ETHICS OF MONEY-GETTING.

The desire to make money is a common characteristic of our race. Every man wants to acquire property, *i. e.*, to be able to direct labor and to control its products. This acquisitiveness (as phrenologists term it), being a universal propensity in human nature, must be viewed as divinely implanted, necessary and salutary, yet requiring checks and balances to keep it within proper limits.

How convenient and agreeable it is to have money, we all know very well; there are few boys or girls 10 years of age who have not begun to understand that. As they grow up and find how many things good and pleasant, nay, indispensable, money and nothing but money will purchase, they often come to regard money-getting as of all things the most important. Not so often do they come to realize that all valuables which can rightfully be bought and sold involve the labor of some one.

"The world owes every man a living." A true maxim; but true only when married to its counterpart, which is this: *Every man owes the world a life*, a life of honest usefulness, of hearty service.

Those things which contribute to our living are furnished partly in the raw material of the planet, and partly through the activities of mankind—ourselves and others. We are each entitled to the use and enjoyment of a fair proportion, not only of the necessaries, but also of the comfort and amenities. But this right is bound up inseparably with a duty, viz., that each contribute his or her share of the work involved in the grand total of things needful, helpful and delightful to mankind. In short, we must each of us pay for what we have, and pay in useful labor of some sort, mental or manual. If we *get* our living without *earning* our living, we are either thieves or paupers. No matter how much money you or I may have inherited, how "independent" we may be in our circumstances, we owe the world a life; and our "sphere" is where we can, all things considered, effect the most for the good of the whole. There is need of brain-work and hand-work, rough work and fine; there is work of some sort for us each and all. And those who are freed from the cramping necessity of drudging for their daily bread should dedicate themselves all the more sacredly to such work as the world is suffering for lack of, and cannot always pay for in coin or bank notes. Each one should *have* his portion; each, also, must *do* his portion, else another, somewhere in creation, is defrauded and suffers need.

Those people who are more concerned about doing their full share in furthering human welfare and happiness, are the generous. Those who will do their stint and mean to have their pay for doing it, are the just. While all those who care little about doing their part, but are bent on getting their part—and if possible some one's else, beside—are the mean, grasping, selfish, covetous.

"Take heed and beware of all covetousness;" of seeking to gain possession of the products of others' toil, without rendering them a full equivalent; or still worse, by pandering to their vices for the sake of lucre.

Herein lies the wickedness of all gambling; essentially covetous itself, it ever begets more covetousness. There is no exchange of values, but whatever one wins, another loses; the successful gamester preys upon the unsuccessful; the good fortune of any implies the misfortune of some other. No wholesome thirst is slaked, no value is created by all the activity of the players; they only band together to cheat each other and mutually whet cupidity. The loss of one party is unrecompensed, the other's winnings are unmerited and the covetous propensities of both are fostered and increased. Hence, all games of chance, with stakes however trifling, tend to demoralization, and should be utterly avoided and discouraged. We should constantly, and as a matter of principle, refuse to take any part in lotteries or raffles under any pretext whatever. Let us not do evil that good may come!

It is a searching question: What am I living for? But let us each one learn to put it to self with an unsparing and unflinching fidelity. Am I living for short-lived, selfish ends, or for all time and human interests? Am I merely getting my living out of the world, or am I giving the world a manly or a womanly life?

As our boys and girls are coming up to face life, ask its meaning, and begin to shape their plans, let us see to it that they are imbued, nay, enkindled with generous desire to be of all the use—to put themselves to the *best* use they can. It is of serving they should be emulous, rather than of being served. Incite them to look around in search of something that humanity is in especial need of having done, and to make it their business and their chief ambition to do that well, with their might, "not so anxious about the reward as the work." (The reward will come, yet not so surely if it be made the foremost object of solicitude).

Call it utopian, visionary, who will: "none the less the dream abides" and must at length be realized of the day when no child of man will be found so mean and undeveloped as to live contentedly "on the interest of his money," or by snatching an unearned booty out of passing treasure, or in anywise without ministering at least as much to others as others minister to him.

The lecturer closed with these words from Emerson: "I hope America will come to have its pride in being a nation of servants and not of the served. How can men have any other ambition where the reason has not suffered a disastrous eclipse? Whilst every man can say: I serve, to the whole extent of my being I apply my faculty to the service of mankind in my especial place, he therein sees and shows a reason for his being in the world, and is not a moth or incumbrance in it. * * * As the tree exists for its fruit, so a man for his work. A fruitless plant, an idle animal, does not stand in the universe. They are all toiling, however secretly or slowly, in the province assigned them and to a use in the economy of the world."
—*Rev. N. E. Boyd.*

How Railroad Time is Obtained.—An exchange says: The Pennsylvania railroad and all its divisions and branches are furnished Philadelphia time by Prof. Langley, of the Western Observatory, in Alleghany, Pa. The main clock in Chief Telegraph Operator Suter's office, in the Superintendent's department of the Union depot, is connected with the observatory solar clock by fine electric wire, and every vibration of the pendulum of the solar clock is announced by the tap of a small bell in Mr. Suter's office. The pendulum in the Pennsylvania railroad clock must keep pace with the bell, as in case of failure the pendulum is at once re-adjusted. The solar clock in the observatory is regulated by a sidereal clock, or a clock regulated from fixed stars. The bell is tapped by electricity through a wire connected with a wheel on the second hand of the solar clock, upon which there are 60 cogs, each cog indicating a degree of the sixtieth part of a second. Ten of these cogs are filed out of the wheel, for the purpose of breaking the circuit, and consequently ten taps of the bell are lost every minute. This is done in order to give the operator a start on each minute, and at the end of an hour one minute and ten seconds are not recorded on the bell. At four o'clock each afternoon Operator Suter takes his position at the clock battery and sends the time, as near as science can give it, to Blairsville, Altoona, Columbia, Philadelphia, etc., the Philadelphia and Erie railroad, the Northern Central, and the eastern connections and branches. At five o'clock P. M. the time is given to the different offices by single and double taps of the company's telegraph wires. The same service is given to Columbus, O., and other Western points, and the time is there computed to suit the locality.

AN ISLAND BELCHING HOT WATER.

A late issue of the London *Telegraph* contains an account from the Lower Danube of the alarming intelligence respecting the strangely abnormal condition of earth's crust in those wild but lovely regions where the rugged Carpathians constitute the Roumano-Hungarian frontier. These mountainous districts were terribly convulsed by the earthquake reported some days ago from Eastern Europe; and the Island of Babagai, which lies in mid-Danube, off Moldova, not far from the Iron Gates, and in close proximity to the tumultuous rapids that agitate the breast of the great river from Orsova to Drenkova, has been the scene of some extraordinary phenomena, which have stricken its inhabitants with panic. During the earthquake a huge gulf was rent in the surface of the island, and promptly emitted an enormous column of scalding water, by which a considerable portion of Babagai was within a few hours inundated. On Sunday, the 18th of October, this destructive geyser ceased to spout as suddenly as it had commenced, but when the vast gap whence it had flowed was dried up it was observed that several ragged-edged craters had formed themselves at the bottom of the drift. These craters have ever since, at brief intervals, vomited hot earth and black sand in large quantities, and apprehensions are entertained that either the island will altogether disappear, or that it will become the site of a permanent volcano. A little further up the river, the picturesque ruins of Golubacz Castle, an ancient feudal fortalice, built upon the remains of a Roman stronghold, have been completely demolished by the earthquake, which has also filled up the gloomy caves in the rocks beneath Golubacz. These caves were credited, or rather discredited, as the chief breeding places of the malignant mosquitoes that infest the Danube and its banks between Basiasch and Turno-Severin. Their destruction, therefore, is a legitimate source of exultation to the riparian populations. Not so the development of volcanoes and boiling springs in the neighborhood of countless Wallachian and Servian homesteads.

Early Iron Making in England.—In the reign of Edward III, iron was so scarce that the pots, spits and frying-pans of the royal kitchen were classed among the King's jewels. Up to the end of the fifteenth century, English iron was not only dearer, but inferior to that manufactured on the Continent. During the fifteenth century the manufacture of iron began to be extensive in Sussex, where the ore and timber for smelting it abounded, and iron mills soon became numerous in the country. The landed proprietors entered into the business eagerly, and not only were many ancient houses enriched thereby, but several new men acquired wealth and founded families. In the forest of Dean, also, where wood was plentiful, iron was largely smelted. The land, however, soon became denuded of trees in consequence of the exclusive use of charcoal for smelting; people were alarmed, and many edicts were fulminated restricting the manufacture of iron. Eventually the feeling became so strong that from the time of the Restoration the iron manufacture of England rapidly declined. Coal was known, but there was a prejudice against its use on account of its supposed pestilential qualities. Coal, moreover, as then used, injuriously affected the quality of the iron, and it was not till the beginning of the eighteenth century that the first real steps for overcoming the difficulty were taken.

An old man, intent on making his will, was asked by the lawyer the name of his wife, when he gravely replied: "Well, indeed, I really don't recollect what it is. We've been married for upwards of forty years, and I've always called her my old woman." The lawyer left a blank, to be filled up when his old woman's name was ascertained.