LABOR IN SOUTH AMERICA.

Machinery Cannot Do Away with the Primitive Methods in Chili.

The day we were stationed in the bay of Coronel the Chilie was surrounded by lighters laden with coal, which was being rapidly shoveled into the bunks by dark skinned natives. The white sand that hung over to make the water look like dull silver; in the foreground were ships at anchor, and small lighters provided with winches and nets for dredging up the bits of coal that fall into the water while the steamers are loading; in the background were the winding wheels of the coalpits, the nodes surrounded by trains of coal trucks; the sickly sulphurous smoke streams of the incinerating works, the small town of Coronel clustered along the sandy black beach, and, behind, the green hills dappled with scale patts and patches of red or yellow earth.

The needs of the coal heavers on the fore deck interested me. Great bowls of beans, lumps of salt beef and fat, piles of biscuit and gallons of coffee were served out to them. Each man took what he needed of the stuff, chose his corner on the rail, over the hatches, or simply on the bare deck, and ate with no more comfort than a dog. Then each man produced a large violet mussel shell, which he used in lieu of a spoon to scoop up the beans and drink the coffee. Let it be remarked that these coal heavers earn high wages, as much as five Chilian dollars, or say ten shillings gold, a day, and their food gratis; and yet they remain little better than good natured brutes, taking no strong drink while they are at work, but ready for any quantity of dissipation after sunset, improvident in the extreme, and willing to work, and to work well, only when they have no money left to spend.

While washing these strong muscular fellows I had some conversation with the Boston timber merchant about his experience of men and things in Chili, the subject having been led up to by my remarking the frequent evidence of primitiveness in Chilian methods of working. Speaking of the great strength and hardiness of the Chilian native laborer, Herr C—— said that this was still more noticeable in the more southern forest districts. At Puerto Montt, for instance, which is one of the most important timber ports, the work is done entirely by hand. The trees are felled with axes, sawn into planks on the spot by hand, and the planks carried to the port from a distance of ten or twelve miles, balanced on the shoulder of a man, who goes along under the burden at a run. Now but native Chilians would do such work, and, given the absence of roads, and above all the nature of the workmen, all attempts to ameliorate the methods of getting out the timber have failed.

Experiments have been made in introducing North American machinery, but without success. The innovations have invariably lost their money, and the natives, accustomed to do everything with their hands, have in the end willfully broken the machinery in order to have done with it. I mentioned that the latest effort of the Chilian government, as I had been informed, emanated the essay of Norwegian and Swedish colonists in these southern forest regions. Herr C—— was of opinion that the scheme is utterly impracticable, for the simple reason that Scandinavian colonists would refuse as the like pigs, as the Chilians live. The present primitive methods are the cheapest and the most practical.—Theodore Child in Harper's.

The Hippopotamus.

Next to the elephant the largest beast in point of bulk and weight is the hippopotamus. Of this animal Sir Samuel Baker has seen hundreds of specimens on the White Nile. One that he measured was 14 feet 2 inches long from snout to tip of tail. The crocodile never ventures to attack the hippopotamus, which for its part disdains to attack the crocodile. Although, like the rhinoceros, this monarch of mid-African rivers is not carnivorous, it is very formidable to man, being easily provoked and assailing the object of its resentment with reckless fury. It can upset the largest boat, and in one instance performed with its tusks the iron bottom of Sir Samuel's steamer, coming a dangerous hack. The flesh of the hippopotamus is always palatable, and when the animal is young it is delicious. The skin makes excellent turtle soup. The tusks were formerly more valuable than those of the elephant, being in request by dentists because they never turn yellow.—M. W. Hazeltine in New York Ledger.

Died 103 Years After Her Sister.

Next to Parker hill is a well filled cemetery that rivals the Charter street burial ground in antiquity. Many of the stones are dated back in the early part of the Eighteenth century. In one family 56 are pointed out the graves of two own sisters, between whose deaths elapsed the period of 102 years—an instance almost without parallel. The first of these sisters was Sally Johnston, who died Oct. 9, 1779, aged 2 years; and the second, Sarah Johnston, who was born July 16, 1779, and died March 11, 1879, lacking only a few months of being a centenarian.—Salem (Mass.) Gazette.

Contentment Is Wealth.

"If you found five dollars, would you try to find the owner?"

Pat—Faix, no. I am no fool. I'd be satisfied finding the five.—Munsey's Weekly.

The Sultan of Turkey, it seems, has in his service a marvelous who is 113 years old, having been born in 1778. He is the oldest soldier living, as one cab well believe. Moreover, he has two concubines who are almost ages ancient to two hundred and twenty-one years.

Mrs Margaret L. Shepherd, the orator of the "Loyal Women of American Liberty," now numbering a membership of 30,000, is a slight little woman, with clear, gray eyes, tinged with brown, and black, curly brown hair.

Indorse Checks on the Sick Bed.

At a national bank the following conversation occurred. Said the visitor, presenting a check just indorsed: "I see by the papers that bank officials complain people doing business at their banks don't know on which end of a check to indorse it. Now, I should think any fool would know that."

"Which end do you indorse?" said the cashier.

"Why, this end, of course," poking an indorsed check through the wicket. There it was, wrong, of course, indorsed on what would be the right hand end when the face of the check lay up, so that the cashier would have to read the name backward, from the end of the check he couldn't see when filled out.

"It's strange," said the official. "I take a check when handed in, read the face, hand it back, turning it right and indicating exactly where to write the signature, and people invariably turn it around, reversing the ends, and then write the name."

"Why don't you tell them it is wrong?"

"Well, it's our business to be polite, and not to tell people their business you can tell them through the press if you want to. It would save trouble if they knew."—Providence Journal.

The Public Want Quantity.

In mixing a medicine or filling a prescription the great bulk of the fluid used is pure water. Customers frequently overlook this, and some of the remarks about cheap and dear medicines are quite amusing. All drugs in a concentrated form are expensive, while almost any drug may be so diluted as to make it appear very cheap. This is especially the case with homeopathic remedies. "Mother tinctures" are more than 1,000 times as strong as some of the dilutions commonly purchased, but few buyers note the fact. Several patent medicine makers fell into the error of overlooking this peculiar trait in human nature.

They put up their cure-alls in highly concentrated form for the convenience of customers, and ordered the addition of more water in the directions for use. The sale fell to zero at once, while those who had some enough to give large bottles filled with at least something colored found ready markets, and still do so. Look on the shelves of any drug store, and you will see the peculiar envelope of preparations in small bottles quite nominal. It is quantity that gives quality is considered next.—Interview with a Druggist.

An Isolated Family.

There is a family in Liberty, Me., who live on a farm, with mountains on three sides, and with no highway leading to it. There was a rough road up a very bad hill, but it accommodated only three, and that not very much, as the men comes out but two or three times a year to obtain supplies. So he asked to have this road discontinued and his town abated by reason thereof, and as this was a good trade for the town it accepted his proposition, and now when he wishes to come out with his oxen and oxen he comes across a pasture. If you wish to find perfect content put a wife to this family. The man dispose of a pair of big oxen every year or two, and sells a few lambs every year. This is more than enough to supply all their needs. He has a pension, but apparently has no use for it, as he makes no investments, and is known to have quite a large sum of money which is kept between the leaves of a book. They are an old fashioned fireplace made of stone, and are surrounded by plenty of wood, and appear to take solid comfort in life.—Bellfast (Me.) Journal.

A New Use for Coil Buttons.

The big fish buttons in the days when coils were worn ample to exploit them must have cost the weavers a tidy sum, and their relegation to the portions of the "has beens" any amount of heartbreaking. One well known yachtsman, who sported a set of these links in gold the size and shape of a five cent piece, with a diamond anchor in the centre of each, has found a plan of reviving and utilizing all four of them. He has had two of them made into single screw sleeve buttons, the third is converted into a fetching scarfpin, and the fourth (Well, here, indeed, is a novelty!) It has been transformed into what appears to be a good sized collar button, and is utilized in holding the upper buttonholes of the drawers upon the strap under the skirt bosom.—Clothier and Furnisher.

Gen. Rucker's Shortage.

Anecdotes of Gen. Spinner have rolled forth anecdotes of almost all his associates in Washington in war times. Gen. Rucker, who was in charge of forwarding supplies for the Army of the Potomac, was almost as much of a character as Gen. Spinner. As long as he kept supplies moving he cared little about his accounts. A treasury official called Gen. Rucker's attention to the fact that he was about $1,500,000 short. "Take it out of my pay," said the general, with great dignity. The treasury official figured that it would take 300 years' pay of the quartermaster general to make good the deficit, which, after all, was found to be merely a matter of bookkeeping.—Washington Star.

It Takes Two to Make a Bargain.

Mrs. Wedgewood—I know I'm crazy at times, John, but if I had my life to live over again I would marry you just the same.

Mr. Wedgewood—I have my doubts about it, my dear.—Epoch.

Rare of His Subject.

Mr. B——was an odd character, especially noted for his ardent defense of the time of election. One day at dinner he was "lorgnetting" with a neighbor, and he inflicted a piece of roast beef on his fork he remarked, "I have no more doubt of the doctrine of election than that I should eat this meat." Just then, with the emphasis of his gesture, the meat flew off, and was instantly devoured by the family dog.—Christian Union.

Spearing Eels.

Parties travel along our shore setting traps for eels at the mouths of brooks, above salt water. These consist of a young box of cedar with no inconsiderable ceremonies. The spearer is in a boat in till they are taken out. Other parties set pots near the head of the tide. These are small editions of lobster traps in outspreads. In the end of the trap, spearers very easy to get into. This entrance is rendered still more effective sometimes by a contraction in the shape of a stocking leg, and I have seen sharp heads driven in so as to impale the victim should he poke his head out the door. These traps are sunk to the bottom with a line and a buoy attached. Horseshoe crabs are sometimes the best bait for eels. In the fall they pass down rivers and ponds, sometimes in great numbers, and spear in the darkest nights; then the boys are on deck with goffs.

Tidal winter home is in the slimiest mud. Some bed in salt mud, others in the rivers. At Cocoo river is a spot where eels are always found just as soon as ice forms, year after year, and it is said to be a lucky fall. Quick work a basket is sometimes spread out in a few minutes. Spearing is to me the most satisfactory method of fishing for them. As eel spear is built like Neptune's trident, with a wooden handle twelve to twenty feet long. With it the fisherman repairs to the river, if it be high water, or low water. In the fall a boat is used. In the winter the ice is cut in a semicircle, then with one clip the projectile is made to cut off and expelled. Now the fishing begins. The spear is jabbed in the coze gently; if it meets resistance it is pulled out, but if it strikes yanks it out like lightning and shakes the wiggler off on the ice. Sometimes three or four come out at once.

Very often in the vicinity, near the wharf and ship yard, are iron bolt, a few nail, hoop skirt, stove funnel, bag of tobacco, pieces of rigging, gold watch or some other thing is hooked out, and by Christmas time the ice is covered with trash. Eels move about same as the seed, for some times they are caught where none are to be found the day before.—G. W. Singer in Lewiston Journal.

He Was a Lucky Reporter.

Reporters sometimes report speeches they do not hear, and bad work they make of it. An enthusiastic Irishman was once asked to report a speech delivered in parliament by Edmund Burke on the merits of the potato as an article of diet. The man promised the speech, apparently from his notes, and the reporter, more confiding than good faith, handed in a report. The next morning all London was laughing over the speech, which made Mr. Burke attribute the superior virtue of the Irish people to the fact that they eat so many potatoes.

Another reporter fared better when made up a speech from his own imagination. It was a bold act, for the speech was from the throne, George III being the monarch. The ministers were notoriously fond of pensions, and were sure to punish him with the severest penalties of the law, but the good natured monarch interposed, with a quiet joke at the expense of the minister who had proposed the speech read by the king. "I hope the man's pension will be of the soldiers sort," said King George, "because I have read both, and so far as I am unfamiliar either of them, I like the reporter's speech better than my own."—New York World.

Many Kinds of Bananas.

There are be many kinds of bananas as there are kinds of apples—medium sized ones, such as we see in the north, big ones a foot long, thick ones, almost (the size) broad as long, and little ones only three or four inches in length. When you visit a fruit stand I fear you are likely to select the biggest and handsomest bananas you see, and there is just where you make a mistake. The smallest bananas are in nearly all cases the sweetest and richest, the very "big" bananas being the best of all. The rind should be thin, and there should be no ridges or corners on it. The larger the ridges the coarser the fruit.

The plantain, which is the very smallest kind of banana, has enormous ridges. This species is not fit to eat without being cooked, but when boiled or baked or fried it is delicious. Any cooks housekeeper, one having a thick rind with large ridges—is good for cooking. All bananas contain starch in their green state, which ripening is changed by nature's wonderful chemistry into sugar.—C. De Kalb in Harper's Young People.

He Cheated at Whist.

Lord Henry de Hoe was once said to be one of the best whist players in England. Subsequently, however, it was discovered that he was in the habit of aiding his skill by marking with his nail the high honors of the pack, so that he might observe to whom they were given. During the scandal that followed this discovery a fop who had never been admitted to his acquaintance drawled out, "I would have my card at his house, but I fear he would mark it." "That would depend," remarked a gentleman present, "on whether he cheatched in a high fashion." De Hoe did not long survive the disgraceful exposure, and Thackeray took it and he have enshrined his memory in the following pointing epitaph: "Here lies the premier baronet of England, patiently awaiting his last trump."—San Francisco Argonaut.

A New Bleaching Agent.

Dr. Ludwig Schetzer, of Stuttgart, has brought forward a new bleaching agent which he calls ozonik. It is prepared by dissolving 25 parts of hydrochloric acid in 1000 parts of water, to which 125 parts of resin are added after boiling the solution. To this solution are added first 100 parts oil of turpentine, and then 1000 parts peroxide of hydrogen. The product thus obtained is ozonik, a bleaching agent more powerful than chlorine, and superior to solutions of hydrogen alone. Dr. Schetzer says that a solution of one part of ozonik in 1,000 parts of water will form a powerful textile bleach, and that the solution also has disinfecting and antiseptic properties of value.—Boston Transcript.

Paper Mills of the World.

The production of paper in the entire world is estimated to be 2,900,000,000 pounds per year. There are 964 paper mills and 1,106 paper machines in this country. Germany has 930 mills and 691 machines; France, 420 mills and 525 machines; Ireland, 34 mills and 50 machines; Scotland, 69 mills and 98 machines; England, 19 mills and 19 machines; Russia, 152 mills and 112 machines, and Austria, 326 mills and 152 machines.—Boston Transcript.

Washington's Eyes.

Small Boy—Mamma, was Geo. Washington blind?

Mamma—Of course not; where did you get that idea?

Small Boy—Nurse took me to the old Lady's house to-day, and showed me a wooden tree he chopped.—New York Weekly.

The success of a business is mainly dependent upon her tact, for with a dull word or two she can turn the current of customers into those channels where all dangerous shoals can be avoided. She can put a timid guest at his ease, draw people out and make them feel at home.

Theophile Gautier's daughter Judith has inherited a great deal of her poet father's talent. She writes with a style of indubitable freshness, naivete and charm, and her mind seems to possess all the Oriental imagery for which the novelist was famous.

The story is told of a man, who took the details of his coach to his tailor to have them fitted, forgetting that he did not know precisely the measurements of his own person. Of course, the coach maker measured the tailor, and fitted him for the trouble. Hats and bonnets, jewelry and other creations on the exterior fall of a disappointing fitting of the inner man. If you have those indications, be wise in time, and take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It puts the liver and stomach to good rights, and, as a natural consequence, changes the sallow brain of hypochondria, or the irritable temper of dyspepsia, from a pessimistic outlook to the Pandemonium promenade. Dealers in medicine will try to persuade you that the brightful cerium of Boneset, and the bitter in gentian, provide the antidote of Consumption in the lungs instead of the liver, or Dyspepsia and stimulate the blood, thereby curing all Pain and Inflammation, Cough, Bronchial troubles and kindred ailments. It is a fact as old as the hills that the Golden Medical Discovery, in its effects, tends to strengthen the system against the inroads of Pulmonary troubles, by depositing all those tissues which are the foundation of resistance to the disease. Dealers will try to persuade you that "Just as good" is manufactured by some other "Medical Discovery." Do not accept substitutes, for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is manufactured by the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

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