

# THE HEARTHSTONE.

## THE SWEET MAGICIAN.

BY CALDER DUNN.

An air of calm, a violet sky,  
A presence as of some magician,  
Who, though invisible, glides by  
On some grand mission.

I feel the light touch of his hand  
I feel his breath of wondrous sweetness,  
And know that he will deck the land  
With June's completeness.

The cheery sunshine warms his hand,  
And from his lips the summer's story  
Comes sweetly, like a love-song said  
In love's young glory.

The leafless trees at his command,  
Uttered in language warm and tender,  
Put on their May-time garb and stand  
In their full splendor.

The robin sings, the ransomed rills  
Yield to the tropical temptation,  
And all the air sweet music fills  
With inspiration.

I see the violet arise  
To greet with smiles the passing presence,  
There's new light in its dewy eyes—  
Joy's sweetest essence.

The Arctic wind's deep baritone  
No longer swells its notes sonorous,  
But softly comes from pine-groves blown,  
The South wind's chorus.

There is a hush in every tree  
Wherein the mystic presence lingers;  
Its chords are swept most rapturously  
By unseen fingers.

I hear the notes the harp-strings yield,  
And my heart's harp-strings quiver,  
For earth's sweetest melody  
With June's sweet voices.

## MARRYING FOR MONEY.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAN.

"Hilly, look at them two swells," said a small boy who sat comfortably upon his boot-blackening establishment, near one of the ferries, waiting for customers.

"Millingstones, I guess," said Hilly. Then, in a confidential growl, "If I was a millingstone you wouldn't catch me sitting here shining boots a Sunday afternoon. I'd be off on a spree somewhere."

"Me neither," said Jack. "I've a mind to shy some mill."

Unconscious of these remarks, the two young men who had occasioned them hurried on toward the ferry-boat. They were not exactly millionaires, but considering the usual small salary, it is remarkable how the retail dry goods salesmen of New York manage to produce the general effect of style and wealth, when attired in what might be alluded to as their "Sunday go to meetings." Silver-gray hats, coats of the latest cut, trousers with the most wonderful flare at the ankle, gloves such as a belle might wear in a ball-room, boots that needed no shining, and studs that, for all any one but a jeweller could tell, were *bona fide* diamonds.

In that guise they started for Maple Hill, the place of their birth, whence they had flown years before, two little orphan boys as helpless and innocent as new-fledged birds, to occupy the fine and lucrative position technically known as "cash" in the store in which they were now salesmen.

"Well," said the tallest and the handsomest, as they left the boat at Maple Hill landing, "where are you going this afternoon, Charlie?"

"To Aunt Dixon's," said Charlie, with some-thing like a blush.

"Always Aunt Dixon's," said the other. "Now, Charlie, Dolly is a very nice girl and all that; but just think of it before you get too far. She hasn't a sixpence to bless herself with. You are a poor young man; and matrimony, on these terms, must be a curse rather than a blessing. Now there are two pretty girls down at the grove, and you can tell by the way they dress, and all that, that it's solid wealth; and the old lady—I'm sorry, but it's a fact—the old lady can't live long. She knows it herself. She has got the heart disease, or something of that sort. And she'll divide all she has evenly between the girls of course. Now I like Angelina; the handsomest girl I know. But there's Ida; and you are not a bad looking fellow, you know. Try going there a while, and see how you like it. I speak as a friend and brother, Charlie."

"Ned," said Charlie, laughing, "I don't admire Miss Ida Fairweather in the least, and all the money in the mint wouldn't tempt me to marry a girl I didn't love. But it's not only Dolly that takes me to our Uncle Dixon's. Don't you remember how kind they were to us, those good old people, when we were a couple of poor little waifs with no one to care for us, when our parents were dead. When the funeral was over, they came into the house—how little was left in it besides our two selves—and she took me by the hand and he took you; and they clothed us and fed us, and found us places in New York, and every holiday was spent with them; and they taught us to call them uncle and aunt, though they are no relations whatever. I love them, Ned; don't you?"

"Of course," said Ned; "I go to see them now and then myself; but they are very plain old folks. Don't suppose they own anything more than that little brown house and vegetable garden. He looks like Adam, in his long-tailed coat and straight stove-pipe hat; and they haven't even the sense to dress their granddaughter in style. How Mrs. Fairweather comes to be the old man's sister I can't imagine. However, she went to Europe with her husband, and has seen the best society and all that. There, don't look so solemn. Aunt Dixon is the sweetest old soul, and your Dolly is pretty. I only spoke as a brother might."

So they parted. And Ned went toward the aristocratic mansion on the heights, and Charlie sought the little brown cottage on the borders of the village.

A nice old lady sat reading her Bible on the porch. At her feet sat a fresh, round, bright-eyed girl, with an old hat full of cotton wadding in her lap. In the midst of this wadding lay a poor little lame, half-fledged, desolate orphan duck, supremely hideous and pitiable, which she was regarding with a tenderness which almost made Charlie desire to change places with the naked little monster.

Over the fence came at that moment old Uncle Dixon, with his watering pot.

"Flowers must have water if it is the Sabbath day," he said half-apologetically. "How are ye, Charlie? How's trade?"

"Always feel as if one of my own boys was coming when I see you," said Aunt Dixon. "I never had a boy. Dolly's ma was all the girl I had either. Fetch out the big rocker, Dolly. We'll sit out here till tea, the grape-vines is so cool and green, and the breeze chirks a body up like."

And Charlie sat in the big rocker; and the three chairs swayed back and forth in true

Yankee style; and they all looked down at the interesting invalid in the old hat, and talked about him.

"It wasn't brilliant talk, neither was it 'Shakespearic and the musical glasses,'" but they were very happy.

After a while, a personage in a large apron stuck her head out of the window, and said: "You;" and added, "Missy me! how splendidous you do look, Mister Charles! Put on yer hat, and let me see you all fixed."

It was Hannah, the "help." Call her *servant*, and she would take French leave. And Charlie put on his hat, and "blushed to be admired."

Then they had a country tea of home-made bread, pot-cheese and strawberries, in such profusion that Charlie could not help remembering the tiny preserve platelets which passed about the table at his New York boarding-house.

Hannah, having looked in to say that she was "going to see how Miss Green's baby was, and they must excuse her," which was her way of avoiding the idea that she took her money by herself, and yet sustaining the fact, unretorted off and left the quartette uninter-rupted.

Oh, how nice it was afterward, when Aunt Dixon, amiable soul, went up stairs for some-thing, and Uncle Dixon went to sleep on the old settee, and Dolly, out in the shadow of the porch, nestled closer to him, obeying the impetu-osity of his entwining arm. They sat quite still.

The little rustle of the leaves, the chirp of some insect in the branches—these were the only noises. After a while the moon arose, white and at her full. The light fell over Dolly's bosom, and surprised her in the act of giving him such a look as the invalid duck had not had all the afternoon.

"My little Dolly?" said Charlie. "Will you be mine some day—mine always?"

And so, when he had kissed her, it was set- tled.

Meanwhile, at "the Grove," the black waiter had retired, and Ida and mamma were enter- taining the rich elderly clergyman, Mr. Mayon- natre. And Ned and Angelina were alone.

"You really look charmingly to-night, Miss Angelina," said Ned.

"Only tonight?" said Angelina. "That's a poor compliment."

"You know what I think about that," said Ned.

"No, I don't, I'm sure."

"Want me to tell you?"

"If you like."

"You always look just as if I want my wife to look."

"Oh, dear me!" with a light laugh.

"You understand me, don't you, Angelina?"

"Well—I'll think about it."

She thought as a broker thinks of stocks. "I wonder what his salary is. He dresses well. I'm five-and-twenty. Mr. Mayonnatre can't see Ida. I'm sure of that, at least. Mamma may die any day. I think his studs are diamonds. He can't be poor. Shall I? Shall I not?"

And there was no tenderness mixed up with this—only a certain cold consciousness that the man was handsome, and so would do her credit.

"Have you thought?" asked Ned.

"Am I to blow my brains out?"

"No."

"I'll like to kiss you."

"But you can't. Mr. Mayonnatre is looking directly this way."

So that was settled also.

The two brothers made confession to each other in their bedroom that night, and each pit- ied the other sincerely.

Time wore on. Ned saved enough to rent his Angelina with a very fine engagement ring, and took her to the opera several times in the season; and caught himself wondering once or twice whether it was necessary to powder quite so thickly, and to darken the eyebrows quite so much.

Ned had the best dressed lady in the boxes with him, however; that made up for the very nasty tasting kiss he gave her cheek at parting.

Charlie had begun to save, and had abandoned kid gloves and cigars, and was fighting for promotion. He did all he could to please Dolly, and made her many simple little presents which she loved for his sake. They were to be married in two years.

As for Angelina, how it came about Ned hardly knew; but they were to be married at once. Mrs. Fairweather had had a very serious attack of her heart disease, and Angelina had hinted that it had better be soon, or they might have to wait until she was out of mourning. Her cold calculation rather chilled poor Ned, but he tried to shake off the feeling; and Mr. Mayon- natre was to marry Ida on the same evening.

Charlie came to the wedding, and of course Aunt and Uncle Dixon and Dolly; but two fashion- able girls were bride-maids. And Mrs. Fairweather looked through her glass at Aunt Dixon's simple black silk with a certain scorn. It was not a rep, nor was it new. It might even have been turned.

"Poor soul!" it was the last time she sneered at anything on earth. She died that next night, alone in her bed, and the brides were tele- graphed back. They were weeping when they met; it is true, but Angelina whispered to Ida:

"We were not a day too soon, my dear," for all that.

The poor lady's funeral was over. Ned and, if truth were told, Mr. Mayonnatre also, were growing a little anxious about the reading of the will. And when a few days had passed, and the dress-maker and half-dresser, the jeweller and shoemaker began to call upon the newly made husbands, and inform them in whispers suitable for an occasion of calamity that they wouldn't be in any haste to buy for large bills that must be paid, but that of course the ladies had men- tioned that little account, matters grew more serious. Rev. Mr. Mayonnatre settled his Ida's bills. But what was Ned to do? He could only make fair promises and wait.

Meanwhile Uncle Dixon talked the matter over with his wife before Charlie and Dolly.

"I'm glad the girls is settled," said he.

"It's good to think of," said Aunt. "Hus- bands to cherish and purrct' em, seein' they haven't a cent."

"I thought that Mrs. Fairweather was a wealthy woman," said Charlie, thinking of his brother.

"Well, most folks did," said Mr. Dixon; "but poor Tilly wasn't; no, poor gal. You see, my wife's granddaddy's second wife she was fond of my wife, and she died without chick nor child. So she left the Grove to her; and says my wife, says she, 'Why, we're comfortable here, and we love the place, and seein' your poor sister is in distress—only a life annuity that don't cover expenses—why, jest let her live there.' You see, poor Tilly's health was going, and we felt her; and we won't say nothin', seein' it's the family," says she; 'but I'll jest make a will, and give the Grove and them four- teen thousand dollars to Dolly when I'm gone. We don't need no alterations,' says she. So you see it wasn't Tilly's; and, poor gal, she was extravagant, they say, and got in debt. I paid a bill or two myself. And if the gals wasn't set-

led, they'd miss their fine style, I reckon. As it is poor Ned 'll have his hands full!"

"Why, grandpa, you never told me the Grove was yours," said Dolly.

"No," said the old gentleman. "You see, your grandpa says, 'Don't post up about the country that Dolly is an heiress; jest let her be courted for love, and then she'll be married hap- py.' So you see, Charlie, you've got more'n you expected with your wife, and grandpa says she'll hand it over when you are married, seein' poor Tilly is gone and the girls married."

So that is the way that Charlie and Dolly his wife came to live at the Grove to-day; and when Ned brings his wife down to visit them, Char- lie feels a sort of re-orse, and pities his brother very much when his wife snaps at him, and the home quarrel shows their sharp edges through the silk company coverings, for he knows that, talling to win the Grove and the little for- tune, poor Ned lost all that he married for.

## CURIOUS FUNERAL CEREMONIES IN ATHENS.

Long before a funeral procession comes in sight, the car catches the low monotonous chant of the priests, who are preceded by boys in white robes bearing the crucifix and ecclesiasti- cal insignia, in presence of which every head is uncovered, and every hand makes the sign of the cross. The corpse is exposed to view in an open coffin of light material, covered with white or black cloth, with silver or gilt decorations, the cover of which, marked with a long diamond cross, is carried before the procession. The body is dressed in the customary clothes of the deceased, the head slightly elevated, and the hands folded up in front of a panel picture of the Virgin set up on the breast. If it is a female, the cheeks and lips are painted vermilion, in- tended to reproduce a natural expression, but which gives to the corpse an artificial and ghastly look. Even to one accustomed to the exposure of the dead in Oriental coun- tries, there is something painful in the idea of exhibiting to the glare of day, and amidst the pomp and solemnity of the public street the features of a deceased person who in life may have been known only to the little group of mourners gathered about the remains. Greek funerals are not generally employ- ed, and the light open casket is borne by the hands of the nearest friends of the deceased, while the other mourners walk, not march, in a group around it. Thus they literally carry and accompany, rather than follow, their friend to the grave, and gaze upon the face which was dear to them up to the moment when he is laid in his last resting place. The funerals of the poor are even more touching to behold. A single priest, perhaps, performs the chant, and has a dozen mourners, representing the little household, bear between them the coffin, which is composed of the cheapest material and cov- ered with white muslin. When a person of distinguished position dies, the funeral pro- ceSSION becomes an imposing spectacle, with the bishops and priests in their gorgeous sacerdotal robes, numerous lighted candles, and martial music. I once saw the body of a venerable bishop of the Greek Church carried in procession through the streets of Athens. He was seated in a bishop's chair, elevated above the people, and was clothed in his canonical robes, with mitre on head and the crozier in his right hand. A cloth around the forehead bound it to the back of the chair, but not sufficiently close to prevent the head from bobbing up and down, as if the dead man's pale and rigid features were smiling, for the last time, the people among whom he had exercised his holy office for over three score years. In this position he was placed in the grave, a peculiar honor accorded to his ecclesiastical rank. The dead—chiefly from climatic considerations—are buried within twenty-four hours of their decease. This is very shocking to foreign ideas; but the custom has been so long established with little less than the law requires. Indeed, the feeling is, that the sooner the painful duty is over, and the house freed from the distressing spectacle of a corpse, the sooner will the minds of the mourn- ers be relieved from association with what is repulsive, and return to the inward contempla- tion of their friend, as they knew him in life. Thus it often happens that the first intimation of a death is conveyed in the printed invitation to the funeral. I have conversed with a gentle- man at an evening party, who appeared to be in the highest enjoyment of physical health, and the day following witnessed his interment, he having expired in the meantime from apoplexy. I had once a business appointment with a near neighbor, and on going to fulfil it, met his dead body coming down the door-step. I was out one evening at the bedside of a distinguished American Missionary, who was desirous to me his peculiar malady, and the next afternoon I saw him laid in the Protestant Cemetery. The modern Greek may well exclaim with the ancient Greek:

"Who knows what fortunes on to-morrow wait. Since Charms one day well is a misfortune. And on the next was mournfully interred!"

It is the custom, after the decease of the occupant, to drap the interior of the house with mourning. I have seen every article of furni- ture, from piano to footstool, draped in black, and even a small streamer of crape attached to the key of the tobacco-box.—From "Modern Athens," by Charles K. Tucker, in *Serbia's Journal*.

## BEARDS.

The indecision which characterizes men to- day concerning the manner in which they shall wear their beards, or discard them altogether, would seem to be hereditary, as we find, by con- sulting history, that few fashions have been so capricious as those connected with the hair of men's faces. Looking back for several ages, we ascertain that the custom of shaving has fre- quently been introduced, and as frequently dis- continued. Alexander the Great, before an en- gagement, commanded Parmenio to have all his soldiers shaved, and gave as his reasons that a long beard affords a handle for the enemy. We suppose that the Normans held the same view of the convenience of a beard, for they shaved close and deceived their enemies. Ha- rold's spies reported that William the Con- queror's army was composed not of soldiers but of priests. After the Conquest, however, when the Normans settled in England, they began to wear beards, and in order to make a distinction between them, orders were given that the En- glish should shave. Kings—judging by their portraits—each adopted a special fashion of his own. Henry I. wore a beard trimmed round and Richard Cœur de Lion, a short beard. Henry III. shaved, but his son, Edward I., wore a curled beard. There is a touching story of Ed- ward II., in his misery, which illustrates our subject. When he was at Carnarvon, Maltravers ordered the king to be shaved with dirty cold water, at which he burst into tears and exclaimed, "Here, at least, is warm water on my cheek, whether you will or no." Edward III. wore a noble beard, but Richard the Second's

was short. During the fourteenth century, close shaving became prevalent with young men, and the old men wore forked beards, as Chaucer describes the merchants: "A merchant was there with a forked beard." Henry IV., wore a beard, but Henry VI., and Edward VI., all shaved. Henry VIII. shaved until he heard that Francis I., of France, wore a beard, and then he allowed his to grow. Francis did not approve of all his subjects wearing nature's covering for the face, and he therefore obtained from the Pope a brief by which all the ecclesiastics through France were compelled to shave or pay a large sum. The bishops and richly-beneficed clergy paid the fine, but the poor priests were forced to comply with the requirements of the law. Some men have been so proud of their beards that they have taken their loss greatly at heart. Duprat, son of the celebrated Chancellor Legate, possessed a very fine beard. He distinguished himself at the Council of Trent, and was soon after appointed to the Bishopric of Clermont. On Easter Sunday he appeared at his cathedral, but to his dis- may he found three dignitaries of his chapter waiting to receive him, with razors, scissors, and the statures of the church in their hands. He argued without avail, and to save his beard he fled and abandoned his bishopric. A few days afterward he died of grief. When Philip V., of Spain, gave orders for the abolition of beards throughout his kingdom, many a brave Spaniard felt the privation keenly, and said, "Since we have lost our beards we seem to have lost our souls." Sir Thomas More thought of his beard at the time of his execution, and moved it out of the way of the headsman's axe.

## THE CITY OF DULUTH.

Duluth, the eastern term of the road, will one day be a London, say the capitalists. Attend- ing that development, Duluth is already a hand- some infant, a remarkably pretty city. It curves around the head of Lake Superior, where it sits like another Genoa the Superb, its bright structures facing the morning sun and relieved against the forests which upbeast the vast amphitheatre of hills enclosing it. There are churches and schools, and four thousand inhabi- tants. To see a ball in the enormous parlor of the Clark House, you would not think yourself very far outside the limits of civilization. Ladies in dresses brought from New York pre- scribe the Drip brought from Boston, under the conduct of gentlemen who, it is true, wear mo- cassin at their offices through the winter, but who now appear in correct pumps and pen- nib coats. The city footways are of plank; the houses are coming up intermittently, like a baby's teeth; but you have no difficulty in finding the banker, the land-office, the apoth- ecary, the lawyer, the tailor, the cooper, the haberdashery. Down at the harbor the scene is lively with steamers, with passing boats, and boats loading up under the rushing catarnet of wheat from the elevators, whose prodigious towers are no despicable elements of the picturesque. A long tongue of land, a couple of hundred feet wide, shoots out into the lake. It is Minnesota Point; socially speaking, it is as good as Pike's Peak. There live the re- main of the town, including the savages in their topees or huts. They sail over the lake in their delicate bark gondolas; they come up at night to gaze through the windows of the Clark House, while Strauss's music is playing tenderly inside, and the happy dancers insult them with the spectacle of a softer civilization. The redskins blaze through the windows with their bright blue eyes; the forests gather around the cluster of hardy buildings that have usurped their domain, or send up light and feathery seedlings to dance in the vacant town-lots; and savages and forests may read their doom, the scriptural text launched against their kind: "They shall increase, but you shall decrease."

It might be thought, perhaps, that here would be a good chance to operate in land. Buy a plot, wait till the railroad runs the Yellowstone River in Montana, and sell at a price removed one decimal to the right—this would be no un- pleasant speculation. But no. The uncropped virgins of the land-market are fully sensible of their claims, and are already ticketed at figures that would not be bad in Philadelphia or New Orleans. They all bear prices calculated for some half-score years ahead. Three years ago a great banker came sailing out to Duluth over the bright waves of Superior. As the rich am- phitheatre of land around the bay burst upon his vision, the capitalist threw up his hands. "The first step for a city on the face of the globe!" he said.

The telegraphic action of the capitalist's arms was observed far and wide, and, in our infor- mation's words, "sent up corner-lots sixty per cent.—From an article entitled FROM LAKE SUPERIOR TO GREAT SOUNDS, in the October number of *Lippincott's Magazine*."

## THE ATTRACTIONS OF EDINBURGH.

It is hardly possible for a city to be prettier than Edinburgh. The old town is huddled and picturesque and original, with its Tolbooth and Cowgate and Cannongate, the castle on its hill at one end, and Holyrood Palace, with its ruined chapel, on the other. The new town is broad and handsome, full of monuments and the buildings; and the old and new towns look at one another from their opposite hills across Prince's street and the broad belt of the public gardens, while close at hand rise the Salisbury Crags, overlooking the Frith of Forth. The suburbs are on the sea, and the brow fish-wives in striped kilts walk about the streets with men in kilts and plaid. Scottish history is full of spirit and romance, and yet one may say it was created by Sir Walter Scott. If we wan- dered round Edinburgh Castle, recalling its noc- turnal surprises, and glowered at the regent Murray's house as we passed, and felt a thrill when we suddenly found ourselves standing on the "Heart of Midlothian" cut in the pavement, or nearly broke our necks to see the Pass of Killcraikie and the church where Claverhouse lies, and stood over the ruins of Linlith- go, where James V., the unhappy father of a more unhappy daughter, died of a broken heart,—to whom did we owe these vivid impressions and fresh memories but to him, first through the *Tales of a Grandfather*, then through those immortal novels which can never become hackneyed or obsolete, and perhaps in a still higher degree to the spirit-stirring lays with which our childish fancy rang long before the time had come for history or romance? Bruce, Mary Stuart, and Charles Edward are almost the only figures which would stand out clear for themselves in our mind. Scott has given life and reality to the whole *Arminian* person- age of his country's story, and made their names familiar household words, not only wherever English is spoken, but to all the nations of Europe. Surely, besides his lofty place as poet, author, and kindest human soul, he deserves the highest pedestal of the patriot, the man to whom his country owes a great debt of grate- tude and reverence.—From A SUMMER IN THE FOUR BRAS, by Mrs. Sarah B. Wa- ter, in the October number of *Lippincott's Maga- zine*.

## AN IMMENSE COOKERY.

THE NEW YORK PIE BAKING COMPANY—A GIGANTIC ENTERPRISE.

The uninitiated would scarcely conjecture that pie baking in our large cities is a matter of so much importance, involving a large capital and employing an army of operatives, but such is the matter fact. Several of the most exten- sive pie-bakeries in New York have recently consolidated into one mammoth concern, and have established themselves on Sullivan street, where their combined business will hereafter be conducted.

In 1838 the first delivery of pies in wagons was made. Mrs. Ketchum established the first route, and baked from 500 to 700 pies daily. Since that time to the present the amount has increased to 150,000 daily, of which the New York Pie Baking Company are making 15,000 pies additional. The firms composing the Company are Wm. Thompson, Mrs. Hopkins, Hartshorn Bros., Fox & Co., (Lincoln, George G., Fox and Austin Fox), some of whom first began their labours on a comparatively insignificant scale, and by dint of hard labour and honesty of purpose have become the most noted pie- bakers in this country.

The consolidation has been effected not for the purpose, as might be expected, of having a monopoly of the business, but for the purpose of making a more palatable, better and cheaper, than could be made with the hind- rances heretofore existing. That the objects of the consolidation have realized is manifest from the fact that several large hotels, restaurants and bread bakeries, which have heretofore made their own pies, are now being supplied by the new concern.

The capital stock of the company is \$300,000, about \$250,000 of which is the cost of their buildings and fixtures. The officers of the com- pany are William Thompson, President; John Kohler, Vice-President; William Lussell, Treas- urer; and William S. Hartshorn, Secretary. The buildings are constructed of brick, and are admirably arranged for the purpose intended. They are three stories high, with basement, forming the latter a fine, occupying four full lots twenty-five by one hundred feet, making a total of one hundred and fifty feet of frontage. The office is located on the second floor of No. 82 Sullivan street. The first or ground floor is used as a retail department. In the rear is located the bakery, storerooms, ice-house, wagon sheds, etc. In the basement are affixed the ovens, ten in number, measuring ten by twelve feet, where also is in operation a new rotary device, which alone will bake nine hundred pies per hour. The first floor above is appropriated to the en- gine, boiler and delivery rooms. The second floor is the pastry department, where the mix- ing of the dough is done, and third floor is given to the preparation of fruit, etc. This floor is stationed a long range capable of holding barrels of fruit at once, also two huge copper steam kettles with a capacity of two barrels each. An Otis Elevator is brought into service here to hoist and lower the pies and material of which they are composed.

The weekly consumption of material is 130 tons of flour, 42,000 pounds of sugar, 5,000 pounds of fat, 500 barrels apples, 60,000 pounds pump- kins and squashes, 60,000 eggs, 500 bushels berries in their season, 800 pounds beef for mince, 1,500 pounds cornmeal, 100 boxes lemons, and sizes vegetables. They also have in constant use about 150,000 pie-plates, and give employ- ment to over 100 workmen, running 25 wagons. The gentlemen personally engaged in the man- agement of the concern represent nearly 200 years' combined practical experience, some of them having been in the business constantly for the last thirty years. For the responsible pos- itions which they now fill none are better qual- ified, inasmuch as they all know the wants of their patrons, and their previous experience has gained for them the highest reputation as thor- oughly efficient, conscientious and straightfor- ward business men.

SHELLAC.—Shellac is very well known in con- nection with the uses to which it is put, but it is not generally known what it really is. It is a resinous substance, which was once supposed to be deposited by an insect on the twigs and branches of various species of the fig or banyan tree in the East Indies. It is, however, rather the product of the tree itself, exuding at the sting of the insect. These insects resemble somewhat the cochineal insects of Central America, and at certain seasons of the year fly about in immense swarms, parasitizing the tender branches of the tree, from which flows a milky juice. This juice hardening forms a crust about the twigs, which are then broken from the tree, and from what is known to commerce as stick-lac. When this stick-lac is broken up, and coloring matter re- moved by warm water, it assumes the form of small grains, and hence is called seed-lac. It is sometimes melted into cakes, and is then called lump-lac. But more commonly it is prepared for market by putting the seed-lac into linen bags and slowly heating them, and then strain- ing and wringing out the material upon a smooth surface of wood. Purified in this form it is known as shellac. It is soluble in alcohol, and melts readily at a moderate heat. The coloring matter of shellac which owes its origin to the insects, is readily washed out with warm water. The material thus obtained yields a bright red powder, not unlike carmine, from which is made a crimson dye. The crimson of the ancients are supposed to have been from this source. The dyes of Brussels and Holland, whose red colors have always been remarkable for their durability, use this material. Before the discovery of cochineal this lac coloring matter was in uni- versal demand, but now that other red dyes have been discovered, its use is considerably diminished. The best specimens of shellac are brought from Siam and Assam. An inferior sort comes from Bengal. It is said that the capacity of these regions to keep up the supply far exceeds any possible demand, although they furnish supplies for all the markets of the world.

WHAT IT CLAIMS TO BE AND TO DO.—The Great Sho- noshonee Remedy claims to be purely vegetable. It claims to contain greater curing and healing prop- erties than any other Remedy or Compound ever discovered. It claims to have performed more Radical Permanent and Astonishing Cures where it has been used than all other Remedies or Compounds com- bined. It claims to be used by regular physicians, and to have been supplied hundreds of miles to them. It claims a most supreme power in Radically and Permanently Purifying and Enriching the Blood. It claims to remove the mucus from the First and Sec- ond Stages of Bronchitis and Consumption to Perfect Health etc., etc., and to you we say Try it.

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