

The Home Circle.

Better than Gold.

Better than grandeur, better than gold, Than rank and title a thousand fold, Is a healthy body, a mind at ease, And simple pleasures that always please; A heart that can feel for a neighbor's woe, And share his joys with a genial glow, With sympathies large enough to unfold All men as brothers, is better than gold.

Better than gold is a conscience clear, Though tolling for bread in a humble sphere; Doubly blessed with content and health, Tried by the cares of just or wealth, Lowly living and lofty thought, And an unobscured poor man's lot; For man and morals, in nature's plan, Are the genuine test of a gentleman.

Better than gold is the sweet repose Of the sons of toil when their labors close; Better than gold is a poor man's sleep, And the balm that drops on his slumber deep; Bring sleepy drafts to the downy bed, Where luxury pillows his aching head; His simpler pillow labor deems A shorter road to the land of dreams.

Better than gold is a thinking mind That in the realm of spirits can find A treasure surpassing Australian ore, And live with the good and great of yore. The saw's lore and the poet's lay, The glories of empires past away; The world's great drama will thus unfold And yield a pleasure better than gold.

Better than gold is a peaceful home, Where all the freshest charities come; The shrine of love, the heaven of life, Hallowed by mother, or sister, or wife. However humble the home may be, Or tried by sorrow with heaven's decree, The blessing that never was bought or sold, And center there are better than gold.

Curious Facts About Clothing.

Washing days at the time of the Tudors and Stuarts, though a little more important than in the preceding ages, had none of those unpleasantnesses and terrors which are said now to accompany them. Articles which required washing were "few and far between," while those of a texture which would not "stand a wash" were usually worn. The dyer was far more commonly employed than the laundress, and his trade thus covered a "multitude of sins" of omission of personal cleanliness which the laundress would have remedied with more healthy results.

Velvets, taffeta and rich silks were in the middle ages often worn by the wealthy without any underclothing whatever, while the domestics and people of lower order wore coarse woolen, also without underclothing. The possession of a linen shirt, even with the highest nobles, was a matter of note, and but few wardrobes contained them.

Under the Tudors nightgowns were worn, though they had not been before; but they were formed most of silk or velvet, so that no washing was required. Anne Boleyn's light dress was made of black satin bound with black taffeta, and edged with velvet of the same color. One of Queen Elizabeth's nightgowns was of black velvet, trimmed with silk lace and lined with fur, and in 1568 her majesty ordered George Bradman to deliver "threescore and six of the best sable shymies, to furnish us a nightgown." In another warrant from her majesty in 1572 she orders the delivery of "twelve yards of purple velvet, frized on the back side with white and russet silks," for a nightgown for herself, and also orders the delivery of fourteen yards of murret musk for the "making of a nightgown for the Erie of Leycester." Night dresses for ladies were, at a later period, called night vails, and in the reign of Queen Anne it became the fashion for them to be worn in the daytime on the streets, over the usual dress. Night caps were mostly of silks and velvets, and these, with the velvet night dresses, the silken shirts, and other matters of a like kind, eased the laundress though they must have added to the discomfort of the wearer.—Ez.

The Won't-Work Men.

The Chicago Times has an article referring to a class of men who came to California with the immigration, looked around for a few days, and returned home to abuse the country. The Times puts the case strongly, but, as relates to these idlers, none too severely. Those who needed work among the immigrants, and sought it, generally found it. So far as we can learn, the country labor market is by no means overstocked, and the railroad companies are giving employment to Chinese because white laborers do not present themselves. This is what the Times says in relation to the growlers:

Probably one-half of human designs have at bottom a motive whose end is success without labor. Thieves, confidence men, gamblers, and scores of other similar classes have this end in view; and they, in reality, labor twice as hard to live without work, as they would have to labor to secure the same results by downright exertion. A man will perform a most gigantic labor in crossing the continent to California, in order to live there, as he hopes, without what he calls work; and then will perform another most gigantic labor in recrossing the continent, to his Eastern home, where the prospects of having to work for a living are less severe than on the Pacific slope. In this case, the exertion he has made in twice crossing the continent, the sacifice he has endured, if put in the direction of ditch-digging, or applied at the tail of a plow, would have afforded him a very substantial addition to his income. He found plenty of work in California; but it was to escape, and not to secure work, that he underwent the labor of going to that State.

ROMAN KITCHEN UTENSILS.—A paragraph in the Journal de Geneve mentions the acquisition by the museum of that town of a set of Roman kitchen utensils found in a field near Martigny, having probably been buried on account of some sudden alarm. There are thirty articles, mostly in bronze, some of them elaborately worked, reminding one of the beautiful shape and ornamentation of Pompeian vessels. The shovel and pot-hanger do not differ much from modern articles, and there is an earthen sauceman with the bottom worn away, a large boiler, a funnel, two ladles, a stew pan, and vases, or ewers, with two handles, one of which bears the representation of two gladiators, and apparently awarded as a prize. There are also two silver ornaments, seemingly of later date, and believed by Dr. Grosse, the curator, to have been used in Christian worship. He attributes the find to the third century. Three bronze coins were discovered in the same spot, two of them bearing the effigy of Augustus and the third that of Antoninus.

HARDLY a distinguished man can be found in all the centuries of history who reached his pre-eminence without a prodigious self-curbing and self-losing. Military chieftains, princely merchants, navigators, explorers, artists, scholars, became such by a voluntary concentration which required the resistance of many strong propensities, and the summoning forth of some of their most reluctant powers. Men acquire this self-mastery in some things almost whenever an adequate motive puts them to the effort. And, if in some things, why not others?

Mrs. Lincoln's Derangement.

Mrs. Mary Lincoln, the widow of President Lincoln, was recently brought before a jury of very influential residents of Chicago to test her sanity. She was attired in deep mourning, and her face was sad and perplexed. Her son and counsel, Mr. Isaac N. Arnold, an old friend of her husband, were with her. The evidence showed that for several years she has been a confirmed spiritualist, and believed that her husband's spirit was constantly hovering about her and directing her. She was also haunted by an Indian spirit, who with hideous yells would remove and replace her scalp, take wires out of her left eye, and detach steel springs from her jawbones, at other times scraping bones out of her head. She prepared everything for her death on the 6th of September last, the date announced to her by her spirit attendant. Her mania was for shopping, and her rooms at the Grand Pacific Hotel contained hundreds of packages of dry goods unopened. A hallucination possessed her that Chicago was to be burned again; indeed, on one occasion she went wildly to the Safe Deposit Company, and told the officers that the South Side was on fire, drew \$57,000 in bonds, which she placed in her pocket, and sent her twelve trunks to Milwaukee for a duty. She also believed that her life was threatened, and that the rebels had poisoned her coffee. She would neither sit nor sleep alone in the hotel, but always wanted a servant or companion with her. On one occasion she sent to the office for protection, asking that the biggest man in the house be sent to guard her. The evidence of her derangement was very complete, and she was sent to a private institution for the cure of the insane at Batavia, Illinois, under the charge of Dr. Patterson.

Honesty of Female Clerks.

General Spinner pays a merited compliment to the female clerks in the Treasury Department. He employs them as "money counters," because he has more confidence in their integrity than in that of men. When suspicion of dishonest practices crept into the mind of Mr. Graves, who is in charge of the department, he expressed his conviction to the General that some of the women would probably be implicated. But the officer did not believe it. He shook his head and replied, "You are wrong; a woman will not steal; she has not got the nerve. If she did give way at any time to temptation, it would only be to take a few dollars, and if she fished more, it was because she had some one to 'pal,' who was sure to be a man." The ladies would doubtless feel more flattered if General Spinner had omitted the reason for their honesty, to wit, "a want of nerve." He might with truth have said it is because of their possessing naturally stronger religious convictions, and of their being generally educated in a higher school of morality. But the fact, even with his qualifications, is creditable to the sex, and common to woman to employment in a field of labor from which she has heretofore been too much excluded.

THE MORAL EFFECTS OF HURRY.—To the thoughtful the moral consequences of tension and hurry are very sad; and to the physician their physical results are a matter of profound concern, for their grave evils come and go by daily observation. No evolution of force can take place with undue rapidity without damage to the machine in which the transformation is effected. Express railway stock has a much shorter term of use than that reserved for slower traffic. The law is universal that intensity and duration of action are inversely proportional. It is therefore no matter of surprise to find that the human nervous system is no exception to the law. The higher salubrity of rural over urban life is not entirely a matter of fresh air and exercise.

Rural life involves leisure and pause in work, which are very essential to the maintenance of the nervous system in a state of due nutrition. Upremitting spasms soon ceases altogether. The high tension of life produces weakness at the very place where strength is most needed. The damage done to health of the most valuable part of the community, the best trained thinkers, most useful workers, is incalculable. Work and worry, though not proportional, are closely connected, and an excess of the former soon entails an increase in the latter beyond the limits which the nervous system can bear with impunity, especially under the conditions under which work has to be done. The machinery for organizing the work of a community has to be rigid and inflexible, and in the strain involved in bringing a changing organism into harmony with a machine, the former must inevitably suffer.—London Lancet

HOME.—Best of all things to us is home. In hours of ambition and pleasure we may sometimes forget its exquisite sweetness, but let sickness or sadness come, and we return to it at once. Let the hollow hearts that feign a friendship which they do not feel, stand revealed before us—let us know, as we all must at moments, that however important we may be in our own estimation, our places would be filled in an hour's notice should we die tomorrow; then we whisper to our lives the magic word home, and are comforted.

"Home, Sweet Home!" It does not matter how humble it is, nor is it less a home for being a palace. It is where those we love dwell—wherever that may be—where we are valued for ourselves and are held in esteem because of what we are in ourselves and not because of power, or wealth, or what we can do for other people.

Who would be without a home? Who would take the world's applause, and honor, in place of the tenderness of a few true hearts and the cozy fireside meetings where truth may be spoken without disguise, and envious carping are unknown? In life's battle even the hero finds many enemies and much abuse and slander and distraction; but into a home, if it is what it ought to be, these things never find their way. There, to his wife, the plainest man becomes a wonderful thing—a sage, a man who ought to be President of the United States, and would be were his worth known.

"LOVELY WOMEN."—The most hideous women in the world are said to live in the valley of Spiti, which is a mountain-bound, almost inaccessible place, 12,000 feet above the sea, among the Himalayas. Their features are large and coarse, the expression of their faces is usually a natural grimace, and they hang huge rings in their noses. They dress in thick tunics and trousers, and their heavy boots, coming above the knees, are often filled around the legs with flour for warmth.

VENICE has a woman's paper called La Donna. The editor is a young lady of twenty-three years, who is self-educated, having risen from the people.

LONDON market gardeners pay \$200 per acre yearly rent for the land they cultivate, and their average profits are \$500 per acre.

NOTHING is more common said Voltaire, than people who advise; nothing more rare than those who assist.

The Silk Frauds—How They Were Accomplished.

The Clavin indictment has a long history connected with it, and constitutes a memorable chapter in the history of a great conspiracy for defrauding the Federal revenue. In 1870, one Charles L. Lawrence, a companion and protégé of Tweed, and secretary of the American Club, conceived the idea of establishing a gigantic system of smuggling. The associations of Lawrence were well calculated for villainy. The companions of his revels were thieves, who boldly flaunted their plunder before the eyes of their victims. They laughed at the perils of the law. Lawrence turned his attention to silks, which, by reason of their being subject to a duty of sixty per cent, and not especially bulky, promised the best chances of profit. His plans were laid with extraordinary deliberation and method. Having selected his confederates, they agreed upon a lexicon of cipher, so complete as to be sufficient for any conceivable form of correspondence. This prepared, Lawrence sent to Europe an commenced operations. The scheme was to invoice silk as hosiery and cotton goods, to come into collusion with one Des Ang's, then D-pny Collector. One package of hosiery or cotton goods was sent with each lot of silk, and this one package, in each instance, was sent to the appraiser's store for examination, while the others were delivered to the smugglers. The saving of duty was enormous.

It was not until the summer of 1872 that Mr. Talcott, the head of Clavin & Co.'s silk department, discovered where silks could be bought at less than the cost of importation. Since that time there have been sold to that house \$500,000 worth of them, and thousands of dollars worth of them have also been bought by Boston merchants, who, it seems, were also in the secret. While Lawrence was engaged in his dishonest business, a rival sprung up. His name was Wolff, and his customers held for him some \$700,000 worth of silks. It is estimated that Lawrence has made \$70,000 by his operations, but it is not known what his expenses and great cost of living in Europe was. Des Ang's, the betrayer of his trust, languishes in jail. Des Ang was once an Inspector of Customs in the Boston Custom House. Subsequently he was transferred to New York, and was the first man promoted in conformity to the service rules established.

SHAKING HANDS.—How did the people get the habit of shaking hands? The answer is not difficult to find. In early and barbarous times, when every savage or semi-savage was his own lawyer, judge, soldier, and policeman, and had to watch over his own safety, in default of all other protection, two friends and acquaintances, when they chanced to meet, offered each to the other the right hand, the hand a like of defense and offense, the hand that wields the sword, the dagger, the club, the tomahawk, or other weapon of war. Each did his to show that the hand was empty, and neither war nor treachery was intended. A man cannot well be another while he is in the act of shaking hands with him unless he is a double-dyed traitor and villain, and strives to aim a cowardly blow with the left, while giving the right hand, and pretending to be on good terms with his victim. The custom of hand shaking prevails more or less among all civilized nations, and is the tacit avowal of friendship and good will, just as a kiss is of a warmer passion. Ladies, as everyone must have remarked, seldom or never shake hands with the cordiality of gentlemen, unless it be with each other. The reason is obvious. They cannot be expected to show to persons of the other sex a warmth of greeting which might be misinterpreted, unless such persons are very closely related to them by family or affection, in which case hand shaking is not needed, and the lips do more agreeable duty.

INDIVIDUAL DUTY.—We should remember that it lies in the power of each one of us to make life a great deal more pleasant, or more dreary, to the people among whom we are thrown, and that only by taking or not taking a little trouble to cultivate kind feeling, and act on that genuine courtesy which, be it observed, is a Scripture command, though, for some reason or other, many good people seem to have agreed to ignore it. The world would not be such a bad place, after all, if people would not make it so, and if we all tried to brighten and smooth it, instead of casting shadows and heaping difficulties in another's way. If we would try to cheer and encourage one another, instead of taking a pride in being each one more reserved and on the defensive than another, we should see many sad countenances brighten into smiles, and ill-temper often melt into good humor. People are often dull and irritable because they have no hope of being well received, no confidence in their own powers of pleasing; and thus whole lives are saddened that might be rendered happy.

NOT A CROSS BEAR.—In the valley of Tajara, in Siberia, two children, one four and the other six years old, ran led away from their friends, who were hay-making. At last they came near to a bear lying on the grass, and without the slightest fear, went up to him. He looked at them steadily without moving. At length they began playing with him, and mounted upon his back, which he submitted to in perfect good humor. The parents, missing the truants, were not long in reaching the spot, when, to their dismay, they beheld one child sitting on the bear's back, and the other feeding him with fruit. They called quickly, when the youngsters ran to their friends, and Bruin, apparently not liking the interruption, went into the forest.

A HORRIBLE AFFAIR.—A fearful suicide occurred in Paris the other day. Gerard Antoine called his little boy, aged six, to him and said: "Little one, you have often wished to play with this pistol," showing the child an old pistol. "Oh, yes, papa." "Well, we will play with it now," and loading the pistol the father handed it to the boy. "Now, look," he said, "I will point at me right between the eyes and pull the trigger; you'll see how funny it is!" and he knelt down. "Am well, in the head, between the eyes," he said again; "but first embrace me." The poor child embraced his father, then pointed the pistol as told, and fired. Gerard fell back dead, and the boy seeing the terrible result, ran out of the room sobbing.

A SINGULAR NAME.—The most singularly named man in New York is Walter B. T. Jones, the middle initials standing for Restored Twice. His parents first had a son called Walter, who died. Another boy was born to them, and christened after the first, with an addition, Walter Restored. He died, and a third male child was born, and received the name he now bears, Walter Restored Twice Jones.

"SURROUD!" exclaimed an old lady who was listening to an old sea captain's story. "What do you have them at sea for?" "To bury dead calms in, madam."

Flirtation.

No woman can carry on a flirtation with a married man that is not criminal. No woman can flirt innocently even with a young man. It is the first step toward unbalancing his character. Through her he sees other women and forms an estimate. The young woman who enters a family and wins the affections of the husband and father knowingly—and she can not do otherwise—has entered on the road to perdition. There is a punishment for the house-breaker, but none for the home-breaker, who steals and mars life's best treasures. Every woman has the best right to her husband. He is hers in sickness and hers in health, to love and cherish, as exclusively as if she be his. He is to provide for her, honor and love her. He is her protector against all the adverse circumstances of life; no other woman has any right to his attentions and desertments, and a wife has a perfect right to resent such attentions. A man who saw another man's arm around his wife's waist would consider it a case of court, or an exercise for pistol shooting. Women, with keener sensibilities and finer nature, feel it deeper. It touches the heart.

A certain sensible woman says there are two things she will never allow anybody to meddle with—her husband and her sewing machine. Such flirtations are unworthy of true manhood or womanhood. They blight the lives that were created in the image of God, and make the innocent suffer or the guilty. All mothers will do well to see that their daughters are not mentally growing up on the morbid books in which somebody is always represented as falling in love with somebody else's husband or wife, and a "soul union" picture which is intended to veil the incarnation of lust. There are enough men and women to fill by the force of circumstances or the depravity of original sin, without educating any to it. It is well enough to pull our ox or ass out of the pit; but we do not want to dig pits for them to fall into. Many a son has his blood stained into the presence of a father, sent to her by a climax of dark circumstances brought about by a woman's flirtation. Don't flirt. It is unwomanly; it is untrue to your sex; it is wrong against the mother you reverence. The man whom you are tempting will not respect you, and worse, you will not respect yourself.—Ez.

A WOMAN is a woman, and not a lesser edition of man. The competition in which we are forever laboring to involve them has no existence in nature. They are not rivals nor antagonists; they are two halves of a complete being. The offices they hold in this world are essentially different. There is scarcely any natural standing ground which we can revile, on which these two creatures appear as rivals. The very thought is preposterous. Shall the woman challenge the man to a trial of strength? Shall the man pit himself against the woman for delicacy of eye and taste? Shall she plow the heavy fields with him, wading through the new turned mold, or shall he watch the sick with her, patient through the weary vigil? An exchange of place and toil, the man taking the indoor work, and the woman the outdoor, in order to prove the futility of their mutual discontent, was a favorite subject of the old ballad makers, and the witty minstrel is generally very great on the domestic confusion that follows, and gives the wife the best of it. But the fact is, that such rivalry can be nothing but a jest. The two are not rivals—they are not alike.

THE CREATION OF WOMAN.—A prince once said to Rabbi Gamaliel: "Your God is a thief; he surprised Adam in his sleep and stole a rib from him."

The rabbi's daughter overheard this speech, and whispered a word or two in her father's ear, asking permission to answer this singular opinion herself. He gave his consent.

The girl stepped forward, and figuring terror and dismay, threw her arms aloft in supplication, and cried out, "My liege, my liege, justice—prevenge!"

"What has happened?" asked the prince. "A wicked theft has taken place," she replied. "A robber has crept secretly into our house, carried away a silver goblet, and left a golden one in its stead."

"What an upright thief!" exclaimed the prince. "Would that such robberies were of more frequent occurrence."

"Behold, then, sire, the kind of a thief that the Creator was! He stole a rib from Adam, and gave him a beautiful wife instead."

"Well said!" avowed the prince.

ATTACKED BY A HAWK.—On Sunday, says the Highland Falls Journal, as a little girl living at West Point was coming down the back road from that place, on a visit to this village, she was attacked by a large and ferocious hawk, and but for the timely assistance of a gentleman who struck it to the ground with a cane, the bird would undoubtedly have destroyed her. As its efforts seemed to be entirely to strike her in the face. It is supposed the nest of the bird had been robbed while she was away, and on her return, finding her nest empty, attacked the first person she met, which happened to be the little girl mentioned.

A NEW METHOD OF PREPARING PLASTER OF PARIS FOR CEMENTS.—Not a very long time since some lucky individual struck upon the happy thought that plaster of paris would be improved by mixing it with a solution of alum, and such a result proved to be the case. This induced a Frenchman named Laudrin to study the action of the alum in this case, and he arrived at the conclusion that its principal role was to convert any caustic lime, of which there is always more or less present, into a sulphate. Starting with this idea, he then attempted to accomplish the same result by the use of other sulphates, and in this he succeeded. Next he tried the effect of using just enough dilute sulphuric acid to effect this conversion into sulphate, and afterwards calcining it. Finally, he ascertained that the quickest and simplest way was to immerse the unburnt gypsum for fifteen minutes in water containing eight or ten per cent of sulphuric acid, and then calcine it. Prepared in this way, it set slowly, but made excellent cement, which were perfectly white, instead of the usual grayish tint. The latter is due to the destruction of a small amount of organic matter by the slight excess of sulphuric acid.

COOGIA'S COMET.—Secchi has just published some of his recent observations on Coogia's comet. He combines the spectroscopic and polariscope with his telescope; the spectroscopic showed that there were two spectra, one continuous and the other consisting of luminous bands, agreeing with those of oxide of carbon; while the polariscope showed that the latter spectrum was original light, while the continuous spectrum was reflected light, also showing that the latter came from the reflection of the sun; consequently that the continuous spectrum was reflected sunlight. He proved thus that this comet shone not only with reflected sunlight, but by its own light also, thereby revealing the nature of its original luminosity. This is an instance of the highest degree of refinement as yet obtained in modern astronomical research.

Young Folks' Column.

For Baby's Sake.

The weary night has worn away, In troubled dream and start of pain; And, groping through the shadows gray, Morn' lights my darkened room again. How can I meet this bitter morn', How can I bear the dawn's first gleam? Life's anguish left, its hope forlorn? How can I bear the thought that was From sleep with me? For baby's sake!

The brightest of the morning beams Seeks out the darling lying there; It lights the sleep-furrowed cheek; it gleams In tangled waves of sunny hair. Flies from the hand that grasps in vain, Then kisses the soft lip again. No shadow of my sorrow lies In those forget-me-nots, his eyes.

I check the sighs that quickly come, Drive back the tears that haste to spring; I will not cloud with look of gloom, The little one's awakening. His father's face he ne'er shall see; More bright his mother's smile must be. My bark of joy gone down—'tis woe Must glitter still—for baby's sake.

Dear baby arms, that clasp my own; The soft embrace renews my power! Sweet voice, I hear in every tone God's message to my darkest hour. He knew the griefs my soul must stir, And sent my little comforter! A baby's hand to help me on— A baby's love to lean upon.

Nor all alone, I'm sometimes sure, My joy in this fair child can be; From holier home, with love more pure, His father watches him with me. To grasp heaven's hope, by faith and prayer, To train his boy to meet him there! For this I live! For this I wake! Help me, dear Lord, for baby's sake! —Sophie Langdon, in Aldine.

Don't Give Up, But Try.

A gentleman traveling in the northern part of Ireland, heard the voice of children, and stopped to listen.

Finding the sound came from a small building used as a schoolhouse, he drew near; as the door was open he went in, and listened to the words the boys were spelling.

One little fellow stood apart, looking very sad. "Why does that boy stand there?" asked the gentleman.

"Oh, he is good for nothing," replied the teacher. "There's nothing in him. I can make nothing of him. He is the most stupid boy in school."

The gentleman was surprised at his answer. He saw that the teacher was so stern and rough that the younger and more timid were nearly crushed. After a few words to them, placing his hands on the noble brow of the little fellow who stood apart, he said:

"One of these days you may be a fine scholar; don't give up; try, my boy, try."

The boy's soul was aroused. His sleeping mind awoke. A new purpose was formed. From that hour he was anxious to excel. And he did become a fine scholar, and the author of a well known commentary on the bible; a great and good man, beloved and honored. It was Dr. Adam Clarke.

The secret of his success is worth knowing: "Don't give it up; but try, my boy, try."

GIRL-STARS.—Speaking of comets, we inhabitants of the earth don't see so many of them. Probably not more than one hundred and fifty have visited the world; but a great astronomer named Kepler once said that there are more comets in space than there are fishes in the sea! I heard a little boy say, the other day, that comets were girl stars, because they had long hair! I thought it was such a comical idea that I must repeat it. At the same time, the little boy ought to be told that all comets do not have long hair, or what-ever else we choose to call the great cloud of vapor that streams from the comet's head. The comet which we all have been admiring this summer, was, as you know, a long-haired comet, or, as the astronomers say, it had a very long, straight tail; but sometimes the tails are curved to one side or the other. There are a few comets that have two tails—or "brushes" as the Chinese call them—and some have even more.—St. Nicholas for December.

Pitting of Varnish.

There are various causes why varnish pits, as varnishing over color which is not dry, and especially where sugar of lead has been used as a dryer, or over varnish which had not become thoroughly dry when rubbed.

Using varnish that is newly made and has not had time to ripen, will often cause pitting. In such a case, the varnish should be set aside for four or five months; if it should then not so, do not use it, but send it back to the maker. Another occasional cause for pitting is the mixture of two different kinds of varnish together to make them work better.

Varnish should never be used from the bottom of the can or barrel for rubbing purposes, as the sediment will sometimes cause it to pit or to pull.

A damp varnish room is liable to cause pitting, or varnish that is kept in a damp place, and put on immediately after opening.

English and best finishing varnishes should not be used direct from the can without airing at least fifteen or twenty minutes. If you have your varnish room closed tightly, and the thermometer indicating from 85 to 100 degrees, and the floor very wet, the steam arising therefrom will sometimes cause pitting. When a storm is gathering in midsummer, do not use the best finishing varnish until the rain falls; as the atmosphere previous to that time has a peculiar effect upon varnish.

One common cause of pitting is cold weather in the early spring and fall, and in winter, when the varnish becomes chilled; or should you put it on in a room where in the afternoon everything is right (the room, the body, and varnish all of the same temperature), but followed by a cold night, and no fire left to keep up the warmth, the varnish will become chilled, and will enamel or pit before it is thoroughly dry.

Adding Japan to a varnish to force the drying, or laying on the varnish too heavy without properly brushing it out, will sometimes also cause it to pit.—Carriage Monthly.

FOR KILLING KNOWS.—For killing knots in work to be painted, various preparations are recommended, such as, glue size and red lead, gum shellac dissolved in alcohol, and mixed with red lead, and also galls percha dissolved in ether. But the pitch will work through any or all of these if the knot is exposed to a hot sun. Perhaps the very best method is to size the knot with oil size, and then lay a leaf of gold or silver on it. In a very choice piece of work a hot iron may be held over the knot till a good portion of the pitch has come out and been scraped off, when the two coats of the leaf will be sure to keep out both the pitch and any discoloration.

GRANITE CO-OPERATION.—American farmers are beginning to learn what can be done by co-operative effort. What a hundred men can not do, each acting separately, can be done by four or five men acting in concert.