

Art—"Comin' thro' the Rye."

BY THE "UNKNOWN."

If a scribe, to please his tribe,
Writes up some scheme for pay,
From roots of beets to cull the sweets,
And drive hard times away,

Sure everybody has his hobby—
It is "soft and sweet;"
But all the sugar's in his eye
That's comin' thro' the beet.

How much per field these roots will yield,
Or how the stuff will sell—
How great the mart, or when 'twill start—
'Twould puzzle him to tell.

The Spectroscope

EXPERIMENTS ON THE HUMAN SYSTEM.

The compound which oxygen makes with
the coloring matter of blood, viz., oxyhemoglobin,
gives a well marked spectrum having two absorption bands.
Herr Viorordt, a German physiologist, has pointed out that this
may be simply observed by putting the fourth
and fifth fingers one over the other and bringing
their line of union before the slit of a
spectroscope, the light used being sunlight
transmitted. If now a caoutchouc ring be
passed round the fingers so as to stop the
access of arterial blood, the two absorption
bands in the spectrum disappear in a few
minutes, the spectrum giving place to that
of reduced hemoglobin. Take the ring
off and the former spectrum recurs.

Coal Impudence.

For downright cool impudence command
us to the following from Wilkes' Spirit:
"OUR CHAMPION SCULLER.—Edward
Hanlan sailed from this city January 31 by
the steamer City of Montreal. He spent a
very pleasant week in the Metropolis and
found many things which interested him
greatly. . . . He carries with him the
best wishes of all Americans, irrespective of
party feeling or personal prejudice, and is
certainly the most proper representative of
American sculling that ever visited England."

A CURIOUS INVENTION.—In a recent number
of the Journal of the Franklin Institute is
a description of a remarkable machine,
designed and constructed last summer by a
student at the University of Pennsylvania,
Frank T. Freeland, class of 1879. It is called
"An Automatic Tit-tat-to Machine," and
with it any one can play that game, as if it
were a person. It is a true automaton, that
is, there is no one concealed in or around it
who governs its move by electrical or any
other means, as was the case with all
the "automaton chess players." The principle
upon which it works is this. There is in it
a mechanical table of all the possible
moves, and two hands having nine
fingers each. When the opponent makes a
move the machine hunts with its left hand
in the table for that move. Opposite it is
set down the proper answering move. By
pushing a lever the right hand discovers
that move and transmits it to the board.
The machine was exhibited at the Franklin
Institute. It is now at the University
of Pennsylvania, where it has played a
large number of games without losing a
single one. The problem of designing a
machine which would play one of the games
of skill was never seriously attempted before
but once, when the results arrived at were
such as to present serious difficulties to the
construction of the machine.

Half the vinegar which is sold in shops is
rank poison. Farmers make your own
vinegar.

ILL. HEALTH.

The Adrian Man Who Had Dyspepsia
and Couldn't Eat Everything.

There came to the dinner table at the Law-
rence House, the other day, two strangers, one
a lean and hungry looking customer, the other
a decent appearing young fellow. As they
reached the table the older man clutched
frantically at the bill of fare, and remarked as
follows:
"Let's see what they've got. You know I
can't eat anything. Been nearly dead for 10
weeks with the dyspepsia. Ah, 'oyster soup,'
guess that won't hurt me." To waiter—"Bring
me some 'oyster soup,' and let's see, 'boiled
white fish,' yes, I'll have some o' that."

The soup and the fish were rapidly eaten.
"Now, let's see what else they've got, you
know I can't eat anything. 'Roast turkey,'
that ought not to hurt me. I'll have some o'
that. 'Chicken pie,' yes, that's easily
digested, I'll have some. Let's see, I can't
eat anything, I'll take a bit of the boiled ham,
some macaroni, and ah, some chicken livers,
and vegetables.

The waiter had been taking the order, and
the man with the weak stomach reached this
way for crackers, that way for butter, here
took a piece of bread, there a pickle, and a
stalk of celery, and frequently remarking
that he couldn't eat anything, stayed his
stomach until his dinner was brought. He
looked it over, sent the waiter back for some
roast veal, and another onion, remarking
that his stomach was weak, he had been suffer-
ing terribly from dyspepsia, and couldn't
eat anything, but at last got to work and
cleared the dishes.

The matter of dessert troubled him some
because his stomach was so weak, but he
finally ordered mince pie, plum pudding and
ice cream, with a cup of coffee. They were
brought and devoured, and then he called
the waiter, and made her a confidential com-
munication to the effect that he had been
sick with dyspepsia, that his stomach was
weak, he couldn't eat anything, and would
she bring him a bowl of milk?

The milk was brought, he crumbled some
bread therein, and as his younger companion
had departed, the man with the weak stom-
ach remarked to the gentleman across the
table from him that it was darned rough to
have to come down to bread and milk, but
he had been sick, he couldn't eat anything,
and he had to be careful.

And now the landlord is anxious for that
man to come round when he is well. He
needn't come but once.—Adrian Times.

The Play.

Signor Campanini has been re-engaged to
the summer opera season of 1879 at He
Majesty's Theatre, London.

Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities" has again
been dramatized, with the new title of
"Destiny."

Henry Irving has re-opened the London
Lyceum Theatre with "Hamlet." It is said
that he surpassed all his previous efforts.

The King of Bavaria has commanded a per-
formance of "Fidelio" for the benefit of
Beethoven's grandniece, said to be almost
starving.

Howard Paul, writing in the American
Register about the Union Square Theatre,
says: "We have no theatre in London that
presents its pieces with such a perfect ensemble
and completeness of mise-en-scene."

Signora Vanzini (Mrs. Jennie Van Zandt)
is engaged for the Theatre Reggio, at Turin,
and was to make her debut as Zerlina ("Don
Giovanni"). She will appear next season at
Her Majesty's Theatre, London.

A new opera by Offenbach, produced at
the Folies Dramatiques, is the artistic event
of the day in Paris. The veteran maestro
shows no diminution of his powers, and
"Madame Favart" bids fair to equal in
popularity the "Belle Helene."

It is said of Irving, the London actor, that
he is "a caricature of Edwin Booth, with little
twinkling eyes, dark skin, and one leg so
much shorter than the other that he walks
with a decided halt. But his acting is so
wonderful that no one can think of his
looks."

Mlle. Kleeberg, the child pianist who
carried off the first prize at the Conserva-
toire last summer, has made her debut at
the concert of the Cirque d'Hiver with
marked success. The young lady, who is
only twelve years old, played a sonata by
Beethoven, "not," as the critics remarked,
"like a prodigy, but like a finished artist."

Patti's last appearance at Berlin was at a
concert. The prices of admission was twelve
marks, and the audience overflowed the audi-
tory and filled the lobby and ante-rooms;
the thermometer as well as the enthusiasm
reaching the highest endurable point. Dur-
ing Patti's engagement at Berlin the receipts
of the opera house averaged about twenty
thousand marks a night.

The French Minister of Fine Arts is con-
sidering a plan for a complete remodeling of
the Paris Conservatory, located on the Rue
Bergere. M. Charles Garnier, the architect
of the Grand Opera, has submitted a plan for
a magnificent new building, to cost no less
than 8,000,000 francs. It is to occupy the site
of the old building, and to retain the present
concert room, which, though small, old-
fashioned and ungainly, is perfect acoustically
and has such a wealth of clustering reminis-
cences that it cannot be spared.

THE BOY AND THE CIRCUS—TWO PICTURES.

There is a time in the life of every boy
when his spirits are buoyed on waves of
unadulterated felicity, and that time is on a
fine bracing morning when the circus comes
to town and is giving its pageant. In the
country the boy who is compelled to go to
school on this eventful day feels what he
considers a punishment more keenly than
does a forger his well merited five years in
Sing Sing. As he sits and cons his hateful
lessons he feels as mean as does the man
who buys a dollar and a half new silk scarf
by gaslight and discovers on the following
morning that it is grassgreen. His melan-
choly is not soothed by the soul-
stirring strains of "Lanigan's Ball" or
"Grandfather's Clock." The happy boy is
the one who can follow the highly colored
waggons from street to street and marvel at
their contents. It is one of the happiest
moments of his life. He drives his hands
into his pockets, pushes his cap back on his
head, and marches along as proudly as though
he were Alexander wading up his neck in
human gore. His thoughts will never be
known, but they are pretty respectable in
regard to flight and general symmetry.
Then he goes to learn the occult mystery
which surrounds the creation of a tent. His
spirits are now the acme of human bliss.
That afternoon he goes to the circus, and
the junk-man gets three stove-lids and a copper-
bottomed preserve kettle for 25 cents.—San
Francisco Post.

Dean Stanley and Westminster Abbey.

On the 20th of last month 200 members of the
Working Men's Club and Institute Union had
tea in the College Hall, Westminster Abbey,
on the invitation of Dean Stanley, who is the
President of the Union. The Very Rev. the
Dean was accompanied by the Rev. W. Rogers,
Lord Montagu, Miss Stanley, the Rev. John
Stafford Northcote, Mrs. Drummond and Mr.
David Erskine. After tea, Dean Stanley
thought that would be the most fitting time
to give a brief account of the room in which they
had assembled, and of other apartments
which they would see. That portion of the
building was part of the old abbots' House,
and the chamber was the old abbots' dining
hall. It was in that hall that the widow of
Edward IV. took refuge with her two children
against the plots of the Duke of Gloucester.
In those stormy times it was thought to be
necessary to have a certain place where
persons in distress might take refuge. One
of those was at Westminster Abbey;
it was called the Sanctuary, and
that was the name by which the
great open space in front of the
venerable edifice was still known. Queen
Elizabeth was extremely favorable to the
Westminster School and Abbey; and she
gave to the college hall its great tables which
were made of Spanish chestnut—he meant
the tables at which they were then sitting.
The chestnut was said to have been received
from the wreck of the Spanish Armada.
The next room to the college hall was the
abbots' parlor, and from very ancient
times it had been called the Jerusalem
chamber. The Henry IV. of Shakespeare was
seized with a violent illness, and he was
taken to the nearest place where there was
a fire, and that was in the abbots' parlor,
or Jerusalem chamber. He was laid on a
couch before the fire. He put his crown
upon the pillow, and there fell asleep. While
he was asleep his eldest son, Prince Henry,
described as "Madcap Hal," came into the
room, and thinking that his father was dead,
took away the crown. The King came to
himself again, and hearing who had
taken the crown, he thought it was a wild
freak of his son. He went for him, and ad-
ministered warnings which had such an effect
upon the young man as entirely to change his
manner of life. King Henry asked the name
of the chamber, and said that he had been
told he should die at "Jerusalem." He now
perceived that it was not at Jerusalem in
Palestine where his death should happen, and
the last words put into his mouth by Shaks-
peare were, "In this Jerusalem shall Harry
die." Accordingly he died in the Jerusalem
chamber. The chamber had also been used
for several celebrated assemblies of the clergy,
both Presbyterian and Episcopal—the divines
who drew up the Westminster Confession of
Faith and those who arranged the present
scheme of the English Prayer-book. Besides
the Jerusalem chamber there was the Jeru-
salem parlor and also the Abbots' House,
which would provide them enjoyment for the
evening. (Cheers.) A hearty vote of thanks
was accorded to the dean, who then con-
ducted the company through the various
chambers.

The English Turf.

The English people have long been looked
upon as a betting people, and yet they appear
to be proud of the fact that Lord Falmonth,
who won more money on the turf in 1878
than any other living sportsman, never betted
a dollar in his life. There has been a growth
and decline of betting in England which has
been almost equally rapid, and the Derby
may be taken to illustrate our point,
which is that the evil is fast dying out on the
other side of the water. When Sir John
Shelley carried off the "blue ribbon" with
Phantom, in 1811, the fact of his having
netted \$45,000 by backing his horse was quite
the talk of the town. Book-making, soon
after this, sprang into vogue, and, besides
the London division, an extensive portion
of the ring hailed from the cotton district, and
was known as the "Manchester School." The
Blinds, Gullys, Hills, Crookfords, Swindells,
Riddales, Barbers and Worsleys stood
at the top, and in time gave place to the
Pedleys, Hargreaves, Davies, Jacksons,
Stephensons and others, who in turn have
been succeeded, so to speak, by men of the
present day. Davis took the highest place
of them all, and is credited with having once
made a \$500,000 book on the Derby; hence
the title he acquired of "the Leviathan."
The abolition of betting houses and
hats throughout the country, dealt the first
blow at the roots of future-event betting,
and the continued interference of Parliament
has reduced it almost to a minimum. Now,
the only places where betting is permitted is
on the race course and at Tattersalls'.
Limited speculation can, therefore, hardly be
wondered at. And yet as recently as 1867,
Mr. Chaplin, the owner of Hermit, is
credited with having won \$600,000 in
bets alone. Blue Gown's year, too,
which followed, was a big betting event, and
Sir Joseph Hawley won a sum of money which
would have been much larger had he not
"hedged out." Baron Rothschild's Favonius
centered home heavily backed in 1871, and
then came Cremorne's victory over Pell Mell,
who was supported at Tattersalls to win over
\$500,000, and was beaten by a head only.
Comparatively little has been done on sub-
sequent Derbys, or, for that matter,
on most other fixed events of late years.
Last year the book-makers were
greatly crippled, and they have not yet
made known their intentions for the coming
season. Besides the decline in betting, there
has been a great falling off in the number of
starters. The number of horses that ran last
year fall short by over 400 of the season of
1868. So far as this is concerned, the real
trouble is that England has too much racing,
and only the Newmarket, Goodwood and
Doncaster meetings are plentifully supplied
with horses.

POULTRY SENSE.—S. Rufus Mason, in the
New York Rural, gets a good deal of poultry
sense in a single paragraph, as follows: The
real needs of poultry are few and simple.
They are: Warm, dry, vermin-proof roosting
and laying quarters, clean water, gravel, lime
and a variety of grain to choose from. If any
hens are found lousy or sickly under such
condition, cut off their toe nails just behind
their ears and the flock will be better for it.

Why should we expect to have good poultry
and eggs upon our tables if we dose the poor
creatures all the time upon nonsensical nos-
trums. Poultry do best when made to work,
that is, to scotch for their living. Feed them
one fall feed of mixed grain every morning at
sunrise and let them have ample range the
rest of the day. Change the treatment from
nonsense to common sense for a mutual
benefit.

A country editor who was elected town
constable immediately began to arrest the
attention of his readers.

EDISON'S LIGHT.

On January 30 Mr. Edison was interviewed
by a gentleman from the New York Herald,
and elicited the following interesting infor-
mation:
"I have to-day," said Mr. Edison, "pro-
duced the highest temperature that has ever
been made by artificial means. I concen-
trated the electricity from a thirteen horse-
power machine into the space of half an
inch by inclosing carbon points in a
block of lime. Pieces of iridium, one of the
hardest metals to melt, dropped into the
flame, volatilized immediately, with an ex-
plosion. A small screw-driver passed across
the flame would be cut in two, the part
touched by the heat melting instantly.
Even parts of the lime crucible fused under
the intense heat, and the light from it was
so glaring that it painfully affected my
eyes."

The Professor then went on to describe
the details of the experiment which he was
conducting in connection with his trial of
the electric light. The latter, he said, was
an assured success; it only required time to
complete it. The idea that a man can go
to work and invent a whole new system, over-
turning an established business, especially
such a complicated system as electric light-
ing, all within a few months Edison con-
sidered as absurd. He brought out twenty-
five large quarto pamphlets on the science
and practice of gas making. Said he to the
reporter, "twenty-five volumes on that one
thing alone, and that mostly mechanical!"
The electric light is much more complicated,
and requires a knowledge of the most com-
plicated branches of science—of heat, light
electricity, magnetism, engineering, mecha-
nics, chemistry, in fact of all the sciences—
except botany," he added, laughing.

It is very different to make a practical
system and to introduce it. A few experi-
ments in the laboratory would prove the
practicability of a system long before it could
be brought into general use. You can take
up a pipe and put a little coal in it, close it
up, heat it and light the gas that comes out
of the stem; but that is not introducing
gas-lighting. I bet that if it were discovered
tomorrow in New York that gas could be
made out of coal it would be at least five
years before the system would be in general
use. My idea is to make the light about
fifteen-candle power—that is about the same
intensity as bright gaslight. It will be whiter,
and will show everything in its natural color.
The trouble about the delay is, that labora-
tory experiments, although they may show
something to be perfectly practicable to one
familiar with such things, yet they require
careful study before being introduced into
general use. I have introduced several
systems to the public already, and I know
what I am talking about. It won't make a
particle of difference what the gas people say
pro or con. That won't help the thing along
or retard it. If it is to be it will be, and if
it is not to be we will know the reason why."

On being enquired if he had any doubt on
the subject?

"Not the slightest," answered Mr. Edison.
"The reason the electric light has not been
a success heretofore is the ignorance of its
principles. There is nothing in it that calls
for anything very extraordinary or impractic-
able. It is not against any of the laws of
nature. This cry against my discoveries
may help some people to unload their gas
stocks. I would like to know how gas men
with a large amount of stock could give an
unprejudiced opinion. The electric light is
an accomplished fact, and it is more econ-
omical than gas. But to make a perfect
demonstration of it requires that certain
requisite machines should be determined
upon, because if we do not start with the
right kind of machines it would cost a great
deal of money to make others."

"How long will it take to perfect the light,
Professor?"

"Just as soon as I decide upon the form
of generators and lamps," he answered, "I
shall make as many as my engine will run;
but until I have a lamp that is satisfactory
to myself, and which I know will prove prac-
ticable in the hands of the public, I shall not
make an exhibition. We will have it here
within a year, but I cannot say that it will
be in general use by that time."

"To what extent has the division of the
electric current been accomplished?" he was
asked.
"Well, on one circuit, with sixteen-horse
power, I had 418 lamps of iron wire curled
spirally heated red hot. These lamps were
made, not to give light, but to test the
number that could be brought to a red heat
upon one circuit. An experiment with
platinum would have been much more
costly, therefore I did not use it. The size
of these lamps was such that when one was
made of platinum-iridium, it would give a
light equal to a gas jet, provided a certain
amount of power were used. Mr. W. H.
Priest, of the British Postal Telegraph, has
a paper in the last number of the Philo-
sophical Magazine, in which he proves the
impossibility of subdividing the electric
light. Under the conditions which he states
he does prove it, but changing the conditions
alters such calculations to a surprising
degree. It only requires the extra amount
of electricity which I can bring to raise the
temperature of those 418 lamps to a white
heat. One might as well talk of the im-
possibility of subdividing gas light as of the
electric light. We have been conducting
some experiments in the subdivision of gas.
If the gas burner is lighted it draws a certain
amount of gas. Then if another next to it is
lighted the gas has to come faster to make
them equally bright. But if you have it
so arranged that only a certain
amount of gas can be drawn in a given time
and just enough to supply one burner of 15-
candle power, and if you cause the gas to be
burned in six burners, you would get no light
at all, but only little blue jets. By letting
the gas burn in two burners we found, not
that we got 7½ candle power (the half of the
amount when one burner was used) in each
burner, but a total of 5½ candle power in both
burners, or only 2½ candle power in each.
This shows the enormous loss of light when
you come to subdivide it. Now, if I had an
electric light that gives, say 1,000 candle
power, and I divide it between two lights,
I have a total of about 800 candle
power in both, or 150 in each. Now,
if you put on double the supply of gas
you get another amount of gas equal to the
first, and the same way with electricity. Of
course, if you put on more power you have
just so much more resulting, but you can't
get something out of nothing. It is such an
unfair argument to use against me to accuse
me of trying to do that. There is no reason
why 20,000 lamps cannot be placed on one
circuit if they are made right, but the statu-
ment that I have said 10,000 lamps could be

A Business Woman.

Few men are inclined to grant women the
credit of having any business tact, or
doing business in a business way, but the
most come down in the case of the Detroit
widow whose personal effects are now being
overhauled by an administrator. She ma-
no will, but the private papers in her de-
explained all that. The first paper on the
bundle was indorsed:

"Offer of marriage from Mr. ——. Re-
spectfully declined on the ground of my
stoop-shoulders and defective vision. Con-
tents private."

The next paper was indorsed:
"Schedule B, showing that I have ju-
enough to bury me."

A dainty looking epistle bore the in-door
ment in red ink:

"Number 'G.'—Conditional offer of mar-
riage from Mr. S. declined with thanks."
A bill sent from a millinery house bore the
following in pencil:

"Paid the within in presence of the coc-
the day Mr. G.— called and offered me
hand and heart; parlor stove fell down sat-
day."

A bill of \$23.38, sent from a grocery ho-
was endorsed:

"Settled the within for \$25, as I had nev-
had the sardines as charged. Paid the mone-
the day the cook fell down stairs. Re-jecte-
Mr. B.'s offer to wed him just before the bill
came in."

An official envelope containing sever-
papers was marked:

"Various epistles hinting at marriage
orthography generally poor; grammar terrib-
le; construction very bad. Answered each
one kindly but firmly."

A pink-colored letter without envelope was
marked:

"Gushing offer of marriage from young Mr.
X. Ink very poor and no pathos in his ex-
pressions. This is his second direct offer.
Declined on the ground of his youth."

A bill for \$7, balance due on a cloak, was
filed:

"Paid this, after a sharp dispute, in the
presence of Sarah, who hurt her nose some-
time. Mr. L.— was in the parlor at the
time. Proposed before he left; gently, but
firmly declined offer on account of his dead-
ness."

From "The Masquerade."

"Twenty years ago," said the passenger
with the red ribbon in his button hole, "I
knew that man whom you saw get off at the
last station. He was a young man of rare
promise; a college graduate, a man of bril-
liant intellect and shrewd mercantile ability.
Life dawned before him in all the glowing
colors of fair promise. He had some money
when he left college. He invested it in busi-
ness, and his business prospered. He mar-
ried a beautiful young girl who bore him
three lovely children—"

The sad-looking passenger, sitting on the
wood box: "All at one time?"

The red-ribbon passenger: "No; in blen-
dial instalments of one. No one dreamed
that the poor house would ever be their
home. But in an evil hour, the young man
yielded to the tempter. He began to drink
beer. He liked it, and drank more. He
drank and encouraged others to drink. The
was only fourteen years ago, and he was a
prosperous, wealthy man. To-day where is
he?"

The clergyman in the front seat, solemnly:
"A sot and a beggar."

The red ribbon man, disconsolately: "Oh,
no; he is a member of Congress, and owns a
brewery worth \$50,000."

Sometimes it will happen that way.

A HUNCHBACK'S INDUSTRY.—A queer
hunchback has just died at the Rue Olivier,
Paris, at a comparatively advanced age, who,
being rich, healthy, and unmarried, spent his
life in travelling and collecting statistics on
the subject of people deformed like himself.
He left a voluminous manuscript containing
the fruit of his researches. He found hunch-
backs most abundant in Spain, instancing
a small hamlet in Sierra Morena, where every
thirteenth inhabitant was hunchbacked;
next to this he found the deformity most
frequent in the basin of the Loire. One per-
son in a thousand was, he estimated, hunch-
backed, hence, he arrived at the conclusion
that there were 1,000,000 hunchbacks in the
world whose humps—averaging twenty cen-
timetres, or about eight inches each—would,
if placed one above the other, make a pile
200,000 metres high, or, as he placed it, as
high as "ten Cordilleras, plus twenty-five
Mont Blancs, plus all the pyramids, plus all
the spires of all the cathedrals in Europe."
He formulates the theory that the form of
the hump is in keeping with the general
character of the surrounding country. He
left directions for placing over his grave a
marble fac simile of his hump, with this
epitaph: "Here lies a hunchback, who had
a taste for humps, and knew more about them
than any other hunchback."—New York
World.

put on one machine is untrue. I never said
anything of the kind. They can be run on
one circuit from one station, but not from
one machine. The problem I am now solv-
ing is, how many lamps of fifteen-candle
power I can get per horse-power per hour,
or how much light I can get from one pound of
coal. The new Corliss engine at the Pat-
ent Water Works in actual practice
consumes but 174.100 of a pound of coal
per horse-power per hour. I am absolutely
certain that with this 174.100 pounds of coal
I can get four lights, each equal to a gas jet."

He, Mr. Edison dwelt upon the length of
time he has taken him to complete his other
inventions. None of what he calls his "good
inventions" have been finished inside of two
years. A new telephone that he has just
completed he has had two men engaged upon
steadily for over two years, and until within
six weeks he said it was a perfect failure.
The phonograph has taken two years, and is
not yet perfected so as to take the words of
the speaker at any great distance or to report
a trial in Court.

CONVENIENCES ON A FARM.—The successful
farmer is he who provides conveniences for
the care of his property and the performance
of his work; he counts time as an important
item in the yearly calculation, and care of all
his various effects as a factor in the annual
returns. When he puts the horse in the
stable there is a place for the harness where
it will be safe from weather or any other
damage; his waggons and tools are provided
with coverings to preserve them; about his
premises will be found a little shop or room
where he keeps saws, hammers, vises, augers,
and the various tools that are needed to mend
and put in order the different machines he
uses. These simple articles prevent days and
weeks of delay, besides adding to the length
of time implements will last. It pays to
have conveniences, and also get what you buy
of good quality.