

Poetry.

THE TOILERS.

(Written for the Ontario Workman.)

Thank God that there is one brave sheet, In all this great Dominion, Whose columns ne'er refuse to give The workingman's opinion.

Thank God the time is coming fast When we the toiling masses, Will swing our banners to the blast, Among the higher classes.

'Tis not for wealth we toil all day, Nor do we wish for splendor, Nor footmen in bright livery, To care for us so tender.

Oh! that I could have the power, To take away their riches, And put monopoly for an hour Into the mines and ditches.

And now Canadian workmen, Arise and do your duty; Behold these massive towers of stone, In all their wonderous beauty.

WHAT IS A LETTER?

BY WILLIAM RODERICK LAWRENCE

A letter? Let Love's answer tell! If love will deign reply; Revealing thoughts that fill the heart, And beam within the eye—

A letter? Let the absent tell! Far from their land of birth; And all they prize and hold most dear, Their homes and social hearth—

A letter? Let the mourner tell! Bow'd low 'neath sorrow's cross, With bursting heart and throbbing pulse, Who brooded o'er his loss—

A letter? 'Tis the messenger Of happiness or woe, Which giveth pain or giveth joy To many a heart below.

For bitter words, none can recall, These missives oft enclose; Concealing many a cruel thorn Beneath a seeming rose;

Let all the thoughts which we may breathe To those who cross our way, Be born in kindness—nursed by love, And shed a golden ray—

Tales and Sketches.

TOM GILLETT'S FORTUNE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND LIFE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.

For two months Miss Matlack waited in an exultant impatience. That Tom did not come to the house argued not desertion, but that he was still in ardent search of the fortune that was to win her.

When Tom passed her, therefore, on the street, with his formal bow, her delicate face flushed rose-color, and her eyes lighted into a happy smile, which wrenched the poor fellow's heart with an actual physical pang.

"This won't do," thought Feast. He dropped in that evening to Dr. Gillett's office, to smoke his pipe and gossip of different matters, among the rest, of his cousin's step-son, young Milroy, and that youth's exceptional success as a financier.

"He began, doctor, as an errand boy for Stokes and Newhall, at a salary of—well, I forget what, but a bare escape from starvation—saved, with overwork, one hundred dollars; put it into turpentine the year before the war, cleared eight hundred dollars.

"Your friend must be a profitable acquaintance," said Tom, dully, as he spoke of everything now-a-days.

"That is precisely the light in which I wanted to suggest him to you," said Feast, eagerly, and lowering his voice. "I took the liberty of talking of you to him the other day, and he is exceedingly anxious to become acquainted with you.

"I don't know why Mr. Milroy should take an interest in me," said Tom, ungraciously; "I have no odd hundreds lying by, neither dollars nor cents."

"One don't need money to make money. These brokers manipulate hard gold out of nothing. At any rate you won't refuse Milroy's acquaintance?"

"Certainly not. I'll be glad to know any friend of yours, Feast," responded Gillett, tardily conscious of his incivility.

Feast's words worked like leaven. It was quite true that money did grow of air in these brokers' offices, and nowhere so quickly as in Milroy's; a man of whom Tom had often heard as the most successful speculator in town—one whose basis of action were always sound, and whose judgment resembled intuition.

"No. I do not. Money is tight, just now. We'll have to throw open the doors to a few large capitalists, who will run the matter through fast enough. Of course, they will insist on buying out small stockholders, on their own terms. But it can't be helped."

"I? I have not the control of a dollar, beyond the sum I put into it." "Yes, you have. Your uncle Frisbie is in Europe, isn't he?"

"Egypt, I believe. I don't know where. What has that to do with it?" "Everything. Frisbie is a cautious, shrewd operator. If he were at home he would be prime mover in this matter.

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ver mine in Nevada between his palms. On the sunny porch of the florist's cottage he stopped to tap Sam's curly head.

"How does the chair work, my boy?" stooping to examine the structure of willow slips and elastic bands. "People stop to look at it, do they?" We'll make a wagon next then, and trundle you out. You shall race with Miss Laura's fairy chariot yonder."

"He could not keep her name from his lips; he must, perforce, invent some way in which he could speak it to this innocent child.

"It reads," said Tom, with an unsteady laugh, "like a sketch of Eldorado."

"One hundred and fifty thousand!" gasped Tom, turning off abruptly to the window. He had no mind that this man should know what that money meant to him. There was a little grass patch and a locust-tree without. The sun glistened on the branches, and a bird sang overhead of love and summer. Tom hardly heard Milroy's voice behind him.

"Of course, it all depends upon that. The mine must be worked at once, before the fall rains begin, to yield us any dividend before next year. So there remains the stumbling block. Where is the ready money to come from?"

"The stock subscribed—" "You know at how low rates it has been sold."

"Why not throw the remaining shares on the market then?" Tom's heart began to contract.

"And let in the capitalists? Ah, Gillett, our poor little chances would soon be swept out of sight, if once that hungry horde were let loose on such fat prey as this!"

"You're as large a dealer in stocks as any in the city," said Tom, suspiciously.

"I told you every dollar of cash I had was tied up. I can really go no further in this matter than I have already done."

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"Probably not. Let the matter drop there."

"As you will. But think over it to-night. The bonds, and we have success; without them, there is an end to all our plans."

Gillett walked home in a state of fiery indignation, that the swindler should have dared to tamper with him. He passed Matlack's house; a light shone in Laura's window. He went to his miserable office. There was his whole life mapped out—poverty, renunciation.

A homeless, solitary man! Laura the wife of another! He rose at that, and went to the open door. "What if Milroy had been honest, after all?" he said aloud. "It is but a loan; Frisbie would be glad to have his money doubled—"

An hour after, the watchman at the Fidelity Bank was summoned by a man applying for admission to the range of private rented vaults. He gave the secret signal, and passed down to Frisbie's vault. He was, the watchman noticed, a young man, with a pale, haggard face, whose manner betrayed great, suppressed excitement. He opened the vault, and took from it certain papers, examined them carefully, by the light of the setting sun; and stood irresolute for a long interval. Then, with a long breath, he opened the vault, and replaced them.

"It is all over," muttered Tom. The watchman, as he passed him, spoke to him, but the stranger did not hear him: he went out silently, and passed alone down the street.

The next day, Dr. Gillett's glittering red sign was taken down. The doctor himself had gone West. His intention was, people said, to allow his practice to grow up slowly with some new town. "A slow way to a competency," they said, "but sure."

CHAPTER IV.

Two Years afterward, Mr. Feast found the glittering, red sign in a village of Iowa. He entered the office without announcement.

"And the Lord knows the trouble I've had to ferret you out," was his greeting. Dr. Gillett had altered; was graver, stouter, wore a middle-aged look, curiously unsuited to his years. He wrung Feast's hand, as men do who are famished with home-sickness.

"Sit down! sit down!" he said. "After a while you shall eat and drink. But tell me something—anything, now, of the old place."

"Well, first, there's Milroy. You heard of his defalcation. A most accomplished swindler, that, doctor. I thanked God he never took you in. It was I who threw you in his way, you remember."

"Yes, I remember." "But never mind Milroy, I've other news for you. First is, I journeyed out here with it for you. You remember the chair you made Sam? A folding-up, easy-seat?"

Gillett nodded. "Well, that seems a trifle; but see what it grew into. One day, Cobbs, the chair-maker, in New York, came to me. 'Whose patent is this?' 'Who's his agent?' says Cobbs. I says, 'I'd write and see.' Then I bargained with Cobbs for the manufacture of the seat for our State. The idea took. Simple, cheap, yet, ingenious, you see. The thing spread like wild-fire. I've sold the right to manufacture them in these States. Cobbs is making his fortune out of them, and your's is made. Now I want you to come home, and look into it. But I think," with a shrewd look, "I deserve something as agent, eh?"

Two days after Gillett was on his way home. In all that time he had not asked the question, trembling on his lips. He beat about it—hovered near it. "I cannot believe such great results have grown out of such a mere trifle," he said.

"No? Why, there's Forten, in New York, is a millionaire; and his fortune grew out of a boy's ball, with a bit of elastic string fastened to it. Or look at Perkins, with his fruit-cans. Something practical and cheap to catch the popular fancy, you see. Now the chair's a thing everybody admires, and wonders they did not invent themselves. Only the other day Miss Laura Matlack stopped to look at Sam's in the green-house. 'It was Dr. Gillett who gave you this?' she said, and she sat down in it for a moment, very grave and quiet."

"She is not married, then?" "No. People say she's waiting for some foreign prince."

Tom made no reply. A month afterward, Mr. Feast received a magnificent bridal order for flowers. Late in the evening, Dr. Gillett came into the green-house, with a lady, a veil over her bright, blushing face. She took the old man by the hand. "The prince has come," she said, "Thanks to you! But who would ever have thought the steed to bring him to me would have been an improved camp-chair."

"My dear, young lady," said Feast, sentimentally, "Nothing's a trifle. Underneath that was the kind heart, which forgot its own troubles, to please a poor, lame child."

A young man, who, for his sins, was about being married, presented himself for confession. As he appeared rather embarrassed how he should proceed to enumerate his errors—"Come," said the good Abbe G., kindly, "do you ever tell falsehoods?" "Father, I am not a lawyer," proudly replied the penitent. "Did you ever steal?" "Father, I am not a merchant." "You have not committed murder?"—"Sir, I am a physician," conscientiously replied the young penitent, casting down his eyes.

FABRICATING SULPHATE OF AMMONIA FROM NITROGENOUS WASTE.

A great quantity of nitrogenous substances, such as the waste or clippings of wool, skins, leather, horn, feathers, sponge, etc., are thrown away in various industries; these materials contain from six to fifteen per cent of nitrogen, and often enter into the fabrication of so-called organic manures. Their putrefaction in the soil is, however, a very slow process, hence it is of importance to obtain their nitrogen in the more assimilable state of ammonia. To effect this, M. L'hoté proposes the following process:

When the substances are treated with a tenth part of solution of caustic soda, cold or slightly warmed, in order to avoid an ammoniacal production, they are not wholly dissolved but completely disaggregated. The viscous liquid so prepared is then mixed with slaked lime to form a pasty mass, which is introduced into a cast iron retort which communicates with receptacles containing chambers of sulphuric acid. Distillation is effected (at as low as a temperature as possible, in order to avoid the dissociation of the ammonia) until all disengagement of gas ceases when the retort is brought to a red heat. When the operation is concluded, a white pulverulent residue is found, composed exclusively of carbonate of soda and quicklime, which treated with water, regenerates the caustic soda, which may be again employed. The sulphate of ammonia obtained its colored but may be purified by crystallization. If care be taken to operate on a homogeneous mixture of nitrogenous and alkaline wastes, all the organic nitrogen may be recovered in the state of ammoniacal nitrogen as the product of distillation.

PHRENOLOGY.

Some time ago we mentioned that we had received a photograph of a couple of curious potatoes, raised in Oregon. They were shaped like a man and a boy. The same person, it seems, sent to the "Tribune" office a photograph of a turnip which looked as much as possible like an Indian's head. This photograph was taken by some wag in the office, unbeknown to the editors, and sent it to Fowler & Wells, the famous phrenologists in Broadway, having first been labelled as follows: "Photograph of the head of Minnewaugo, an Oregon chief, who was killed on the Upper Columbia, July 8th, 1859, and his head preserved by Dr. W. B. Pettis."

A few days afterward, as Mr. Greeley was going down Broadway, he saw the photograph in the phrenologists' window, with the above label on it, and the following added: "Phrenological features—moral developments small, the most prominent being generosity or benevolence—firmness, secretiveness, destructiveness and combativeness large—showing the true Indian character," &c. Horace laughed out loud. He went in.

"Wells," said he, "where did you get that photograph?"

"It was sent here from your office—I feel much obliged to you for it, as it is an excellent aboriginal head."

"Original, you mean," said Horace. "Why, that's a photograph of an Oregon turnip sent to me by a friend of mine as a curiosity. I left it in my sanctum a few days since, and some of our boys have been fooling you, Wells!"

It was now Wells' turn to laugh, but he screwed up his mouth in a way that showed he did not relish the joke exactly. It is unnecessary to add that the "head of Minnewaugo" was taken out of the show-window at once.

CUTTING BOYS' HAIR.

You can always tell a boy whose mother cuts his hair. Not because the edges of it look as if it had been chewed off by an absent-minded horse, but you tell it by the way he stops on the street and whiggles his shoulders. When a fond mother has to cut her boy's hair, she is careful to guard against any annoyance and muss by laying a sheet on the carpet. It has never yet occurred to sit him over a bare floor and put the sheet around his neck. Then she draws the front over his eyes, and leaves it there over his eyes, and leaves it there while she cuts that which is at the back; the hair which lies over his eyes appears to be surcharged with electric needles, and that which is silently dropping down under his shirt band appears to be on fire. She has unconsciously continued to push his head forward until his nose presses his breast, and is too busily engaged to notice the snuffling sound that is becoming alarmingly frequent. In the meantime he is seized with an irresistible desire to blow his nose, but recoils that his handkerchief is in the other room. Then a fly lights on his nose, and does it so unexpectedly that he involuntarily dodges and catches the points of the shears in his left ear. At this he commences to cry and wish he was a man—But his mother doesn't notice him. She merely hits on the other ear to inspire him with confidence, and goes on with the work. When she is through she holds his jacket collar back from his neck, and with her mouth blows the short bits of hair from the top of his head down his back. He calls her attention to this fact, but she looks for a new place on his head and hits him there, and asks him why he didn't use his handkerchief. Then he takes his awfully disfigured head to the mirror and looks at it, and, young as he is shudders as he thinks of what the boys on the street will say.—Danbury News.