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BY R. H. TYSON.

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good Magazine.

Letter from a Working- man.

[From the Cincinnati Gazette.]

Combinations are only to free trades
To be beneficial all classes should have
them, which is equivalent to none. The
mechanic should aid the laborer to ob-
tain mechanic's pay. He has the same
wants, and he will not compete with
him. He who suffers a winter's cold
or risks a sunstroke, should have as large
a reward as any. Mechanics should
own shops and machinery in partner-
ship, all owning homes. The strike
among the printers of this city some
years ago did no good. The papers,
undiminished, continued on. They
sometimes have valued reading, equal
to volumes of books. It is desirable
that all laborers should have books and
papers. Combinations will prevent
this. If laborers will not become capi-
talists, they have to submit to those
who are such. Without the rich the
poor can't live; without the poor the
rich must work. To combine will lessen
their sales and be unjust to those
who get little pay and do not combine
the shoemakers of this city have had
their wages increased by a strike,
which will be the means of increasing
the difficulties of other laborers to
purchase their shoes. If these in
retaliation, increase their wages, the
shoemakers have gained nothing. For
many generations, strikes have been
made without any benefit. The molders
have an association for getting higher
wages. When they forbid others to
work for the employers, and say they
shall only have one apprentice to ten
workmen, they do what they have no
right to do. Men are born free. What
right has any Legislature to pass or
make laws to dictate that 8 hours, or
10, shall be a legal day's work? If
workingmen combine and demand such
restrictive laws from our Legislature,
then, I say, the Legislature has the
same power to fix or make laws to 12
or 14 hours per day. In short, this 8-
hour movement, should it ever be
carried out, it is my belief that misery
and crime will increase. It might benefit
a few, but the majority will hang
around the whiskey shops and other
hell holes. If one class of mechanics
combine to raise their wages, all others
should do the same to be equal. If
stove molders combine the stove must
sell high, and less will be sold. If the
molder has to pay the carpenter the
increased rates of wages, he will see
the absurdity of the strikes. The

injury workmen do themselves by strikes
is to see their work done somewhere
else. Strikes diminish their employer's
capital, his machinery goes to ruin, and
after a strike the employers use fewer
workmen, and does not employ the
leader. This fact shows that the
strikes accomplish nothing. The
Scotch miner's strike was the most ex-
tensive and bitterly contested in Scotland
40,000 were engaged in it. The loss
of wages was \$2,500,000. The men
have returned to work in a very gloomy
mood and a burning sense of injustice.
Harpers, in early life, worked sixteen
hours a day, which caused them to own
the largest publishing house in this
country. Their ambition is to supply
us workingmen with good and cheap
books. There are some mechanics who
earn fifty cents an hour at their labor.
There are others who endure the fierce
heat, the bitter cold, and work for
twenty cents an hour. There are boys
who wish to be earning and learning
something. If employers choose to
employ these, and if they can be taught
to do the work, who has the right to
interfere? Why should the men who
do the severe work have the least
amount of comfort? The minds of
the good and benevolent are continually
pained by the sight of human sorrow,
caused by want. This comes from man's
ignorance, and from one man oppress-
ing another and blinding his reason.
The Creator of the universe has done
his part well; nothing is lacking to
complete man's happiness.

Advantages of Drilling in Seed

The New England Farmer says: In
an English agricultural society some
years ago, the subject of farm machin-
ery was discussed, the following advan-
tages were set forth as being derived
from the use of a drilling machine for
sowing wheat, other small grains and
grass seed.

1. The seed is delivered with regu-
larity.
 2. It is deposited at proper depth.
 3. The weeds during the growing of
plants are destroyed with great facility.
 4. The plants cultivated receive the
undivided benefit of the soil and man-
ure, and have not to maintain a con-
stant struggle with weeds.
 5. The land by the process of hoe-
ing is undergoing preparations for an-
other crop.
 6. The necessity of summer fallow-
ing is avoided.
 7. By the admission of sun and air
to the rows, a stronger and healthier
plant is produced, and, of course, a
heavier crop.
 8. By stirring the soil it is more
susceptible of benefit from the atmo-
sphere, imbibing more oxygen, and be-
ing both warmed and enriched by the
sun.
 9. The roots shoot freely in pul-
verized soil.
 10. By drilling, the farmer is en-
abled to have heavier crops of beans
and wheat on light land.
 11. Clover and grass seed answer
incomparably better in the pulveriza-
tion produced by hoeing, independent
of the clearness from weeds.
 12. The drills gives facility for de-
positing smaller portions of manure
with greater effect.
- The reader will observe that in the
third item, it is stated that the weeds
are destroyed with great facility. This
is because the seeds are sown in straight
lines, and at regular distances apart.
Room is thus afforded the cultivator to
pass through it, stir the soil with a hoe
suited to the work, and destroy all
weeds. In broadcast sowing, this can
not be done, so that our fields are
frequently badly robbed by weeds of
the nutriment which the grain needs
and when harvested its price is much
reduced by false and worthless seeds
mixed with it. This is the "process of
hoeing" alluded to the item five, as not
only greatly benefiting the grain, but
as an important preparation of the
land for succeeding crops.

SORROWFUL CASE.—Mr James O'
Neil walked out of the gloomy portals
of the Rhode Island State Prison the
other day, after eight long years of
imprisonment, on a charge of which he
is now proved entirely innocent. His
"hair is grey, though not with years,"
his body is emaciated and his mind en-
feebled. On coming once more to the
light of day he was almost dazed,
and walked as one in a dream. "Oh, how
sweet the air smells," he exclaimed,
having breathed so long the "deadly
damp of dungeon dew." One mistake
of the law like this almost cancels all
its credit for beneficence. To that man
what is the law but the cruellest of
trants?

Subscribe for the REPUBLICAN.

Changing Shirts in a Tunnel.

A Good story came in with the over-
land train on Monday night. Among
the passengers was a young man pos-
sessed with a judicious share of econo-
my and a pardonable share of vanity.
The judicious economy was manifest to
the other occupants of the car by the
fact that the young man wore plain
clothing and a single Cheivot shirt all
the way from Chicago; and for the par-
donable vanity—well, how that became
apparent is where the joke comes in.
He had only been to the East on a visit,
and the girl he left behind him had
been notified in advance of his approach,
and in company with a few other friends,
was to meet him at Niles' station.

Visions of rapture floated through
his brain, and seated himself in a se-
cluded part of the car, he poured forth
his spirit's gladness of melody some-
what as thus:

"Home again, home again,
From a far, far, far shore;
And oh! it fills my soul with joy,
To meet most my friends once more."

Suddenly he hushed his notes of joy
and reached for his carpet-bag.
The appalling idea flashed across his
mind that the shirt which had done him
so much good service—which had clung
to him during his two thousand miles
of mountain, plain, and desert—was
not exactly the thing to appear in when
one wished to intensify an already good
impression. It certainly wouldn't be
the clean thing, he said to himself—
it wouldn't be justice to the shirt. So
he resolved to change it. But how?
The car contained several lady passen-
gers, and they watched everything that
was going on around them with an as-
siduity that did honor to the sex. "Ah
ha! str-r-ratsy, my boy!" said this
resolute young man to himself. "The
tunnel—we are approaching the tunnel.
With good management I can do the
deed in the long tunnel just beyond
Sunol!" and with a heavenly smile
upon his manly face he gracefully lifted
his carpet bag from the floor, unlocked it,
and drew forth a snowy shirt, with nice
frilled bosom. From another recess he
drew a little packet, containing a pair
of handsome sleeve buttons and a set of
studs, which were quickly adjusted in
their proper places. Casting a careful
glance from the window, he saw that
the train was not far from the tunnel,
where the metamorphosis was to take
place, so he turned his back upon the
other passengers, and began to loosen
sundry buttons—in short, prepared to
shuck himself. Presently the eventful
moment came. The iron horse plunged
into the deep recesses of the tunnel,
and the car was surrounded in impen-
trable darkness. Presently a ray of
light gleamed in fantastic shapes along
the ragged wall of the tunnel, and by
its faint glimmer a struggling figure
was discernible in the direction of the
young man's seat. As the light became
stronger its gyrations grew more fran-
tic. Its great long arms, incased in
white, thrashed wildly about, as though
in the agony of despair, and finally
when, with a shriek of joy the engine
dashed into the dazzling sunlight, it
sank into its seat apparently crushed
with mortification and chagrin.

The ladies screamed with terror, and
hid their blushes at the unusual ap-
pearance. Strong men crushed their
handkerchiefs into their mouths, and
nearly choked with emotion. The fig-
ure reclined motionless on the soft
cushion, until some one with more cour-
age than the rest, advanced to ascertain
who and what it was. Finally, the
terrible truth was revealed. The white
covering was lifted, and from beneath
appeared the features of our young
friend, clothed with carnation's richest
hue. The mystery was soon explained.
He had gotten the Cheivot off, but,
alas! in his hurry and excitement, he
had forgotten to undo the collar fasten-
ing of the elegant white-frilled front.
Horror! It would not go over his head!
—San Francisco Chronicle.

Motherhood.

Is it not a lamentable fact that child-
ren are becoming shockingly unpopular
and unwelcome? Is not the dread of
motherhood a menacing specter in the
moonlight laws of prospective wedlock?
Do not many women—good women, as
the world goes—congratulate them-
selves upon being free from the care
and annoyance of children? Do they
not invoke all aids, both lawful and
unlawful to ward off what they deem
so great a calamity? Is there not an
ever-deepening, ever-widening Ganges
cutting its dangerous channel through
the very meadow-land of Society up-
rooting every blossoming spray or
tender plant that meets it in its course?
Is there not a horrible Juggernaut
rolling through the land, in ghastly,

self-asserting splendor, wherein these
smiling purple-robed assassins sit on-
throned! The world needs a powerful
revival of motherhood. There should
be a genuine Pentecostal lesson of
sweet and loving maternity, adding
multitudes of converts to the order of
womanhood. A selfish desire and ease,
and unwillingness to forego any amuse-
ment or pleasure; a reluctance to part
with any personal charm that might
be sacrificed to maternity; an aversion
to spend, and to be spent, for frolic,
a yearning after fashionable follies—all
these combine to write the anathema of
angelic infancy; and the recording
angel above, looking sorrowfully down
appalling scene writes his maraathas
likewise.

The mother who is listless, insane,
frivolous and self-indulgent, must not
quarrel with the photographic likeness
of herself in her offspring. The
mother who is petulant, discontented,
fault finding and reproachful, must ex-
pect the duplicate of herself in the
coming child. The mother who is an-
noyed, mortified and unreconciled, can-
not expect noble, loving, dutiful prog-
ny. There is an inborn conscious-
ness of being unwelcome. Worst of
all, that mother who hides herself away,
and seeks by every means in her power
to rob an immortal being of its title to
life, will surely pay an awful penalty.
It is a vain thing to expect absolution
for such a crime. What wonder there
are so many weak, self-distrusting men
and women! What wonder there are
so many stealthy assassins, fertile in
expedients for evil doing! What won-
der there are so many who walk through
life with heads bowed down like a bul-
rush! They have no inborn sense of a
right to live.

To be a devotee, self-sacrificing wife
and mother, should be to exact perpetu-
ally veneration. Her husband shall
fall newly in love with her every morn-
ing, and sing a fresh psalm to her praise
every evening. The crescent hopes
which center in her children are pleas-
ant compensation for the burdens im-
posed by the present. The *dolce for-
uente* may be more enjoyable for the
time, but it provides no similar harvest
no luscious fruitage for the swift coming
autumn, and the wintry days just at
hand, when the merry voices of child-
ren and grand children shall fill the
halls with a music so rapturous, that the
very echoes shall bend to catch the
mysterly, and send it thrilling from
cellar to dome. Such a household is a
grand, harmonious orchestra, and the
mother is the flute tune in it. Her
family is an immortal epic of what she
has done, loved and suffered, but, after
all, the richest reward of such a life is to
have lived it.—Overland Monthly.

The Soaped Horn.

Our readers may remember the
"soaping" of the signal horn. The
story runs, when a certain revivalist
celebrity took up the horn to summon
the worshippers to services, after din-
ner one day, he blew a strong blast of
soft soap all over the astonished audi-
ence. It is also said by the chronicler
of his item that the brother was so
wroth at this joke, that he cried out
aloud: "Brethren, I have passed thro'
many trials and tribulations, but noth-
ing like this. I have served in the
ministry for thirty years, and in that
time never uttered a profane word,
but I'll be cussed if I can't whip the
man that soaped that horn. The se-
quel to the same story is as follows:
Some two days after the horn soaping,
a tall swarthy villainous looking des-
perado strolled on the grounds, and
leaned against a tree, listening to the
eloquent exhortation to repent which
was made by the preacher. After a
time he became interested, finally af-
fected, and then taking a position on
the anxious seat commenced groaning
in the very bitterness of his sorrow.
The clergyman walked down and en-
deavored to console him. No conso-
lation—he was a great sinner, he said.
Oh, no; there is pardon for the vilest.
No; he was too wicked, there was no
mercy for him.

Why, what great crime have you
committed? said the preacher, have
you stolen?
Worse than that.
What! have you by violence rob-
bed female innocence of its virtue?
Worse than that.
Murder, is it gasped the preacher.
Worse than that, groaned the smit-
ten sinner.
The excited preacher commenced to
"peal off" his outer garments.
Here, Brother Cole! shouted he;
hold my coat—I've found the fellow
that soaped that horn. I am going to
lick him.
To delinquents—Printers eat.

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12-1f**

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confident they can
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