

THE CHRONICLE.

COLFAX, - - - LOUISIANA.

THE BEST SHIP AFOAT.

Of all the ships afloat On Atlantic or Pacific, Or far within the tropics On the Indian ocean's breast, With white sails all gleaming, With brilliant colors streaming, There's no ship Like Friendship, The staunchest, and the best!

When tempests hover nigh, And the sea is lashed to fury, When loudly roar the breakers, And above the sea-grulls swarm; When skies are overclouded, And sunshine is enshrouded, There's no ship Like Friendship, To battle with the storm!

A SERVICE OF SONG.

The girls had gone to town. Grandma sat in the open sitting-room door, sewing. Grandfather stood in the cool shade at the long work bench at the end of the kitchen, making a new single-tree for the light wagon. They could not see each other. I doubt if they heard, or at any rate observed, each other's voices, but I could plainly see and hear each one, and I forgot my book, listening to them and trying to guess their thoughts from their disjointed, changing, abrupt fragments of song. And the occasional flutter of the leaves stirred by a wandering breath of wind, the shadows dimpling the second growth of red clover, the straying note of a restless bird, the long, dusty road, stretching far away past the woods to the "high prairie," the flash of a butterfly's wings—how it all harmonized with the broken songs that fell almost unconsciously at times from the old lips, while "the singers were over the business of the house," and in all that hour of peace, while "the whole earth is at rest, and is quiet, they break forth into singing."

A flash of bright beautiful blue from the willows and a kingfisher, with his lonesome cry, skimmed a pool in the slough with a splash and sped away. The old man's eyes followed the flight of the bird, and then rested a moment on the wandering stream, loitering away to the woods on the Schnebly farm, and the strong voice sang to old "Exhortation."

"Our life is a dream; Our time, as a stream, Glides swiftly away, And the fugitive moment refuses to stay; The arrow is flown; The moment is gone—"

"O, may we all remember well The night of death draws near," came from grandma's lips, and she hadn't opened them before in half an hour until the clock struck four. Her voice died away, while I listened for more, for her old hymns as she sang them were always known unto us "as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice and can play well on an instrument." I heard the old clock give its hectic cough, as if in illustration of the hymn. Grandma wearily turned the work in her hands, and the measures of "Brown" swelled out in "Jerusalem my happy home, Name ever dear to me; When shall my labors have an end—"

A broken thread broke the song, and when the busy needle resumed its flight, the dear old singer had passed to the closing line of the next stanza: "And streets of shining gold." I knew how the busy brain and the tired hands longed for rest, and I wondered if she wasn't thinking of all the years of weariness and toil, and of a certain mortgage that with its black wings of threatening and terror had been hovering above the farm for years like a hawk. I didn't have a very clear comprehension of a mortgage, I am afraid, but I knew that times had been easier and money more plentiful since it had been lifted, and I was pretty certain that streets paved with gold would scare away the biggest blanket mortgage that ever covered an improved quarter.

The click of a falling frame and the beseeching "cheeps" of half a dozen terrified chicks caught in my latest improved quail trap, set where no quail was ever known to come. Grandfather stepped away from the bench to relieve the unharmed captives, for I never moved, fearing a demand for explanation, and in a moment the plaintive minor strains of quaint old "Hyacinth" sang out: "I delivered thee when bound, And when wounded, healed thy wound; Sought thee wandering, set thee right, Turned thy darkness—"

"O, the transporting, rapturous scene That rises to my sight; Sweet fields are sown in living green—"

I turned at the sound of Grandma's voice I turned my face, and saw the wrinkled hands dropped in her lap as she sat looking out on the long pasture, over the great rolling field where we sowed the first crop of Hungarian, the fringing woods and the wide meadows all flooded in glorious sunshine—how could she sing anything else? Triumphant as the psalm of the long rolling surf, the beautiful voice sang on for a moment, and then the old hands picked up the work, and the melody drifted into the sad sweetness of "Naomi," and the voice of the singing went on:

"When will my pilgrimage be done, The world's long way be o'er."

Sure enough, I remembered, it was only Wednesday and it seemed to be the busy ones yet a long time to the restfulness of the farm Sabbath. A moving shadow as the work bench drew my eyes, and as grandfather drew the tape

line to find the middle of the hickory piece he was shaping, he sang to Scottish "Avon."

"Teach me the measure of my days, Thou maker of my frame, I would survey—"

There was a fault somewhere, and silence indicated it, for grandfather never sang in moments of perplexity. He would talk to himself then as though he was or were, as the case, or rather number may be, twins, but he never sang. And with closed eyes I waited and knew the measurement was perfected when he went on:

"A span is all that we can boast, An inch or two of time; Man is but vanity and dust—"

A search for the drawing knife stopped his song, and as a cloud drifted over the sun and soothed all the land with shadow, grandma sang in the plaintive strains of "China": "Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut his glories in, When Christ the mighty Maker, died For man, the creature's sin."

While like a triumphant echo from the work bench end of the choir came ringing the glorious strains of "St. Martins," thrilling and inspiring as a blast of trumpets, cheering as a bugle call, grand in its tone of unshaken confidence:

"Beneath the shadow of Thy throne, Thy saints have dwelt secure; Sufficient is Thine arm alone, And our defense is sure."

But the cloud drifted away and the subburst of light blazed over the earth again, and in stately measure "Dundee" swelled in its half note step from the bench:

"A faith that shines more bright and clear When tempests rage without; That when in danger knows no fear, In darkness feels no doubt."

It may have been the majestic old tune, or it may have been, I rather think it was, the cooing wood dove, mourning in the tall old elm down by the horse well, that made grandma sing:

"Return, oh, holy dove, return, Sweet messenger of rest; I hate the sins that made thee mourn—"

Rock, rock, rock, the old straight back rocker finished the verse without words, and in a moment the whirling flight of my pigeons sweeping from the barn roof over to the cool woods changed grandma's song to joyous "Amsterdam":

"Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy better portion trace; Rise from transitory things, Toward Heaven, thy native place. Sun, and moon, and stars decay, Time shall soon this earth remove, Rise, my soul, and haste away—"

But grandpa, with lusty arm and clanging hammer, beating on the iron rings that bound the ends of the single-tree, sang aloud, with terrible voice, that direful old revival hymn that used to melt with sudden fear the trembling souls of impatient youth:

"Say, have you an arm like God, That you His will oppose? Fear you not that iron rod, With which He breaks His foes?"

And like a soothing balm to his avenging chant that seemed to echo the dread thunders of Sinai, came the mourning notes of the wood dove, and dear old grandma's sweet "Alleluia":

"Weeping soul, no longer mourn, Jesus all thy griefs hath borne; View Him bleeding on the tree, Pouring out His life for thee; There thy every sin He bore, Weeping soul, lament no more."

A distant strain of song from the men in the field with Uncle John caught the old man's ear, and he startled himself a moment, to rest or to listen. He looked at the reapers, then down at the mulberry trees by the spring in the pasture, across at the long ranks of corn, at the golden field of oats, waiting impatiently for the reapers and sang:

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wistful eye To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my possessions lie. While like a benediction came chanting into his song the mourning dove and grandma's "Zion,"

"Has thy night been long and mournful? Have thy friends unfaithful proved? Have thy foes been proud and scornful, By thy signs and tears unmoved? Cease thy mourning; Zion still is well beloved."

A Decided Original.

He is a queer creature is Blaine, of Maine. He is a decided original, and is full of tricks as any monkey that ever appeared in the only greatest show on earth—or in any other show on any other earth. Neither politicians or people know where to have him or what to do with him. It begins to now look very much as if one of the places to have him is to be the place of Republican candidate for the Presidency; but appearances may be deceptive, as they often are in Blaine's case. Even if he should be a candidate the question what to do with him will be as difficult as ever.

Starting out with the most pronounced determination not to be a candidate, Mr. Blaine apparently betook himself to his book and hammered away at it as diligently as if he were a space writer dependent for his daily bread upon the performance of a stated amount of daily labor. The booms of the boomers went thundering through the land, but he kept his ears closed and heard them not. His own boom was laid up in lavender. He knew apparently he had no record upon which to run for even a nomination, much less for an election. Most of his party papers told him so and many of them told him why with a fullness, not to say coarseness, of detail which left nothing either to the imagination or to the ingenuity of opposing partisanship. He made no defense; his friends made none. His unavailability seemed to be an accepted fact, and his withdrawal from the race a foregone conclusion. Suddenly it appears that he has an admitted strength of 138 votes in the Chicago Convention and a claimed strength of 350; his friend Phelps, of New Jersey, comes to his defense with an elaborate sponging out of all the wicked stories his party has been telling about him, and the pretense that he is not a candidate, but a poor struggling author is thrust into the dim background.

Was ever party in this humor wooed? Never that we recall. But this wooing has been wonderfully successful; and the winning of the party is among the most prominent of political probabilities. If the nomination is secured the party—in the main—will accept it. It will cost a good deal of swallowing. There are brave words innumerable about "tainted candidates" and "rotten records" and "tattooed men" to be eaten before Blaine can be shouted for with anything like unanimity. But the swallow of the party of moral ideas is capacious, and practice has made it very expert. Like the savages who eat only tainted meat, the "proud old party" rather likes candidates that have been left too long outside the refrigerator. They will take Mr. Blaine with Phelps' very flimsy certificate of character and the assurance of the New York Tribune, "the party will have to rob the cradle and the grave to find a candidate of whom no evil can be said." And they will leave the task of defeating him, and of protecting the Republic from the dishonor his election would entail, to the Democracy.

Such, at least, is one of the present probabilities. Allowance must be made, however, for sunstrokes. The Chicago Convention convenes about the time the first crop of sun-strokes ripens; and nobody can guaranty Mr. Blaine's abstinence.—Detroit Free Press.

Republican Arithmetic.

The Republican arithmeticians are not so successful in figuring out the relative strength of the several candidates for the Republican Presidential nomination, as they have proved in counting in their candidate after he was defeated. They differ widely as to the number of delegates that may be relied upon to support the two principal candidates respectively. Messrs. Arthur and Blaine. Striking a mean by a sort of allegation alternate it would appear that Blaine leads with a vote of nearly 350, while Arthur is a good second with a vote close to 300. The remaining 160 votes are distributed among Messrs. Edmunds, Logan, Sherman, Grosvenor, Hawley and Fairchild.

The balance of power held by the minor candidates is not likely to be thrown solidly in favor of either Arthur or Blaine. It is quite certain that the former can get but little if any of that strength unless, indeed, the final struggle should be between him and Blaine. In that event nearly all of the Edmunds, Sherman and Hawley vote would be cast for Arthur. The talk of an understanding between Blaine and Logan is renewed and if it be true that an agreement between these two has been entered into, it is quite likely that Blaine will receive the 58 votes of Logan which would bring him so close to a nomination that his opponent would find it difficult to defeat him. If the more sanguine of Blaine's supporters figure with any degree of accuracy the vote controlled by Logan will be quite sufficient to give the nomination to the "Plumed Knight."

Both Arthur and Blaine are shrewd politicians. They understand most thoroughly the art of manipulating political conventions. Greek will meet Greek at Chicago in the persons of these well-matched antagonists and there will be a tug of war in the Republican National Convention that will equal if not surpass in stubbornness and exciting interest that of the week's battle between the 306 and the field in 1880. But may not the shrewdness of these principal contestants suggest to them the propriety of "pooling their issues" instead of permitting the field to utilize the strength of the weaker for the benefit of one of the minor candidates? Arthur and Blaine between them control three-fourths of the Convention. There has been no such bitterness in their rivalry as to preclude a combination which would be mutually advantageous. True, it is not likely that President Arthur would accept office under Blaine, but as he is a natural-born politician and too young to retire altogether from public life, he might be willing to become "the power behind the throne greater than the throne itself." As for Blaine, it is not doubted for a moment that if he finds that his play for the principal stake is to lose, he would be willing to repeat with Arthur or any other promising candidate the bargain he made with Garfield. Stranger things have happened in politics than a combination between Arthur and Blaine.—Harriburg Patriot.

POLITICAL ITEMS.

—It must be remembered that the whole South is now making noble efforts to enlighten the children of the people, and that, nevertheless, the existing educational agencies are still inadequate. Federal aid alone can accomplish what all true friends of education so much desire.—Charleston News and Courier.

—Well, it has come to this at last— as everything seems to come to us— a little late. That the politicians of the party see, what the people saw four years ago, that Mr. Tilden is the universal choice. He himself has but to say the word, and that ends it. The National Convention will come only to confirm it.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

—Representative Converse, of Ohio, expresses the opinion that the ticket to be nominated at Chicago by the Democrats is Tilden and Payne. If any mishap should come to Tilden a fit successor would be ready to take his place. "I am assured," said Converse, "that if they are nominated with substantial unanimity they will both accept."

—The Cleveland Plain Dealer thinks the Ohio Republican Tariff plank "is an attempt to steal Democratic thunder." The Republicans might well retort that the Ohio Democratic Tariff platform is not only an attempted but a completed theft of Republican thunder. The two are constructed precisely the same way by both Democratic and Republican protectionists.—Washington Post.

—Could anything better illustrate the confusion which sometimes overtakes men not wholly mad than the suggestion to substitute McDonald for Hendricks on the old ticket? The old ticket is Tilden and Hendricks, nothing more, nothing less. The displacement of Hendricks for McDonald, or any other man, would make the loss of Indiana certain, and ought to.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

—Just about the time a lot of crazy Kentucky Democrats, who have fallen into the error of supposing that they are the Democratic party of this country, were reading Samuel J. Randall out of the Democratic party, hundreds of thousands of Democrats in Pennsylvania were resolving to present his name to the National Convention as their first and last choice for President of the United States.—Omaha Herald.

—Every prospect promises that the Chicago Republican Convention will be a slaughter-house, as that was four years ago at the same place, and as that was eight years ago at Cincinnati, in which all the prominent leaders and all that have the courage and squareness to be candidates will be killed off, and the Convention, in its inability to nominate the foremost man, will suddenly take a senseless stampede to some nominee whom not even a single delegation would have considered before.—Cincinnati News-Journal.

A Formidable Indictment.

The formidable array of charges brought against the State Department by General Badeau, ex-Consul-General at Havana, is not affecting the public mind as seriously as would be natural to expect from their gravity and the length of the indictment presented by that ex-official. There is rather a disposition to treat the allegations of the complainant with undue levity. That the State Department is capable of egregious blundering will be readily admitted, and it might without impropriety even be accused of derelictions less excusable than blunders. Yet when Badeau makes the accusation the matter seems to assume a humorous aspect. The public is disposed to see something laughable in a charge of official delinquency preferred by one of Grant's old placemen.

Badeau accuses the State Department of almost every offense it could in an official capacity be guilty of. If it had made a special effort to be as contemptible as imbecility and neglect of duty could possibly make it appear as a branch of the Government, it could not have done worse than the retired Consul-General charges it with having done in its intercourse with the Spanish authorities. It "persistently screened corruption;" it "was derelict in public duty;" its policy was "vacillating and ignominious;" its neglect of injuries and insults to American citizens, seamen and trade in the islands of Cuba" was habitual; its negotiations with Spain were "injurious to the interests and honor of the country," etc., etc. Here is a list of derelictions and offenses that should entitle the State Department to the belt for "cussedness" in a general way. And when it is considered that these charges are made by the party who wrote the unembellished and reliable biography of U. S. Grant, the disgrace of having such a State Department assumes impressive proportions.

Probably the reason why the public is not more excited over these disclosures is that although Badeau's statements are not the most reliable, yet almost any description of blunder or exhibition of weakness can be expected of a department in charge of Frelinghuysen. There has been evidence of its imbecility in the management of our relations with Germany. Its slipshod diplomacy has been apparent in other cases in which the National interests have been mismanaged. Its reputation for weakness and general inefficiency has been established at home and abroad.

The biographical Consul-General alleges that he telegraphed his accusations eight times to the department without their being noticed, when he threw up his commission in disgust. The public is thus enabled to size the extent of a disgust that could induce an old Grant office-holder to resign a \$6,000 salary. But it is intimated that the consular fees of Havana, amounting to about \$18,000 a year, have not been reported or any return made of them to the Treasury at Washington for the year during which Badeau occupied the position. Great hullabaloes are sometimes raised to divert attention from embarrassing accounts. But whether the fault is with the Consul-General or the Secretary of State in this case, the people are not going to get excited over the delinquencies of Republican officials when the opportunity to turn them all out is so near at hand.—Exchange.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Barnes, the mountain evangelist, claims to have converted 84,000 people in seven years.

—According to the report of the London Tract Society 1,138,112 tracts have been distributed during the year. It is an increase upon the previous year of 654,873. Special arrangements are being made for work at the forthcoming exhibition at Turin.

—The Young Women's Christian Association of Boston called their last entertainment "La Chocolatiere." It resembled the "Kettledrum" in many respects, and as part of the entertainment a "spoon drill," by about five hundred young women dressed as waiters, was given, and a large sum added to the building fund.—Boston Post.

—The most accurate figures which can be given for the world's population and its religious condition in 1880 are as follows: Total population 1,433 millions, divided up into eight millions Jews, 175 millions Mohammedans, 415 millions Christians and 835 millions Pagans. It will thus be seen that the number of those who may be ranked under the general head Pagan is double the number of those classed under the general head Christian.—Golden Rule.

—The Protestant churches are represented to be making rapid headway with religious work in Mexico. The Presbyterians have fifty-six missionaries, over 7,000 communicants and 400 children in their mission schools. The Episcopalians report forty-five places of worship, 1,500 communicants and 400 scholars in their mission schools. The Methodists have eighty-six missionaries and teachers and a large number of members in their churches. Other denominations are meeting with equal success.

—Speaking about histories of the United States for schools the Mobile (Ala.) Register says: "It is important that children should not imbibe erroneous impressions in regard to the history of their country. They should not be written from a prejudiced or partisan standpoint. They should give facts, and not indulge in disquisitions. Especially should we of the South be careful that children do not receive erroneous impressions in regard to the great struggle between the sections. We do not think that a school history should treat the war from a Northern or from a Southern standpoint. It should simply give a record of events."

—Every Assembly District in New York State is entitled to send to Cornell University one student each year free of all charge for tuition, an item which in a four years' course amounts to \$300. In spite of this President White reports that only about half these scholarships have been in use at any one time, and that many districts have never sent to the university a student. This state of things appears to be largely due to the failure of teachers and school commissioners to bring the benefaction properly to the attention of boys and girls in their districts anxious to go to college. Were all the appointments filled at one time Cornell would possess from this source alone 512 students.—Albany Journal.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Josh Billings believes every to-morrow has two handles. There is no hold on yesterday.—New Orleans Picayune.

—It doesn't cost anything to remember the poor, but if you want the poor to remember you it will cost you something.—Whitehall Times.

—"Yes," said the tramp, mournfully, my father cut me off with a shilling, and it was a good deal of money, too, although I didn't think so at the time."—Philadelphia Call.

—Puck says that the only way to wash a mule is to stand on the other side of the fence and use a garden hose. Now, don't forget this. Every man ought to know how to wash a mule.—Boston Post.

—"Wagner Concerts" are becoming the rage in this country. The trouble with such concerts is, that about four-fifths of the audience sit through the entire performance wondering when the members of the orchestra are going to get through tuning up their instruments.—Norristown Herald.

—Mrs. Squint—"Dear me, Mrs. Blunt, how is it you contrive to hold your age so well? I declare! you look as young as you did twenty years ago." Mrs. Blunt—"I don't know, unless it is that I escape a great deal of care by attending to nobody's business but my own." Mrs. Squint—"Yes, that may be; but, poor thing! you can't find much pleasure in living, can you?"

—The little brother came quietly into the parlor where Mr. Featherly was making an evening call, and after looking eagerly around remarked to his sister: "Aunt Jane is mistaken." "What is it?" his sister asked pleasantly, patting the dear little fellow on the head, while Featherly gazed at the two in wrapt admiration. "I don't see any cap," he replied, "but Aunt Jane just said that you were in the parlor setting your cap for Mr. Featherly."—Philadelphia Call.

—"Which am de proper way to suppress one-self? Does yer say, 'We eated at de table,' or, 'We has done ate at de table?'" asked one Austin darkey of another, they being engaged in a grammatical discussion. As they could not agree, the question was referred to Uncle Moses for his decision, which was: "In de case ob you two niggahs, none of you am right."

"What am de proper way to say, 'We eated at de table, Uncle Moses?'" "De proper way for sich cattle as you two am to say, 'We fed at de troft.'"—Texas Sifflings.

Where to Put It.

An Austin boy kept on throwing his cap into the air and catching it, after his father had told him to keep his cap on his head. Finally his father lost patience. After a brief, but painful interview, the parent threw away the strap and asked:

"Now, do you know where your cap should have been?" "Yes, sir," sobbed the boy, rubbing himself where he needed it most; "it should have been under my clothes."—Texas Sifflings.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—The Queen of Tahiti, while visiting lately a Paris institution for deaf mutes, said that in her island the infirmity was unknown.

—The black poodle is again becoming fashionable in England. These animals, to be correct style, must have their hair shaved into knots and knobs, and be rendered generally hideous.

—Charles Woodward, of New Egypt, N. J., fifteen years old, picked a cartridge with a pin. He now has one thumb and two fingers less than when he began the experiment.

—According to Japanese custom, age is counted from the first day of the January succeeding birth. At that date a child is one year old, whether born the previous January, at midsummer, or on the 31st of December.

—It is said of a trimming-store clerk in Denver, that on seeing a party of ladies approaching him on the street he dashed into an alley and hid until they had passed. He had forgotten his cane and could not think of meeting the party in such a state.—Denver Tribune.

—A foot tourist in Eastern Montana found a finger-board marked "Six miles to Miles City." He traveled eight days and nine nights in the direction indicated before he reached that town, and found that the sign had been carried off by a party of Indians and stuck up where he saw it.—Chicago Herald.

—An Easter egg was made by a Parisian house for a present to a very wealthy Spanish lady, at a cost of \$4,000. It was formed of white enamel, on the inside was engraved the gospel for Easter Day, and by some ingenious mechanism, a little bird lodged in this dainty cage sang twelve airs from as many popular operas.

—A young lady of Birmingham was about to marry a young man of Talladega, and it was to be on the strict quiet. When the bridegroom arrived at his Birmingham hotel, the bride to be seized the telephone to tell him she was ready and willing; unfortunately the telephone got mixed, and landed her message in the midst of a fashionable boarding-house of that city. Of course that gave the affair away, for in ten minutes all the town knew of it. Happily, the wedding came off all the same.—Mobile Register.

—Probably the meekest man on record lives in Rochester, N. Y. He recently bought a pound of beef, and on the strength of the purchase induced the butcher to give him a generous supply of "dog meat." He directed his wife to prepare a part of the "dog meat" for dinner, save the remainder for the next day, and carry the pound of beef back to the butcher with the explanation that she herself had previously bought at another place all the meat the family could use. The outflowing wife did as she was commanded, and the meekest man got his money back.—Rochester Express.

—Not long ago a speech of one of the most prominent members of Congress was in type and in possession of the occupants of the reporters' gallery several days before it was delivered, and all through this speech in cold type, before the congressional audience knew that the speech was to be made, were the words "applause," "laughter" and "great laughter" inserted at what the author of the speech supposed were appropriate places. His judgment was good, for in most instances, so far as the speech was delivered, he had rightly guessed at the humor of his audience.—Chicago Times.

—In the broker's office: "I understand that I can subscribe here for stock in the Meager Railroad," said a stranger, whom the bayseed in his hair and the mud upon his brogans indicated as belonging to the country. "Yes, sir," replied the broker. "Let's see; this is a safe investment?" "Perfectly safe." "And you have had twice the entire amount offered by leading capitalists?" "Yes, sir." "But the projectors chose to give the people an opportunity to make a good thing?" "That's it, exactly." "Well," remarked the country inquirer, "I guess I'll be generous, too. I ain't no hog. I'm willing to give somebody else a chance. So long." And out he went, accompanied by a chuckle in his throat and a twinkling in his eye.—Boston Transcript.

The Tin Can's Mission.

The empty tin can at last has a mission, and a profitable one at that. Emptied of its contents of peaches or tomatoes, discarded and thrown out at the kitchen gate, it may soon be sent in at the front door or find an honored place in the best room in the house. Thousands of these cans are gathered in Philadelphia every week and made into shining sheets and used to decorate or cover large traveling trunks, and thus get a promotion from the back yard to the boulevard. On the outskirts of the city, within a short time, a number of factories for the conversion of these old buffeted and battered cans and other tin refuse from the ash heaps have sprung up; and the business is a growing one. One of considerable size is on Moyamensing Avenue, below Mifflin Street, where a large force of men is kept busy day in and day out. The cans are collected in various ways, but principally from the city's ash-heaps and the hotels and large boarding-houses. At the factory the soldered seams are subjected to an intense heat in such a way that the solder is allowed to run into a receptacle, and is carefully saved and sold, the profit from this source alone almost paying for the expense of gathering and handling of the cans. The tops and bottoms of the cans are melted and turned into window sash weights. The labels as the tin plates are easily taken off, after having been thoroughly soaked in water and the plates themselves rolled out flat by machinery. As the inside of the plates are not much disclosed by the contents of the can they present a clean surface and make excellent covers for trunks, the seams being hidden by the trunk braces, either of wood or sheet iron. Other uses are also made of the tin plates, and there is considerable profit in the business. The process is quite simple, and very little capital is required. One concern in this city rolled out 40,000 of these plates in less than two months, and the industry promises to be largely developed both here and elsewhere.—Philadelphia Record.