

do not boil over. The better way to boil separately, and mix them in such proportion may be required. After wood-work is saturated with the above, a mixture of gas-tar and pitch, may be used. G. W. K.
w. Ag.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

the Wife.—It needs no guilt to break a husband's heart; the absence of content, the mutings of spleen, the untidy dress, the cheerless face, the forbidden scowl and deserted hearth; and other nameless neglects, without a smile among them, have harrowed to the quick the heart's core of many a man, and planted beyond the reach of cure, the germ of dark despair. Oh! may woman, before that sight comes, dwell on the recollections of her youth, cherishing the dear idea, of that tuneful time, and keep alive the promise she then so lightly gave. And, though she may be the injured, not the injuring one—the forgotten, not the faithful wife—a happy allusion to the hour of youthful love—a kindly welcome to a comfortable home—a smile of love to banish hostile words—a word of peace to pardon all the past, and the hard heart that ever locked itself within the breast of a selfish man, will soften to her charms, and bid her live, as she had hoped, her years in matchless love—loved, loving, and content—the soother of every sorrowing hour—the source of comfort, and the spring of joy.—*Chamber's London Journal.*

Mother's Tears.—There is a touching sweetness in a mother's tears, when they fall upon the face of her dying babe, which no eye can behold without imbibing its influence. Upon such hallowed ground the foot of profanity dare not approach. Infidelity itself is silent, and forbears its laughing. And here woman displays not her weakness, but her strength; it is that strength of attachment which can never, to its full intensity, be realized. It is perennial, dependant upon no climate, no changes; but alike in storm and sunshine, it knows no shadow of turning. A father, when he sees his child going down to the valley, will weep when the shadow of death fully come over him; and as the last parting fall falls on his ear, he may say "I will go down to the grave of my son mourning." But the hurry of business draws him away; the tears are wiped from his eyes; and if, when he turns from

his fireside, the vacancy in the family circle reminds him of his loss, the succeeding day blunts the poignancy of his grief, until at length it finds permanent seat in his breast. Not so with her who has nourished the tender blossom. It lives in the heart where it was first entwined, in the dreaming hours of the night. She sees its playful mirth, or hears its plaintive cries; she weeps in the morning, and goes to the grave to weep there.

Beware how you Use it.—All admit the great influence one sex has over the other. None will deny the influence the wife has over the husband, the mother over the son, or the sister over the brother; but while we know that we possess that influence, we should be careful, very careful, in what way we use it. Man, in the majority of cases, will not be commanded or coerced into any measure. Tenderness, persuasion, and affection, may and will accomplish much; while a different course will estrange him farther from you. O, how the words of a criminal, who was convicted for a State Prison offense, now ring in our ears. He said, "*One kind word, one affectionate look from my wife, would have saved this.*"

Wife, if thy husband fall, cast him not aside: reproach him not with bitter words, but by kindness win him back, remembering, that as you hope to be forgiven, you must also forgive.

Mother, wife, daughter, beware how you set temptation before those who are near and dear to you.—How many a man has been driven to intemperance, by the first glass presented to him by woman.

Wife, make the home of thy husband a happy resort for him from the cares and troubles of life; let him ever receive from you a cordial welcome—he may be perplexed with many cares and troubles that he would desire to keep from you, fearing it would cause you sorrow and grief—for in so doing, you keep him from resorting to places for company and enjoyment, where the seeds of dissipation and ruin may be sown.—*N. Y. Pearl.*

Corn Bread.—We are in the daily habit of eating corn bread made after the following recipe, by our good landlady, Mrs. Norton, of Astoria. It is equal to anything we ever tasted:—To one quart of sour milk add two teaspoonsful, well stirred in, of finely pulverised saleratus, two eggs well beaten, one table-spoonful of brown sugar,