

Pleasure in Toil.  
"There is no true craftsman," as Ruskin has more than once said, "who does not find his work a pleasure." That is, he finds it a pleasure if the conditions are fairly favorable; and all the schemes of the social reformers, from Fourier to Bellamy, are brought to bear on just this point, not to save men the necessity of labor, but to give them labor so congenial and so reasonable that it shall be a delight. A young American carpenter once told me that he should be content to work on house building for the rest of his life if it could only be on the terms on which he was then working—having good materials to work on, so that he felt some pride in his labor; and paid by the day, so that he was not tempted to "scamp" his work, he said, for the sake of his family. Does not Edison enjoy his toil, did not Erickson enjoy his, apart from all reference to the money or fame it might yield?

The artist Haydon in his journal has a noble description of the joy with which he paced his silent studio after midnight, with a great picture lifted on a gigantic easel, and seen by "the trembling light of a solitary candle." "The moment I touch a great canvas," he says, "I think I see my Creator smiling on all my efforts. The moment I do mean things for subsistence I feel as if He had turned His back, and, what's more, I believe it." Even thus felt Gibbon, though with less of pious ejaculation, when the great canvas of his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" had unrolled itself in his studio and he was at work; and so many a humbler man has felt. Exchange the canvases; set Gibbon to doing Haydon's work or Haydon to doing Gibbon's, and doubtless each would be miserable. There are many such unfortunate combinations in the world, but the evil does not lie in the work, only in the misfit.—T. W. Higginson in Harper's Bazar.

AN ECONOMIC EXPERIMENT.

Profit-Sharing and Its Results in the Bourne Mill.  
FALL RIVER, MASS., June 23.—The second six months of profit-sharing at the Bourne Mill ends next Saturday. To-morrow circulars announcing another six months' trial will be distributed. The condition of the print cloth market is so discouraging that the operatives have not dared hope for this and mill men have been certain that the past six months would finish profit sharing in this city. According to well-known labor leaders' figures, at the present prices of cotton and cloth the mills lose 12 cents on every cut. In the face of this the Bourne announcement creates the greatest surprise. Treasurer Chace regards the coming six months as the real test of the benefits of profit-sharing. If it induces saving in work now it will be shown. The circular says the conditions for participation are the same as before and the rate of wages will conform to the schedule adopted by the Board of Trade. It says:

"A year ago, when we first began the experiment of profit-sharing, business was in the high tide of prosperity; to-day it is at very low ebb. Now everything counts. In the next six months you will have an opportunity to prove the value of your interest in our success. If we save a profit you may believe it will be due in some measure to your industry and carefulness."

His Pleading Successful.

NEWARK, June 23.—A romantic story is connected with the departure of Mrs. John Conway, of this city, for the west a few days ago. Mrs. Conway was Matron of the Essex County Insane Asylum, and after a few weeks of married life her husband left her and for a long time was lost sight of. About a year ago he returned to this city, with long flowing locks and a sombrero, and all the appearances of a wild westerner. He appeared to have plenty of money, and spent it lavishly. He announced that his idea of returning was to claim his wife and return with her to the west, where he owned an extensive ranch. His wife, who had worked and struggled along for years without him, positively refused to go with him. He pleaded and urged, but in vain. She refused to leave her comfortable and lucrative berth in the asylum. He became so persistent in his efforts to induce her to return with him that she appealed to a lawyer for the purpose of having a legal separation from him. Then her husband became discouraged, and taking the dust of Newark from his feet, and he took himself back to the wild West. He did not give up his efforts to reconcile his wife, but wrote to her frequently, sending recommendations and vouchers of his good character, improved habits and increased fortunes. The result was that the matron softened toward her husband and finally consented to resume marital life. He hastened back when she relented, and on Wednesday the pair were reunited after a twenty years' separation.

The Great Divide's Mid-Summer Art Issue.

Stanley Wood's Great Divide for July will be the handsomest number of this standard journal ever issued, it being the midsummer art number. It will contain seventy illustrations, especially prepared for it, to make room for which the size of the paper has been increased to twenty pages. In addition to this there will be an art supplement, in nine colors, a Zuri Indian water carrier. This characteristic and striking picture is worth more than the price of the journal and is well worthy of framing. To those wishing to subscribe, the July number will be sent, as a sample copy, on receipt of ten cents address The Great Divide, Denver, Col.

SIC PASSIM.

I stood today in a schoolhouse old,  
Where my young steps were light and free,  
Through summer's heat and winter's cold,  
And all my life was yet to be.  
There were bearded girls and beardless youth,  
And dog-eared books all scattered about,  
And the master's likeness, drawn with truth,  
On a slate with the corners broken out.  
I stood, and all those careless days  
O'er my worn heart came drifting back;  
The songful ease, the lightsome ways  
Which in all after years we lack.  
Oh, the early loves and the laughing girls,  
The innocent fays without alloy;  
Oh, the angel in pinafores and curls,  
Beloved by me—and that other boy!  
Ah, the way she balanced between us twin  
Came back with harrowing force to me!  
For the true proportions of bliss, 'tis plain,  
Are never wrought out by the "rule of three!"  
Well, we know of nuts by the empty shell;  
And never the bed of a brook so dry  
But the smoothness of its stones will tell  
Of the stream that used to go rushing by.  
I take my place among those that were,  
Content to feel I have had my hour;  
The best are rosy and sweet and fair,  
But the fruit comes only after the flower.  
Roulette and history are repeated,  
And love and youth sustain no loss;  
For another girl sits in that angel's seat,  
And two other boys throw billets across!  
—Clara Marcelle Greene in Journal of Education.

THE CHEMIST'S STORY.

I am a chemist. I am the occupant of this responsible and important position in the medical college of P.—  
It was about 1 o'clock on a stormy evening that I bade good night to my student, Tom Richards, at the door of my laboratory, at the south end of the college buildings.  
Tom was very anxious to know what would keep me up after 12 o'clock, so I told him I was about to commence analyzing the stomach of a Mrs. Johnson, whose husband lay in P.— jail, just across the road from the college, on suspicion that he was the murderer.  
As Tom was passing out of the college yard through the gate, his head turned, and bidding me good night, he brushed against a man standing with his back to the college and his face to the prison. The street lamp showed me that the man was in police uniform.  
Re-entering my laboratory I took down a glass jar from the shelf and sat down behind my sink to examine it. An hour had passed since the departure of young Richards. I had labored hard to discover traces of the poison in all this, but had been unsuccessful. Joe Johnson, the suspected man, had been a student of mine a few years before. I thought him a good hearted, intelligent fellow, only a little wild, and really began to hope that he might prove innocent, when, among the macerated food, I came upon a small, infinitesimal white grain. By careful manipulation and the use of my magnifying glass I managed to get this upon a piece of smoked glass and examined it.  
I was then certain I had discovered arsenic, but to make assurance doubly sure I determined to apply a well known test for that poison.  
"Yes," I exclaimed, as I saw the fatal blazon, "Joe Johnson is the murderer of his wife! With the evidence of that mark to back me no power can save him."  
"Do you really think so?" said a calm voice behind me.  
I turned quickly and discovered a tall, lank policeman, having red, watery eyes, standing at my office door and staring in. His body looked as if it had been rolled out long before his hands like a molasses candy stick. He had no expression at all in his face, and his policeman's hat was so large that it threatened to settle down on his shoulders. His uniform reassured me and I addressed him with some impatience.  
"My friend, I suppose I am wanted to attend an inquest, or what is your purpose?"  
I was police surgeon as well as coroner.  
"Don't bother, professor; the man ain't dead yet, but they say he will be before morning."  
"What's the matter with him?"  
"Brain disorder, I mean something wrong here."  
I touched my forehead, and so did he as he said: "Ay, as I thought I'd drop in and tell you if you were going to the station to-morrow to take a look and see if it is post mortem or not. Besides I wanted to see where I could always find you in case of need."  
I bowed, and attributed his visit to a feeling of curiosity. He sat on the sink, and while his eyes wandered about like one who felt himself called upon to say something, he said:  
"Professor, there has been an accident this afternoon—terrible, too."  
"What was it?"  
"Nitro glycerine explosion up in the iron mills—a hundred fellow mortals busted."  
"Sad!"  
"Affecting, very." Here he rubbed his mouth with the back of his hand.  
"Professor, what is that nitro glycerine?"  
"It's a very dangerous article," I answered, happy to display my knowledge.  
"It has nearly twice the destructiveness of gunpowder, but, unlike it, does not explode on the application of heat. A red hot coal dropped into it will not explode it. It will freeze. It is yellow and greasy."  
"You don't mean to say so," said the officer, interrupting me in disagreeable tones in the middle of a choice extract from one of my lectures. "Why, but you haven't told me how it goes off. If the fire won't burst it, what in—(hem)—will?"  
I told him if it were pressed, or anything fell on it, it would explode.  
"Place it under the crusher of a cider mill, strike it with a hammer, let a weight fall on it from a height!"  
"Yes," said the man, "and that rouses its volcano, does it?"  
"I suppose, professor, that ere can would make a mighty big noise if allowed to explode here all at once!"  
"It would blow the entire building to atoms," said I, resuming the analysis of Mrs. Johnson's stomach.  
"No!" I heard the policeman remark in deliberate Yankee tones, "you don't say so?"  
The next moment I lay on my back, a

gag in my mouth, terribly frightened and sick at heart. Over me stood the policeman and the first thing that functional did was—looking me straight in the face—to take off his nose. He then rid himself of his eyebrows, hair and cap, and became a determined looking fellow, with the eyes of a fiend and the nose of a Roman.

"So you think," said the metamorphosed, in the tones of a gentleman, "that nothing can save Joe Johnson from the rope? Poor fellow! It does look like it! But my dear professor, Joe Johnson is fortunate enough to have in me a devoted friend as well as brother. I have undertaken to save him, and he shall be saved. In order to accomplish this end it will be necessary to remove from the face of the earth not only the stomach of his miserable wife yonder, but also, my dear professor—I am sorry to be obliged to say it, for I believe you were my brother's teacher and friend—yourself as well." I saw that he was in deadly earnest.

"Your death must apparently result from accident—at least so it must seem to the authorities. My brother is in jail and they will not suspect him, and they certainly will not suspect me."

What terrible deed was in this brain hatching—was he going to murder me? Was it myself who was to hang, instead of Johnson?

No; yes. He placed the line pulley like over an arm of a hanging chandelier. This was altogether too slight a support even for one of my tender frame. It was not to be hanging, then. Under the weight on the floor he placed a can of nitro-glycerine; I recognized the yellow string; it was a fuse, and it would burn in sixty minutes. It would run across the marble slab; there was no hope of igniting any substance that would warn my friends.

"Do you begin to see through it?" asked Joe Johnson's brother.

I believe I cursed him with my eyes. I could only breathe through my nostrils, and great veins were swelling and growing hot in my forehead. Drawing a match from his pocket he lighted and applied it to the fuse; that little tyrant that gave a man an hour to live, to kill him at the end of it—that little irresponsible terror that, less merciful than Providence, told a man the second he was to die, if fright and horror spared him to himself. Slowly the flames crept snake like around the twine.

"In one hour," said the prisoner's brother, "you will be in heaven or hell. I will watch with you for half an hour, and the other half you will spend alone."

He sat down some minutes in a chair watching the flame. Then he arose and took a piece of porcelain, with the murderer's name thereon, from the table, and shook his head gloomily.

"I am chemist enough to know it is arsenic," he said. "Yes, those bright, metallic eyes, a betrayal of the guilty! Science, thou wouldst kill my brother—thou shalt save him. Let me see in whose hands thou art the most powerful."

The half hour wore slowly away. Oh, heavens! What agony did I suffer! Not for myself, but for my child. The fuse burned on—on. The half hour is up. The brother of the murderer rises to go, Joy.

"Commit your soul to God's keeping," he said. "You hold the evidence of my brother's guilt—nothing can save you now."

With that he turned to take his hat from off the table covered with the crimson cloth beneath which hid my priceless boy. Something attracted his attention. He held out his hands and reached forward. I thought he had discovered my boy. No; he was lifting something in either hand—the wires of the electric battery. In another instant my boy had leaped from under the table, and was turning the crank fast and furiously.

The murderer's brother was in the power of my boy. He could not drop the wires; he was helpless. How my boy cried for help! The old college rang with his voice. The prisoner's brother added his voice to my boy's in his agony. In an instant a great length burned away. It would just last five minutes and no more.

"Father!" shouted my boy, "if no assistance comes this villain must die with us. I dare not free him. Help! help! help!"

Alas! I could not answer him. Thank God! But some one else did. The fuse is burned up. The rope is on fire—the nitro glycerine! The door opens; Tom Richards, on a midnight visit to the sick, has heard the cry; he comprehends all; seizes the can in his hand, the weight descends indeed, but not on the death dealing oil. No; down it goes through the office floor—down, down, like an evil spirit, to give back a dull metallic echo from the stones of the cellar beneath.

We are saved. Joe Johnson, the prisoner, was hanged, but his brother remains unpunished by the law, for he stabbed himself with a knife and thus escaped the hangman's rope.—H. H. in Atlanta Constitution.

The First Horse Trotting.

The first public horse race in America was trotted in 1818 in New York. It had been asserted that there was not a horse in the country which could trot a mile in three minutes. Maj. William Jones, of Long Island, and Col. Bond, of Maryland, sustained the opposition and brought out the horse Boston Blue, which won the race. His time is given as just three minutes. Previous to this, however—in June, 1806—the horse Yankee is reported to have trotted at Harlem, N. Y., in 2:59 on a short track, and Boston Horse is credited with having made a mile at Philadelphia in 1810 in 2:48.—Detroit Free Press.

A Philosophical Youngster.

Recently a little Lewiston 5-year-old who had been sick was taken for a drive around the lake by his papa. The boy is of a philosophical a turn as Mrs. Alcott's "Demi." "Papa," said he, "who made this lake?" "Why, God, my son." "Didn't he have more than one man to help him," was the young hopeful's next query.—Lewiston Journal.

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