

about ten minutes before the inauguration of Governor Stephens, will bring \$5,000,000 of foreign capital into that State. It was attached to the certification of a deed transferring a tract of four hundred acres of mining land in northern Georgia to an English syndicate, for a consideration of £1,000,000 sterling.

A family of Madison, Ohio, nineteen years ago, purchased a paper of pins. When a pin was needed it was taken from the paper, and after it had served its purpose was replaced. If a pin was lost general search was made until it was found. In this way the one paper of pins has kept the family supplied for nineteen years. That is the story they tell, but no married man need be obliged to believe it.

In ruling upon the respective liabilities of landlord and tenant for the negligent construction or bad condition of a building, Chief Justice Brigham, of Boston, says that the landlord alone is responsible for the bad construction, but the tenant may be made to pay any damages caused by the negligent use of it. For instance, the landlord is liable for injuries caused by a defective trap door, but the tenant is liable for injuries caused by a trap door left open.

Prof. Crudelli, of Rome, points out in the *Practitioner* that the keeping of plants in ill-ventilated rooms may cause malarious infection even in regions where malaria is unknown. Prof. Eichwald, of St. Petersburg, reports the case of a lady who was attacked by true intermittent fever while living in a room containing plants, yet after the removal of the flower pots a cure without a relapse was effected. The unwholesome influence is said to be due not to the plants, but to the damp earth in which they grow.

The Ellworth (Me.) *American* says a new insect has appeared in the town of Cherryfield. It resembles a large snail, has the power of elongation, and when extended to its full length is three or four inches long. It is supposed to have been brought from Europe in a bundle of shrubbery. Its only motive power is crawling, which is no faster than a snail, yet in a few years it has invaded a number of farms on both sides the Narragansett River. Farmers have begun to dread it more than the potato bug.

A Canadian medical journal contains an account of a number of cases of acute articular rheumatism being cured by fasting from four to eight days. In that time says Dr. Wood, Professor of chemistry in Bishop's College, Montreal, the patients were allowed to drink freely of cold water or lemonade in moderate quantities. No medicine was given, and the physicians who observed the cases were strongly inclined to believe that rheumatism is, after all, only a phase of indigestion, to be cured by giving complete and continued rest to all the viscera.

The growing popularity of female physicians, and the increasing disposition of women to regard the profession of medicine as a legitimate field for their best endeavor, is one of the most gratifying features of woman's advancing cause. It has been a great mistake to suppose or to maintain that the gentler sex are not fitted to become physicians. On the contrary, there are certain branches of medical practice which ought long ago to have been relegated to women alone, and which are sure to command their services just as fast as they show capability and inclination to enter the profession.

Dr. Siemens, one of the most noted experts on the subject of electric light and power says: "Electricity must win the day as the light of luxury, but gas will find an ever-increasing application for the more humble purposes of diffusing light." The estimated cost of lighting the whole of London by electricity he places at £70,000,000, including the plant and internal fittings. In extending the same to the towns of Great Britain and Ireland the cost is placed at £320,000,000. The relative cost of electricity as to gas he gives as 29 to 22.

Secretary Teller has decided that lands within the limits of railroad rights, to which pre-emption or other claims were capable of being made, and which had been abandoned, should be restored to the public domain. This decision,

accepted by the railroad companies claiming land grants, settles a point which has heretofore been debatable, and will relieve many settlers of apprehension of trouble in procuring title to their lands.

Philadelphia has obtained unenviable notoriety as the abode of the bogus medical diploma sellers. The city of brotherly love is now rejoicing that it has no monopoly of the nefarious business, from the fact that the dean of a Boston medical college has been detected in selling a degree to a person in the west, under cover of selling tickets of admission to medical lectures, and is to be prosecuted for making an illegal use of the mails. The *American* says in relation to it: "If we did allow this bad business to grow up among us, we also showed other communities the effective way to suppress it."

The Philadelphia *American*, referring to the advice of the Utah Commission in regard to a marriage law for this Territory says: "The only objection to this is that it would accomplish very little. It would lay upon those who indulge in plural marriage and upon the offspring of such marriages, no heavier penalties than at present. And it would be very likely to prove a dead letter in the face of united resistance." It is strange that there is so much fuss and pother over the marital relations of a few members of the "Mormon" Church, while thousands upon thousands of people all over the Union sustain social relations that are indefensible, and not a word is said about it by our national lawmakers.

A recent telegram stated that: "A few days ago the President nominated Wm. C. Connell, of Ohio, to be Indian agent at Umatilla agency. While the offices in the Territories are open to persons from any State it is unusual to fill positions in the States with individuals residing in other States. Representative George called at the Interior Department to learn why an Ohio man had been given an office in Oregon, and the excuse of the appointing power was that it was thought the Umatilla agency was situated in one of the Territories. Connell's nomination was withdrawn, and George is waiting to hear from home before recommending an Oregon man for the place." The question arises, why offices in the Territories any more than in the States should be filled by strangers and persons who have no stake or interest in the locality? The same principle that demands residents for offices in States calls for residents or offices in the Territories.

THE SLOUCH MACHINIST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "FOSSIL ENGINEER."

There are a good many of him He is widely scattered. He knows the local names of "hims" and "dutchmen" in many districts, and talks of "an eighth scant" or a "plump sixteenth" in all the rich and varied local dialects of the United States and other tongues.

He is a man of gesture, full in expetive, positive in convictions, and set in ways. They may not be true ways, nor straight ways, nor smooth and easy ways, nor ways that produce work that is true, round, or dead flat, or sharp square. But they are his ways and he is there; they have guided him through shambling years of slouching handiwork, and when he dies there will be many more of his race to perpetuate that kind—bad kind though it be.

He has a shop either up three crooked flights of dark and broken stairs, or down a damp basement under a grocery commission warehouse, where the smell of bacon or the trickling of molasses hogsheads penetrate and get lost and stay forever and multiply.

Occasionally he drives his stake at a country cross-roads, and has an illicit connection with an alleged wheelwright—a commerce from which are born lame and sickly jobs that fill the mechanical hospitals forever.

The last time I saw him he was up a dark and narrow cobbled street, high unto the haunts of printers, especially of daily journals, and his specialty was break-down job; because his works love not the light, and he likes to get behind, and under, and inside a job, with a flickering inch of rotten tallow candle, and stay there, at 50 cents an hour, until the next job comes.

The floor of his shop is a rich, rolling country; a springy, splintery,

hemlock floor, pock-marked with bolt-holes, and oil-grimed to saturation. The ceiling is held up by shores to keep the blacking-box-maker up-stairs from dropping through. His main-shaft would take a railroad pen to draw it—being neither straight nor true, but a cross between a curly zig-zag and a skew twist.

The engine—one of the "tri-weekly" kind, tries to get back the same week it started—is run (backwards) on generous principles, especially as regards the fly-wheel and the pump eccentric. The governor (one of the kind that measures out steam like a powder-flask valve), has for its prime recommendation that it throttles down to the verge of dryness the very wet steam that it admits full stroke.

The main belt is drawn up so tight that it booms like a double-bass drum if you tap it, and the main-shaft bearing runs in the caps—thus getting an elastic suspension bearing, in which rolling friction is substituted for sliding, as the main driving pulley just rolls round in the fold of the main belt.

The recety plainer screeches a warning against being entrusted with any more work, and holds one hind-leg tremblingly in air, as though a splinter from the floor had got in it. A red-headed apprentice is plowing with his tool, when he is not re-lacing (with a piece of suspender) the greasy belt.

The big lathe seems to be used (when not doing duty as a drill press, or milling flutes), as a common dumping ground for tools and handy-sized scraps. Part of the ways, near the head, have been chipped out to take in bigger work than the tool was built for; and another part, near the middle, has a "dutchman" let in, because the piece knocked out when the countershaft fell on it was too long for the carriage to bridge. On this lathe another boy is brightening the screw of a book-binder's press, getting lots of emery on the ways.

The drill-press is a museum, also a musical box and an awful warning. The platen bears sample holes the size of every drill that has ever been used on it. The socket will take a round or a square, a straight or a taper shank, with or without a set-screw; and this press is warranted to drill a three-cornered hole with a flat drill 1769 times out of 1770. The 1770th time it won't drill any, until the combination is reset, because every 1770 turns the broken tooth in the driving pinion comes opposite the two broken ones in the driven bevel wheel, and makes a "Geneva stop" attachment.

While you are in the shop the set screw on the eccentric slips so as to give about 175 lead to the D valve. Much excitement in the shop. The vice-hands assist in looking at the engineer search for the 24-inch monkey-wrench. It is found where last used—on the wall plate of the lean-to, where Stokes was tightening the leg-screws that held up the hanger of the fan counter shaft.

It is a wonderful monkey-wrench. Its jaws have "cross-play," so that it can take in a hex nut that is not a true hex; and its handle is built up of rings of double leather belt strung on the shaft and tightened with a nut.

The slouch machinist has to drill and tap some holes for 1½ inch flues in the 16-inch crown sheet of a 30-inch vertical boiler. Makes a wooden guide 26-inches diameter. Can't get it through the 14-inch manhole. Saws it in two and bolts it together inside. Finds he has sawed the centre mark out. Has to take it out and find a supposed centre by two diameters.

Hunts for a reamer (among a lot of carriage-bolts in the window-seat). Can't find one. Makes one. Reams a hole. Finds it eight-cornered. Swears. Screws a bit of wood on each side. (Screw-driver made of a hand-file.) Prepares to tap hole. Finds tap has a straight, round shank ½ inch full, while ratchet has a Tudor Gothic oriel hole, only 7-16 inch, skimped. Swears. Drops the ratchet down into the water-leg of the boiler—bad for ratchet's rheumatism. Tries to get it out through lower hand-hole. Can't. Swears. Fishes it out with a loop of copper wire (out of the drawers devoted to files, chalk, red-lead, second-hand gaskets, split steam-fittings, and a porter-bottle with sal ammoniac in it). Turns his tap-shank down and files it to a genteel trapezoidal section. Runs tap clear down. Taps them all. Feels good. Picks a piece of mackerel out of his left hind under molar with a scriber. Then remembers that the tubes are drop-tubes for water, and ought to be screwed in

from below, when he has tapped the crown-sheet from above and worked that tap for all it was worth in the way of diameter. Then he reams all the holes out and puts in a brass bush, and cuts all the tubes off ½ of an inch northeast by east half north, and expands the tubes in. Says the job is good enough for a printer any way, and makes out his bill for 69 hours time at 50 cents, \$34.50; special tools, \$6.12½; materials (brass tubes out of the last job, cut up for bushes), \$1.87½; total, \$42.50—because he is just that amount short on his quarter's rent.

Reader, you know this slouch just as I know him. He has worked for you or with you, and I have hired him often; but always for short periods, and under different names and bearing different personal appearances. He leaves behind him a goodly heritage of curses and repair-bills, and time charges hunting up his tools and bringing them back to standard and definite size.

He doesn't take a paper and he doesn't read up on his trade, and you can't exchange wrinkles with him—unless it might be in the mysteries of using red lead and brown paper and slips of tomato cans, and working up trimmings of boiler plates and short pieces of old leather belts and tops of kerosene lamps and old stay bolts and legs of gum boots and stripped files and bent cotton spindles and broken shear blades and such junk into new machines and repair jobs.

He never saw a slide rule, and thinks that a flywheel gives an engine more power, and that one turbine taking water from another doubles the work of the water. He was born a slough from Slouchville, Slouch County, and will be buried at an old age, (if he isn't killed earlier by some tom-fool piece of his own ignorance) without leaving one good piece of work to remember him by.—*Mechanical News.*

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