

out, and it extracts the beautiful dyes we call Magenta and Solferino, from coal-tar which used to be a worthless nuisance near every gas-house.

My brother Robert's farm, when I last saw it, was very different from my first recollections of it. He has had a nice little brick house built, and frame barns have taken the place of the old log ones that served us long ago. After our leaving he commenced a new orchard of the best trees he could get—a nursery established sixty miles off down the river supplying the young trees of the best kinds cheaply. They have flourished, and must by this time be getting quite broad and venerable. He has some good horses, a nice gig for summer, with a leather cover to keep off the sun or the storm, and a sleigh for winter, with a very handsome set of furs. Most of the land is cleared, and he is able to keep a man all the time, so that he has not the hard work he once had. His fences are new and good, and the whole place looked very pleasant in summer. All this progress, however, has not been made from the profits of the farm. A little money left by a relative to each of us gave him some capital, and with it he opened a small store on his lot in a little house built for the purpose. There was no pretence of keeping shop, but when a customer came he called at the house, and any one who happened to be at hand went with him and unlocked the door, opened the shutter and supplied him, locking all