

Consideration for Old Employees.

Physical vigor and mental activity are necessary in all kinds of employment and all sorts of business. Lacking either, the man is, in some degree incompetent. The cases are exceptional where profitable employment is fitted to the individual, whether physically weak or mentally slow. And yet there are cases where employment and occupation should be given to such persons, not alone as a matter of policy—to prevent mental and bodily injury—but as a duty. An employe who has spent the vigor of his best years in the service of an employer deserves something more in his last years than cold neglect. Even the turning out of an old horse to die is a subject for attention by the officers of humane societies.

If any employe is of any value whatever, he ought to earn for his employer something above his stipend; in fact, the labor of employes, combined with the judicious use of capital, should accumulate for the employer a competency, if not actual wealth. The wealth thus gathered represents, in part, the excess of the value of the labor performed above the amount that has been paid to the laborers. Although the employe has no right to demand more than the agreed sum as wages, or salary, which he receives, the fact remains that the wages, or salary, may not represent the proceeds of his work in full.

This fact may not constitute even a moral claim by the employe for anything beyond his regular compensation under any circumstances. It may be that the compensation was sufficient to have placed the employe, in his old age or feebleness, in a condition of comparative independence, but he may have neglected to provide for the inevitable rainy day. Employers have no special supererogatory duties toward employes of this class. Nor is it, perhaps, incumbent on them to pension off old employes, as Governments sometimes do public servants. The circumstances will alter the cases. It is not to be expected that employing establishments or individuals are to become insurers against the decrepitude of old age and its attendant incompetency. But the dictates of humanity and the demands of business policy may so far go harmoniously together as to prevent the too common spectacle of an old, faithful employe deprived not only of a position of profit because of inability, but of occupation adapted to his failing powers. There are few sadder sights than this, and pity for the unfortunate man and detestation for his thoughtless or perhaps avaricious employer is felt by every spectator.

As men grow old in any particular service their business ways and work habits become fixed, and all the surroundings of their secular days' employments become more familiar to them than their home life. It is like casting them adrift without rudder, oars, or chart to turn out old employes under such circumstances. Who has not felt a pity for some superannuated employe thus set adrift, as he has noticed him returned occasionally to his old haunts, and looking about wistfully on scenes of which he once formed a necessary part, but in which he is now only an incumbrance and a disturbing element. Too old to start anew in another line, and possessing none of the hopefulness of youth and the ambition of mid-age, he becomes disheartened, melancholy and perhaps imbecile, until death steps in to his relief.

There is a large manufactory in a New England State that for more than thirty years has been running with pecuniary success, employing young and old, male and female, in its various departments. When business has been dull and the markets unstable, work has been reduced and wages shortened, as was necessary to prevent financial disaster. But good employes were kept, if possible, even in the dullest times. There never was a strike, nor a threat of one, in this establishment. Among other humane practices and considerate measures for the comfort and well-being of their employes, the company keep their hands even when old and unprofitable. There is one old man, now more than eighty, who has worked faithfully for the best part of his vigorous manhood, for the company. He still works—not, however, full hours—and his employment is of so trifling a character that but for the circumstances it would be ludicrous. But the old man is proud of his employers, and that he is still able to work, and is living a happy, contented life, believing that he is independent of charity and that he is still useful, if not necessary, to his employers. This is an example that might properly be followed by others.—*Scientific American.*

—A bridegroom, alighting at the house of his intended bride in the Rue St. Denis in Paris, a few days since, was struck by a bullet fired from a revolver, and fell bleeding to the ground. Before the would-be murderer could be seized he had swallowed prussic acid, and in two or three minutes expired. He proves to be the uncle of the bride, a man of about seventy-five. A letter was found upon him stating that he loathed the man chosen by his niece, and had therefore killed him. The bridegroom, whose wounds were serious, was carried into the house where the wedding party were ready to start for Mairie.

—A bottle of carbolic acid should be kept in every farm-house, not merely as a disinfectant, but as a wash for wounds and sores. For any purpose it should be diluted with water. Its power to destroy fungus growths makes carbolic acid invaluable in pruning orchards of pear, plum, or peach where blight or other disease is suspected.

Give Your Full Address.

To prove that many thousands of our people disregard the implicit instructions laid down by the Post-office Department to the effect that you must "give the full directions in all cases, and thereby insure certain transmission of the matter mailed," note the following imperfect inventory of the articles now on exhibition in the Post-office museum. The absent-minded traveler can find there his forgotten satchel; the negligent mechanic of whatever branch of trade, can find his tools; the gossip washerwoman her wash board. Those who have lost umbrellas and parasols—and their name is legion—can observe here the heretofore absent parachute; the naturalist can reveal in snakes, alligators, bugs and horned toads; the dude or fair girl can see the gold watch or diamond ring he or she has longed for; the geologist can be carried into the bowels of the earth, so to speak, by gazing to his heart's content upon a very fine collection of minerals and precious stones.

The anatomist or tragedian can study the human skull divine or mouth "Alas! poor Yorick." The entomologist can wear his life away by cogitating upon the variegated coloring and indistinguishable shape of the dried butterfly; the duelist, or would-be murderer can examine the different kinds of pistols, and the young lady of tidy-like frame of mind can have her "crewel" soul stirred by the sight of needlework which surpasses masculine comprehension. The end man can look upon his favorite instrument, the tambourine; the timid one can look with feelings of inexpressible bliss on the centennial hoofed creature, denominated centipede, and the art student can lose himself in contemplating a fine array of pictures. Those persons interested in bottled liquids, and they are numerous, can see it all. Any one who is gone on ceramics can look upon various specimens of pottery, the aged and the fop can gaze on all kinds of cones, the archaeologist can twist his mind out of shape by investigating Chinese manuscript. Herr Most or any other invincible, nihilistical glass-bomb thrower can observe, with fiendish delight, a package of fire crackers and several boxes of percussion caps and matches. Telegraphers and meteorologists can look upon and examine the many receivers and thermometers; the photographer can be pleased by the innumerable array of photographs displayed, and Mr. Dallas can say I am a bigger man than old Ben. Franklin after reading the latter's report on the receipt of dead letters for eleven years, which is here exposed to view, and which only amounted to 363. Shells, artificial flowers, trinkets, bric-a-brac without limit, slippers, moccasins, handkerchiefs, toys, globes, pipes, accordions (what a blessing would be conferred upon a suffering nation if all the last named devil's organs could be encased), scroll work, inkstands, stuffed birds, fishes, corn, and many musical instruments, and a thousand other things too numerous to mention. The collection of coins is astounding; one of them dates back to 300 years before Christ. One of the most peculiar sights to be seen is a collection consisting of a saddle, stirrups, bridle, halter, bit, whip, and hitching post. The horse and jockey are looked for in every mail. But the most unheard of thing in the case is a human ear, upon which the voice of the creditor has long since ceased to reverberate.—*National Republican.*

Wit and Eloquence.

Where the traveler now encounters one beggar in Ireland, fifty years ago he would have met with fifty. The towns and villages swarmed with them. A tourist in those days was alternately moved to tears by sights of misery, and to laughter by bursts of genuine wit. The wit was mixed with blarney, which so delicately flattered, that offense was out of the question. Mr. S. C. Hall illustrates the perfection with which an Irish beggar used what we Americans call "soft-sawder," by an incident that happened while he was visiting Maria Edgeworth, the popular Irish writer. He was driving with her one day, and the carriage, as soon as it stopped, was surrounded by beggars.

"You know I never give you anything," she said to one, who was pleading for a gift. As quick as a flash came the answer:

"O, the Lord forgive ye, Miss Edgeworth! that's the first lie ye iver told."

"Good luck to your ladyship's happy face this morning!" said another of the group. "Sure you'll lave the light heart in me bosom before ye go?"

"O, then look at the poor who can't look at you, my lady," pleaded a blind man; "the dark man that can't see if your beauty is like your sweet voice."

"O, the blessing of the widdy and five small children, that's waiting for your honor's bounty, be wid you on the road!" called out a mother to Mr. Hall, as she led forth her fatherless children.

"O, help the poor craythur that's got no children to show, yer honor!" shouted another woman; "they're down in the sickness and the man that owns them at sea."

"Won't your ladyship buy a dying woman's prayers—chape?" moaned a sick female.

"They're keeping me back from the penny you're going to give me, lady dear," wailed another, on the outskirts of the crowd; "because I'm wake in myself, and my heart's broke with the hunger."

Can the reader parallel the eloquence of those touching appeals, outside of Ireland?—*Youth's Companion*

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