

SELLING A GREENY.

BY F. DELACY.

NEAR the City Hall Park is a building containing a large number of offices, and as the upper stories have an entrance from two streets it is a favorite locality for the operations of the swindlers who live by fleecing "green countrymen." A frequent game is to get some verdant individual to advance money for which they give them either a spurious draft or bogus coin as security, and then enter the building above mentioned and leave by the door on the other side. A young man well posted in the ways of the city, determined to see if he could not swindle one of the sharpers, and having come to this determination, went to the Park Hotel dressed like a "well-to-do" countryman, and entered his name as Charles T. Charles, of Westfield Mass. The next morning he passed out of the hotel at an early hour for a walk, and as he sauntered up the street towards Park Row, a merry twinkle might have been noticed in his eyes, had the spruce young gentleman who was dogging his footsteps been in front and of a particularly observant nature.

This humble follower in the train of the green boy was a distinguished looking personage. He was apparently some twenty-five or thirty years of age, was dressed in the very height of fashion, and sported a precocious pair of black side whiskers. He wore a very flashy red necktie, on which sparkled, or tried to sparkle, a very large Alaska diamond. He was a person to attract attention, but the young man noticed him not. Verdant was busily engaged in staring at the massive buildings that surrounded him on all sides. His eyes opened wide as he gazed, and he took his pipe from his mouth and allowed it to go out, that he might open that, too, in country style.

The two had reached the corner of Park row before Greeny became aware that a stranger was nigh, much less that he was the object of that stranger's special attention. At this point, however, the whiskered gentleman touched him gently on the shoulder. He turned and met the gaze of that tremendous Alaska.

While yet under the influence of its dazzling brilliancy, the stranger spoke. He exclaimed with the fervor of an old friend: "Why, Charley! Where the deuce did you come from?"

Verdant was astonished, and had not the art to conceal his astonishment. Alaska looked at him for a moment in silence, and then said with the politest of airs:

"I beg your pardon, sir; I took you for an old friend of mine, Charley Charles, of Westfield, Mass." Then, as Greeny was still apparently intent on gathering his bewildered senses, he soliloquised softly, "Wonderful resemblance."

"Wall, you see," said Verdant at length, with an unmistakably moral accent, "that's me and no mistake." But I kinder don't seem to remember you."

"What!" quoth Alaska, with a touch of genuine pathos, "not remember me! Why, I spent a whole day at your father's house once. Let's see; it was three years ago. You were in the field, mowing, when I first came, but I saw you at dinner and again at supper. Don't you remember?"

Greeny bethought him. He did have a sort of faint recollection of having met a stranger at the house some time or other. "But by gosh, sir, I would never ha' known ye agin."

Alaska gushed; "Charlie, I am that stranger. I made your father promise if ever I met him in New York that he would make my home his home."

Greeny interrupted him. The two here came to a cigar store, and the Westfield boy wanted a weed. He invited his friend to join him.

The cigars were spread upon the counter. Greeny selected one, immediately lit it, puffed a moment, said it was a "durned good one," and pulling a ten cent stamp from his pocket, threw it on the counter. Alaska looked on with a placid smile.

"Thirty cents," said the cigar man. "What!" said Verdant.

The vender of weeds reiterated his demand. "I never paid more than five cents for a cigar in my life," said Greeny. Do ye think ye can swindle me? I've read too much of this durned old place to be taken in."

A scene was imminent. Alaska came to the rescue. He saw a game ahead. Greeny in offering the ten cents, had unconsciously unfolded a check for a hundred dollars, and the diamond had flashed for an instant on the magic figures. Alaska proffered a five dollar bill, received his change, and the two went forth.

"And now," said he of the side whiskers, "what are you doing here? You've come to stay, of course."

"Wall," was the answer, "that depends on circumstances. Ye see I've got tired of livin' in the country, and I thought I'd just come up and see if I could strike a job."

"That's right, my good fellow, there's nothing like striking out for one's self. Now, what can you do? Perhaps I might help you to a place."

"Wall," said Greeny, while gratitude at his friend's kind offer beamed forth

from his hitherto stolid face, "I can cipher pretty fair. I thought if I got a chance I might learn to keep books. You see I've got a good education for a country boy."

"By Jove!" said Alaska, "how fortunate! Do you know I want just such a fellow as you myself. I want an office boy."

"No."

"Yes. The boy I've got now ain't fit to keep the place. He's never in when I want him, and pays no attention to business. But then (thoughtfully) I always require a recommendation of character. You see my boy has the handling of large sums of money, and I have to secure myself. Have you any references?"

"No," said Greeny. "I don't know nobody in New York. Father does, though. He gave me this check," innocently producing the document, "and told me to see the president of the bank and he would help me."

Alaska took the check. It was drawn on the Eighth National Bank, for \$100, payable to C. T. Charles, or bearer, and signed in an awkward hand Josiah Charles. Apparently all was regular, and he seemed loth to let the precious document leave his hands. He returned it, however after a careful scrutiny, saying:

"Well, Charley, you look honest, and your father did me a good turn once. I never forget a favor, I'll engage you, and run the risk. Wait here a moment till I go and see what that boy is doing."

They had reached Nassau Street, and were standing in front of the *Scientific American* office directly opposite the Park hotel. The entrance from Nassau street extends through to Park row, at the "World" office. Greeny stood meditating whether on the generous qualities of his new friend or on other and more worldly thoughts it matters not. Suddenly Alaska came bounding down the stairs again at a break-neck pace. He reached the bottom and exclaimed in an indignant tone.

"That d—d boy is off again, and I can't get into my office. He knows I've got to pay fifty dollars at 8 o'clock, and all my greenbacks are locked in my safe I might give this gold (taking a large handful of coins from his pocket), but I hate to part with it. I say Charley just lend me \$50 for an hour will you, you can hold this as security."

Here he tendered a handful of the gold to the dazzled eyes of Greeny.

"Wall," quoth Verdant, "I ain't got nothing but my check, and I've got to pay for my room in advance as soon as the clerk gets up. I promised him I would last night."

"Let me take the check," said Alaska in an insinuating tone. "I can get it cashed."

"But what will I do for my rent? I must leave my check as security. If you can give me five dollars, so I can pay that, I'll lend you the check."

"You can give the clerk one of those ten-dollar gold pieces till I come back."

Greeny was indignant. Did his friend who was going to help him to a place, think he was unwilling to trust him? He wouldn't touch a piece of the gold. His friend was welcome to the check if he would only give him the means to redeem his word at the hotel.

Alaska meditated. The check was regular and good for a hundred dollars. "How much is your room?" he said.

"Four dollars," said Greeny. Alaska produced the four dollars received as change in the cigar store.

Said Verdant—I shall want some change for breakfast, you know; let me have the 70 cents.

It was fast becoming evident that Alaska could deny his friend nothing. The streets were beginning to fill, and if he got the check at all, he must do it at once.

Greeny pocketed the 70 cents, and handed over the check. Alaska dashed up the stairs, and has been seen by Verdant no more. Imagination pictures his crest-fallen face as he is informed at the bank that no such name as Josiah Charles is to be found on their books of deposit and he realizes the fact that instead of selling a greeny he has been badly sold himself.

Beverly, in Massachusetts, is known as "Bean Town." No virtuous citizen of that town thinks of passing Sunday morning, without having baked pork and beans for breakfast. Formerly they went to the different bakeries, Saturday night, each man with his bean-pot. Each pot was numbered with a check as soon as received, and the number given to the owner, and crowds would gather round the bakery door, Sunday morning, each man calling his number and receiving his pot. But now they have a pottery in the town, and each householder has his bean-pot made to order, with his name or initials baked into the sides, and the plan works beautifully. The bakers charge six cents for baking beans, and it is no mean source of revenue.

A man who has been arrested as a vagrant has protested that he had a regular trade or calling, viz: smoking glass for total eclipses of the sun; and as these occur only a few times in a century, he was not to blame for being out of employment a good deal.

Something About Anvils.

IN a deserted shop in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, there rests on its block an anvil that has done duty for more than three hundred years. It is as sound today as it was in 1633, when Ellwood Pomeroy, after welding for the Stuarts the ponderous horse-shoes of the same style and pattern that his ancestors had made during many generations for the Tudors and Plantagenets, grew weary of taxes without law and work without wages, and anvil in hand, sailed for the new world. A deft workman, he thrived in the settlements, and left his anvil as an heir-loom to his descendants.

They show you in the Tower of London the anvil on which the sword was forged that Richard *Cour de Lion* used in his famous contest with Saladin; and at the collection of Pompeian excavations in Naples there is an anvil, certainly older than the Christian centuries, which, of precisely the shape we use, had evidently done service for stalwart workmen of many generations before the city was buried.

But better still, in the Egyptian room of the British Museum, there is a veritable anvil of the Pharaohs. It is older than Rome, older than Greece, older than Jerusalem; as old as the days of Abraham, and probably in existence when the patriarch "was come into Egypt, and the Egyptians beheld Sarai that she was very fair." It is just like a modern anvil, made apparently in the same way, weighing about seventy-five pounds, and sound as it was when first struck by a hammer thirty centuries ago.

The old way of making anvils, and still the process by which the larger number is manufactured, is as follows: The business commences by welding a quantity of the choicest iron—usually scraps that come from broken tools, shafting out of use, steam-boilers worn out, and the like—into a mass which becomes the nucleus of the anvil. These scraps, brought to a white heat in the furnace, are subjected to the heavy blows and crushing weight of the trip-hammer, under which, twisted and turned, flattened and rounded, the "concrete" gains a rough approximation to the desired form. It is then, in company with another piece of iron, called "second weld," recommitted to the furnace. Reaching the necessary heat, both "nucleus" and "second weld" are drawn, and placed instantly—not this time under the trip-hammer—under the blows of forge-hammers in the hands of workmen, one beginning the work, then a second joining in, and so on, until four are pounding upon the two pieces, fast uniting into one, in rapid and regular succession. The strikers are guided in their work by the action of their leader, each man directing his hammer to that part indicated by the leader's blow. An on-looker has no idea of this, and he is naturally surprised to note that under all their apparently reckless blows, the glowing mass gradually assumes form and shapeliness. If the anvil were a small article of trifling weight, it might be possible to forge it whole from a single piece of iron, as a farrier does a horse-shoe. But anvils weigh from three hundred pounds to a thousand. They are made more than any other article, in good faith. A single "put up" anvil might ruin the reputation of the manufacturers. In fact, a large anvil is built up of twenty pieces of metal. Each piece, in company with the ever-growing "nucleus," has to be subjected to the heat, the drawing, the blows of the sledge-hammer, and the shaping already described. The corners which project at the base to steady it, the protrusion toward the beak, the parts of the posterior projection, and the rounded sides, are all separately shaped and welded on by the rapid blows of the workmen. Finally, there is the upper surface, made of the toughest steel, which, must, at the cost of utmost strength of blow and skill of craft, be homologated with the solid iron that the whole may be in perfect union.

The high temperature to which the workmen are exposed during the twenty "welds" is very exacting. To protect them from the furnace fire a curtain of iron is hung up as a screen. During the process of welding this screen is almost always red-hot, and yet it furnishes a protection of which the men are glad enough to avail themselves. The larger the mass to be forged, of course the fiercer must be the fire of the furnace to bring the iron to a welding condition; and when the iron has to be shaped by blows delivered at hand, the strikers must come into close condition with their work, and may not flinch from any temperature that can possibly be borne. The professed fire kings, who in public enter heated ovens and remain during the cooking of bread and meat, do not breathe a hotter air nor endure a higher temperature than the anvil-makers are subjected to during every working day of their lives.

The last operation in the forging of an anvil is the welding of the steel that forms its surface. If this is not perfect, the whole result is a failure. Prompt energetic, and skillful action, not an instant too early or too late, is requisite. Every hammer man must be ready. An instant's pause would be fatal. One careless stroke would spoil the labor of a whole week.—*Hearth and Home.*

SUNDAY READING.

The Red Spot.

No more striking subject for a painter could be imagined than Mr. Vallandigham, as described in the newspaper reports gazing with fixed eye, set teeth and deathly paleness at the little red spot in the skin, which had been so inadvertently caused by drawing a pistol from his pocket. The wound was quite incidental, if we may so speak, and it appeared a small matter. Little blood and less pain accompanied it, and as the wounded man felt around for the ball it might have been hoped that he would squeeze it out and attend to his business again in a day or two. But to the practiced examination of the surgeon that little red spot indicated death. All the wealth of the United States and all the strength of the great party of which he was the chief might have been spent in vain to save the leader who a few moments before was sound and whole, and full of life and vigor. The spot became larger, and blood flowed more freely, both inwardly and outwardly and in a few hours death closed the scene.

There are other ways in which a moment's inadvertence may leave a fatal wound. The boy who first steals from his employer, or looks into a lascivious picture book, has made the red spot.

The youth who takes life in a fit of drunkenness or passion, has consigned himself to the gallows.

The man of business who is tempted into forgery, has inflicted the incurable red spot on his character.

And we need not add that the other sex are even more liable to be irretrievably ruined by a moment's inadvertence.

It is true, however, and it is a glorious truth, that there is a Divine physician, who can and will heal the most fatal wounds of a truly penitent soul, and present it without spot to the Judge of all the earth; but as far as this world is concerned, the injury inflicted on character, in the ways to which we have alluded, are like the wound of Mr. Vallandigham, very easily caused, but hopeless of cure.—*N. Y. Daily Witness.*

Failure not a Failure.

The secret of happiness is to make the best of everything; no matter what happens to annoy, let it all glide along as easily, and with as few words of complaint and fault-finding as possible.

Little inconveniences will intrude upon the most fortunate people, so the only way to be master of every situation, is to make up your mind not to notice small annoyances. People may keep themselves in constant broil over what amounts to nothing; and, without accomplishing the least good, may ruin the peace and quiet of a household. We cannot have everything just as we want it in this world, and the sooner a person understands the fact, the sooner he may have a true basis for happiness.

It is the greatest folly to set the heart upon uncertainties, and then it disappointed, refuse to be comforted or reconciled.

Do the very best you can, and then take things as they come. If a man strive with his best knowledge, energy and untiring labor or accomplish a certain object, work with skill and patience, he is a success, whether the scheme fails or succeeds, and he ought to reconcile himself to failure if it was inevitable. If his labors have been of brain and hand, he is the better fitted to succeed in other undertakings.

Every person should cultivate a nice sense of honor. In a hundred different ways, this most adjunct of the true lady or gentleman is often tried. For instance, one is a guest of a family, where perhaps, the domestic machinery does not run smoothly. There is a sorrow in the house unsuspected by the outer world. Sometimes it is a dissipated son, whose conduct is a shame and grief to his parents; sometimes a relative whose eccentricities and peculiarities are a cloud on the home. Or, worst of all, husband and wife may not be in accord, and there may be often bitter words spoken, and harsh recriminations. In any of these cases the guest in horror bound to be blind and deaf, so far as people are concerned. If a gentle word within can do any good, it may well be said; but to go forth and reveal the shadow of an unhappy secret to any one, even your nearest friend, is an act of indelicacy and meanness almost unparalleled. Once in the precincts of any home, admitted to its privacy, sharing its life, all you hear and see is a sacred trust. It is a really contemptible to gossip of such things, as it would be to steal the silver, or borrow the books and forget to return them home.

A clergyman observing a poor man by the road breaking stones and kneeling to get at his work better, made the remark:

"Ah, John! I wish I could break the stony hearts of my hearers as easily as you are breaking those." "Perhaps you could," replied John, "if you would work more on your knees."

Sin, of all sin, is fruitless; it blossoms fair, but always deceives.— "What fruit had ye in those things whereof ye are now ashamed?"

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