

into a pan placed to receive it. No intervention is needed until another rod is wanted.

A set of shoe-making apparatus, in another enclosure, takes the leather in the hide and turns out, with slight manual application, a pair of shoes, sewed, pegged or screwed, in about 15 minutes.

A novel planing machine shows a revolving cutter fixed in a disk which is, by means of an elbow arrangement of bands and pulleys, moved in any direction over the board to be planed, giving a very remarkable finish to the surface. In general, however, the wood-working apparatus is not so interesting, and by far less extensive than at Philadelphia.

It is a little remarkable, since necessity is the mother of invention, that we, who are not a warlike people, should excel these old bellicose nations in the construction of fire arms. The Remington Co., exhibit two new forms of military guns that are obviously an improvement on all simple breach-loaders. The breach block in one is the same as in the Martini Henry rifle, but the opening is effected by the hammer, and can be worked by the thumb of the right hand. The motions are fewer and the action simpler than in the Henry rifle. But a more interesting arm is a breach loader on the piston system, with an auxiliary magazine so arranged that a reserve of seven cartridges may be held and the gun used as a simple breach-loader until a critical moment when, by pushing aside the key of the magazine, the reserve is brought into play and the seven shots may be fired with aim in ten seconds.

C. A. S.

Storms—Crops, etc.

SPRINGDALE, Sept. 8, 1878,

Editors Deseret News:

At about 10 o'clock p.m. of Tuesday last, the sky was suddenly enshrouded in a black mantle, and fierce and vivid lightnings flashed through the air, the report of which was almost terrific. The storm soon commenced with a sound as of the rushing of uncontrolled waters, and balls of frozen water fell, from a quarter of an inch to two inches in diameter. The hail stripped a field of cane for Brother Joseph Millet, about two miles above town. Melons, cucumbers, etc., were badly mangled. A large portion of our water ditch was completely filled with rock, gravel, sand, etc., adding to the already almost unendurable labor of the farmer. Storms have been so frequent of late that our time is mostly employed in dithing.

The rains have been mostly on the mountains, rather to the detriment of our crops, and yet the prospects for harvest are pretty good, wheat (which came off at an early date) was unusually good, although the number of acres were few. There is quite an amount of sickness in the Rockville Ward, some of our aged mothers in Israel are dangerously ill with the chills and fever, which is the prevailing sickness. Union is on the increase in this ward. Fruit is so plentiful, and laborers and lumber so scarce, that a portion must rot on the ground.

Yours very truly

S. K. GIFFORD.

The Missing Pages.

"Have a paper, sir? Something to read in the cars, ma'am! Harper's Atlantic Scribner! All the magazines!"

But the people hurried past John's little stand into the station, as they had done all the morning. Only the Post and Journal sold, and here was noon! Profit, three cents! On sunny days his sales were pretty brisk, but it was drizzling. The thick, Pittsburg air was full of falling soot, and nobody cared to stop to buy.

"No wonder they want to hurry out of this horrible place!" muttered John, looking about at the wet, dingy houses, the pools of black mud, through which the horses tramped, and the clouds of smoke rolling through the streets. He thought of the sunny Ohio farm on which he was born, and felt that he could never grow used to this place. Three cents profit! Not enough to buy a loaf of bread.

John thought of his mother, and of the scanty breakfast which they had eaten together in their bare

garret, with its windows opening on the sooty roofs. If he could but have had a good trade he might have carried a nice little treat home to her. But the crowd hurried past, and nobody stopped.

"Magazine, ma'am! Something to read on the—"

The lady stopped. "Godey? Ah, your books are dirty!" dropping the sooty magazine with a shrug.

As if he could help that! But he began blowing away the soot for the twentieth time that day. It was four years since his father died, and he and his mother had come down to town, and in that time he had done nothing but fight weakly against soot and starvation.

He opened one of the story papers for boys. There was a sea-story in it; a boy goes off in the first chapter as a stowaway; in the third, the gallant lad leaped upon deck, and the commodore clasped him in his arms!

On the next page was an account of a boy going home from work, who arrived just in time to scale the walls of a burning house, and rescue a child, for which daring act he was the next day taken into partnership by the child's father, a millionaire.

"Some fellows have such splendid chances!" said John, laying down the paper with a sigh. "Now, I've been here for years, and nothing grand or noble ever turns up for me to do. Buy ten Posts, fifteen Journals daily; sell them, if I can. On Saturdays, buy the weeklies. Once a month the magazines. That's the best of it, year in and year out. How's a fellow to make a ten-strike at that sort of work?"

An old gentleman who had missed the train, sauntered up and began idly looking over the boy's stock.

John watched him anxiously. If he should buy one of the six bound books! Profit was twenty-five cents. If he should buy one of those, he could take home a little treat to his mother after all.

The boy's eyes fairly glistened, for, besides being fond of his mother, he was hungry; and the smell of fried oysters and coffee from the restaurant near was almost more than he could bear.

The old gentleman took up one of the books. John thought he was certainly going to buy one. What should the treat be? A bit of fresh meat? A mince-pie? He decided that the steak would be best.

"Ah! here is a book which I have wanted for a long time," said the gentleman. "What's the price of this, my boy?"

"Those are one dollar each, sir." "I'll take this. No, you needn't wrap it up. I'll read it on the cars."

He laid down a bright trade dollar.

John could almost smell the delicious steak, and he thought of his mother's thin, starved face. They had not tasted meat for days. But a glance at the book, as the gentleman dropped it into his satchel, caused him to say, faintly:

"Stop, sir! I did not see which one you had taken. That is an imperfect copy. There are four leaves missing in the middle."

"Too bad!"—throwing it down. "The dollar please."

"Will none of the others suit?" said John.

"No. I have wanted this book for some time."

"You can have it for seventy-five cents," said John, eagerly.

"I don't want a mutilated copy at all."

John handed him back the dollar, and closing his satchel, the man walked on a few steps, and sat down in an open doorway to wait for his train. He was a rudy, fat, old gentleman, with a kindly, shrewd blue eye. Having nothing to do, he thought the occurrence over leisurely.

"That's an honest lad," he said to the proprietor of the shop in which he stood. "He might have cheated me just now, but he did not."

"Who? John M'Tavish? As honest as steel. He's been under my eye now for four years, and I know him to be as truthful a lad as ever was born of Scotch blood."

"Um, um!" said the old gentleman. But he put on his spectacles and eyed John from head to foot.

The next day he stopped at the same shop, and walked up to the proprietor.

"How's he for intelligence, now?" he began, as if the conversation had stopped the moment before.

"Stupid, probably?"

"I don't think he's very sharp in

trade," was the reply; "but he's a very handy boy. He has made a good many convenient knick-knacks for the neighbors—that book-shelf for instance."

"Why, that's the very thing I want in a boy! Well, there's my train. Good-day, sir."

"He'll be back again. Odd old fellow, said the merchant, laughing."

The next day he was back, and he came at the same hour.

"I like that boy's looks, sir. I've been watching him. But of course he has a dozen relations—drunken father, rag-tag of brothers—who would follow him?"

"No. He has only a mother, and she is a decent, God-fearing Scotch woman—a good seamstress, John tells me, but can get no work. Times are dull here just now. Pity the country folks will pour into the cities. Mrs. M'Tavish has nothing but what the boy earns at his stand yonder."

The old gentleman made no reply. But the next day he went up to the boy's stand. John was looking pale and anxious. Some of his regular customers had refused to take their magazines—times being so hard. They would be a dead loss on his hands.

"Paper? Magazines, sir?" he asked.

"No. A word with you, my lad. My name is Bohnn. I am the owner of the Bordale Nurseries, about thirty miles from here. I want a young man to act as clerk and salesman on the grounds, at a salary of forty dollars a month, and a woman who will be strict and orderly, to oversee the girls who pack flower-seeds, at twenty-four dollars a month. I offer the positions to you and your mother, and I give you until to-morrow to think it over."

"But you—you don't know me, sir," gasped John.

"I know you very well. I generally know what I am about. To-morrow be ready to give your answer. I will take you four weeks on trial. If I am satisfied, the engagement will be renewed for a year."

All the rest of the day John felt like one in a dream. Everybody had heard of the Bordale Nurseries, and of good old Isaac Bohnn, the owner. But what had he done that this earthly paradise should be opened to him?

"You'll come, eh?" said Mr. Bohnn, the next day. "Thought you would. When can you begin work?"

"At once, sir."

"Good! By the way, there's a vacant house on the grounds which your mother can have, rent free, if she remains with me. A mere box, but big enough—big enough. There's my team. Suppose you come out, M'Tavish and look about you. You can come back at night."

John locked up the stand, sent a message to his mother, and went with Mr. Bohnn. He had not yet told his mother of the change in their affairs.

He was very silent when he came home that night, but oddly tender with his mother; and she noticed that he remained a long time on his knees at prayer that night.

They had only a little bread and milk for breakfast the next morning, and John scarcely tasted it.

"You look as if you could not bear this much longer, mother," he said, coming up to her and putting his hands upon her shoulder.

"You need good wholesome meals, and the fresh air, and the hills and the trees, instead of this!" looking out at the piled stacks of chimneys, belching forth the black smoke of an iron foundry.

"Don't talk of them, John, lad!"

"Well, I won't," and he put on his hat and went out.

An hour later he came back.

"What is wrong? Why have you left the stand?" his mother asked in alarm.

"We are going to have an outing, mother. Don't say a word. I can afford it."

She never had seen the boy so full of excitement. He hurried her to the station, and soon they were gliding among beautiful rolling hills, and across lovely meadows, that were sweet with the odor of new-mown hay. At noon they came to stretches of rising ground, covered with nurseries of young trees of delicate green, and with vineyards, and field after field of roses, mignonette, and all kinds of sweet smelling flowers.

"Why, John, this is fairyland! What is this place?"

"The Bordale Nurseries. We will get off here, mother. I want to show you a house that—"

He trembled with agitation. His face was pale as he led her down to the side of the broad, glancing river, near which was nestled in the woods a cosey little cottage, covered with a red trumpet-creeper. There was a garden, a well, and a paddock for a cow. Inside, the rooms were clean and ready for furnishing. The river rippled drowsily against its pebbly shore; the birds darted through the blue, sunny air; the scent of roses came in upon the breeze.

"Mother," said John, "this, I hope, will be your home now." And with that he began to laugh and caper about her like a boy; but the tears rolled down his thin cheeks.

John M'Tavish is now foreman of the Bordale Nurseries, and a man of high standing in the country. Not long ago he said to old Mr. Bohnn:

"I owe this all to the friend who said a good word for me that day in Pittsburg."

"No, John," said the old man, "you owe it to the book with the missing pages. The chance came to you, as it comes to every boy, to be honest. Honesty and industry, John, are what did it, and I am inclined to think they never fail to command success in the end.—*Youth's Companion.*

Rheumatism.

This disease is a standing "conundrum" to medical men, but Dr. Julius Pollock thinks that he has at least cleared the subject of some confusion that surrounded it. He says the term rheumatism is applied to several different diseases which are essentially distinct, although they have certain features in common. The two chief forms are articular and muscular rheumatism. The former is a disease of early adult life, more or less acute in character, with a tendency to get well in about six weeks. Articular rheumatism, when all severe, is called rheumatic fever. It attacks the synovial membranes and also the similar serous membranes, especially of the heart. There is a distinct predisposition to this disease in certain persons, which is sometimes inherited. The immediate exciting cause is exposure to cold or "taking a chill." It never attacks the muscles. Muscular rheumatism is a disease of middle and advanced life, is commonly chronic, and will continue indefinitely if not treated. It attacks, not the muscles themselves, but the tendons and other parts of the muscle which have a similar anatomical structure. Muscular rheumatism does not attack the heart, and is rarely fatal.—*Journal of Chemistry.*

Shoot High.

"Isht ter Scheneral around?" asked an excited clothing merchant as the United States troops passed through Siatku, last week, in pursuit of the fleeing Bannacks.

"Well, my man," said Howard, reigning in his horse, "what is it? Speak quick."

"I am a rooin man, Sheneral. Dem cursed redskins, dey murder my boy Shacob about five miles from here un shtear a dozen pair of pants he vos peddlin'. New pants, so hellep me kracious—right out of my store."

"Sorry for your loss, my man, but I haven't time to talk about it now. If we catch up with these demons we'll stop their deviltries for good and all."

"Yes, I know, Scheneral, I know," eagerly whispered the bereaved ready-made merchant, hanging desperately to the officer's stirrup. "Dot's all right, but ven you come up mit does Indians vot got does new pants on, for kracious sake, Scheneral, tole de soldiers to shoot high!"—*San Francisco Post.*

A Communist Cornered.

Hewitt's labor investigating committee in New York has examined several labor agitators. Friday, Robert Bartholomee, chairman of a delegation from the "Socialistic Labor Party of America," was before the committee. The question was asked Bartholomee whether if a man earned \$10,000 he should not be paid that amount. The answer was "Certainly." "Then suppose

a man earns \$4,000, he is to be paid that amount." "Certainly," again said Bartholomee. "Then supposing that the man earns \$10,000, spends but \$4,000, what is he to do with the other \$6,000?" "Divide it up with the different co-operative societies," answered Bartholomee. "Then" said the committeeman, "if he is to give up \$6,000, what is the use of his trying to earn \$10,000?" Whereat Bartholomee subsided.

SHORT AND SHARP.

We have just been thinking how language came into the world. It was during Adam and Eve's first quarrel, when one word brought on another.

Science says that it took millions of years to evolve man from the oyster; observation shows that it takes less than a minute to transfer the oyster to a man.

A little girl asked a minister, "Do you think my father will go to heaven?" "Why, yes, my child. Why do you ask?" "Well, because if he don't have his own way he won't stay long."

A raptured writer inquires: "What is there under heaven more humanizing, or if we may use the term, more angelizing, than a fine black eye in a lovely woman?" Answer: Two black eyes!

An English boy was beating a donkey unmercifully, when the minister of the parish, coming up, censured him for his cruelty. The boy resentfully retorted: "I'm sure you neena care; it's nane of your congregation."

An Irishman waited at the cardinal's table in Dublin, on a Friday, when there were 17 courses of fish. "Bedad," he exclaimed, "if that's what ye call fastin', it's meeself that could stand Lent all the year round."

An exchange publishes the startling information that there are no reserved seats in heaven. Most people would banish all uneasiness on that account if they could only make sure of obtaining standing room.

It was thought to be a big thing in ancient times when Ajax threw off his ulster and defied the lightning, but now almost any man raises thunder if his dinner is cold, and the poets never say a word about it.—*Hawkeye.*

Probably at the last, dreadful day, when Gabriel sounds his trumpet, if he doesn't stop once or twice between the blasts and shout, "General! general! colonel, I say!" not more than two fifths of the men in American cemeteries will get up.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

When placed under a microscope the sting of a bee presents a polish of dazzling beauty, but when placed on the end of a man's nose it takes on the semblance of a rat-tail file dipped in vitriol, and brings out words as rough as a grindstone.

An exchange, a few days ago, announced: "A report of the Rev. Mr. B——'s very able sermon is crowded out of this issue by a press of more timely matter." On another page we found a column devoted to base ball, and a half-column to a horse-trot.

"Why does lightning so rarely strike twice in the same place?" Professor Wortman asked the new boy in the class in natural philosophy. "Huh," said the new boy, "it never needs to." And it is a little singular that nobody had thought of that reason before.—*Hawkeye.*

Three years ago a young man came to Burlington with only 85 cents in his pocket. He invested all his capital in a drug store. Two weeks afterward he put up two prescriptions, bought a steam yacht, a breech-loading gun and three dogs, and spends his summers in Europe.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

A little five-year old boy, residing with his parents in the Cheney block, was asked by a lady, a few days since, for a kiss. He immediately complied, but the lady, noticing that the little fellow drew his hands across his lips, remarked, "Ah, but you're rubbing it off." "No, I ain't," was the quick rejoinder, "I'm rubbing it in."—*Hartford Times.*