

paper, awful dirty and crumpled up, but with the address on it right enough.

"We all believed every word on't, even without the paper; for his look, and his voice, and the way he spoke, was enough to show that there warn't a ha' porth o' lyin' in his whole skin. But the mate didn't seem to swaller the yarn at all; he only shrugged his shoulders with a kind o' grin, as much as to say, 'I'm too old a bird to be caught with that kind o' chaff'; and then he says to him, 'Look here, my lad, that's all very fine, but it won't do here; some of these men o' mine are in the secret, and I mean to have it out of 'em. Now, you just point out the man as stowed you away and fed you, this very minute; if you don't it'll be the worse for you!'

"The boy looked up, in his bright, fearless way, (it did my heart good to look at him, the brave little chap!) and says, quite quietly, 'I've told you the truth; I ain't got no more to say.'

"The mate says nothing, but looks at him for a minute as if he'd see clean through him; and then he faced round to the man, lookin' blacker than ever. 'Reeve a rope to the yard!' he sings out, loud enough to awake the dead; 'smart, now!'

"The men all looked at each other, as much as to say, 'What on earth's a-comin' now?' But aboard ship, o'course, when you're told to do a thing, you've got to do it; so the rope was rove in a giffy.

"Now, my lad," says the mate, in a hard, square kind o' voice, that made every word seem like fittin' a stone into a wall, 'you see that 'ere rope? Well, I'll give you ten minutes to confess, (he took out his watch and held it in his hand), 'and if you don't tell the truth afore the time's up, I'll hang you like a dog!'

"The crew all stared at one another as if they couldn't believe their ears (I didn't believe mine, I can tell ye), and then a low growl went up among 'em, like a wild beast awakin' out of a nap.

"Silence, there!" shouts the mate, in a voice like the roar of a nor'easter. 'Stand by to run for'ard!' and with his own hands he puts the noose round the boy's neck. The little fellow never flinched a bit; but there was some among the sailors—big, strong chaps, as could ha' fallen a ox—as shook like leaves in the wind. As for me, I bethought myself o' my little curly-head-lad at home, and how it 'ud be if any one was to go for to hang him; and at the very thought of it I tingled all over, and my fingers clinched their selves, as if they were a-grippin' somebody's throat. I clutched hold o' a handspike, and held it behind my back, all ready.

"Tom," whispers the chief engineer to me, 'do you really think he means to do it?'

"I don't know," says I, through my teeth; 'but if he does, he shall go first, if I swing for it!'

I've been in many an ugly scrape in my time; but I never felt 'arf as bad as I did then. Every minute seemed as long as a dozen; and the tick o' the mate's watch reg'lar pricked my ears like a pin. The men were very quiet, but there was a precious ugly look on some o' their faces; and I noticed that three or four on 'em kep' edgin' for'ard to where the mate was standin', in a way that meant mischief. As for me, I'd made up my mind that if he did go for to hang the poor little chap, I'd kill him on the spot and take my chance.

"Eight minutes," says the mate, his great deep voice breakin' in upon the silence like the toll o' a funeral bell. "If you've got anything to confess, my lad, you'd best out with it, for yer time's nearly up."

"I've told you the truth," answers the boy, very pale, but as firm as ever. "May I say my prayers, please?"

The mate nodded; and down goes the poor little chap on his knees (with that infernal rope about his neck all the time), and puts up his poor little hands to pray. I couldn't make out what he said (fact, my head was in such a whirl that I'd hardly ha' knowed my own name), but I'll be bound God heard it, every word. Then he ups on his feet again, and puts his hands behind him, and says to the mate, quite quietly, "I'm ready!"

And then, sir, the mate's hard, grim face broke up all at once, like I've seed the ice in the Baltic. He snatched up the boy in his arms, and kissed him, and burst out a-cryin' like a child; and I think there warn't one o' us as didn't do the same. I know I did for one.

"God bless you, my boy!" says he, smoothin' the child's hair with his great hand. "You're a true Englishman, every inch of you; you wouldn't tell a lie to save your life! Well, if so be as yer father's cast ye off, I'll be yer father from this day forth; and if I ever forget you, then may God forget me!"

And he kep' his word, too. When we got to Halifax, he found out the little un's aunt, and give her a lump o' money to make him comfortable; and now he goes to see the youngster every voyage, as reg'lar as can be; and to see the pair on 'em together—the little chap so fond o' him, and not bearin' him a bit o' grudge—it's 'bout as pretty a sight as ever I seed. "And now, sir, axin' yer parding, it's time for me to be goin' below, so I'll just wish yer good night."

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WHAT OF THAT.

Tired? Well, and what of that? Didst fancy life was spent on beds of ease, Fluttering the rose-leaves scattered by the breeze?

Come, rouse thee! work while it is called to-day; Onward, arise, go forth thy way!

Lonely! and what of that? Some must be lonely; 'tis not given to all To feel a heart responsive rise and fall— To blend another life into its own; Work may be done in loneliness; work on!

Dark! Well, and what of that? Didst fondly dream the sun would never set? Dost fear to lose thy way? Take courage yet. Learn thou to walk by faith and not by sight; Thy steps will guided be, and guided right.

Hard! Well, and what of that? Didst fancy life one summer holiday, With lessons none to learn, and naught but play? Go, get thee to thy task. Conquer or die! It must be learned; learn it, then, patiently.

No help! Nay, 'tis not so; Though human help be far, thy God is nigh, Who feeds the ravens, hears his children's cry; He's near thee wheresoe'er thy footsteps roam; And He will guide thee, light thee, help thee home.

MACHINISTS AND BLACKSMITHS.

Every one who has had an opportunity to employ different kind of workmen to assist him in the construction of novel machinery, will agree with us that he always had the least trouble with the blacksmiths. As a class of workmen they generally possess the best judgment, will not misunderstand the directions given, which is so often the case with other workmen, and they have the special faculty of possessing a good eye for symmetry of form. They will judge by the eye alone, quite correct, if an angle is right, a circle round, etc. This latter faculty is a result of their training. While the carpenter lays his square on the work, and marks it off beforehand, the blacksmith most ordinarily make his right angle by sight, and can only resort to the square to see if he was correct.

In regard to utility for social progress the business of blacksmith stands foremost. What would the most useful of all producers, the farmer be, even in his most primitive state, without the blacksmith to make the tools with which he works the soil? The most important utensils of the carpenter, mason, and others—even of the housekeeper—are due to the labors of the blacksmith. No wonder, then, that the name of him who tradition says to be the first worker of metals, the first blacksmith, TUBAL-CAIN, is kept as a sacred name among the ancient and venerable order of Free Masons.

It has been noticed that at the present day few young men care to learn that trade; the cause is that it requires so much hard, muscular labor. Thousands prefer, therefore, to become machinists, as then they have all sorts of mechanical tools to shape their work, without the hard labor with nimble hammer and sledge, and also that as machinists they can, in this thriving country, find always more ready employments than in the blacksmith's trade. In fact the occupation of machinists is at the present day the foundation of most all other trades, as we owe to it the invention of many tools which facilitate labor of all kinds. For instance, the power blower, either centrifugal or positive, has nearly everywhere superceded the blowing by hand; the power drills replace hand-drilling; and the power punches are, again, a time-saving improvement on this; the large power shears do with the greatest ease such work as would require great effort and much time to accomplish in the old way. Without the appliances invented by the mechanics of the present age, we would indeed have no steamboats, railroads, or steam power; the ingenuity of inventors, in attempting to supply the wants of the present race of men, has, in fact, created the machinist trade; and this by inventing the forge hammer driven by steam and other similar inventions, succeeded in shaping masses which no sledge hammer could manage. It was thus demonstrated what bold conceptions could practically be realized, and this in turn stimulated inventors and capitalists to expand their ideas, and go on in conceiving and supporting the most gigantic projects, which our forefathers would have considered impossible of execution, but which our mechanical engineers have practically realized, and in persisting to do so, continually surpass their own former efforts. Witness the colossal steam engines and steamships of the present day, the making of gigantic tunnels and railroads, the building of the most colossal bridges, the blasting out of

the rocky bottoms of entrances to harbors, etc.

Also in small, but not less useful, matters, the inventive genius of the machinist is eminently active at the present day, not only in regard to the saving expenses for diverse pieces of machinery, by contriving a machine to do the labor of two or more distinct ones.—*Manufacturer and Builder.*

A MECHANICAL CURIOSITY.

We saw at a tin shop, recently, (says a California paper), the turbine wheel that drives Los Gatos Flouring Mills—the wheel having been brought down for some little repair. This wheel is only nine inches in diameter and four inches in thickness. It is of brass, and weighs not more than eight or ten pounds, and yet, under two hundred feet of water pressure, it drives three sets of stones, grinding two hundred barrels of flour per day. When in motion, it makes twenty-two hundred revolutions per minute. It looks like a mere child's toy, but its power is wonderful. It seems that the perfection of a water wheel has been reached in this invention.

SUCCESS IN LIFE.

The great evil upon which we have fallen in these days of rapid fortune and extravagant living, will be appreciated if we ask ourselves what meaning is attached to the word Success. What are our young people taught as compassing true success in life? What class of men are held up as the true type of manhood, and as worthy of emulation? When a newspaper writer talks of "self-made men," who are the bright examples he holds up to view; whom does he ask our young men to pattern after; the men of ideas, of moral power, of strong virtues, or of great wealth? What is meant by success in life, when the instances most cited in this connection are Astor, Girard, Stewart and Vanderbilt? Who ever speaks of men like Elihu Burritt, and that class of pure philanthropists and scholars, who are constantly thinking so much of others, that they have no time to devote to the accumulation of wealth? While we laud to the skies such men as Peabody, who having lived within himself until he had amassed great wealth and got through with its use and aggrandizement, bequeathed it to such purposes and under such restrictions as suited his fancy or ambition, we are apt to lose sight of the thousands of tender hearts and great souls whose wonderful benevolence and fellow-feeling have made it impossible that they should grow rich, save in the blessings of those whom they helped. Is it not time that a new lexicon was prepared, or the old ones amended, so that our "coming" men and women shall have a different idea of the true meaning of success?

AMATEUR COOPERAGE.

Putting a hoop on the family flour barrel is an operation that will hardly bear an on-core. The woman generally attempts it before the man comes home to dinner. She sets the hoop on the end of the staves, takes a deliberate aim with the rolling pin, and then shutting both eyes brings the pin down with all the force of one arm, while the other instinctively shields her face. Then she snakes a dive for the camphor and unbleached muslin, and when the man comes home she is sitting back of the stove thinking of St. Stephen and other martyrs, while a burnt dinner and the camphor are struggling heroically for the mastery. He says if she had kept her temper she wouldn't have got hurt. And he visits the barrel himself, and puts the hoop on very carefully and adjusts it so nicely to the top of every stave that only a few smart knocks apparently are needed to bring it down right, when he laughs to himself to think what a fuss his wife kicked up over a simple matter that only needed a little patience to adjust itself, and then he gets the hammer and fetches the hoop a sharp rap on the side, and the other side flies up and catches him on the bridge of the nose, fill his soul with wrath and his eyes with tears; and the next instant that barrel is flying across the room accompanied by the hammer, and another candidate for camphor and rag is enrolled in the great army that is unceasingly marching toward the grave.—*Danbury News.*

A SIMPLE METHOD OF IMPROVING THE HEALTH OF CITIES.

Dr. Alfred Carpenter, of London, strongly recommends the connection of all house drains with one of the chimneys, or with a special ventilating pipe leading to the roof of the dwelling. By this simple arrangement a circulation of air through the sewers is obtained, and the foul gases, instead of entering the house to produce

typhoid and other diseases, would be oxygenized, rendered innocuous and dissipated.

In all large cities, there are thousands of unhealthy dwellings, made so by the back pressure of air from the sewer pipes, which would be instantly cured by the use of a few feet of pipe to connect the house drains and water closet pipes with the chimneys. We believe that a passage of a law requiring the insertion of such pipes would be an excellent sanitary provision. We compel the owners of tenement houses to place fire escape ladders upon the outsides of their buildings, as a means of saving life in case of conflagration. But a far greater number of lives might be saved if owners were compelled to put in vent pipes as above indicated. Noxious air from the sewers is one of the main causes of disease and death in all large towns.

BLASTING IN A COAL MINE.

"Down in a coal mine," is a locality which, although immortalized in a popular air ground out at the rate of some twenty times a day by wheezy hand organs under our windows, is not the most inviting place in the world to eke out one's existence. We descend the shaft with a disagreeable feeling of going we know not whither, save somewhere into the depths of a black pit which yawns beneath us. Once at the bottom, there is a damp oppressive feeling in the air; the rock overhead drips dirty water down upon us, and occasionally an icy stream crawls down our back, sending a disagreeable shudder from head to foot. Of course we get bewildered; the light from the little lamp in our oil skin hat is very dim and smoky, and casts a sort of uncertain radiance for about three feet in advance, throwing great black shadows which leave us in a kind of unpleasant doubt whether or not we shall suddenly step into some abyss and disappear for ever into the bowels of the earth.

We trudge through countless leads, now scrambling over timbers, then compressing ourselves into incredibly small compass in order to crawl through the narrowest of openings. There is a conglomeration of coal dust and mud under foot that sticks to our shoes like glue. We trip over the rails, and bruise every square inch of our bodies against the sharp angles of the rough walls, while our hands and faces, within a very few minutes, partake of the sombre hue of our surroundings.

Soon we encounter a party of miners, rough, hardy looking men, far healthier than we should believe would be the case with beings whose labor is carried on away from the light of day. They are preparing a blast, our guide tells us, and we draw near to watch the operation, but speedily retire in dismay at the apparently careless handling of the powder in close proximity to the unguarded flames of the lamps. The men manifest no concern, and are coolly smoking or chatting.

Now, the charges are ready, and one of the miners lights the fuse from his pipe. We scramble precipitately to a safe position in total disregard of either dirt, wet, or bruises; and then, in a state of suspense, we stop our ears and wonder whether the smoke will leave us entirely or only partially suffocated. The men lounge lazily out of the way, forming a little group by themselves, quietly puffing at their pipes.

A flash—then a deep muffled explosion, which echoes through the long caverns, and is followed by the rumbling and crashing of the falling debris—clouds of dense sulphurous smoke fill the chamber, rising up to the roof and curling away toward the shaft. We get down close to the floor with a handkerchief—a very grimy one by this time—over our nose, and inwardly yearn for one breath of fresh air. Meanwhile the blasters wait until the smoke disperses, and the atmosphere becomes less stifling; then they resume work. Some pile the detached bits of coal in heaps, and others fill the tubs which travel on the rails. Then the mules are signalled for, and we can hear the noise of their hoofs approaching, mingled with the sound of blows and an alarming chorus of expletives on the part of the drivers. The animals are attached to the tubs, and, after arguing some time with their attendants, mule fashion, by drumming on the wagons with their heels, refusing to stir, or manifesting an unconquerable disposition to lie down, they are at length persuaded, through the agency of a club, or by being banged about the head with a lump of coal, that resistance is useless, when they reluctantly start off on a slow jog trot. We follow them to the shaft, leaving the miners swinging their picks or hammering at their drills, apparently careless of the dark heavy atmosphere around them.

BENEFIT OF A TRADE.

Give your sons a trade. One man with a trade is worth a thousand without one. The hosts of young men in every large city who apply for employment and fail to get it, for the reason that they cannot truthfully affirm that they are educated or especially fitted for any particular business, constitute a potent argument in favor of reform. Under the apprentice system, we should have fewer ignorant mechanics and incompetent business men. A trade is a fortune in itself.

DOING A PEDDLING FEMALE.

We had a visit from a book peddling female last week. She wished to dispose of a book. She was alone in this world, and had no one to whom she could turn for sympathy or assistance, hence we should buy her book. She was unmarried, and had no manly heart in which she could pour her sufferings, therefore we ought to invest in her book. She had received a liberal education, and could talk French like a native; we could not in consequence refuse to pay her two dollars for a book. She wanted to take lessons in music from a learned German professor; consequently we must not decline buying a book. We listened attentively, and here broke in with, "What do you say? We're deaf." She started in a loud voice and went through her rigmarole. When she had finished we went and got a roll of paper and made it into a speaking trumpet, placed one end in our ear, and told her to proceed. She nearly burst a blood-vessel in her effort to make herself heard. She commenced, "I am alone in this world." "It doesn't make the slightest difference to us. We are not alone; in fact, we are a husband and a father. Although this is leap year, bigamy is not allowed in this State. We are not eligible to proposals." "Oh! what a fool this man is," she said in a low tone; then at the top of her voice, "I don't want to marry you. I want—to—sell—a—b—o—o—k!" The last sentence was howled. "We don't want a cook," we blandly remarked; "our wife does the cooking, and she wouldn't allow as good looking a woman as you are to stay in the house five minutes. She's very jealous." She looked at us in despair. Gathering her robes about her, giving us a glance of contempt, and exclaiming, "I do believe if a three hundred pounder was let off alongside that blamed old deaf fool's head he'd think somebody was knocking at the door," she slung herself out and slammed the door with a vehemence that awakened our office boy, who can sleep sound enough for a whole family. When she was gone we indulged in a demoniac laugh. She isn't likely to try to sell us a book any more.—*Figaro.*

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA'S PALACE.

The Queen of Sheba's palace is the last archaeological discovery announced. Mr. Mauch, the African traveler, who some years ago discovered what he believed were the ruins of ancient Ophir, but the accuracy of whose supposition was called in question at the time, now writes with the greatest confidence that he has finally found the real "Ophir," in latitude 20 deg. south, longitude 26 deg. east. The ruins consist of two masses of edifices, among them is to be remarked one which is an imitation of the Temple of Solomon, the walls being built of wrought granite, and the ceiling still showing fragments of beams of cedar. The circular edifice, supposed to be the Queen's palace, is still called by the natives the "House of the Great Princess." This discovery must be accepted as another link of evidence unearthed in confirmation of the Scriptures, to which many more will doubtless be added by the parties now exploring in and around Jerusalem and beyond the Jordan.

BARBER'S HAIR BLOWING APPARATUS.

One of the most unpleasant circumstances of the hair cutting operation is caused by the short pieces of hair falling down the neck of a patient, creating irritation both to the skin and the temper. Mr. W. C. McIntire, of Washington, D. C., attaches to a pair of barber's shears an elastic hollow ball which is compressed by the operation of cutting; and a current of air, forced out from the ball, is directed along the edges of the blades and blows away the fragments of hair as fast as they are cut.

The ball is taken between the thumb and fingers and slightly compressed, and then located between the handles; and when the pressure is relieved, the handles of the shears find their way into creases formed in the sides of the rubber ball and hold it into position, while the ball, by its elasticity, forces apart the handles and opens the blades. The inventor claims that the improvement can be advantageously attached to shears for other than barber's shears.

INDUSTRY.

Industry prolongs life. It is the friend of virtue, and indolence the handmaid of vice. The active are seldom criminal; but the indolent of those who yield to guilty enervations might trace their lapse from rectitude to habits of idleness, which, leaving the heart vacant, gave full opportunity for the evil passions and desires of our nature to exert their power. A state of ease is at best but a neutral state of being, alike distant from positive happiness and positive misery. But it is a source of misery; and, as such, is shunned by those who are wise enough to understand the philosophy of living pleasantly.

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