

Bartholomew Thimmonier.

BY JAMES PARTON.

It is proposed in France to erect a monument to Thimmonier, as the inventor of the sewing machine. On no, Messieurs! No man was the inventor of the sewing machine, as we now have it in almost every house in the civilized world. It had a great many inventors, several of whom died before Thimmonier was born, and some of his disciples even patented the machine as early as 1785.

Thimmonier was a very interesting person, and the history of his life is interesting and pathetic to a degree. He did not actually invent a sewing machine in France in 1830, sixteen years before Elias Howe patented his sewing machine in the United States. But there is a great difference between the definite and the indefinite article.

Bartholomew Thimmonier, the son of a Lyons dyer, was a journeyman tailor in a town near Lyons. He married an honest seamstress, and reared a numerous family upon the earnings of his needle industry. It would have been better for him had he stuck to his needle and his gossamer, but such was not his destiny. He was born to be an inventor, and he had the usual fate of his order.

In the beautiful part of France which he inhabited, the departments of Lyons, Rhone, and Saone, the industries in villages and country places is the making of shawls and other articles by the use of the crochet needle. The women there carry on this elegant work in the summer time in the open air, upon the piazzas of their houses, and at open windows. It is while observing the women making the shawls that the idea occurred to him that such work could be done by a machine, and upon further reflection he concluded that his own work, the sewing of garments, was also capable of being done by mechanical contrivances.

An uneducated man, living in a small town in a part of France three hundred miles distant from the capital, he had never heard of any previous attempts of this nature. He was as original an independent inventor as Elias Howe himself, who was also an uneducated man, and wholly ignorant of any previous endeavor to invent a sewing machine.

It was about 1825 when the inventor's mechanic took firm possession of our poor French tailor. He passed the whole of his leisure time, besides many hours both of night and day that were not fairly at his disposal, in a small room, working over his contrivances, and making machine after machine. He passed four years this way, more and more absorbed in his secret labors. He neglected his business, except his little savings, but his credit, and was regarded by his friends as little better than a lunatic. He did not have the advantages of our American inventor, who was a mechanic by trade and lived in the midst of members of invention and science. Poor Thimmonier had to puzzle over a thousand difficulties which an apprentice boy in a machine shop could have explained to him. Quite unable to work in metals, he made his first machine of wood, and in the year 1829 he produced machines in this material which did actually, in some degree, answer the purpose intended.

His needle bore some resemblance to that of Elias Howe, in being pierced near the point and in not passing completely through the material. He also sewed with a continuous thread. It was a step towards the production of an efficient sewing machine, and bears a sufficient resemblance to those now in use to justify the French people in supposing that Thimmonier's machine suggested them. At the French Exposition of 1835 the committee on sewing machines gave as their opinion that the machine of Thimmonier, patented in 1830, had actually secured as a type to all modern sewing machines.

I had many conversations with Elias Howe, both at his house in Bridgeport and at his office in New York, in the latter years of his life, when he had no interest to serve or to preserve by deception. He seemed to me to be a man of great industry upon a sewing machine he had never heard of any former attempt of the kind. The idea came to him from a chance remark of his employer, who said, "I would invent a good sewing machine would make an independent fortune."

At that time Elias Howe was suffering from an inherited lameness, and his daily work in the machine shop fatigued and distressed him. He was supporting his family then upon nine dollars a week at Cambridge, Mass. It was in those circumstances that he began to watch the movements of his wife while she was sewing, and to consider how it might be accomplished by a machine. Probably many hundreds of mechanics had had the same idea, and we know that during the period covered by the labors of Thimmonier and Howe, several other persons put forth efforts to produce a machine that would sew.

He returns to our French tailor. When he had finished his machine in 1829, his resources were quite exhausted, his credit was gone, and it was impossible for him to pay the expenses of a patent. An assistant teacher, almost as poor as himself, had faith in the invention, and consented to a partnership with the inventor, engaging to furnish the money for the patent and to defray the cost of making a second machine. Other partners joined them, the patent was procured, the inventor came to Paris and a capital of eighty thousand francs was subscribed for the manufacture of machines and set-up. They then at a large shop were placed in Paris, in which were placed eighty of the wooden sewing machines, designed to work upon military garments, of which the French government has always required a prodigious number.

So far, all had gone to the satisfaction of the inventor, but when those eighty wooden machines began to work in a simultaneous movement, unknown to either of the inventors, the breaking and snapping were so distressingly frequent, for in truth, the machines were so crude, so imperfect, that it was not possible for them to work to advantage. Nevertheless, the tailors of Paris were in alarm, the machines would not work, and they gave a promise of future and final success, and the cry arose that their craft was in danger. Tailors are a very numerous body, particularly in Paris, which makes clothing for distant parts of Europe. Moreover, the mills and barracks of the revolution of 1830 were still fresh in the recollection of Paris workers, and a length a mob of angry tailors assailed the workshop, took possession of it, threw the little wooden sewing machines out of the windows, and would have thrown the inventor just after them if he had not escaped just in time.

machine which he considered the best he had yet made. He tried long to form a new company. Failing in this and having expended all his money, he returned home on foot, a tramp of three hundred miles, carrying his machine on his back. When he was tired or hungry, he set it up in a village, and performed upon it as if it were a hand organ, but to receive as a reward the sons and half-brothers of the bystanders.

He resumed his trade of tailor, and used his machine for a while to sew up his seams. He obtained another friendly ally in a lawyer of a neighboring town, who advanced money for improvements and a renewal of the patent. He now had a lawyer, and he was better, and executed two hundred stitches a minute. The new firm sold a few machines in the neighborhood at ten dollars each, which worked well enough to excite alarm in the minds of the great multitude in this part of France who live by the needle. He was attacked in one of the newspapers on the ground that he threatened the livelihood of millions of industrious French women. The inventor took pen in hand to defend his machine.

"My invention," said he, "enlarges the domain of woman, and puts her upon an industrial equality with men. The workman who turns against machinery is like a child who rebels against and maltrains his nurse." His defense was long and able, but the fates were against him. When he had shown a show of success, in 1836, he now which drove Louis Philippe from the throne frustrated his hopes and a few years after the admirable machines from America were introduced everywhere and entirely supplanted the crude and imperfect devices of Thimmonier.

At the London Exposition of 1851, he was the recipient of the honor of priority of invention, and that was all. He died in his native village in 1857, poorer than he was when he began to invent, and leaving a widow advanced in life without provisions, and four sons, journeymen mechanics. An industrial society of Lyons granted her a sum of 45 hundred francs, and some years after the government awarded her three hundred francs which served but to defray the cost of her last sickness. She had, however, a kind of public funeral, and, as before stated, it is now proposed to erect a monument over her remains surmounted with a bust of the inventor.

Such is the story of Bartholomew Thimmonier, which shows that the career of invention in France does not materially differ from the inventor's lot in America. It is necessary to succeed. When I knew Elias Howe he was deriving from his sewing machine patents a revenue of two hundred thousand a year. He succeeded, but for one Howe we have a hundred Thimmoniers.

"You are not afraid to go alone?" The speaker was a young man who stood on the platform of a railway station, and he addressed a young girl beside him whose neat gray dress and little satchel proclaimed the traveler.

"It is too bad," he added, "for Mrs. Walters to disappoint you at the last moment. Perhaps to-morrow—"

"Oh, no! to-morrow won't do. Nat! Leonie is to be married on Wednesday, and I must start to-day. Mrs. Walters could not help the baby's sickness, and I am not afraid."

"Never mind! No American ever annoys a protected female. I must get into the cars."

Mr. Ralph Howell very unwillingly gave his arm to his sister, led her to a seat, bade her good bye, and sprang off just as the train started.

"After all," thought Miss Nettie, as she arranged her satchel on the back of the seat, "it is not so bad."

All the seats were filled except the one beside Nettie; yet there was only one person standing in the car. It was a gentleman who leaned against the door and looked out over Nettie's head and out of Nettie's window. She hesitated for a moment—for the gentleman was young and handsome—and another glance of his frank, honest face, his dark hair, and with a dignified bow, she offered him the place. He thanked her and accepted her offer.

Having done her duty, Nettie took from her satchel a book and began to read, while her companion, from behind his newspaper, studied her face. He saw the eyes but beautiful combination of very fair curls and large black eyes, with black eyebrows and lashes, a pure blonde complexion and a small, slight figure. She read for a few moments, and then, seeing that her companion had put away his paper, she laid it aside and turned to him, and she had completely dismissed either impertinence or misconstruction.

"I have the magazines of the month, which my brother handed me as we started. They are at your service, if you have no books."

"I can cut the leaves for you," he said, "Thank you."

the walls of sea-level and the directions of clear authoritative voices, but she could not move, and did not know how to speak or to whom. At last one group of the men who were raising the crowd and the wounded from the ground approached her. An old gentleman bent over her.

"Are you hurt?" he asked in a grave tone that the forced calmness made almost stern.

"I am afraid so. I cannot move."

"Who was with you?"

"I was alone, sir. What is the matter?"

"A collision, ah! Here comes our young doctor. Another patient for you, my friend."

"Miss Howell! Thank God, you are not dead!"

Dr. Holman bent over Nettie as he spoke, and she saw that his left arm was in a sling made of a strip of her shawl.

When he was speaking he kept his head bent and his eyes fixed on her face, and crossed a deep gash in her forehead, while the old gentleman and his family were looking after their mechanical burdens. As Dr. Holman finished his task he said:

"Where else are you hurt?"

"My arm, I think, and side!"

"You were thrown from the broken side of the car by the crash of the locomotive before I could catch you, and I had to spring out for my life."

He raised her arm as he spoke, and with a sharp cry of pain, she fainted again.

It was a different scene which her next moment of consciousness found her. She was lying on a small bed in a little room whose low ceiling and narrow walls gave her an odd, stifling feeling; but her eyes rested first on the figure beside her, and she was astonished to hear her own weak voice when she said "Mother!"

"Yes, you awake, Nettie?"

"Where are you?"

"You are in the house of a farmer, who has given up all his rooms to the wounded, from the railway accident. You remember that, Nettie?"

"Yes; but how did I get here?"

snapper of a breakfast dish to those in ordinary health. After pork comes veal in the scale of indigestibility, so that, on the whole, my best advice to the dyspeptic is to leave both out, with the exception of fried thin-cut bacon as a relish in the morning. Sweetmeats, whether of cake or fish, when in season. He will hardly need to be told that beef and mutton when good and properly cooked, give him life and energy, and therefore comfort and to a great degree, happiness, but I may remind him that an undue proportion of animal food renders him more liable to inflammatory troubles, whether acute or chronic, and again, if suffering from rheumatism or other blood complaint, he must be cautious in the use of such viands.

Fattening Swine.

Mr. A. B. Allen, who founded the American Agricultural nearly fifty years ago, and was for many years its editor, is now spending the evening of his days on his farm near Rome River, N. J. As an early farmer, he is devoting very much of his attention to stock raising, and in the November number he gives the following advice about fattening swine:

"Swine should be pushed forward now in mild weather as fast as possible, as they will gain much more rapidly on the same quantity of food than in freezing weather. During the fattening process it has been found highly beneficial to feed pumpkins, for when this is done they assist the digestion of the grain or meal given the swine, and enable them to more perfectly and economically convert it into flesh, thus saving a considerable percentage. In the consumption of food, pumpkins, or what are richer and better, winter squashes, ought to be grown by all swine keepers. Aside from these, they are excellent for the store stock, as they will do well if fed alone on those that is provided they are of a good, pure breed."

"When pumpkins are not on hand, a few winter squashes, of which beets, carrots and cabbages are better than potatoes, rutabagas, or common turnips. The last are very poor food for this purpose and are better for cattle. Grass, and especially clover, is a good substitute for grain, so long as it remains green and growing in autumn, but when turned out to graze, the swine should have a warm shed, in which they can come when fed, and to protect themselves from dew and frost during the night, as well as from storms."

To make superior hams and bacon, or perhaps they would answer, at the rate of one-half to a third of one of the latter to the former, and a small quantity of the former, and a great quantity of the latter, is the best food for this purpose, and are better for cattle. Grass, and especially clover, is a good substitute for grain, so long as it remains green and growing in autumn, but when turned out to graze, the swine should have a warm shed, in which they can come when fed, and to protect themselves from dew and frost during the night, as well as from storms."

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A Queer Creature.

"Goodness me!"

"No, ma, I'm not, but what is it?"

"What man, you say, my friend, and a great scientist than your na have had to give it up."

"Is it a man?"

"What does he do for a living, my friend?"

"His wife is on the stage."

"Oh, yes, how is his wife's husband?"

"Does he make it pay?"

"Yes, dear, judging from the champagne he has bought the beautiful fur collar he wears on his overcoat, when overcoats are in season, mamma thinks he must make it pay."

"What has he to do to do to his wife's husband, my friend?"

Queer Things in War.

Men might write for a hundred years of the horrors of war, and still leave the subject fresh. War is a lottery, and the prizes are shot, shell, wounds and death. Tens of thousands of men served four years in the late war and returned home. In a thousand cases recruits were killed twenty-four hours after reaching the front. War's misdeeds are those of persons, and the soldier who fights an all-day's battle without receiving a wound may be killed in his tent at night by the accidental discharge of a musket.

At the battle of Franklin, the first shell sent from the first Union field-piece to open fire killed twenty-six Confederates. The next five shells from the same gun either failed to explode or cleared the advancing lines. In this same fight the horse of a Confederate general was cut square in two by a shot, and the rider escaped unhurt. Ten minutes after a Union officer behind the breastworks struck a Confederate soldier on the ground, breaking his neck.

In one of the assaults on Fort Wagner, in Charleston harbor, the iron-clad fleet assisted by land batteries numbering twenty-seven cannon, bombarded the fort for two hours without killing a single man. From seventy to eighty heavy cannon were hurling three tons of iron shot for each minute, and yet no one was hurt until after three hundred tons of "solid shot" had been wasted. As an offset to this, witness the work of a single shot drawn from a Federal gun-boat on the Lower Mississippi. A Confederate flying battery was just taking position, and the powder had already opened fire. The Federal shot was aimed at this piece. The big mass of iron struck the six-pounder square on the muzzle and upset gun and carriage. A piece of the muzzle weighing about twenty pounds, was broken, and this flew to the left and killed two men.

The men were hurled by small fragments of flying splinters. The big shot next struck and exploded a cannon, killing three men and wounding two others. From the cannon it turned to the right, killed a horse, smashed the wheel of a field piece, and crushed the legs of a sergeant to a bloody mass. That one shot disorganized the battery that it was attacking, and it fled to cover.

While flying ordnance is necessary in relieving forts and earthworks, it is doubtful if there was any profit in the work of the big guns carried by the iron-clads on the rivers. When McClellan fell back he had the cover of gun-boats, and some writers claim that they saved his army from capture. So far as the Confederacy records show, the loss by the enormous shells thrown over the heads of our troops into the woods by these great cannon, amounted to no more than a hundred men. They were a new thing then, and the effect of the awful crash and terrific explosion on the men was demoralizing on the troops in line.

A Union gun-boat on the White River threw three shells into a Confederate camp, killing nearly fifty men and routing a force of 800. Within a week after that event the Confederate General Shelby planted four pieces of flying artillery on the levee, within four hundred feet of the same gun-boat at anchor, and without the least cover for men or guns kept up a hot fight for an hour, until the gun-boat backed out of it and steamed away.

The chances in a lottery can be figured down line, and certain per centage of escapes is allowed in a steamboat explosion; but he who goes to war has nothing to console him. He may receive a dozen bullets and live on, or the first may kill him. He may dodge a two-hundred-pound shell and be killed by a rifle ball. He may ride in the wildest charge unhurt, and he may be killed by a stray bullet around his camp fire.

"Michael Strogoft."

Mr. G. C. Staley, while playing the leading part in "Michael Strogoft," at the Grand Opera, became so hoarse, from a severe cold that he despaired of being able to continue his part. Two bottles of Red Star Cough Cure entirely cured him. Does not nauseate.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she gave her Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

One night a hickory John Layton, who runs the main line train from Boston came on my engine sick as death. He was so feverish and nervous he almost cried. "Cheer up, John," says I, "and I'll fix you in a jiffy, and I gave him a good dose of Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. He went to bed. Two days after I saw him looking strong as a bullock. That's the stuff for a railroad man," he said. "Daniel Fitts, Engineer Old Colony Railroad."

Prophets of Evil.

The best who comes with his soft sighs in summer time, and his "W" prefiguring war, must not take a back seat. From a North Carolina contemporary we learn of a breed of educated spiders who are in the prophesy business, and who seem the initial letter. When they are anything to communicate they write it out, and they don't misspell words, either. One spider ran out a web and wrote across it in bright, silvery letters, "war." Another spun a web and began to write. He embroidered across his silken home the word "arms." Next day he proceeded and outlined the scene of a battle. These educated spiders are had looking creatures; in size as large as a honey-bee, have eight legs, and when disturbed show anger, shoot out their tongues, and swing their cob-web tackle as if they meant to jump and sting.

The pain and misery suffered by those who are afflicted with dyspepsia are indescribable. The distress of the body is equalled or surpassed by the confusion and tortures of the mind, thus making its victims suffer double afflictions. The relief that is given by Hoed's Sarsaparilla has caused thousands to be thankful for this great medicine. It dispels the causes of dyspepsia and restores the digestive organs. Try Hoed's Sarsaparilla.

Two excited Irish tenants were waiting behind a hedge for their landlord's agents, loaded, cocked, and ready for action. They waited a long time, but he came not. At last says one of them: "Belad, Pat, I hope nothin has happened to the poor old jintleman."

My mother is eighty three years of age, and for years has suffered greatly with rheumatism. In fact she was quite helpless, being unable to move about the house. A lady friend induced her to try Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. She did so, and found almost immediate relief. The power of this medicine to do good extends to all ages and a wide range of complaints. You cannot possibly regret having purchased it. Remember that rheumatism cannot be cured externally.

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