

Music Hath Charms.

A good story, in point, it told of Ole Bull and Ericsson, the inventor. In early life they were friends, but drifted apart, and did not meet again until each had become famous. Bull had charmed the ear of thousands all over the civilized world, while the part the great mechanic, John Ericsson, played in naval warfare during the war roused the North to enthusiasm, and well nigh startled the world.

When taking his leave, Bull invited Ericsson to attend his concert that night. Ericsson, however, declined, saying he had no time to waste on music.

Bull took no offence at the remark, but continued to call on his friend whenever visiting New York, and usually when taking his leave would ask Ericsson to attend his concert; but Ericsson always declined the invitation.

Upon one occasion Bull pushed him urgently, and he said:—

"If you do not come to my concert I shall bring my violin here on a play in your shop."

"If you bring the thing here I shall smash it," was Ericsson's reply.

Here were two men in many respects the opposite to each other—Bull, an impulsive romantic dreamer; Ericsson, a stern, thoughtful, practical man, who felt he must improve every moment with mathematical precision.

Bull's curiosity was aroused to know what effect music would have upon such a grim, matter-of-fact man of squares and circles. Taking his violin with him, he went, one day, to Ericsson's shop. He did not begin the interlude with tuning up the violin. Indeed he had removed the strings, screws and apron. Noticing a displeased expression on Ericsson's face, Bull called his attention to certain mechanical defects in the instrument, and, speaking of its construction, asked Ericsson about the scientific and acoustic properties involved in the grain of certain woods. From this he passed on to a discussion of sound waves, semitones, etc. Apparently by way of illustrating the scientific principles they had been speaking of, Bull quietly replaced the strings and screws and improvised a few cords, and then easily drifted into a rich melody.

The workmen were charmed; they dropped their tools and stood in silent wonder. Bull played on and on; and when finally he ceased, Ericsson raised his bowed head, and with moist eyes said:—

"Do not stop, my old friend. Go on. Go on! I never knew until now what there was lacking in my life."—*Ex.*

Edison's \$40,000.

The other day a smooth faced man, wearing handsome clothes and displaying a soiled collar and a necktie all awry, and shoes that never experienced the skilful manipulations of a boot-black, and finger-nails that never met a manicure, leaned his elbow on a Washington counter and conversed in the jolliest way with a circle of newspaper friends. He looked like a tramp, but he really is one of the most famous men in the world and his name is known in every part of the globe. During a little luncheon Edison told in his quaint way the story of his first acquaintance with any large sum of money. It

was in the days when he was struggling along with his earlier inventions, and didn't have a big capital to back him. In fact, he didn't have any bank account himself, and hardly knew what one was.

Edison had finally sold his patent on the gold and stock indicator to the Western Union Telegraph for \$40,000, and was coming over to New York to get the money.

He had heard of Wall street and its bulls and bears, and had been told that it was full of "sharks" who could fleece a man very quick. So he made up his mind that Wall street was a very dangerous place, and that if ever he had occasion to go there he would be lucky if he got away without losing his overcoat and umbrella.

At that time Gen. Lefferts was president of the Western Union. One morning Edison came into the company's office to close up the sale of his patent. After a few preliminaries he was given a check for \$40,000.

He looked at it curiously for a moment or two and appeared to be puzzled what to do with it. He knew that he had sold a patent to the Western Union company for \$40,000, but he did not see any money. Observing his perplexity Gen. Lefferts told him that if he would go to the Bank of America in Wall street he could get the check cashed. "So I started," said Edison, "after carefully folding up the check, and went toward Wall street. So uncertain was I in regard to that way of doing business that I thought while on the way if any man should come up to me and offer me two crisp \$1,000 bills for that piece of paper that I should give him up the check very quick."

On arriving at the Bank of America he hesitated about entering, fearing still that something might be wrong. At last, however, he mustered up courage and determined to try it. He knew that Gen. Lefferts had told him that he would get his money here, so he braced ahead and half tremblingly shoved his check out to the cashier.

The latter scrutinized it closely, gave Edison a piercing glance, and said something which Edison could not understand, as he was hard of hearing.

That was enough. He was now more than ever convinced that his "check" wasn't worth \$40,000, and again he thought as he rushed out of the bank with it that any man who would give him \$2,000 could walk away with the check.

He hurried back to the Western Union and said he couldn't get any money. Gen. Lefferts then sent a man with him to identify him. He said: "This man is Thomas A. Edison, to whose order the check is drawn."

"Why certainly, Mr. Edison," said the cashier, very obsequiously, "how would you like your \$40,000—in what shape?"

"Oh, any way to suit the bank. It doesn't make any difference to me so long as I get my money."

Edison was given \$40,000 in large bills. After dividing the roll into two wads of \$20,000 each, he stuffed one into each trousers pocket, buttoned up his coat as tightly as possible, and made a break to get out of Wall street as quick as he could. The next day Edison began work on his first laboratory in New York.—*Washington letter to Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette.*

Works Both Ways.

The rapidly decreasing cotton cloth trade with China is eliciting general comment. The Springfield, Mass., *Union* says: "The trade of the United States is feeling the effects of the system of arbitrary exclusion of Chinese. During the first eight months of the present fiscal year the United States exported to China \$323,803 worth of cotton cloth, while during the corresponding months of the previous year the export of cotton cloth to China amounted to \$2,036,347, showing a loss in eight months of \$1,712,543. This is the more marked in that American cottons have become popular in China because of their superior quality, and the falling off cannot be accounted for on any theory but that of Chinese resentment for their exclusion. China can inflict severe injury upon our eastern trade, and we cannot help ourselves except by fair and honest treatment of the Chinese."

TREITHARDT is opening a photograph gallery at Portage la Prairie.

THE Portage la Prairie *Review* is responsible for the following extraordinary announcement: "It is currently reported that Attorney-General Martin intends to resign his seat in the Greenway Government to accept the solicitorship of the N. P. & M. railway at a salary of \$8,000 a year."

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