IN A BUTTON FACTORY.

What a Brooklyn Reporter Saw in a Visit to One of Them.

A single button is an insignificant thing and in money value doesn't amount to much, but when it is stated that in the five establishments devoted to button making in this city there is a capital of $250,000 invested, it is safe to say that the business is considerable. Walking through Tiffany place, in the Sixth ward, my attention was attracted to one of these factories. I had never seen a button made and, in fact, this was the nearest I ever had been to a place of the kind, and for the purpose of improving the opportunity I commenced climbing two flights of stairs that are as steep as those leading to Miss Liberty's lofty perch on Bedloe's Island; but once inside the factory the climbing of the steps was forgotten, as the picture before me was full of interest. There were about twenty girls at work making or painting buttons. The power, drop and foot presses were in constant motion. In making metal buttons the sheet is first taken and put through the power press which turns out more shells in a minute than would fill a bushel basket. These almost shapeless bits of brass or whatever the material may be, are then carried over to the drop, which falls on them with a heavy thud, and the tiny things of future use come out of it with a rim formed around the shell. The eye maker is then put in use, and next a machine called the closer is called upon to perform its duty and the button is finished except in color, which looks a dull yellow, but this is remedied, and the metal buttons show their brightness by being put through a burning process in acid jars, which resemble ice-cream freezers. Then they are cooled off in running water and taken to the stamp press, which turns quickly, and out they come with the name of the maker stamped in the shell part. There are made in these establishments a thousand different varieties of metal buttons, mostly for women's wear. Some are handsome to look at and others are not, but all go through the same process of manufacturing. The fancy buttons are taken to the painters, whose nimble fingers are continually busy while putting on the finishing touches. In making cloth buttons a man has ten layers of material before him from out of which, by hand work, he punches the same number of what are called toughs at one time and the whole operation works like a flash of lightning, so quick is the operation performed. The toughs are then taken alongside the shells, where one of the work-women attempted to show me how a cloth button was made and finished, but while listening to the explanation of the work by the young lady, the button was ready to go on the card and be shipped for Europe or anywhere else. She merely placed the cloth or tough in the closing machine and the eye in the tube, after which the two were connected and a delicate movement of the foot did the rest, as the shell, eye and tough were united and the cloth button was completed. Glove, shoe and all other kinds of buttons are manufactured in the same way. I was shown a cloth shoe button that at one time was patented and a capital of $100,000 invested in its manufacture. In another factory my attention was called to a metal button that will, when thoroughly known, do away with needle and thread. It is fastened in the article of clothing by a self-locking machine that is as cunning as it is simple.

The work of button-making seems to be light and cleanly, but I am sorry to say that few of the women toilers are ever likely to become millionaires while following the industry, as their weekly wages seldom go over seven dollars, while more often the reward for their labor is a great deal less, running down as low as two dollars, and averaging, the year round, five dollars per week; but as Brooklyn buttons go everywhere on the face of the earth and the business is yet in its infancy, so to speak, it may be that in time the bosses will be able to pay a higher rate of wages while making more money themselves. At any rate, button factories are something that the general public knows very little about, and a visit to any one of those establishments would prove not only profitable but highly interesting to those of an inquiring turn of mind.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

LIFE ON THE MOON.

The Likelihood That the Satellite Was Once Inhabited by Men.

There is reason for thinking that the moon is not absolutely airless, and, while it has no visible body of water, its soil may, after all, not be entirely arid and desiccated. These are observations which hint at visible changes in certain spots that could possibly be caused by vegetation, and, there are other observations which suggest the display of electric luminosity in a rarefied atmosphere covering the moon. To declare that no possible form of life can exist under the conditions prevailing upon the lunar surface would be saying to much, for human intelligence can not set bounds to creative power. Yet, within the limits of life, such as we know them, it is probably safe to assert that the moon is a dead and deserted world. In other words, if a race of beings resembling ourselves, or resembling any of our contemporaries terrestial life, ever existed upon the moon, they must long since have perished. That such beings may have existed is possible, particularly if it is true, as generally believed, that the moon once had a comparatively dense atmosphere and water upon its surface, which have now, in the process of cooling of the lunar globe, being withdrawn into its interior. It certainly does not detract from the interest with which we study the rugged and beautiful scenery of the moon to reflect that if we could visit those ancient sea-bottoms, or explore those glittering mountains, we might, perchance, find there some remains, or mementoes of a race that flourished, and perhaps was all gathered again to its fathers, before man appeared upon the earth.—*Garrett P. Serviss, in Popular Science Monthly.*

CRUEL DECEPTION.

How a Real Estate Buyer Took Advantage of a Southern Gentleman.

A man stopped near Patterson's bayou and thus addressed an old fellow who stood with his arms resting on a fence:

"Do you live here?"

"Don't see me dyin' here, do you?"

"Ah, you are sportive. I have heard of this neighborhood and have the names of several people. Where is J. B. Mucle!"

"Dead."

"Ah?"

"Ah, hah."

"What was the matter with him?"

"Sick."

"What sort of sickness?"

"Swamp fever."

"Let's see," consulting a scrap of paper; "where is Tom W. Buck?"

"Dead."

"What did he die of?"

"Swamp fever."

"Humph. Where can I find Sim Bly?"

"In the graveyard."

"Swamp fever?"

"Yes."

"Do you know any thing about Calvin Hunter?"

"Yes, laid him out."

"What was the matter with him?"

"Swamp fever."

"My friend, I have come into this neighborhood to buy land."

The native, smiling a welcome, replied: "We've got the finest country on earth, podner, right here. I've got two hundred and sixty acres that I'll let you have."

"How does it lie?"

"Fust-rate."

"How's the water?"

"Best in the world."

"Land rich?"

"Cream couldn't hold a lightning-bug to it."

"How is this neighborhood in the way of health?"

"Sweet as a pre—finest you ever saw."

"No chills?"

"Not a one."

"Fever of any kind?"

"Not a feve."

"What about those fellows that died?"

"Hah—oh, them fellers. W'y, you see they—they—w'y, they oughter lied."

"That's all right, but I don't believe I want any land round here."

"You don't! W'y confound your ugly hide, w'y didn't you tell me at fust that you thought o' buyin' land an' I wouldn't a said nothin' about them fellers dyin'. Blast your hide, you go around the country takin' advantage o' fellers this way. You don't know how to treat a gentleman. Move on now, or I'll hurt you. Come cheatin' me out of a sale. Move on, I tell you."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

INFLUENCE OF FLOWERS.

The Cheapest and at the Same Time Most Elevating of Pleasures.

Since the earliest ages of the world flowers have borne an important part. They were dedicated to the gods. Venus is represented wearing a garland of roses; Juno holds a lily in her hand, and Ceres is adorned with bearded wheat and corn poppies. In the days of Roman and Athenian luxury and refinement, flowers held an essential place in festivities and religious exercises; they were heaped upon altars, bound to the heads of beasts which were sacrificed to appease the wrath of the gods, and wreaths were worn not only by women, but also by men, whose heads were crowned with flowers upon all festive occasions. As many people made a business of raising and arranging flowers in those ancient times as at the present day, and every occasion had its particular adornment.

All over the world flowers are planted, watered, weeded and cherished, and from their influences the hearts of thousands upon thousands are nourished and uplifted to a sense of a higher power. We can not enjoy our lives fully without flowers, and they are the cheapest of pleasures. A five-cent packet of pansy seed will give you at least twenty different varieties of purple and gold and lilac, and blue and cream color and white flowers, whose lovely faces will look up into your eyes with a beauty all their own. Five cents will purchase a packet of mignonette, of whose odor one can never tire. Women, therefore, can not plead poverty to excuse the flowerless condition of their surroundings, because even three or four can club together paying only ten cents each, and procure eight or ten varieties of seeds, which will give each person an abundance of plants. Cultivate but a few varieties as a beginning. You will receive a tenfold return for your labor. I have always said I should have a garden if I had to plant it in a wheel-barrow and trundle it around to catch the sunbeams.

Go into the woods in the early spring and carry a basket and trowel, and dig up some moss and fern roots with partridge berries intermingled; add to them some roots of the wind anemone and wood sorrel, wild violet and saxifrage, and plant them in a deep dish from your pantry if nothing better is obtainable, and keep them well watered in a sunny window where you can watch their growth and see the tender ferns unroll and the tiny flowers open; they will teach you a lesson of faith and love which you can never forget.—*American Garden.*

—Stranger—How long does it take me to get to Deer Island and back? Young Bostonian (who has been there) —That depends on the length of your sentence, sir.

—Wee Fanny bit her tongue one day, and came in crying bitterly. "What is it?" asked her mother. "O mamma," she said, "my teeth stepped on my tongue."

—A man has no reason to be proud of his honesty when he has no temptations to do wrong and is too well watched to do any funny business even if he wanted to do so.—*Fall River Advance.*

—Dr. Lyman Beecher once replied to an inquiry of Dr. Hawes: "How are you getting on?" "First-rate! first-rate! first-rate! ever since I stopped trying to run this world."

"A THREE TIME WINNER."

Has Hanlan Lost His Grip?—Philosophical Training Demanded.

The defeat of "Ned" Hanlan by Teemer at Toronto in August indicates the "end of the glory" of the doughty champion.

He has sustained his record with admirable pluck and success, but the tremendous strain of years of training must certainly some day find its limit.

Apropos of this we recall the following interesting reminiscence of aquatic annals:

On a fine, bright day in August, 1871, an excited multitude of 15,000 to 20,000 persons lined the shores of the beautiful Kenebecassis, near St John, N. B., attracted by a four-oared race between the famous Paris crew of that city and a picked English crew for $5,000 and the championship of the world. Wallace Ross, the present renowned oarsman, pulled stroke for the Blue Nose crew, and "Jim" Renforth, champion sculler and swimmer of England, and of the world, was stroke in the English shell.

Excitement was at fever heat.

But three hundred yards of the course had been covered when the Englishmen noticed that their rivals were creeping away.

"Give us a dozen, Jim," said the veteran Harry Kelly, ex-champion of England, who was pulling No. 3 oar.

"I can't, boys, I'm done," said Renforth, and with these words he fell forward, an inanimate heap in the boat.

"He has been poisoned by bookmakers," was the cry and belief.

Everything that science and skill could suggest for his restoration was tried; but after terrible struggles of agony, the strong man, the flower of the athletes and pride of his countrymen, passed away.

The stomach was analyzed but no sign or trace of poison could be found therein, though general examination showed a very strange condition of the blood and the life-giving and health-preserving organs caused by years of unwise training. While the muscular development was perfect the heart and kidneys were badly congested.

The whole system was, therefore, in just that state when the most simple departure from ordinary living and exertion was of momentous consequence. His wonderful strength only made his dying paroxysms more dreadful and the fatality more certain.

Hanlan is now in Australia. Beach, champion of that country, is a powerful fellow, who probably understands the liability of athletes to death from overtraining, the effect thereof being very serious on the heart, blood and kidneys, as shown by poor Renforth's sudden death.

Within the past three years he has taken particular care of himself, and when training, always reinforces the kidneys and prevents blood congestion in them and the consequent ill-effect on the heart by using Warner's safe cure, the sportsman's universal favorite, and says he "is astonished at the great benefit."

Harry Wyatt, the celebrated English trainer of athletes, who continues himself to be one of the finest of specimens of manhood, and one of the most successful of trainers, writes over his own signature to the English *Sporting Life*, September 5th, saying; "I consider Warner's safe cure invaluable for all training purposes and outdoor exercise. I have been in the habit of using it for a long time. I am satisfied that it pulled me through when nothing else would, and it is always a three-time winner!"

Beach's and Wyat's method of training is sound and should be followed by all.

—Each in His Season.—

The iceman smiles as he counts the gains
Derived from the trade of summer,
And as he walks the streets disdains
The greeting of the plumber.
But the plumber will pass the iceman by
And be himself the hero,
When the storm cloud floats in the winter sky,
And the mercury's down to zero.

—*Boston Courier.*

—"Young man," he said, solemnly, "are you prepared to go?" "Prepared to go?" repeated the young man, blithely, "I should say so: I shipped my family to the country last week for the summer, have given up my flat and stored the furniture, and taken a room down town. I'm prepared to go any where."—*Life.*

THE WESTERN SETTLER'S CHOSEN SPECIFIC.

With every advance of emigration into the far West, a new demand is created for Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Newly peopled regions are frequently less salubrious than older settled localities, on account of the miasma which rises from recently cleared land, particularly along the banks of rivers that are subject to freshets. The agricultural or mining emigrant soon learns, when he does not already know, that the Bitters afford the only sure protection against malaria, and those disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels, to which climate changes, exposure, and unaccustomed or unhealthy water or diet subject him. Consequently, he places an estimate upon this great household specific and preventive commensurate with its intrinsic merits, and is careful to keep on hand a restorative and promoter of health so implicitly to be relied upon in time of need.

J. H. Foster, a cowboy, was instantly killed while attempting to capture a runaway near Cheyenne.

WHAT A CHANGE!

A few short weeks ago that young lady was the personification of health, vigor and beauty. The blush upon her cheeks rivalled that of the rose; her step was light and buoyant, her every movement was a revelation of perfect physical health. Yet now she is pallid and haggard, and her superabundant vitality has given place to a state of dullness and lassitude. What has caused this change? Functional irregularities, which can be cured by Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," a remedy to which thousands of women to-day owe their lives. All druggists.

Texas has quadrupled its population since 1870, and doubled its valuation since 188[illegible].

IF SUFFERERS FROM CONSUMPTION,

Scrofula, Bronchitis, and General Debility, will try **Scott's Emulsion** of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites, they will find immediate relief and permanent benefit. The Medical Profession universally declare it a remedy of the greatest value and very palatable. Read: "I have used Scott's Emulsion in several cases of Scrofula and Debility in children. Results most gratifying. My little patients take it with pleasure."—W. A. HULBERT, M. D., Salisbury, Ill.

"Brown's Bronchial Troches" have a direct influence on the inflamed parts, giving relief in Coughs, Colds, and the various Throat troubles to which Singers and Public Speakers are liable. *Sold only in boxes.*

No Opium in Piso's Cure for Consumption. Cures where other remedies fail. 25c.

PROFESSIONAL SPIES.

A Calling That Is Considered Infamous by Thousands of Good People.

Although the changes wrought by time and social progress have elevated into respectability many professions anciently regarded as infamous, and converted into mere baseless prejudices objections once by no means without foundation, some are still honestly and wholesomely detested.

That of a spy, for instance. Involving ideas of deceit, lying and treachery, with which it is but too often associated, it is at best tolerated as a disagreeable necessity. No man or woman likes to be called a spy, and to be regarded as a professional spy is to be infamous all the world over.

The purpose of the spy is not that of the detective only, who is secret and watchful, but not necessarily treacherous. A genuine spy makes it his heartless and cruel business to win confidence only to betray it—to enjoy hospitality as a guest that he may bring down ruin upon his host and misery upon his family. He professes friendship to those he is anxious to disgrace, and affection where his only intentions are those of cold-blooded malignity. What could be more vile or base?

And yet spies of the very worst type have existed in all classes of society and in all times. In Russia to this day there are men and women of the highest rank who are not ashamed to act as spies, secretly engaged by the chiefs of police, and others who do such dirty work as amateurs merely to serve political ends, those of the government or those of the secret assassins, called Nihilists.

While the Bourbons were on the French throne, and all through the reigns of Napoleon the Great and Napoleon the Little, spies abounded. In Austria they were for many years not less abundant, and also in Italy. Nor are these hateful pests to be found only in their own country. They travel to other lands in pursuit of their victims, plotting and scheming to get them within their craftily created toils. Even their employers regard them with suspicion, and those they most benefit are often those who regard them with the greatest contempt and disgust. In the reign of Louis XVIII. the Duc Decazes was once atacked, as head of the Parisian police, by a member of the Chamber of Deputies, who pointed out as disgraceful to his department and their government the vile characters he employed as spies for detecting crimes. The Duc replied, sarcastically: "Show me the honest men who will undertake their duties and I promise to employ them!" The retort was a crusher to which the Deputy had no reply, for spies were then regarded as absolute State necessities.

During the last French Empire you could not venture even in any private assembly and utter safely any political opinion if they chanced to be antagonistic to the Government, and it is said that this policy was but a continuance of that adopted during the latter part of the reign of King Louis Phillippe, when a complete network of espionage surrounded every social circle and had its representative in almost every home. It was said that no reunion, private or public, composed of more than a certain number of people, ever took place in Paris without the cognizance and surveillance of the police. No matter what the rank or position of the giver of a feast might be, he was commanded to forward a certain number of tickets to the Prefecture for guests who were sure to arrive, courteous in manner, fashionable in dress and apparently highly educated and very agreeable men and momen of the highest respectability, but spies every one.—*London Tid-Bits.*

SPOOLS FOR THREAD.

The Wood and Machinery Employed in Their Manufacture.

Birch wood is preferred. The birch is first sawed into sticks four or five feet long and seven-eighths of an inch to three inches square, according to the size of the spool to be produced. These sticks are thoroughly seasoned. They are sawed into short blocks, and the blocks are dried in a hot-air kiln. At the time they are sawed a hole is bored through them. One whirl of the little block against sharp knives, shaped by a pattern, makes the spools at the rate of one a second.

A small boy feeds the spool machine, simply placing the blocks in a spout, and throwing out the knotty or defective stock. The machine is automatic, but can not do the sorting. The spools are revolved rapidly in drums, and polish themselves. For some purposes they are dyed yellow, red or black. They are made in hundreds of shapes and sizes.

When one sees on a spool of thread "one hundred yards" or "two hundred yards," these words do not signify that the thread has been measured, but that the spool has been gauged, and is supposed to contain so much thread.

When a silk or linen or a cotton firm wants a spool made, it sends a pattern to a spool-maker. This pattern gives the size and shape of the barrel, and of the head and bevel. These patterns determine the amount of thread that the spool will hold.—*Golden Days.*

—A jubilee cup has been added to the plate at the London Mansion House. A lion, a leopard, a kangaroo and a beaver support the base; the cover bears the statuette of the Queen instead of the inevitable griffins; dolphins form the handles, and scenes from the colonies are embossed on the sides.—*Boston Transcript.*

—Jules Verne lives at Amiens. It was his custom to go to Paris once a month for a day or two, until a year ago when he was wounded by a pistol shot in the left leg. He still limps, can not bend his leg and is deprived of all exercise. He drives a good deal. Verne does not speak English. He is a great reader of English literature, but he has to make use of translations. —*Detroit Free Press.*

—Christine Terhune Herrick finds that in "spite of the many instances of parsimonious and fault-finding husbands, there is a goodly number who feel thorough confidence in their wives' ability as domestic financiers, and do not hesitate to say that under such judicious supervision their incomes go twice as far as they did in their bachelor days, and far more satisfactorily." These men are growing rare and of doubtful veracity.

Gen. H. J. Hunt is in the service at Washington.

A perfect specific—Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

Two imbecile girls were burned to death at Spencer, O., and murder is suspected.

IF YOU WANT

A nice holiday present don't fail to call on Feldenheimer, the leading and reliable jeweler of Portland.

Wakelee's Squirrel and Gopher Exterminator. Try it, and prove the best is the cheapest. Wakelee & Co., San Francisco.

The bodies of twenty-two victoms of the Vernon disaster have been recovered.

"FIRE-PROOF PAPER MAY BE MADE,"

Says a scientific exchange, "from a pulp, consisting of one part vegetable fibre, two parts asbestos, one-tenth part borax, and one fifth part alum." It is a pity that such facts as the one following cannot be written, printed or otherwise preserved, upon some sort of indestructible paper. "My wife suffered seven years and was bedridden, too," said W. E. Huestis, of Emporia, Kansas, 'a number of physicians failed to help her. Dr. Pierce's 'Golden Medical Discovery' cured her." All druggists sell this remedy. Everybody ought to keep it. It only needs a trial.

Gen. Alfred Pleasonton lives in Philadelphia.

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED.

To the Editor:—

Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address.

Respectfully,

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CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, are a positive cure for every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula. CUTICURA REMEDIES are absolutely pure and the only infallible skin beautifiers and blood purifiers.

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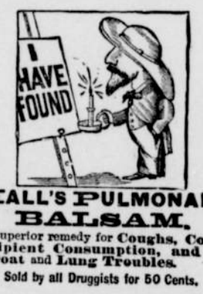

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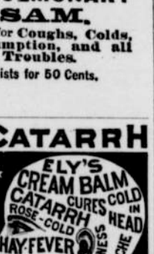

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Or woman that does not appreciate a good article of food for daily use when it can be obtained at a fair price. Just now we are offering bright Dry Peaches, new, at 10c; fancy quality, 12½c; peeled, 16 to 20c; Apricots, 10 and 12c; and fancy evaporated, 20c; Nectarines, 7 to 10c; Prunes, best German, 8c; best French, 10 to 12c; good Cooking Raisins, 5c, and on up to 12½c for fine table; Pears, bright, 6c; very choice, 8c; evaporated, 10c. Currants, Figs, Dates, Citron, Cherries, Raspberries, Blackberries, everything in the Dried Fruit line, and generally at Carload Rates, as we receive ten times as much on consignment as we can sell at usual retail prices. We have dark or interior Pears, Peaches, Apricots and Nectarines as low as 3 and 5c, but not guaranteed. It is always best to buy a fine article in Dried Fruit. We cannot warrant above prices to continue forever. Better order at once for all winter. Ask for full list. **SMITH'S CASH STORE,** 115 and 117 Clay Street, San Francisco, Cal.

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