

THE AGE OF ALUMINIUM.

Speculations Concerning the Future Use of This Wonderful Metal.

Have we really entered upon the age of aluminium? asks the Philadelphia Press. As it is well known, aluminium is the most abundant of all the metals on the earth's crust, and ever since its discovery almost every leading metallurgist and chemist has been working to find a cheap process for reducing it. In a large measure they have succeeded. Only a few years ago this metal cost more than gold. Today, thanks to the enterprise of Americans, it has been reduced to the price, block for block, of at \$2 per pound aluminium. At \$2 per pound aluminium is a cheaper metal to use than nickel. It is nearly four times lighter than nickel, and will go therefore nearly four times as far.

Aluminium has only been on the market in a commercial way for about a year. In that time the applications to which this metal can be economically put have been found to be so numerous that the Press predicts its introduction will mark a great step in the advance of human progress. Aluminium at 25 cents per pound—and it will surely reach that price—will take the place of iron and steel in many important lines of manufacture. Its adaptability to ship-building becomes at once apparent. The use of aluminium for this purpose would change the mighty black racer of the Atlantic into bright silver vessels which would inspire the marine poet's flights of hitherto unheard-of fancy in describing how "lightly the silver ships rode the blue billows." Seriously, there is a possibility that ocean racers in the course of time will be constructed of aluminium.

Its chief advantage is its lightness. At present one of the great difficulties in ocean navigation is the weight of vessels. It is impossible to get engine power sufficient to obtain more than twenty miles an hour. It has been estimated that if an Atlantic liner were built of aluminium, or that the weight of the material out of which ships are constructed be reduced by one-half, and their sides coated with a highly polished noncorrosive substance, it would have less than one-third the draught, and be propelled with the same engine power at double the speed which characterizes the iron-built steamships of the present day.

Commenting on this matter, the London Spectator in a recent issue said editorially: "It is calculated that a ship which, if entirely constructed of iron, would draw twenty-six feet of water, when made of aluminium would draw only four or five. Practically, the light metal would treble or quadruple the number of miles of navigable rivers in the world, and we should think nothing of vessels crossing the Atlantic in seventy-two hours."

What a boon to humanity this change would be. Houses can be built of aluminium, and, as this metal never rusts and is as fire proof as iron, a house constructed of it would not only survive a great conflagration, but always exhibit a silvery, glistening surface. Passenger-cars made of aluminium would be incombustible, and would not be readily crumpled by collisions. Pure aluminium melts and becomes fluid at about 1,200 degrees Fahrenheit, and is most malleable at a temperature between 200 and 300 degrees Fahrenheit, although it can be rolled cold with frequent annealing. In malleability it ranks next to gold and silver, and may be easily drawn, its tensile strength varying from twelve to fourteen tons to the inch. It can be hammered into foil as thin as any beaten gold-leaf and rolled into sheets of five-thousandths of an inch in thickness.

When the bright and beautiful aluminium is sooner or later replaced by the black and ugly iron in most of the latter's uses remains to be seen. There is aluminium in every clay-bank, in every plain, in every mountain side, and when it reaches a cost of say 25 cents a pound it is safe to predict that we shall have entered on an age of aluminium.

AFTER THE SERMON.

Preached by a City Parson to Country Darkies—A True Incident.

Dramatis Personae.

Uncle Gabriel, returning from a night excursion, with sack of corn. Brother Jacob, also returning, but wrapped in his great coat, evidently something concealed thereunder. The following is the salutation, and discussion of the previous night's events:

"Good mornin', Br'er Jake; how you likes dat preachin' las' night?"
"Well, Uncle Gabul, I des no likes it 'tall. I wish dem stuck-up circus ridin' preachers (he meant "circuit rider") when dey cavort (he meant exhort) dese country niggers would des give us de good ol' gospel, an' quit dem fool ways talkin' to spectubul folks. 't does, dat's so, you des hear me, Uncle Gabul."

"'Wot you 'ludes to, Br'er Jake?"
"Why dat pussen he des preach 'bout niggers stealin' chickens, an' all sech dat dat he speaks me to pertibbit (he meant contribute) to de 'sport of de gospol, he got to preach de gospol an' let dese niggers 'lone. I want's de good ol' gospol widout chicken 'bout niggers, and all sech; and niggers runnin' 'bout niggers. Dis hear preachin' what interferences wid de cullud pussen's cibil an' 'ligius liberty—dot's not de gospol we folks use to, an' dat town gentlemen he des gwyen to break up dis' he's congwegashun. Uncle Gabul, what's you gwyen to dis maawin' des 'bout two hours afore day?"

(Uncle Gabriel grows suddenly excited; also indignant and emphatic.)
"Wot you 'ludes to, over dar' dat time night? You's not gwyen to be watchin' spectubul people, 's you gwyen to be des like dat town pussen what's allers talkin' 'bout niggers gwyen 'bout 'fo' day an' stealin'?"

"Well, Uncle Gabul, I thought I seed you over dar at ol' mars' cawn crib."

(Uncle Gabriel grows furious under such a plain language. Hear him.)
"Who say I stole cawn las' night? Him a liar an' got no troof in him! You musn't 'cuse dis nigga stealin', or des mix, an' dat right heah on de 'bout! Dat's what de matter wid dis nigga!"

"Well, Uncle Gabul, I didn't 'cuse

you stealin'; I des ax you what you gwyen. I 'cept yo' 'pol'gy."
"Dat's all right, Br'er Jake. What you buys dem chickens you got dar undar dat coat?" naively inquires Gabriel. The interrogation offends Br'er Jake in turn:

"Who say I stole chickens? You's getting to be as pussion as dat nigga preachah. I don't like to hear 'bout 'cullud pussen an' chickens,' no how. I won't foller what 'esses to preach de gospol, an' I won't foller what 'ess dem town niggers preach, want 'em all to quit talkin' 'bout niggas an' chickens,' an' 'I—I—I des wants to hear de gospol; dat's what my 'ligion 'lists in. Dat's what I knows."
"Is you gwyen to de animul confunce down to the freedom school-house, is you?" (He meant annual conference.)

"Yes, Uncle Gabul; I des been layin' in 'spiles (supplies). I he'an dat nigga preacher. He love chicken, too."

Well, Br'er Jake, when dat man eats dinna wid you des tell him fo' me, neber ax spectubul folks wear dey gits dat chicken? Dats my advice az-zabkly! Adieus.—M. V. Moore, in Atlanta Constitution.

Death of a Parrot from Grief.

Mr. Torbert of Madison, Ga., was the owner of a pet parrot. The bird was a good talker and much petted by the family. During the recent illness of Mr. Torbert it seemed to understand that something was wrong and ceased to talk. After his death it would pay no attention to anything around the place, and a few days subsequently died. The parrot was particularly petted by Torbert, and its death was undoubtedly caused by grief.

The Cyclone and the Rose.

A sudden hush seemed to have fallen upon the village. The farmers' horses, hitched to the rack on the public square, stood closer together, and the town crowd walked briskly toward home where her calf stood, rubbing his head against the fence. The canvass awnings in front of the stores, trembled and swelled, and the leaves on the locust tree standing near the court-house well, quivered. The air was warm. Whenever a woman appeared on the street, a fluttering of white was seen. The sun had been blazing all day, but was now hidden by a gathering of clouds in the west. The court-house bell struck three, and several women, arrayed in calico and sun-bonnets, came out of a store, climbed into a wagon and drove away. The leaves on the locust tree fluttered and the canvass of the awnings began to flap against the posts.

"Uncle John," said the county clerk, meeting an old farmer in the street, "I believe we are going to have a storm."

"Yes, looks sorter that way."

A stiff breeze sprang up even while they were talking. The down of the dandelion flitted past. A horse broke loose from the rack and ran away. A rose bush in the court-house yard shook its blooming head. Then there followed a silence so profound that it seemed as if nature were holding her breath, and then all the dust of the street arose in the air. In another moment there was a terrific roar. The cloud had burst and a cyclone had struck the town. The houses, built of wood, vanished—the rack, horses and all were gone. The great oak tree under which so many boys, now gray with age, had played, fell with a loud crash, and an old man was thrown into its wavering "lap" and torn to pieces. A woman fell on her knees and shrieked as she saw her child flying through the air, and the next moment she lay dead with a heavy beam lying on her neck. The cupola of the court-house was hurled through the storm with the bell tolling, and an old cow, with her bell ringing, was smashed to death between two flying pieces of timber. The rose bush in the court-house yard lay flat on the ground.

The storm was gone; of the sleepy, contented town, nothing was left but a wild scene of desolation. The great oak tree lay on the ground. The rose bush in the court-house yard straightened up and shook its blooming head. Strength and majesty were dead; beauty and sentiment still lived.—Arkansas Traveler.

How Beck Got Fair Play for a Boy

An interesting story is current about Mr. Beck in the early days of his life in Lexington. He was always keen to take the side of the weak against the strong. On one occasion he offered to take a whole circus company, in the slavery days, when, in the circus, a call was made for volunteers to ride a trick mule. Fifty dollars was offered to anybody who would stick on. A little darky came forward and mounted the mule's back. After going around the ring a few times the mule began a series of tactics to dislodge his rider. But the little darky stuck like wax, and it soon became pretty plain that the mule unaided could not get him off. The ringmaster, thinking himself safe in maltreating a friendless negro boy, came up and gave his colleague, the mule, several sharp cuts with his whip that sent darky and mule rolling over in the sawdust.

Mr. Beck saw the fraud. He jumped down from his seat, dashed into the ring, and, catching the ringmaster with a very persuasive grip, administered some Jacksonian language to him, and demanded the money for the boy. The ringmaster showed fight. This was an easy matter, but it did not look so easy when the whole circus company took sides with the ringmaster. The spectators immediately sided with the man who had championed the friendless little darky. The money was paid over to the boy.

A southern journal says pea vines are the very best crop of ensilage.

Soft-Coal Smoke Beneficial.

The belief that smoke from soft coal may have beneficiary sanitary effects is gaining ground. It is claimed that sulphur in the coal when burned becomes highly disinfectant. Further, that creosote and its allied products are thrown off with the fumes of bituminous coal, and that an atmosphere charged with carbonic acid must be freer from germs of disease than an apparently purer air.—American Analyst.

A LONG COURTSHIP.

One cup and saucer; one little red-edged plate; one bone-handled knife and fork; one silver spoon marked "E. S." and worn thin with much usage. It did not take Emma Smith very long to clear away her breakfast-table. "It does seem," said she, speaking aloud presumably to the cat, "as if I grew poorer and poorer every day! I had a little butter with my oatmeal yesterday. To-day I haven't any. There's only a handful of potatoes left in the bin, and four apples and a few carrots; and I've no money. Yes, it's come to that. I've got to sell Aunt Desire's old blue Canton china!"

As she uttered these words, a moisture came into her eyes which made the white crocuses along the garden walk waver as if a high wind had swept over them. No one would have believed that Emma Smith had once been the prettiest girl in Norvalton. Now and then a blue light would sparkle in her eyes, a faint flush of color would rise to her withered cheeks, which might recall the days of yore, but these came seldom. She was a dressmaker by trade, but she had somehow gone out of fashion. People looked askance at her Paris plates, and doubted her ability to hang a skirt or cut a "surplice waist." "The dashing 'Madame' from London got all the local custom. And there were times when Emma heartily wished that she had accepted Asa Hopper, instead of jeering at his suit.

She had scarcely packed up the blue Canton China set, in a dilapidated splint basket, when the sound of creaking wheels was heard, and Old Ma'am Perkins, seated on an aerial perch amid a bristling array of crockery and tinware, driving a patient old horse who paid no sort of attention to shaken reins or belaboring whip came into view. Emma ran out to intercept her.

"Want to buy anything, Emma?" Emma Smith shook her head. "Mrs. Perkins," said she, "I'm wantin' to sell."

"To sell! To sell what Emma?" "Aunt Desire's old set o' china. Real Canton. Flowin' blue. The hull set perfect, and not a chip nor a crack in it!"

"What ye want for it?" "I haint no idea what it's worth," sighed Emma. "Anything'll bring."

"Wal, hand it up here, an' I'll dew my level best for ye," said old Ma'am Perkins.

"I'm goin' down Bexford way, this trip, and some one may take a fancy to it."

It was late in the April twilight when the crockery cart once more stopped at the door. Emma ran out to greet the cheerful old woman who set on it.

"Wal," cried Old Ma'am, "I sold it!" "Did you?" Emma had cherished an illogical, lingering sort of hope that the blue china might prove unsaleable, and thus come back to her after all.

"And who'd ye guess bought it? Asa Hopper, up to the Brook Farm?" "Asa Hopper's he's going to be married," said Old Ma'am Perkins. "Anyhow, he's furnished up the house splendid, with a new red carpet in the best room, and new wall paper and Nottingham lace curtains. Had property left him from the Fairfield Hoppers," added Old Ma'am. "Says he: 'Seems to me that china looks sort o' natural!' And says I: 'I wouldn't wonder if you'd took tea off it before now. It belongs to Emma Smith, the dressmaker down in Norvalton,' says I, 'and she ain't so well off as she was—and she wants to sell it.' Says she: 'How much'll you take for it?' Says I: 'Five pounds' (for I thought there w'd be no use a-sellin' it for nothing.) Says he: 'I'll take it!' An' here's the money all in gold, in a shammy leather purse."

And away she drove, chuckling to herself. Emma Smith went back into the dreary room, lighted her candle, and set herself to work to apportion this unexpected windfall to her various debts and deficiencies; and though it all her heart was as heavy as lead.

"It's nothing to me that Asa Hopper is going to be married," said she to herself. "He's a real good fellow, and I'm sure I hope he'll do well. But—but I didn't s'pose he'd have forgot me so soon."

And a big round tear, like a miniature soap bubble, flashed down on the little lump of gold pieces.

As Miss Emma Smith reached up to put the money away in a cracked tumbler, at the back of the dresser shelf, she saw, standing there, a little cream pitcher with the inevitable Chinese on the badly fore-shortened bridge traced in flowing lines on its appoplectic sides.

"There!" said she, "I forgot to send that cream pitcher with the rest. I'm sure I don't know how it ever came here."

Just then there came a knock at the door. Miss Smith had nearly dropped the pitcher in the start she gave. She went to the door, and there stood Asa Hopper, himself.

"Good evening, Emma!" said he, just exactly as if ten years had not elapsed since their last meeting.

"Good evening, Asa!" said the dressmaker. "I know what you come for. Sit down."

"You do, eh?" Asa turned very red and diligently dusted the inside of his hat with his silk handkerchief.

"You've come for that blue pitcher that belongs to your set, and here it is."

"No, I haint," said Asa Hopper, paying no attention to the article of household ware extended to him. "I've come for you, Emma!"

"For—me!"

"Yes, just that." Asa Hopper laid his hat on the table and put his handkerchief back into his pocket in a business-like way. "Now look here. You're alone in the world—so be I. And all these years since we were young together I've been a thinkin' of you and no one else. I'm well-to-do in the world, and I can keep my wife like a lady—and for a year back I've been sort o' furnishin' up my house and sayin' to myself: 'This 'ere carpet's a pattern Emma would like,' and 'them blue-painted cheeks would match Emma's eyes to a charm.' And the house is ready—and I'm ready—and

when old Mrs. Perkins brought the Canton china set and said you wanted to sell it, I knowed the call had come. Be you ready, too, Emma?"

Emma colored and still she smiled. It was not exactly the way in which she had pictured her future wooing, yet there was genuine love in Asa's eyes, and a spirit of "dead-in-earnest" breathing through his words!

"Yes," said she. "I am ready!" "Then give me a kiss, Emma," said the jubilant lover, jumping up, "just to seal the bargain."

"Oh, take care! you'll break the cream pitcher," said Emma.

"Hang the cream pitcher," said Asa, and he got the kiss after all.

"But did you really love me all these years?" asked Emma, coyly. "Didn't you never pay attention to no other girl?"

"Never!" said Asa. "All my money was laid up for you, and that there house was furnished for you. And if you hadn't come there to live no other woman should, not until the day of my death."

Emma Smith's heart gave a little upward pulse. He was awkward, and loose-jointed, and red-haired, and this swain of hers, but among all the knights of King Arthur's Round Table there dwelt no more chivalrous spirit than his!

And they were married, and Old Ma'am Perkins came to the wedding in a glistening black silk gown, and they ate the wedding dinner off the Canton china set, and it is fair to conclude that they lived happy ever after. Is there any reason that they shouldn't? Need extreme youth be always a necessary element to happiness?

The Christian Faith.

Depew's After Dinner Speeches: They tell us there is no more Creator, only a cosmic dust. Who made the dust? There is only protoplasm, indeed? Who made protoplasm? They tell us of evolution from dust to monkey and then to man; but all the scientists have never found the missing link. The simple gospel of the humble son of a carpenter, preached by twelve fishermen, has survived the centuries and outlives all other philosophies of eighteen hundred years. I am not versed in the terminology of the philosophies. I believe them to be of little use to reach the hearts and influence the actions of simple men.

There is no liberty that lasts in the world, and there is no government which has liberty in it that lasts; that does not recognize the Bible. What is the object of all theology? It is to reach the human heart and to control the actions of men as they are. How many of us can even understand what the philosopher says? You might take the whole Stock Exchange and read Kant to them. Not so with the teachings of the Golden Rule.

They tell us God must disappear; that praying is begging; that the Holy Communion is cannibalism. When did such a religion send out a missionary? When you show me a colony of ten thousand people who have come to live decently by its teachings I may believe it. But I say now that the Christian faith of my mother is good enough for me. If we believe this faith, what harm? If we disbelieve it, and thereby do wrong, what of our future?

It would not be supposed that any one could get much fun out of a cork leg.

Yet I knew a man who had the misfortune to lose his leg who got a good deal of amusement out of its cork substitute.

Once he nearly scared an old gentleman out of his wits.

It was in this way:—The said cork leg was a very well made one, and when its owner was seated you could not tell the difference between the real and false article. One day my friend was in a railway car and opposite him was an old gentleman. My friend took out his penknife and began paring his nails.

When he had finished, instead of putting his knife back in his pocket, like an ordinary mortal, he gave it a jerk, and it stuck in his cork leg, and it vibrated to and fro in a sufficiently horrible manner.

The old gentleman's feeling can "better be imagined than described," as they say in the novels. He turned a beautiful green color, and at the next stoppage skipped from the car in a most active manner. He evidently thought he had got in with a madman, and probably imagined his leg would be the next to be experimented on.—N. Y. Herald.

A Florida Game-Cock.

A resident of Kissimmee, Fla., recently bought his wife a bureau with a large mirror attached. While out in the garden attending her flowers one day the lady heard a loud racket in the door. On hastening thither she discovered that her husband's game rooster had gone into the house and caught sight of himself in the glass. That settled it; and the way he went for that glass—fighting his own shadow—was a caution to all other game chickens. There wasn't a piece of glass left large enough for a hand mirror; and the rooster was so mad when the lady appeared on the scene that he turned his attention to her, and for a while it was a doubtful question as to which would win the battle. A vigorous use of the broom, however, finally left the lady in possession of the house and her shattered mirror.

A Colorado veteran has just taken from his belt a bullet which was shot into his hip at the battle of Antietam.

The Duchy of Lauenburg.

The little duchy of Lauenburg, the title of duke of which has been offered to Bismarck, has been tossed about a good deal during the present century. Originally German, it came into the possession of the French in 1806. In 1813 it was ceded to Hanover, only to be surrendered to Prussia and then to Denmark three years later. In 1864 it came back to Prussia and Austria, and by the latter was ceded to Prussia for \$1,500,000; finally, in 1876, being incorporated into the kingdom of Prussia.

I. N. MENOR.

N. M. JACOBSON.

Menor & Jacobson,

—DEALER IN—

Dry Goods, Notions, Groceries,

Fruits and Provisions.

We carry everything usually kept in a first class store and our facilities are such as will enable us to sell goods at

ROCK BOTTOM FIGURES.

We handle no shelf-worn or shoddy stuff, but the very best goods that money will buy, and guarantee perfect satisfaction in every department of our business. Call and be convinced.

MENOR & JACOBSON.

WEST SIDE MAIN ST.

CANTON, S. D.

Agitator,
Agitator,
Agitator,
Agitator,

J. I. CASE, T. M. CO.,

Racine, Wis.

—SOLD BY—

O. A. RUDOLPH,

CANTON, S. D.

Agent for Lincoln county.

THE PIONEER JEWELRY STORE.

Established 1869.

M. L. SYVERUD, Prop.

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Silverware, Musical Instruments.

Fine watch repairing a specialty. All work warranted.

CANTON.

SOUTH DAKOTA.

NOBLE BROS.,

—DEALER IN—

LUMBER & COAL

We carry a complete stock of all kinds of Lumber, which we purchase in the market. We are prepared at all times to furnish as good as any other dealer. Our stock of coal is complete and prices as low as they can be made. We also carry Cord Wood, Stove Wood, Posts Lime, Cement, etc.

Office and yard east of the city scales.

Davenport's Bargain Store.

If you have any love for a hard Silver dollar you can save one here.

For 5 Cents Each we Sell

- 1 Reflector hand lamp.
- 1 Full size claw hammer.
- 1 Scalloped cake pan.
- 1 Decorated tea tray.
- 1 Dozen lead pencils.
- 2 Dozen pen holders.
- 1 Seven pin hat rack.
- 1 Vegetable grate.
- 1 Skimmer.
- 1 Good kid purse.
- 1 Kettle cover.
- 1 Potato masher.
- 1 Package of tooth picks.
- 1 Large pie plate.
- 1 Dipper.
- 1 Iron boot-jack.
- 1 Bird bath dish.
- 1 Gift frame mirror.
- 1 Pair of shawl straps.
- 1 Comfort bustle.
- 1 Covered pail.
- 1 4 wheel child's cart.
- 1 Dozen of the above articles for 52 cents.

For 10 Cents Each we Sell

- 1 Hair curler.
 - 1 Box Swandown face powder.
 - 1 Good whisk broom.
 - 1 Child's tray broom.
 - 6 Papers of needles.
 - 1 Flour scoop.
 - 1 Eclipser flour sive.
 - 1 Cuspidore.
 - 1 Dozen tea spoons.
 - 4 Dozen table spoons.
 - 1 Silverware bust pan.
 - 1 Mogolice cream pitcher.
 - 1 pair of shelf brackets.
 - 1 Wire sponge basket.
 - 1 Scrap album.
 - 1 Box fine stationery.
 - 1 Bottle of liquid glue.
 - 1 knife box.
- And hundreds of articles that we have not space to mention that we sell at the same rate. You can select one dozen for \$1.06.

I Call Attention

To the fact that I am prepared to repair harvesters, binders and mowing machines, also threshers, horse powers and all kinds of machinery on short notice. Bring in your machinery and have it repaired before work commences.

Shop on Cedar St., South of Harlan House.

M. O. BERGSTROM.