

THE HOME CIRCLE.

"The Weather."

What miseries human mortal could tell of, Both tender and tough as old leather. A terrible army all jumbled pell mell, of The ill that are caused by "The weather."

An Engineer's Yarn.

ALBERT WILLIAMS, JR.

I am a practical mechanical engineer. Not one of those youngsters who go to a scientific school for a few years, and take a C. E., M. E. or something of the kind, and then put on airs about it.

But this isn't telling my story. There's my wife Beatie (bless her dear little heart), always saying I can't come to the point without as many twists and turns as my own old machinery.

Let me see. It was sixteen years ago last summer that I went to New York in search of employment. I had been running an engine in a big tannery in the western part of that State, and doing first-rate, till the company failed, and I was thrown out of work.

Now it is about this manager and this paper-box factory that my story, such as it is, will be; and to make things all straight and plain, (a sort of oiling up at the start) let me attempt to describe them both.

First, then, the manager, Mr. Samuel Harkness, also sole owner of the factory. This Mr. Samuel Harkness was the greatest villain I ever came across.

And now for the factory itself. It was a somewhat dilapidated five-story brick concern. Engine in cellar (most every manufacturer had his own power there, instead of just belting on to the one big engine of the block, as they do now); office and samples, first floor; clipping and folding machines, second floor; girls painting, sorting and trimming, on the third floor; stook of all sorts on the fourth and fifth.

I generally kept to my own business, and staid down in the cellar nursing the old engine. She sadly needed it, being as rickety and patched up a contrivance as one cares to stay alongside of. She always reminded me of some old people you see, who are always in need of a pectoral for a cough, or a liniment for rheumatism, or something of other.

I don't think I'm a coward—usually, at least, I know I am not. But that evidence of villainy took me all aback. I staggered and clung feebly to the lintel for support. The

thing, in charge of her feeble mother and baby sister; and how she contrived to get along, and keep grim famine from the doors on the pittance of her earnings. Whenever I could, without making a fuss, I helped them along a little.

One thing used to rile me, though, and that was the sneaking sort of liking that Harkness seemed to have for her; and worse, he showed it plainly enough by the way he persecuted her with his odious attentions whenever he got the chance. She told me she would leave the place if she could only get another.

Well, old Harkness kept on with his manufacturing, though I could see that, day by day, fewer calls for work were made. He always wore a cheerful smile through those troublous times, as much as to say, "Look at me, if you want to see a model man of business. I don't speculate. I don't get involved. Mark my consequent prosperity."

One night I was delayed by an unexpected break down in gearing, and stayed in my cellar long after the girls, the clerk and the fireman had gone, hard at work tinkering at the engine. No one was in the factory but Harkness and myself. I do not think he suspected my presence.

"I started to go. Just as I entered the office from below, Harkness came in by the passage-way door from the floor above. He started perceptibly when he saw me, but instantly regained his composure, and said, as cool as you please:

"Good night, sir," said I, and left. Driven toward the factory. I had the curiosity to turn and watch to see whether it, too, stopped there. It did, and when I reached the corner of Broadway, I stopped and looked back once more.

Next morning I went over, as usual, to the factory. Jim, the stoker, opened the doors always, as he had to be early to tend to the fires, which we banked every night. I expected to see Jim, but was much surprised when I saw Harkness. This time it was he who came up through the cellar door and I through the other.

"Bill," said he, "Jim has tended to the engine, it's all right; come outside with me, I want to talk to you."

"Yes sir, coming," sung out Jim leisurely. Suddenly he tore up the cellar steps. His face was ten shades paler than Harkness', an expression of horror was fixed on his features—an expression of agony and fear that I shall never forget. It haunts me still. It will stay by me till my dying day. Poor fellow, he's gone, too, since then.

Jim hardly stopped in his wild flight, as he hoarsely whispered, rather than cried: "Harkness and ten on the steam gauge! Safety valve clogged! Run for your lives!" I took in the situation at once. Terrible the danger was. The old boiler was registered at eighty pounds to the square inch, but we never dared run higher than thirty. And a hundred and ten! We were standing directly over it, and while I hesitated, the pressure must be steadily rising. It flashed upon me that there might be no more danger in jumping down and pressing the safety valve, than in running away, and in spite of the awful panic, I had a prejudice against running.

I looked down from the doorway, upon the trembling, panting, struggling steam demon beneath. The safety valve apparatus was in plain sight.

I don't think I'm a coward—usually, at least, I know I am not. But that evidence of villainy took me all aback. I staggered and clung feebly to the lintel for support. The

words seemed forced out of me, and not uttered with my volition:

"You scoundrel. You'd steal your insurance, would you?" A sudden vindictive push sent me headlong. As I fell I heard a demoniac laugh.

At the foot of the steps an open trap, the sub-cellar hatch. The distance was so great that I had time to notice all this. Would it hurt me much when I struck? Would it kill me outright? And this was all.

When I came to, I found myself in a well remembered room. Beatie, my Beatie now, hung tenderly over me, waiting for the light of recognition to appear in my fevered eyes.

Petty economies are generally disagreeable to those who have to practice them, and they always require much self-control; still they are the only means by which men in general can lay up a provision against sickness or old age. Liberal expenditures and a princely style of doing business constitute, in exceptional cases only, the road to success.

Wastefulness characterizes our domestic economy to an extent unheard of in more frugal countries, and we must always eat, drink, and be clothed with the best that the market affords. Hard work deserves fat living, is the national maxim, and almost the only unbelievers in it are the strangers within our gates, especially those of German origin or descent, who are rapidly accumulating fortunes by their exceptional frugality.

IMITATION.—This yarn about our "Crows" is from the Chicago Times: The Crow delegation visited the Exposition, and while in the mechanical department they were much taken with a number of buzz-saws in motion. When a Milwaukee man with a wooden leg noticed them, and having read in his Sunday-school books that Indians were great imitators, determined to test the assertion.

"If anybody doubts this yarn, shoot him on the spot." A CERTAIN French baron, whose scientific tastes led him to collect the skulls of celebrated persons, one day received a visit from a man with whom he was accustomed to deal.

"What do you bring me here?" asked the baron, as the man slowly unrapped a carefully enveloped package. "The skull of Shakespeare." "Impossible!" "I speak the truth, Monsieur le Baron. Here is proof of what I say," said the dealer, producing some papers.

The broker was for a moment disconcerted, but then exclaimed, with vivacity: "I understand. Be good enough to observe the small dimensions of the skull on your shelf. Remark the narrow occiput, the undeveloped forehead, where intelligence is still minor. It is Shakespeare's, certainly, but as a child about twelve or fourteen years old, whereas this is when he had attained a certain age, and had become the great genius of which England is so justly proud."

COVERING FOR STEAM PIPES.—Loose paper is wrapped round the pipes and painted with thin syrup; an inch is painted a mixture of 4 bushels of loam, 6 bushels of sand or rick-dust, 3 pails of syrup, and 50 pounds of graphite; the mass is put on 30 mm. thick, and painted with oil or tar.

HOME AND FARM.

To Learn Farming.

There is just one road open to all poor men who want to become, but are not good farmers, and that is by no means a royal road. It is to go to work with every power of their heads and hands and hearts as common laborers on other men's farms.

When the proper time comes, (don't hurry,) buy a small farm that you are sure you can manage, and don't be afraid to run in debt for whatever you really need to work it with successfully, for you will be sure to come out right in the end.—Heath and Home.

Farm Economy.

Farmers do not have the ready money to spend that some in other business have, they can be just as extravagant with what they do have as anybody else. In these times, it is not a question of what one makes, as much as what he saves. It has been a good fall for saving. The pleasant weather has given an opportunity to prepare land for another year's crop, and save hiring help next spring.

LIBERTY IN THE KITCHEN.—Does it ever occur to you to inquire whether the "Spring fiddle" which makes you so languid and idle, finds its way into the kitchen? Do you realize that after the exhaust-labor of spring cleaning and the enervating warmth of the season Mary Ann and Bridget may feel as tired as yourself?

JELLY.—The juice of apple boiled in shallow vessels, without a particle of sugar, makes the most sparkling, delicious jelly imaginable. Red apples will give jelly the color and clearness of claret, while that from light fruit is like amber. Take elder just as it is made, and not allowing it to ferment at all, and if possible boil in a flat pan very large and shallow. Any one living near a "house" for boiling sorghum juice can make this jelly to perfection.

DEWEY & CO.

American & Foreign Patent Agents,

OFFICE, 306 MONTGOMERY STREET, S. F.

PATENTS obtained promptly; Caveats filed expeditiously; Patent releases taken out; Assignments made and recorded in legal form; Copies of Patents and Assignments procured; Examinations of Patents made here and at Washington; Examinations made of Assignments recorded in Washington; Examinations ordered and reported by Telegraph; Rejected cases taken up and Patents obtained; Interferences Prosecuted; Opinions rendered regarding the validity of Patents and Assignments; every legitimate branch of Patent Agency Business promptly and thoroughly conducted.

Foreign Patents. In addition to American Patents, we secure, with the assistance of co-operative agents, claims in all foreign countries which grant Patents, including Great Britain, France, Belgium, Prussia, Austria, Victoria, Peru, Russia, Spain, British India, Saxony, British Columbia, Canada, Norway, Sweden, Mexico, Victoria, Brazil, Bavaria, Holland, Denmark, Italy, Portugal, Cuba, Roman States, Wurtemberg, New Zealand, New South Wales, Queensland, Tasmania, Brazil, New Grenada, Chile, Argentine Republic, AND EVERY COUNTRY IN THE WORLD where Patents are obtainable.

Home Counsel. Our long experience in obtaining patents for inventors on this Coast has familiarized us with the character of most of the inventions already patented; hence we are frequently able to save our patrons the cost of a fruitless application by pointing them to the same thing already covered by a patent. We are always free to advise applicants of any knowledge we have of previous applications which will interfere with their obtaining a patent.

Confidential. We take great pains to preserve secrecy in all confidential matters, and applicants for patents can rest assured that their communications and business transactions will be held strictly confidential by us. Circulars free.

Engraving. We have superior artists in our own office, and all facilities for producing fine and satisfactory illustrations of inventions and machinery, for newspapers, book, circular and other printed illustrations, and are always ready to assist patrons in bringing their valuable inventions into practical and profitable use.

DEWEY & CO., United States and Foreign Patent Agents, publishers Mining and Scientific Press and the Pacific Rural Press, 306 Montgomery St., S. E. corner of California St., San Francisco.

ATTENTION, DAIRYMEN!

RALPH'S PATENT ONEIDA CHEESE VATS,

TO HOLD FROM One Hundred to Five Thousand Gallons. CHEESE HOOPS, FROM SMALLEST TO LARGEST SIZE. PRESSED MILK-PANS, PISON MILK-PANS, STRAINED PAILS, CREAM PAILS, MILK PAILS, ETC., ETC., ETC.

GEORGE H. TAY & CO., 514, 516 and 518 Battery St., SAN FRANCISCO.

PACIFIC OIL AND LEAD WORKS, SAN FRANCISCO. Memberships of Linned and Castor Oils, OIL CANS AND KEYS. Highest price paid for Flax Seed and Castor Beans delivered at our works. Office, 21st and 3rd streets. Works, King street, bet. Second and Third. Tel-1007