Between Modern War Vessels.

LAYING IRON PIPES IN DEEP WATER

[PREPARED FOR THE DISPATCH.]

Fishing for sponges has developed into quite an industry on the coast of Florida. The sponge beds extend from Cape Florida to near the mouth of the Apalachicola river, a distance of 900 miles, and from one-half a mile to 20 miles from the coast, at depths ranging from one to eight fathoms, this being the greatest depth at which it is practicable to fish. The area actually fished over exceeds 20,000 square miles of water, but there is reason to believe that the sponge can be found over a much greater area. The manner of fishing and the apparatus required are very simple. Each fishing schooner takes from two to six dingeys, or small boats; two men go in each boat; one sculls and the other stands at the bow with a sponge hook, which is a three-pronged, sickle-shaped instrument, but more curved and measuring from the point to the base nine inches; the prongs are about one-half an inch in diameter from the base to the curve and gradually tapering to a blunt point; the haft is round and about six inches long, and driven into a narrow pole one and one-half inches in diameter, and measuring from 6 to 50 feet in length. The hooks and handles are manufactured here.

These contrivances, with an ordinary wooden pail having a glass bottom, and designated as a water glass, are the paraphernalia required to catch the sponge. The pail is used only when the weather is cloudy or the water is murky or rippling on the surface. It is half submerged in the water, and by looking into it the sponge can be readily seen at a depth of 60 feet. The boat is sculled slowly and stopped only when the sponges are seen. There has been no improvement on the methods first adopted, as here described, for catching the sponges. About seven years ago four Mediterranean divers were brought over for the purpose of introducing the diving system. This, however, was abandoned for the following reasons: First, the heavy iron shoes of the divers trampled the young sponges so much that they would not grow. Second, the whole sponge was taken up, so that none would again grow there; while, if taken up with the hook, there was always enough left to grow again. Third, it was impracticable on account of the rocky bottom. Last year diving for sponges was made illegal by an act of the Florida Legislature.

Some of the sponges taken in the neighborhood of Rock Island measure 6 feet in circumference and 15 inches high. Such sponges are, however, rarely found, and sell for prices ranging from $100 to $150 for exhibition purposes, as they are practically useless for anything else. After the sponge is taken out of the water it is cast on the deck of the vessel or upon the beach, and exposed to the sun for 24 or 48 hours, until it dies. It is then cast into water for a few days, washed out and beaten with clubs until all the animal matter is completely removed, strung up in assorted bunches, and allowed to dry. After the sponges are brought to market they are trimmed with shears, and bleached by being immersed in a solution of lime and water, and exposed to the sun for several days. When perfectly dry they are ready for the merchant.

There are many varieties of sponges, viz.: the sheep's wool, the yellow, the grass sponge, the velvet and the glove sponge, all differing in quality and price, the sheep's wool being the highest priced and selling in the market at Key West at $2 and $2 25 per pound. The others sell at from 75 cents to $1 50 per pound. Of those employed in fishing, more than half are colored. Scarcely any Cubans follow the business; they prefer to stick to cigarmaking, as they cannot stand the cold and fatigue incidental to sponging.

The Carrier Pigeon.

For a long time past the carrier pigeon has been regularly employed in the service of the evening newspapers of the Midlands and North of England in carrying reports of football and cricket matches, and other events from outlying districts. So far as is known, however, pigeons have not hitherto been used for the conveyance of sketches intended for publication. In order to insure the rapid delivery of the sketches made by the artists of the enterprising illustrated paper at the recent University race, pigeons specially trained were loosed with the sketches tied round their necks, from the attendant launch and the press boat both during the actual race and at the moment the crews passed the winning post. During the siege of Paris carrier pigeons were extensively used, and the breeding and training of them for military purposes are carried on in connection with the German army. As carriers of telegrams these birds can be easily and inexpensively used between country houses and postoffices situated some miles apart.

The birds require to be bred on the spot to which they are intended to fly, and then to be sent away from home, and kept in an outhouse or stable, where they cannot see the surrounding country. When liberated they at once fly home and can carry telegrams, letters, etc., rolled up and tied round their necks' weighing up to two ounces (a lighter weight is, of course, better), at the rate of a mile in two minutes, and they are seldom, if ever, lost. When a reply to a telegram is expected from the postoffice situated some miles distant, a pigeon can readily be sent into the postoffice by the rural postman at very small expense, to await the arrival of the telegram at the office, when it can be dispatched with the message round its neck, and will arrive home in a few minutes at a considerable saving of money as well as time. The British East Africa Company is sending out to East Africa each month a number of carrier pigeons to be trained there to carry messages between the different stations inland and on the coast. Homing pigeons are hardy and readily breed in all parts of the world. In such a country as East Africa a proportion of them are likely to fall a prey to hawks and other rapacious birds, but the acquisition of this means of rapid communication will be invaluable to the company.

The Naval Fight of the Future.

Lieutenant Bradley A. Fiske gives a very graphic description of what the naval fight of the future will be. Each vessel will clear for action as soon as the other is sighted perhaps five miles away, and will slow down in order to gain time for preparation and to get up the highest possible steam pressure. Forced draughts will at once be started, and the subdued roar of the air driven through the turnaces to accelerate combustion, and the whirr of the dynamos, will be added to the clang of the gun breech blocks as they are swung open to admit the projectile to the breech, the hum of the ammunition hoists raising powder and shell to the decks, and the quiet, firm orders of authority. On deck the gatling guns and revolving cannons, and in the tops the rapid fire guns are noiselessly put in readiness; the captain takes his place in the armored conning tower with the chief quartermaster and his aid; the executive officer assumes charge of the battery, and remains near at hand to take the captain's place in case of his death or disability, the range finders are got into position, and the officer in charge begins to report from time to time the distance of the enemy, now drawing closer. Probably not a shot will be fired until this distance is reduced to 2,000 yards, and probably both ships will keep pointed toward each other until that time.

But now what will the contestants do? It has been held that both will advance steadily toward each other—each commander hoping that some false move on the part of his adversary will enable him to rush forward, discharge his bow torpedo at 500 yards, and perhaps follow it up with his ram and end the fight at once—until they have approached so close, say 500 yards, that neither dares swerve lest he himself be rammed, so that the ships will at length collide end on, and may be both sunk! The various inventions of the past few years, have, however, not so much revolutionized naval science as they have broadened it. The principles of strategy remain the same, and so does the necessity for the seaman's skill. Engineers construct, inventors invent, experiments are tried, sham battles are fought, and heated discussions agitate the naval mind, but the only thing that can determine the real conditions of modern naval warfare is a modern naval war.

Laying Pipes Under Water.

A civil engineer at Watertown, N. Y., lately accomplished in a very simple, cheap and expeditious way what is usually a difficult and expensive operation—the laying of a long line of pipe in deep water. He had occasion to lay nearly 1,000 feet of suction pipe at Rouse's Point. The water was needed for manufacturing purposes, and as it was found that the water near the shore was more or less impure, it was necessary to place the inlet a considerable distance out into the lake. He purchased for the purpose a steel pressure pipe of eight-inch diameter. Plugging the end of the first length, he pushed it out on the surface of Lake Champlain, and connected the second length; pushing this out in turn until the whole line was coupled. It then presented the unusual spectacle of a line of eight-inch pressure pipe nearly 1,000 feet long, floating with a displacement of only 3¼ inches of its diameter. When the requisite length had been connected the line was towed to position, the plug at the end removed, and the pipe sank easily in 16¼ feet of water without breaking a joint or receiving any injury. No buoys or floats were used in the operation, and no apparatus of any kind. The pipe is now in use as the suction of a steam pump, and gives perfect satisfaction.

Prof. Rucker's Magnetic Needle.

Geologists are always ready to use work done by laborers in other branches of science, and of late a most interesting work has been going on, which shows the bearing one branch of knowledge may have on another. Profs. Rucker and Thorpe have been carefully noting the behavior of the magnetic needle in various parts of England, and have found that it is deflected at times in a most inexplicable manner. The deflection was at first charged to great masses of basaltic, or like rocks, the minerals of which contain a large amount of iron. Finding, however, that this peculiar behavior of the magnetic needle occurred also in tracts where no such rocks were at the surface, but which consisted of such formation as chalk and tertiary beds, these observers were led to conclude that deep under ground in those tracts there was a mass of basaltic or other highly ferruginous rock that affected the needle. It seems therefore likely that Prof. Rucker's elaborate and scientific divining rod will come into use for the purpose of indicating what places are to be avoided in searching for coal measures under ground.

The Noah's Ark of the Future.

Edison has not only invented the talking doll, but he suggests, and through his assistance is already working on phonographic canary birds, which will reproduce the sweetest notes of that favorite little singer. Artificial parrots will give us the same inconsequential sort of nonsense that we always associate with their originals, and dogs, horses, cats, geese, ducks, chickens, etc., will produce the various sounds of their kind. The "Noah's ark" of the future will be a somewhat formidable importation into a quiet family home.

Slow-Burning Stove.

A slow-burning stove has been brought out, in which the admission of the air is used to modify the combustion instead of increasing it. The arrangements of the stove permit of lighting it with ease, of removing the residues of combustion, of letting it go out every night and relighting it every morning without removing the coal from the hopper. The stove is capable of burning 18 hours without a renewal of the charge.

Loss of Water by Waste.

Water leaking through a hole just large enough to pass a needle through during 24 hours at a 14-pound pressure would be sufficient to supply a house for the day. The waste through a one-inch pipe under the same conditions would be 1,140 gallons.

Pancake Machine.

The latest invention is a pancake machine, in which, by turning a handle, the batter can be turned into a hopper, and between heated rollers browned and made ready for the table.

CATARRH CURED TO STAY CURED.

AN AGGRAVATED CASE OF FIVE YEARS' SUFFERING CURED BY DR. BYERS OVER TWO YEARS AGO REMAINS WELL TO THE PRESENT TIME.

Mrs. Perry, cor. Ann and Moultrie Sts., city

For five years Mrs. Perry suffered from such severe pains that she could not give attention to her household duties, could get air through neither nostril, consequently slept with her mouth open and snored so loudly that none could sleep in adjoining rooms. Food she could not retain on her stomach, especially supper; this she vomited as soon as eaten. Dr. Byers removed the swellings from her nostrils, opening them up so she could breathe through them, reduced the soreness and inflammation, and gave her medicine for her stomach. She never vomited after taking the first dose of medicine, and in three months was entirely well. A few days ago Mrs. Perry called to consult Dr. Byers about her arm and said her head and stomach still remained well, thus disproving the popular idea that catarrh cannot be cured to stay cured.

HOME TREATMENT A SUCCESS.

A lady patient of Howard, O., writing for her second month's treatment, says: "I am feeling much better, my head has not pained me for over two weeks, and the terrible pain I had in my back is gone."

TREATMENT $5 A MONTH.

Dr. Byers continues to treat catarrh and all chronic diseases for $5 per month, medicine included. That the public appreciate good, honest treatment at low rates is evidenced by the fact that he is kept busy from morning till night. One day he treated 24 people for catarrh alone. He consults with and treats every patient himself. Office established 1885.

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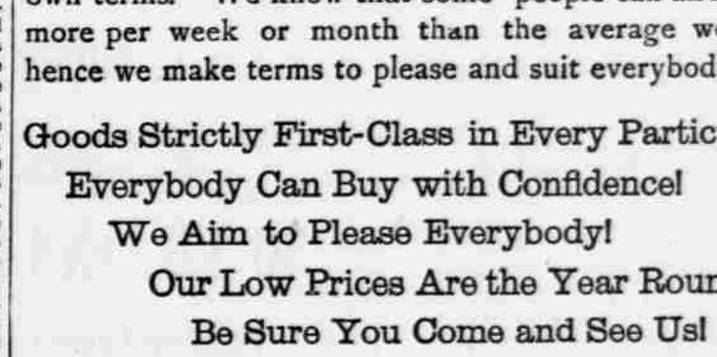

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