

A FORTUNE IN A HAT.

About the year 1826 (says a letter from Colmar) a poor journeyman turner, of the name of Muhle, badly shod and with a wallet on his back, entered the village in which stood the machine factory of M. Weil & Burton, and applied for work. His ragged exterior did not speak much in his favor, and M. Weil, to whom he had applied, refused to engage him. The workman sorrowfully turned on his way. All of sudden he was recalled by the voice of the owner of the factory. "Stop: what sort of a hat is that you wear?" "A wooden hat." "A wooden hat?" Let me look at it closer. Where did you buy it?" "I made it myself, sir." "And how did you make it?" "Oh, on the turning-lathe." "But your hat is oval, and the things made on the oval are round." "Yes that is true," answered the workman, "but in spite of that I made the hat. I displaced the centre and then turned it as I pleased. I required a hat which would answer the purpose of an umbrella, and, as I had no money to buy one, I was obliged to make this for myself." The poor workman had instinctively discovered the method of eccentric turning, which was to prove of so much importance in modern mechanics. M. Weil perceived, with the keen sightedness of a clever manufacturer, the immense importance of the discovery. He retained the man with the wooden hat, and found him not merely a skillful workman, but a genius, that only wanted opportunity and a small degree of culture for its development. The workman Muhle soon obtained a share in the profits of the business, and became later on, under the name of Moulin, the proprietor of it. He died at short time since, possessed of a large fortune.

A PIC-NIC IN THE SNOW.

Notwithstanding the terrors of the wasps' nest and thunder-storm which are the traditional accompaniments of a picnic in hot weather, you English people have a prejudice in favor of giving an entertainment of this kind in the summer. Not so we who live in Russia; we always choose the winter, and it is not without a certain show of reason that we give the colder season the preference. In winter we can at least tell beforehand with some degree of certainty what the state of the weather will be, and we can make our arrangements accordingly, which is not invariably the case with you; and as for the cold, we are so much accustomed to it, and have had so many opportunities of learning the little peculiarities and weaknesses of its temper, that we know how to treat it and make it serve our own ends; consequently we are not afraid of it in the least.—*F. Scarlet Potter in the People's Magazine for July.*

OF DREAMING AND WAKING.

When the pilgrimage was over, and Christian was lost to human eyes, being received into pure light, says the seer, "Now I awoke, and behold it was a dream?" all the wild beasts, and giants, and devils, only incubi of a troubled sleep; the hill Difficulty, and the Valley of the Shadow of Death, only phases of a nightmare: things to smile and hold as naught in the long day which had just risen. It will come, that waking—whether dimly conscious of our present state, we are thinking, "This is a dream, I shall wake presently," or whether we lie dead asleep, it will come; and cooling heated brows in the fresh air of everlasting morning, knowing ourselves awake at last, and awake to fulfilling beyond imagination of our fondest dreams, safe and sound in daylight, we shall surly think of this life and its sorrows as a matter of small account, seeing that "Behold, it was a dream!"—*B. Montgomerie Ranking in the People's Magazine for July.*

THAT DEBT.

It is a small one, to be sure, and apparently not worth a serious thought. Why not then pay it? Why be compelled to suffer the mortification of a dun? Why not take that little thorn out of your finger at once? It will fester if allowed to remain, and cause ten times the trouble. Why not relieve the conscience of that little load? You will feel better for it by so doing. You contracted the debt knowingly and willingly. Did you mean to pay it? Certainly you did. Then why not do it at once? Every day's delay increases, morally, the amount of your obligation. Remember, too, that your little debt, and another man's little debt, and a thousand other men's little debts make a little fortune for your creditor—the poor printer for instance.

THE TWO WIVES.

Recently, two men were returning home from a beer saloon at a late hour, partially intoxicated, when one of them remarked: "When I get to my house I shall catch a terrible scolding from my wife." "Ah," replied his companion, "I shall meet something ten times more intolerable than that. My anxious wife who is waiting for me at this midnight hour will meet me with nothing but kind words and acts; but her careworn countenance, and the thought that she had been continually praying for me, will be far more hard to endure than the most furious invectives. If she would only scold, I

could answer her with harsh words. Her kind way and utmost kindness and affections shame me, though I am tipsy. Oh, I am a cruel man. Never shall I taste another drop from the degrading cup."

He is keeping his word faithfully, so he informs the writer.

FOUND THE WAY TO HIS HEART.

There was a miser who was considered impregnable to charitable impressions, until a Hibernian "came Paddy over him." Teddy went to his office one morning, and told a piteous story about losing his pig, the only one he had.

"Shure," said Teddy, "Misthress—" (naming a very excellent lady, whose good opinion old Hard Fist was anxious to retain) "towl'd me to come to ye, for ye wor very rich, and gev a power of money to the poor, God bless ye! I only want to raise enough to raise another little shlip of a pig."

The miser couldn't resist the influence of Mrs.—, so he gave Teddy a crown. A few days after he met him.

"Well, Teddy," said he, "did you buy another pig?"

"Troth I did; and a fine one it is."

"Then take better care of him than you did of the other. What did the pig you lost die of?" "Die of?" said Teddy, raising his eyebrows; "shure he didn't die,—he was fat enough, and I killed him!"

LOOK UPWARD.

A young man once picked up a gold coin that was lying in the road. Always afterward, as he walked along he kept his eye on the ground, hoping to find another. And in the course of a long life he did pick up, at different times, a goodly number of coins, both gold and silver. But all these years he was looking for them he saw not that the heavens were bright above him. He never let his eyes turn away from the filth and mud in which he sought his treasure; and when he died—a rich old man—he only knew this fair earth as a dirty road in which to pick up money.

PLEASURES WITHIN THE REACH OF THE POOREST MAN.

Did you ever study the cheapness of some pleasure? Do you know how little it takes to make a multitude happy? Such trifles as a penny, a word, or a smile do the work. There are two or three boys passing along, give them each a chesnut; and how smiling they look! They will not be cross for some time. A poor widow lives in the neighborhood, who is the mother of half-a-dozen children; send them a half peck of sweet apples, and they will all be happy. A child has lost his arrow—the world to him—and he mourns sadly; help him to find it, or make him another, and how quickly will the sunshine play upon his face. A boy has as much as he can do to pile up a load of wood, assist him a few moments, or speak a pleasant word to him, and he forgets his toil and works away without minding it. Your apprentice has broken a mug, or cut the vest too large, or slightly injured a piece of work: say, "You scoundrel," and he feels miserable; but remark, "I am sorry," and he will try to do better. You employ a man: pay him cheerfully, and speak a pleasant word to him, and he leaves your house with a contented heart and with the smiles of gladness. As you pass along the street, you meet a familiar face: say, "Good morning," as though you felt happy, and it will work admirably in the heart of your neighbor. Pleasure is cheap—who will not bestow it liberally? If there are smiles, sunshine and flowers all about us, let us not grasp them with a miser's fist, and lock them up in our hearts. No. Rather let us take them and scatter them about us, in the cot of the widow, among the group of children in the crowded mart where the men of business congregate, in our families and everywhere.

Grains of Gold.

In conversation, a man of good sense will seem to be less knowing, more obliging, and choose to be on a level with others, rather than oppress with the superiority of his genius.

Religion can never be anything but a poor, puny, sickly growth, a more effervescent of sentimentalism, until it is based on strict obedience to all laws of our being, the organic, as well as the spiritual.

God will accept your first attempts to serve him, not as a perfect work, but as a beginning. The first little blades of wheat are as pleasant to the farmer's eyes as the whole field with grain.

Sorrows are to the Christian in this life as mile-stones to a traveller. They appear along his way to remind him that he has not reached home, and to assure him that he is travelling that way.

A learned man has said that the hardest words to pronounce in the English language are, "I made a mistake." When Frederick the Great wrote to the Senate, "I have just lost a battle, and it's my own fault," Goldsmith says "His confession showed more greatness than his victories."

Men's lives should be like the day, more beautiful in the evening; or, like the summer, aglow with promise; and, like the autumn, rich with the golden sheaves, where good words and deeds have ripened in the field.

Politeness is in business what strategem is in war. It gives power to weakness, it supplies great deficiencies, and overcomes the enemy with but little sacrifice of time and blood. It is invincible either in the attack or defence.

There is more bitterness following upon sin's ending than ever there was from sin's acting. You see nothing but weal in its commission, will suffer nothing but woe in its conclusion. You that sin for profit will never profit by your sins.

Most precepts of parents and teachers are lost sight of at the very time when it is important to observe them—as the label "shut the door" is invisible when the door is open widest, and thrown back against the wall.

The rule to be applied in general conduct, is to conform to every innocent custom as our social nature requires, but refuse compliance with whatever is inconsistent with propriety, decency and the moral duties; and dare to be singular in honor and virtue.

THE SPIDER A TEACHER.—Never be cast down by trifles. If a spider breaks his web twenty times, twenty times will he mend it. Make up your minds to do a thing, and, as a rule, you will do it. Fear not, if trouble come upon you; keep up your spirits, though the day may be a dull and cloudy one.

A loving heart and pleasant countenance are commodities which a man should never fail to take home with him. They will best season his food and soften his pillow. It were a great thing for a man that his wife and children could truly say of him: "He never brought a frown of unhappiness across his threshold."

Wisdom is the associate of Justice. It assists her to form equal laws, to pursue right measures, to correct power, to protect weakness, and to unite individuals in a common interest and general welfare. Heroes may kill tyrants, but it is wisdom and laws that prevent tyranny and oppression.

People are proud to condemn in others what they practice in themselves without scruple. Plutarch tells of a wolf, who, peeping into a hut where a couple of shepherds were regaling themselves with a joint of mutton, exclaimed, "What a clamor they would have raised if they had caught me at such a banquet."

In every pursuit, whatever gives strength and energy to the mind of man, experience teaches to be favorable to the interest of piety, knowledge and virtue; in every pursuit, on the contrary, whatever enfeebles or limits the powers of the mind, the same experience ever shows to be hostile to the best interest of human life.

Sawdust and Chips.

One of the "voices of the night"—"Scat! What sort of ascent is a descent?—A trip up, for it brings you down."

A western lawyer included in his bill against his client: "To wakens up in the night and thinking about your case, \$5."

A boy named his dog "Paste." "Why do you give him—such a name?" he was asked. "Because I want him to stick to me," he replied.

A Missouri editor advertises to take corn in pay for his paper. He says he prefers to have it in a liquid state, but will take it in the ear if he can't get it otherwise.

Old Elwes, the miser, hearing a very eloquent discourse on charity, remarked: "That sermon so strongly proves the necessity of alms-giving, that—I've almost a mind to beg."

The mother of an unmanageable Irish boy living in Portland, thus excused him to the police: "Sure Patsey isn't a bad boy at all, but he is troubled with a roosh of mind to the brain."

A little girl went into one of our confectionery stores, a few days since, and said to the proprietor in a half whisper: "If a little girl hain't got no money, how much chewing gum do you give her for nothing?"

A theoretical farmer was asked to milk a cow down in Texas. He immediately procured the assistance of six men, threw the cow down, turned her on her back with legs in the air, and then he tried to milk her with a clothes-pin.

HARD ON THE TRUMPETERS.—The Boston Jubilee was conducted on strictly temperate principles, no wines nor liquors being allowed with the single exception of lager beer, which was allowed to foreign musicians exclusively. Native trumpeters were naturally indignant at being deprived of their horns.

EARLY THRIFT.—The Troy *Whig* tells the following story: "One of our prominent physicians, making his daily rounds to see his patients, had occasion to call at a house where there were no facilities to fasten his horse. He left it in the care of a small boy of the Israelitish faith, whom he happened to see in the street. On coming out of the house, he naturally enough expected to find his trusty servant treating himself to a ride; but no—Mordcai knew the use of time and the value of money a little better—he was letting the horse to little boys in the street, at a cent a ride around the block."

Two weasels found an egg. "Let us not fight for it," said the elder weasel, "but enter into partnership." "Very good," said weasel the younger. So taking the egg between them, each sucks an end. "My children," said Redtapes, the attorney, "though

you have but one client between you, make the most of him."

"Do you like these cigars?" a nobleman is reported to have inquired one day of a boon companion. "Indeed, I think they are admirable," was the answer. "Well," rejoined the first speaker, "I'll tell you what I'll do." "By Jove!" said the other to himself, "now it's coming." "I'll give you"—another puff of the said superlative cigars—"the address of the fellow I got them from."

A story is told of a young man of New York who attended a social circle. The conversation turned on California and getting rich. The young man remarked that if he was there he would, instead of working in the mines, waylay some rich miner who had a bag of gold, knock out his brains, gather up the gold, and skedaddle. One of the young ladies replied that he had better gather up the brains, as he evidently stood more in need of that article than gold.

TAKING IT COOLLY.—An Englishman and a German were travelling together in a diligence and both smoking. The German did all in his power to draw his companion into conversation, but to no purpose: at one moment he would, with a superabundance of politeness, apologise for drawing his attention to the fact that the ash of his cigar had fallen on his waistcoat, or a spark was endangering his neckerchief. At length the Englishman exclaimed, "Why the dickens can't you leave me alone? Your coat tail has been burning for the last ten minutes, but I didn't bother you about it."

An Irishman one morning went out very early in search of some game on an estate where the game laws were strictly enforced. Turning a sharp corner, whom did he meet but the gentleman who owned the estate. Paddy seeing the game was up, coolly advanced toward the gentleman, and said:

"The top of the morning to your honor! and what brought your honor out so early this morning?"

The gentleman replied by saying: "Indeed, Paddy, I just strolled out to see if I could find an appetite for my breakfast;" and then eying Paddy rather suspiciously, said, "And now, Paddy, what brought you out so early this morning?"

"Indade, your honor, I just strolled out to see if I could find a breakfast for my appetite."

Labor Notes.

Three hundred and fifty wood carvers have organized a trade union in Philadelphia.

The workmen of the Third ward, New Orleans, have organized a political association for independent action.

The painters of New Orleans are on a strike for \$3.50 a day. A number of the employers have conceded the demand.

The name of John Siney is urged as a candidate on the Labor Ticket for Member of the Legislature of Pennsylvania.

The washerwomen of Detroit are said to be organizing a trade union, to protect themselves against "Chinese cheap labor."

During the past term nineteen new unions have been organized in connection with the Iron Molders' International Union, and twelve re-organized.

The bakers of London are agitating for a reduction of their long hours. A branch of the Amalgamated Union has just been started in Bermondsey.

From Belfast (Ireland) we have advices that the gigantic strike and lockout have resulted in a victory for labor. Wages have been increased fifteen per cent.

The agricultural laborers of Dorset are agitating for weekly wages of 15s. in cash, or 12s. with perquisites. In this demand they are supported by the Laborers' Union, which is represented in the county by several delegates, who have held a series of open-air meetings.

Among the shoe trade, in the city of Norwich, a general lockout by the masters has taken place, commencing on Monday. The men are in good spirits. Fifteen hundred hands were suspended from their employment at first, and others have since been added.

Several farm laborers, who have joined the recently formed Union in Warwickshire district, were on Saturday summoned before the county magistrates for leaving their employers' service without notice. They were fined 20s. each and costs. On the previous day two laborers were similarly charged at Stratford, and were fined in smaller amounts. The men were defended by a solicitor employed by the union, and the fines were paid.

The strikes in the north against the excessive price of flesh-meat and milk continue, and are being sustained by persistent agitation amongst the women. The introduction of the co-operative principle is one result of the movement. So thoroughly united are the leaders that the butchers in many localities find their occupation altogether gone. It is hard to say yet whether feminine resolution or the pinings after the fleshpots will prove the stronger.

There are now established in Kent 36 branches of the Agricultural Laborers' Union, centralized at Maidstone. At a recent meeting at Waterham, Mr. J. C. Cox, a Dorsetshire magistrate, who happened to be in the neighborhood, said that one of the worst features of the age was that while the rich were becoming rapidly richer the poor were getting

much poorer. There were 13½ millions of producers in the land, of whom only about two millions received an average of £200 a-year, while 11½ millions averaged but £30 a-year, or 11s. 2d. a-week. Wages within the last 100 years had increased 50 per cent. in Kent, but rent and every necessary of life had increased 150 per cent. within the same period.

A SECRET ASSOCIATION.

The following remarks, respecting making Unions secret associations, were made by the President of the Iron Molders' International Union, at the eleventh session of that body, held last week in Cincinnati. The matter is worthy of consideration and discussion:—

"The question of making the International and the several local Unions secret associations bound by oath, or in any other manner to secure greater secrecy, was brought before the last Convention, but promptly disposed of by a refusal to discuss the matter. Since then the question has been canvassed considerably. Several of the local Unions have adopted the oath-bound feature, others are contemplating it, but are holding off until the Convention takes action. The idea is gaining ground rapidly, and the Convention should take definite action either for or against."

"I have received many communications on the subject, asking advice and decisions as to the right of a local Union to force its members to take a new obligation. I have invariably decided that no member could be forced; that it must be voluntary or not at all; that they must receive cards from members, no matter whether they declined to take the new obligation or not. I have also decided that members who have not taken the oath, but who are in good standing, could not be debarred from any of the privileges of members, especially the privilege of attending meetings. All of which decisions, as far as I know, have been lived up to. I have heard no complaints, and am assured by some that they have failed to hear even one objection from new members to taking the extra obligation. Delegates from nearly all those Unions will be upon the floor, and can give such information as may be desired. I have neither advised nor objected to the new feature, leaving the matter to be governed by circumstances. As this matter will certainly be discussed, I take the privilege of giving a few facts in connection therewith."

"The Machinists and Blacksmiths' International Union, the Coopers' International Union, and the Knights of St. Crispin, three of the most powerful trade organizations in the country, are secret associations, and the two first-named claim for that feature their great success, while, for the last named, it is well known to all that every effort of the boot and shoemakers to organize Unions were miserable failures until the K. O. S. C. was organized, and to-day they are the most thorough and compact body of workmen in the country. These facts are worthy of consideration. It is true we have lived and flourished for thirteen years without any such feature, and will live and flourish as many more without it; but year after year the interest in our meetings is abating. Men who took prominent parts in the affairs of local Unions now occupy back seats, refusing to take part; new men take their places, and a year or so find them beginning to grow weary in the work. Why? Simply because their advocacy of the rights of themselves and their fellows in the meetings of the Union makes them targets for all the venom of employers. The tongues of the tattler, the tale-bearer, the paid spy, have no bridle upon them, and men will weary in well doing when they know their every effort only injures themselves."

"Our present obligation should be sufficiently binding, every thinking man will acknowledge that; but it does not bind us as we should all be bound. Another fact we all appreciate. There have been grave considerations urged against adopting such a feature, which, from you, must receive thoughtful, careful attention. Ever bear in mind the fact that you are not legislating for section or class, but for all; and if this is done I feel assured the result of your deliberations on this subject will be satisfactory to all."

LABOR-SAVING MACHINES.

The beneficial effect of labor-saving machines in improving the condition of workmen, it is stated, has been exemplified by the application of the sewing machine to the manufacture of shoes. The workmen of Lynn, Mass., who in 1862 were earning ten dollars a week without the assistance of the leather-sewing machine, are now, it is reported, earning fifty dollars a week with the aid of this useful apparatus. The inventor, who in 1862 was threatened with mob violence, is now considered by the workmen as their greatest benefactor. Within the last ten years the town of Lynn has doubled in population and taxable property, and it is estimated that forty-four million dollars have been saved to the whole country by the invention of the sewing machine as applied to the manufacture of articles of leather.

The English Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Lowe, is so near-sighted that he makes droll blunders with people. At a recent evening party a gentleman came up and spoke to him. The room was crowded. The Chancellor mistook him for Mr. Mundella, M. P. for Sheffield, who had been bothering him not a little of late. "I don't think you recognize me, Mr. Lowe," "Oh yes, I do; I've seen you often enough of late." "When, pray?" quoth the astonished gentleman. "Why, only yesterday." "That's impossible. I wasn't in England yesterday. I'm the King of the Belgians." It rather disconcerted Mr. Lowe.