

PASTE-BRUSH ADEPTS.

The Box-Making Girls of New York and Their Work.

An Ill-Paid Business in Which Many Thousands of Women Are Engaged—Pasteboard, Gilt, Spangles, Old Gowns and Pretty Faces.

Yearly and during all seasons some hundreds of men and many thousands of girls are employed in the paper box factories of New York. Working-women in this trade, says the New York Star, are not as well paid as those engaged in the more delicate work of making artificial flowers, embroidery and the like, nor as those in the more laborious trades. The boxmaker's work calls for less skill than the former, and less of both strength and skill than some of the latter. Most branches of box-making can be learned in a few weeks. The materials are light and the tools simple. The result is that wages are sometimes as low as \$4 a week, and seldom above \$8 or \$9. The women are employed at piece work. The men, whose wages are better, work by the week. Men and boys run the machines and prepare the material for the finishing touches given by the girls.

On entering a box factory one is bewildered by a multitude of shapes and colors. There are boxes, big and little, in cylinders, in flat tray-like forms, in long, narrow blocks, and in a dozen other shapes to be only indicated by learned geometrical terms. Gay colored papers in reams, in strips, in ribbons and in confused clippings, lie about everywhere. Great machines at one end of the room are cutting the ugly cheap straw-board into suitable shapes. The prepared pasteboard, with notched edges and long, straight cuts, where it is to be turned up for fitting, is laid in a great heap on a table before a boy or man who stands on guard before a great glue pot.

The heap is quickly arranged, so that one edge of each piece of pasteboard is slightly exposed, and with a broad thick brush the workman liberally beglues all the edges at a few strokes. Other pieces are deftly fixed to the glued edges, the pile is brought to an even edge, turned over and pounded with the mallet at the newly glued joints. The opposite edges are then glued, and finally, piece by piece, the pasteboard is stood on edge and brought round so as to form the sides of a box. A pinch where the glued edges meet makes all fast, and the box, without bottom or lid, is passed to one of the girls.

The girl stands by her table and rapidly smears a cardboard with glue. Upon this glued space she lays half a dozen long narrow ribbons of paper. Seizing the box she claps on the pasteboard bottom and secures it by a deft and sure application of the paper ribbon. She makes no pause for measurements, but tears off her ribbon when it is too long and piches it out when it is too short. Thumb and forefinger fit the ribbon with unerring accuracy. As each box is bottomed it is laid aside to dry, and it is interesting to see how rapidly the pile grows under the girl's flying fingers. Her pay, however, is only a small fraction of a cent for each box.

Lids are fashioned much in the same way. The lid reaches the worker with edges turned up, and her work is to apply the ribbons of paper that add strength and ornament. The lid is rested upon a round wooden post twelve or fifteen inches in diameter. This stands on the table. It is a simple matter to turn the lid as it rests on the post and apply the ribbon of paper to the four sides. Hundreds of lids can be completed in a day. When lid and bottom are finished the box must be labeled, so as to indicate the article it is to contain. This work is rapidly done by some of the younger girls.

Boxes of this kind are turned out by the million and are sold at from one to five dollars per hundred. Costlier boxes are edged with gilt paper and covered with figured material. Costlier still are the bon-bon boxes. Gay lithographic pictures are imported by the thousand from Paris to ornament such boxes. They are lined with delicate paper and edged with an imitation of lace. The foundation material of these pretty cabinets for sweets is plain brown pasteboard. It is an instructive lesson in the striking results of simple devices to see one of these bare, ugly pasteboard trays grow under a girl's nimble fingers into the dainty receptacle that shall make sweetmeats doubly valuable. Bon-bon boxes sometimes wholesale at twenty-five dollars a hundred, and wages for this work are somewhat higher than in other branches of the trade.

One accustomed to the sight of the working girls of New York at their daily toil will note the absence of gay apparel among the workers of the factories. Glue is an enemy of pretty gowns, and the girls either come to the factories in their oldest garments or exchange their street dress for soiled working clothes on reaching the scene of their labor. Glue, however, does not injure face or figure and in the box factories, as in others, most of the girls are ruddy and clear-eyed, while a fair proportion can lay good claim to beauty.

ENERGY OF STORMS.

Some of the Laws and Theories of Meteorological Phenomena.

H. A. Hazen, in discussing the subject in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, states that the theory was advanced by Espy in 1835 that the energy of our storms and tornadoes was entirely due to the latent heat set free in the condensation of the aqueous vapor in the air. He supposed that a primary impulse was given to an ascending current by the heat of the sun falling upon a certain limited portion of the earth, and that saturated air in this ascending current, through expansion and cooling, had its moisture condensed. This condensation liberated the latent heat stored up through the process of evaporation, and this in turn heated up the air, producing a rarefaction and an increased upward motion. The longer this process went on the more intense the action became, the more heat was evolved, and thus more and more force was evolved. Prof. Ferrel adopted this view in part, and said that without the action of some constant force the primary impulse would rapidly lose its intensity through friction, and thus the disturbance would quickly come to an end. This constant force he maintained was the heating of the air through condensation, etc., as set forth by Espy. Prof. Mohn, one of the most prominent meteorologists of Europe, has gone still further, and has computed the amount of energy brought out in developing a single Cuban hurricane during October 5, 6, 7, 1844. He says: "The Cuban hurricane, in moving the in-flowing air, developed at least 473,500,000 horse-power in these three days—that is, at least fifteen times as much energy as comes from all

wind mills, water wheels, steam engines, locomotives, man and animal power of the whole earth at the same time." He states that all this power needed in the storm generation came from the latent heat set free in the process of condensation.

This, then, must be considered the chief corner-stone of theories in regard to storm formation. It seems exceedingly probable, however, that this enormous development of energy is purely and highly imaginary, and that it is an attempt to make something out of next to nothing. While undoubtedly latent heat will be evolved if vapor be condensed, yet this evolution would seem to bring certain death to the very process of condensation. Suppose we have a mass of air and could condense its moisture without altering its temperature, the latent heat set free would make just enough sensible heat to again evaporate the moisture, and there would be no rain, but every thing would remain in statu quo. Suppose, however, we take away enough heat to cool the air 10 degrees for each cubic foot, this would amount to the heat necessary to evaporate one-seventh of a grain of moisture and must be taken in part at least from the surrounding air. If we cool the air 1 degree it will condense a certain amount of moisture, depending upon the temperature, and this will liberate exactly the same amount of heat that was used in the original evaporation. In order to absorb this heat it is necessary to cool the condensing air, and this can only be done by imparting still more heat to the surrounding air, so that we have increased the temperature of the environment in two ways, and thus have put a stop to all further development.

For example, let us cool a cubic foot of saturated air from 80 to 79 degrees, and let us suppose that the heat imparted to the surrounding air is all concentrated in a single cubic foot close by the first. We now have 1 cubic foot of saturated air at 79 degrees and another of unsaturated air at 79 degrees and another of unsaturated air at about 81 degrees. The cooling to 79 degrees has condensed one-third grain of moisture, and this has liberated latent heat which can be disposed of only by heating the adjacent cubic foot to 2.3 degrees. We have, then, if there is no flow in the reasoning, one-third grain of moisture as rainfall, 1 cubic foot of saturated air at 79 degrees and another of unsaturated air at 83.53. Suppose we mix these, we shall have 2 cubic feet of air at about 81 degrees and unsaturated, hence no further rainfall can occur till this is again cooled, and it can not be cooled except at the expense of the surrounding air. It is plain that this will be the effect even with the most infinitesimal cooling and condensation, hence we must conclude that no appreciable rainfall can occur by these processes, and the enormous energy developed is a figment of the imagination, or else that the heat evolved has been changed to electricity or radiated into space or disposed of in some other way. The processes herein set forth seem to be exactly analogous to those taking place when two masses of saturated air or widely-differing temperature are mixed together, in which case all meteorologists are agreed there can be no appreciable rainfall, and, of course, no development of energy.

This seems a very startling result, and some will ask: What can we substitute as a cause of storms? It is believed by a great many intelligent people that meteorology has not yet taken its first step toward a satisfactory solution of its profoundest problems, and there has been scarcely a well-authenticated principle established even in the simpler problems. We may well conclude that the principal reason for this has been the extreme proneness to adopt doubtful hypothesis, which has greatly hampered investigation. One of the first steps is to disprove these theories before we can lay the foundation of a better structure. The only possible way in which we can hope to learn the formation of our storms and the laws governing their movement is to investigate them in the open air, where, as it is now admitted by all, their power lies. This knowledge, it will be readily admitted would be of incalculable benefit to all classes of people, but especially to those living in tornado districts, to seafaring men and to farmers. It is to be hoped that those interested will turn their attention to this subject, but if not, in this evening of the nineteenth century there will undoubtedly soon be a demand from many classes of people that the investigation be undertaken. With our modern appliances this may be made at very slight expense and with entire safety to the investigator.

PURCHASE A HOME.

The Personal Independence That Is Incalculated by Housekeeping.

"Will it be wise?" "Yes," replied the elderly man, "it will be wise for you, because, if you try, you will persevere." I agree, adds a writer in the New York Weekly. And working-men, clerks and others of moderate incomes, let me tell you why, prefacing it with the remark that I have consulted with some of the best advisers that I could find, during several weeks past.

A home for which you agree to pay a moderate price to-day, if wisely located near a large or small city, is sure to increase in value on your hands. Suburban lands have not yet begun to show Americans the figures they will show. When one hundred and seventy-five millions of people fill America, as they will during a lifetime from this, land is to be the most valuable thing here. You will be more likely to save money to pay the full debt, provided you have not purchased by too small a payment down to have a reasonable glimpse of daylight ahead. If your home is pleasant to your family, the argument for economy is pleasing and popular with all the household. "Remember the mortgage. Let us get the house clear," will seem a less irksome caution than "Let's put by something for a rainy day." Your sense of unity in the struggle will be constant. All at it, and always at it, will be not only a thrifty domestic motto but will be a band of love; mutual burdens and sacrifices make affections, unless they become exasperating by severity.

There is a certain personal independence that is inculcated by householding that can be grown from no other soil. At least it runs in the Anglo-Saxon blood to love an acre all one's own. I am not now to be understood as raising any mooted question as to the private ownership of land. I am only saying that a mechanic or operative who lives under his own roof feels more independent, he has more of the self-consequence of citizenship, than the dweller "in his own hired house." There is a firmness in the tread of one's own door-step, there is a welcome in the snap of one's own front door-catch, a security in turning one's own key when he lies down to sleep, that no rented room can give. If one pays his tax, he is a little monarch on his own floor. If his children smash a glass or scratch the wall, whose business is it? If the baby

cries loudly, well, the good neighbors are to be commiserated perhaps, but there is no one to pound on the floor above or growl at you through the janitor. You are the lord of all you survey, and your noble spouse, broken in her sleep in vain attempts to hush the child and spare the breadwinner, is the only one you care to pity.

Owning your own house, you become an internal part of the school district, the voting precinct, the vicinage. There is nothing that concerns the neighborhood that is not your concern. The highway, the gutter, the sanitation, the abatement of a nuisance, the building of a new library, the payment of the church debt, the character of the boys who associate with your boys, and girls that your boys may fall in love with. You are a fixture; you are of the soil. You are an essential part of the town, and always a counsellor for good and wholesome things. Being permanent, you brook no abiding evil; let the evils get out, for you and yours are not to be driven out by them. You change places with life's annoyances. Heretofore the annoyances have said to you: "If you do not like us, why move." Now you reverse the order. "No, move you!" The effect on a man's mind is wonderful. The evils of life have driven us with a whip, from boarding-house to flat, from village to city, up and down. Evil has seemed a tyrant. We were the transient and fitting. Now, owning a home, you stiffen with the authority of a master. You drive away evil—you seek to, at any rate; you plot not to dodge an evil, but to annihilate it. You confront miserable things, and command: "Turn! Retreat! I am anchored. I'll think of you as transient."

The mental effect is seen all through a man's life habit. This bad practice of pulling up and flying from things we do not like—a practice that makes short tenures of clerkships and hire—is changed. He who owns a home does not take offense at trifles and fly off the handle. He knows full well that he can not now afford to get mad and flounce out of a good position on every slight provocation of an employer's unreasonable demand or temper. He must exercise self-control. He goes home to sleep over his anger, and as his pleasant door-yard smiles on him it seems to chide him. The very front gate begs him: "Be patient. Am I not worth many insults?" The bed, in his own familiar room, the room where his children were born, and perhaps where the baby boy breathed his last, speaks all so eloquently of patience, of forbearance, and charity. How many a roving nature has been changed to settled habitude and persevering purpose by the matchless persuasion of one's own home. "My own Home, bless God and please God, I will suffer long before I will lightly leave thee."

In time the house owner becomes a lot owner in the cemetery on the village hill. There, with the wall of marble head-stones smiling to the church spires, there he and his children often stroll on Sunday evenings, when the lengthening shadows creep across the glebe. There, on the well-kept mounds, repose the flowers that loving hands keep fresh, flowers that grow from the soil of your own home lot, flowers whose roots the living children plant in May, whose stocks they cut for the dead children in July. Near by the church you love, the familiar place in the old sanctuary, where your boy first slept through services, whither the same whiskered boy returns in after years to sit beside your gray hairs.

Owning your own house your neighbors have learned to love you by the memory of scenes of cheer at your table, year after year. You have watched with their sick, as they have with yours, you have been to their weddings, as they to yours. The house is you; it grows to look like you; it is your monument of years of tastes peculiarly your own.

I wish you well of your struggle, reader. God help you to pay off the last cent of the mortgage. I can not see your face, but I encourage you. Be patient, be strong. You will succeed at last.

A Slightly Mixed Letter.

The London Spectator, pursuing its researches into Irish bulls, prints the following supposed letter of an Irish gentleman to his son at school, written by John Brougham, the Irish actor and dramatist: "I write to send you two pairs of my old breeches that you may have a new coat made out of them. Also some new socks that your mother has just knit by cutting down some of mine. Your mother sends you ten dollars without my knowledge, but for fear you may not spend it wisely I have kept back one-half, and only send you five dollars. Your mother and I are well, except your sister has got the measles, which we think would spread among the other girls if Tom had not had it before, and he is the only one left. I hope you will do honor to my teachings; if not you are an ass, and your mother and myself your affectionate parents."

A WASTE OF EGGS.

Melancholy Adventure Which Befell a Couple of Selfish Passengers.

Railway pigs do not always secure happiness for themselves by making their fellow passengers comfortable, writes a Boston correspondent. A friend of your correspondent chanced to witness a melancholy adventure which befell two of the breed on a suburban train the other day. Pig No. 1 was unjustifiably occupying two seats while other people were compelled to stand for want of sitting room. To keep the second place at his side he had deposited there on a good-sized paper bag full of something. The train drew up at a station on its way into town and pig No. 2 entered the car with a slam. Pig No. 1 was a selfish pig, whereas pig No. 2 was an aggressive pig. Both varieties are only too familiar. Now ensued a tragedy in one act. Pig No. 2 made his way along the aisle until he came to the bench occupied by pig No. 1 for the accommodation of himself and his paper bag. Then he paused and glared. Doubtless if he had asked pig No. 1 to remove the offending parcel and make room for him, pig No. 1 would have acquiesced and all would have been peaceful and lovely. Pig No. 2, however, did not choose to make any such polite request. He simply spread his coat-tails and sat down upon the paper bag with the ponderous emphasis of about 180 pounds avoirdupois. Squash! Pigs Nos. 1 and 2 leaped to their feet simultaneously. On the countenance of the former was an expression of pardonable anger, on that of the latter were written emotions of horror and alarm. At the same time the passengers near by observed that pig No. 2 was literally covered as to his rear with a fluid of chrome yellow tint, which trickled down the legs of his trousers to the floor. The seat he had so suddenly vacated was a puddle of the same. "Sir!" exclaimed pig No. 1, wrathfully, "how dare you smash my eggs?" "Jackass!" replied pig No. 2, with equal

heat, "what do you mean by setting a trap with your infernal hen fruit for decent people to sit down upon?"

"Two dozen and a half, fresh laid," said pig No. 1. "I'll thank you to pay me for them."

"A brand new pair of fourteen dollar pantaloons," rejoined pig No. 2. "Replace them or fight."

It was the brakeman who interfered and put an untimely stop to what promised to be an unusually interesting scrimmage. And at the last view the writer's friend had of the combatants, as the train came to a full stop in the Boston depot, pig No. 1 was leaving the car breathing awful threats of action for assault, while pig No. 2 was being wiped off with newspapers by the brakeman aforesaid. Most of the passengers, strange to say, appeared to be grieved that the two had not been permitted to wipe each other out unmolested. There are plenty of railway pigs to spare in these parts.

Turks and Dancing Bears

The dancing-bear nuisance has become so great in New Orleans that the police courts have taken action on the matter and ordered the seizure of all bears found upon the public roads unless caged. There is scarcely a house in Louisiana that has not been visited by wandering Turks and their bears. If a dime is given to one of them to get rid of him, the unhappy donor will find a dozen bears and two dozen Turks at his front door next morning, all asking for the same recompense. If they get no money, they will ask for food, and if refused, they will lie down in front of the house and express their intention of dying there.

Her Last Resort.

A desperate San Francisco spinster of uncertain age, possessed of much wealth and little beauty, agreed to give a marriage bureau \$100 to secure her a husband. Forty dollars was paid down. A marriage resulted, but the remaining \$60 was not paid, whereupon the proprietress of the bureau sued for \$185 for services rendered. This included the unpaid \$60, \$100 for board and lodging and \$20 for a wedding breakfast. The bride, to avoid notoriety, compromised by paying \$50.

An Horological Relic.

Uncle Robert McCue, an industrious colored citizen of Reidsville, N. C., has a time-piece made in 1790. It has been repaired but once in fifty years. Its train is of wood. The weights are tubes filled with sand to the required depth. The clock shows the day of month as well as the hours, minutes and seconds. It is seven feet two inches high, and is as bright, even to the gilding, as a new piece of furniture.

ences Made of Soft Steel.

A new fence is made of soft steel, cut while in the plate and drawn out after the fashion of paper love baskets. It is proposed also to make iron lathing by the same process, which, it is said, will be fire-resisting and capable of being bent and hammered into corners and around curves in a way to put wood quite out of countenance.

BADLY BOTHERED.

Ex-Governor Warmoth Tells a Good Story at Ben Butler's Expense.

"I was at a State fair at Manchester, N. H.," said ex-Governor Warmoth, of Louisiana, the other day to a Washington Post man, "away back in 1873. It was the usual sort of a New England fair—an agricultural horse trot with brass band and political speeches. Ben Butler was up for the speech. The audience was on the grand stand, one side the race track, and Ben Butler and the rest of us big guns in the judges' stand on the other side.

"Fellow-citizens of my native State," began the bold Ben, "I shall address you to-day on the subject of Federal, State and municipal taxation."

"Butler sailed along and had got well warmed up when a corn-fed farmer drove along the track with twenty yoke of oxen and a cart piled up with corn, pumpkins and other farm products and a couple of buxom country girls on top. He was proud of that turnout and took his time getting by the grand stand. Of course Butler had to stop till it got out of the way. Then he began again and warmed up once more. By that time another farmer had got jealous of the impression the first one had made, and he came jee-hawing down the track with thirty yoke of cattle and a still bigger cart loaded away up with big squashes and pumpkins and four slashing-looking red-checked girls on his load, each one holding a red ear of corn in her hand. Well, that outfit made a big sensation on the grand stand and attracted more attention than Jim Robinson driving a twenty-horse circus chariot would. Of course Butler had to stop again. He was getting mad.

"Can't this thing be stopped?" he asked. "I don't want to be headed off by every Jake in New Hampshire who wants to make a holy show of himself."

"So some one was sent off up the track to stop further interruptions, and Butler got along as far as fifthly, and was getting red in the face, when what should come along the track but another caravan. This one had nearly forty yoke of oxen, every one a seven-footer, as sleek as bulls and as fat as butter. The cart was full of apple-butter, school-marms, and the grand stand knew them all, and went wild with delight. To say that Butler was mad would be useless. He got his eyes almost wide open.

"If another one of those infernal cattle shows comes along," said he, "I'll leave the platform. I'll be hanged if I am going to be broken in upon every ten minutes."

"This time a messenger was sent up the track, who headed off all the rest of the procession, and Butler went along swimmingly for a quarter of an hour longer, when a big brass band struck up back of the grand stand. It was a visiting band from somewhere up State; it thought it was some pumpkins, and it just put in and blew for dear life. Lord, what a noise it made! But Butler wasn't going to be 'phased' by a big brass band, even if two-thirds of the crowd were craning their necks for a sight of the musicians. Just then the fire-bells over in Manchester set up an infernal clang-whanging, and every engine in the city had paraded out into the fair grounds. Down the track they tore at full speed, one after another, fires up, smoke rolling out of the stacks, bells clanging, and horses laying their bellies almost on the ground, while every boy in Manchester chased along behind, yelling like demons, and the grand stand tumbling over each other to see where the fire was.

"That was the end of it. Butler tore up his notes and danced all over the platform, blue with rage, and swearing like a trooper, while I climbed down behind the stand where I could laugh."

F. J. SEERY, M.D. C.M.

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