

# Lamoille Newsdealer.

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## Lamoille Newsdealer:

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## Poetry.

### GOOD BYE TO THE OLD YEAR.

Good bye, old year, good bye!  
I take thy shivered hand  
And press it with a sigh,  
While on the threshold dithering thou dost stand.  
Silent and cold and gray,  
Into the vast unknown  
Take now thy ghostly way,  
Whither the ages numberless have flown.  
Give thy sealed record up,  
Of joys, and tears, and crime;  
Then mingle like a drop  
With kindred drops in the great tide of Time!  
—Independent.

## Miscellany.

### Missing.

These are hard things to throw in a man's teeth, uncle, and I shouldn't like to think that you meant them all.

So spoke John Birch, the carpenter, as he stood up before the old bird-fancier—fat, stoney, and strong, with his handsome face in hot glow, and a flash of temper in his eyes—a specimen of a fine physical type, showing in marked contrast with a puny, pale young man about his own age, who sat in a corner separately reading, but in reality intently watching what was going on.

"The harder the better, so that they hit the mark; but what I have said tonight I am ready to say again—age, and meant them, too."

John Birch had never won much favor from the little, hard-featured old man who kept the bird-shop, and lived there with his pretty grand-daughter. But to-night he had been insulted, and before a witness, between whom and himself there was an open feud, for it was as rivals that they met. Tom Bartlett, the soft-spoken schoolmaster, had managed to insinuate himself in the favor of David Birch, and was also striving to supplant the young carpenter in the regard of his cousin Polly. The old man was the first to speak.

"You need not glare at me like that because I have found out what brings you sneaking around here."

"I never sneak, uncle; that does not belong to the Birches."

"No, it does not, my lad," the old man replied, in a slightly modified tone; adding, "and I am sorry you do not take after them. There's a spice of your mother—"

John Birch interrupted him, saying passionately, "Silence, Uncle David, you must not dare to say a word against her."

"This is my face! Get out of the house, and never dare to cross my doorstep till you are sent for, which will be long enough for I tell you once for all that I can hinder it. Polly Carson shall never carry an idle, beggarly fellow, always out of work, who can find nothing better to do than live on his sister's earnings."

This was the stab that cut the keenest of all. The young man's voice quivered as he said, "That is too bad, Uncle David, you don't know what feelings you stir in me; and in his excitement he laid his hand on the old man's arm."

At that moment the sly, watchful reader in the corner came forward, and, willfully misunderstanding his intention, thrust himself between them, saying, "Come, no violence, it would be a pity, and I should be so sorry; you ought to remember Mr Birch is your uncle, and an old man."

In an instant he found himself put back with just the amount of force which a strong man would feel needful to use in dealing with some puny obstruction which he held in contempt. "Mind your own business, Tom Bartlett, and don't meddle with mine; it doesn't need your sly tongue to teach me what to remember. My uncle is in no danger of violence from me, and you know it." Then turning to the old man he added, "Uncle, I shall not want telling twice to go. I know you bear me ill-will, but I didn't think it was in you to upbraid a man for what is no fault of his; for I defy any one that knows me to say that I ever shirked work when I could get it to do. I am sorry for what has passed to night, and perhaps you will be before you are many days older; and snatching up his cap, he strode angrily through the shop into the street, without deigning another look at Tom Bartlett, who had slunk back into his corner, and was once more taking mental note of everything that he saw and heard.

### II.

To the surprise of the neighbors David Birch had not taken down his shutters, though it was nearly eleven o'clock; such neglect of business had never occurred before within their remembrance. But a greater marvel still was the circumstance of the old man himself being dressed in his best black suit, which he only wore on important occasions. It was clear that he was going to keep holiday that day, and that something unusual had happened. They would have been convinced of this if they had penetrated to the little back parlor and heard the old man talking in an unwonted flow of spirits.

"Put on the best gown, Polly, and wear it in honor of the good fortune that is coming to us; thou shalt be dressed in silks, my bonny one."

"I would rather you gave some of the money to poor Nellie Birch, grandfather."

A wide smile crossed his face. "Yes, give her to support her idle brother—not a shilling! It is enough that the will gives it to him for my death, more the pity; if I could keep it from him I would."

"Oh, grandfather!"

"I tell thee I would; but don't talk about him, child. I do not want to be

angry just when I'm going to carry my good news to old Jacob Moss."

"Am I to open the shop, grandfather?"

"Do just as it suits thyself, child; we shall be rich enough not to care about the shop."

While talking he consulted his large silver watch, which for antiquity and size, might have been the patriarch of the entire race of watches.

"I shall be back before nine, Polly; and perhaps Tom Bartlett may drop in and spend an hour with you."

"I hope not for I don't want to see him."

"Ah! that's the queer way of girls; but never mind. I dare say thou wilt look much higher than Tom now; and be chucked as he kissed her round, dimpled cheek, leaving her to take care of the feathered songsters and herself, the brightest thing that the place could show.

### III.

"Missing, since the 23d inst., an Old Man, named David Birch, dressed in black; height about five feet three inches; gray hair; thin. He left home with the intention of visiting a friend at Fulham, and has not since been heard of. A reward of Twenty Pounds will be paid to any one giving information that may lead to his discovery."

So ran the advertisement which was going the rounds of the leading papers, and being repeated in large printed placards on the walls of police-stations. In the immediate neighborhood of the bird-shop there was much excitement and conjecture at the old man's mysterious disappearance, mingled with lively sympathy for the distress of his grand-daughter, whose pale face and swollen eyelids told how she had watched and wept. None were more demonstrative than Tom Bartlett, who kept hovering about her in spite of her visits shunning him, persistently pressing his services as though he alone had the right to act for her. Meantime, the day appointed by the lawyers for entering into arrangements with their client respecting the fortune of which he had unexpectedly come into possession by the death of a brother abroad, had come and gone. The perplexed legal firm, actuated in the interests of their client, instituting a rigorous search, but without success. The friend, Jacob Moss a "bleb" old man, had been duly communicated with and keenly cross-examined. David Birch had paid his visit on the day named, arriving, as far as the old man could recollect, about half-past two, and starting on his return journey about dusk. Here the clue was lost. Thus the days went by without throwing any light on the old man's fate, and poor Polly, worn with grief and anxiety, often cried herself to sleep.

### IV.

"Oh! Nellie—Nellie! you don't know what has happened?"

It was with these words that John Birch had suddenly presented himself to his sister, a tall, dark-eyed girl, who might have been taken as a softened likeness of herself. She was busily at work when he came in, but on the first glance at his agitated face she dropped her needle and rose hurriedly.

"Oh, John! what's the matter?"

"Uncle David has been missing from home since the 23d of last month, and no one can tell what has become of him."

"Missing from home, John? why, it was only last week that we heard he had a fortune left him by his brother."

"Yes, that's true enough. Nellie; and I hear that it comes to me after his death. The lawyers are asking him every where, but think of poor Polly being in all this trouble, and us never to know it. It just seems as if that odd job of work in the country came on purpose to take me out of the way; and you're so moped up here that you never hear anything," he added fretfully.

"John, I'll put on my things and go to her at once if you think I can do any good."

"Yes, Nell, I think you may. I know I always like to have you by me when I'm in trouble. I would go myself, but I'm forbidden the house. You remember what I told you of my quarrel with the old man. I wish to heaven those ill words had never passed between us."

At that moment there was a sound of heavy footsteps on the stairs, followed by a smart rap at the door. Nellie went to open it, but started back at the sight of two policemen, on the threshold.

"Does John Birch live here?"

"Yes, I am John Birch," the young man called out; "what do you want with me?"

"Come this way and I'll tell you."

"No, tell me here."

The officer glanced compassionately at Nellie's white face as he answered, "Well, if you don't mind the young woman hearing, you're our prisoner."

"Your prisoner! Impossible! On what charge?"

"I dare say you know well enough. There's been a body found by the river, and it's thought there's been some foul play."

"What body?"

"David Birch, the bird-fancier, that's been missing lately."

"My Uncle?" gasped John.

"Exact you're our man. You've had a quarrel with him, and you're arrested on suspicion. We got the clue from Thomas Bartlett."

"Bartlett! The young carpenter repeated the name with a groan, and staggered against the wall, adding, "May God forgive him this wickedness!"

At the same moment his sister threw herself on his neck with a cry that thrilled those who heard it.

### V.

Yes, it was true a body had been found; and there was evidence that identified it as that of the old man who was missing. The story went that it had been first seen by some workmen on their way home one wet evening. It had floated up with the tide, and been toyed with as a ghastly plaything, then beaten against one of the low-lying river banks, and flung out, a piteous sight for men to shudder at, as it lay with the defiling river-slime clogged among its tangled gray hair, and its dead, bruised face turned upward to the sky. From examination of the body, it was thought that there had been a struggle. The motive had clearly not been robbery, for a purse containing a sovereign and some silver was found in one of the pockets, together with a very remarkable antique silver watch, on which were engraved the initials "D. B.," which were readily translated into David Birch. When the watch and purse, with the old-fashioned coat found on the body, were shown to the bereaved grand-daughter, and fearfully recognized by the trembling girl as belonging to her grandfather, the evidence of identity was complete. How had the old man come by his death? There was no cause to suspect him of suicidal intentions; and it was proved that he was sober when he parted from Jacob Moss. Then had followed the query, was David Birch at enmity with any one? At this point in the judicial investigation, Tom Bartlett put in a deposition to the effect that he had witnessed a quarrel between the old man and his nephew a day before the deceased had taken his fatal journey. He detailed what he remembered of the scene between them; how he (Tom Bartlett) had been apprehensive of violence on the part of the young man, who had told his uncle "that before he was many days older he would be sorry for what he had passed that night." This ended in the arrest of the young carpenter. The news was carried to Polly Carson, but the sorely tried girl rose against the crushing blow. "I cannot believe it, John Birch would not harm my grandfather; and I wouldn't take Tom Bartlett's word against a dog."

"I am doing my best, Nellie, you may be sure of that; if there's ever so small a loophole for escape, trust to me that poor Jack shall have the benefit of it."

The speaker was Nellie's plighted lover, George Denton, the detective, a thoughtful looking man, some years her senior, who had already given evidence of more than average ability in his calling.

"My brother is not guilty, George; I could stake my life on it."

"So could I, Nellie; but leave it to me. The examination is adjourned, and I may do much in the meantime."

His words gave Nellie Birch comfort for the present, and she trusted in them.

### VI.

The court was crowded, for much interest had gathered round the case of the old man, whose mysterious death had followed so suddenly upon his accession of wealth. The prisoner was pale and haggard from mental suffering and want of sleep, but holding his head erect, and gazing before him with eyes that never lowered or shrank, and looking very unlike a man charged with murder. But the evidence had gone against him, and he was committed to take his trial for the wilful murder of his uncle, David Birch.

The decision was received by the prisoner with a shuddering gasp for breath, and a wild look of agony in his eyes, as a stream from a woman came from the crowd—it was a voice that he knew, for it was poor Nellie who had dropped down insensible. He was about to be removed when there was a sudden stir in court, and a man whom many recognized as George Denton, the detective, forced his way through the crowd. Another moment, and he was standing before the magistrate, every ear drinking in his words.

"The prisoner, John Birch, is not guilty, and I am prepared to prove it."

"On what evidence?"

"That it is a case of mistaken identity; the man whom he is accused of murdering being still alive. He lies helpless on a sick-bed, or he would have been here to set this wrong right."

The deposition which was made before the startled bench may be briefly summed up as it was afterwards related in the presence of a reunited family circle, when the old bird-fancier got well enough to add his portion of the story. He explained that, after leaving his friend Moss, he had been met and attacked by a man in an unquiet lane. They had a struggle, during which he received a blow on the head that must have made him insensible, for he remembered nothing more until he found himself in bed in a strange room; how long he had lain there he could not tell. He had been taken home by a humane market-gardener, who found him lying senseless in the road, without hat or coat; his injury proving to be a serious fracture of the skull, and the death-like stupor continuing, he was left on the hands of the good Samaritan, who, living some distance from London, had no chance of gaining any information about him.

At this point George Denton took up the narrative. His first step had been to obtain sight of the body; he found a peculiar mark on the right side of the neck, which led to the suspicion that, instead of being the body of David Birch, it was that of a notorious burglar with whom he had been several times brought in con-

tact in the course of his profession. This was further proved when he found on inquiry that Lightfingered Joe, as he was called, was missing from his accustomed haunts, and one of his associates remembered having seen him in the neighborhood of Fulham on the night named. Upon making inquiries in that locality George learned that a market-gardener had been asked whether any one belonging to the neighborhood was missing, as a man unknown was lying ill at his cottage.

Thus, step by step, the detective had unravelled the mysterious affair. It was thought that the drowned man had coded his night's work by getting drunk; and, losing his way in the dark, had fallen into the river. This was the history of the mistake through which the young carpenter had so unjustly suffered. But the old bird-fancier seemed anxious to make up matter by a full reconciliation with his nephew, satisfying his grand-daughter by his unexpected liberality towards her brother and sister, not forgetting a reward to George Denton for his faithful service. Polly made no secret of her feelings towards John, and it was easy to see how it would end with the young people. And this New-Year is as happy a one to them as, I trust, it will be to all.

BE CAREFUL.—It is a habit of many persons to thoughtlessly write their names on blank scraps of paper and leave them lying carelessly about their office. This is a dangerous practice, and has been attended with serious financial difficulties. A gentleman of means by way of practicing penmanship wrote his name upon a blank slip of paper, leaving it to lie upon his desk. It attracted the attention of a friend, who, in a joking way, filled the space above the signature in the form of a promissory note, and in a few days afterwards presented the paper with the offer to allow considerable discount if the drawer (as it would appear) would cash it at that time. The gentleman so requested saw the joke and so recognized it, and the holder, placing it in his pocket, departed, and nothing further was said about it. Subsequently the holder was stricken with paralysis and died, and his executors finding the note, and having no knowledge of the joke attached to it, brought suit and recovered the sum for which it was drawn (\$500), thus proving the dangerous habit of persons carelessly writing their names on blank scraps of paper.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.—It does one good to go back to the old homestead, periodically. If this experience were needed to make any one have faith in the doctrine that every family should have its home, I wish every one could have a similar experience to mine. It was where I was born. Blessed be the man or woman who was born on a farm! No! that is not correct. Blessed is the man or woman who was born on the farm and can go back to it and to his or her parents after thirty or forty years of experience, knocking about the world and jostling against all classes of humanity! That is better! Think of it! To go home (what a word!) and straight into the arms of the good mother who bore you and feel both your hands tucked in the warmth of the grand old father—the austere, upright (always) and exacting old father of your boyhood—who by look, quiver of lip, tremulousness of excitement and joy gives you more touching "welcome home" than could be revealed in all the caresses conceived of—I say all this is worth living for!—Rural New Yorker.

EATING ONIONS.—I doubt not that all men and women love the onion; but few confess their love. Affection for it is concealed. Good New Englanders are as shy of owning it as they are of talking about religion. Some people have days when they eat onions—what you might call "retreats," or their "Thursdays." The act is in the nature of a religious ceremony, an Eleusinian mystery; not a breath of it must be got abroad. On that day they see no company, they deny the kiss of greeting to the dearest friend; they retire within themselves and hold communion with one of the most pungent and penetrating manifestations of the moral vegetable world. Happy is said to be the family which can eat onions together.—Charles Dudley Warner.

The Buckwheat Parakeet is an article largely used; but, as commonly prepared it is not fit to serve up at any table. It is heavy and distressing to the stomach, though the batter may be light, yet when it gets on the griddle it is apt to fall and become the heavy, indigestible thing we find it. Not infrequently it is sour. Now all this can be obviated, and a light, palatable cake made, with a little care, by the addition of Graham flour mixed with the buckwheat, the proportion of Graham being a little over a quarter. Mix the flour to keep on hand ready for baking. When wanted to be used, bring to a batter with buttermilk. Use sour milk will not do; it must be milk from the churn; and it wants to be quite sour. Raise with soda, and bake at once. The first baking will in general not be satisfactory; it will lack lightness. Still it will be better than the usual pancake. Now leave what batter remains in a warm room. This will somewhat raise it; and the cake, the next morning, will be improved. Another twenty-four hours' exposure to the warmth, say, of seventy to eighty degrees, and there is still further improvement. After that there will be little difficulty.—Boston Cultivator.

Ohio has 20 defaulting Co. treasurers.

## Painting Transparencies on Muslin.

Transparency painting on muslin is one of the arts much overlooked by amateurs, and therefore seldom practiced in perfection. We are apt to judge of it by the familiar illumination made for public occasions, where rough designs coarsely executed are all that are required. But this is no reason for treating the whole subject with disrespect or neglect, as it is really deserving of a high place among the arts, and the grandest diorama effects and loveliest illusions may be produced by the practical student in this department of art.

The first thing in beginning a transparency is to prepare the muslin, which should be of a smooth and even texture. It is to be strained or stretched in a frame made of four deal bars, to which a stout strip of webbing has been tacked. These bars should be pierced with holes so that they can be fastened with iron pins, and tightened as occasion may require. To these strips of webbing the edges of the muslin should be sewed, and the whole tightened, when it will be ready for sizing.

The size may be prepared by dissolving gelatine until it is of the proper strength, which will be best determined by experiment; or, if more convenient, though more expensive, use gold size. Lay on an even coating and, when dry, if the muslin hangs loosely in the frame, tighten it by moving the pins at the corners. Then another coat of size is to be given, and, if needed, a second tightening; take the precaution, at the same time, to prepare a small piece of the muslin to be used in trying the colors, and if on applying them to this piece, they are found to sink into it in spots or stains it will be best to apply a third coating of the size.

When the last sizing is perfectly dry, and the muslin quite tight, it must be rubbed carefully but thoroughly with fine pounce-stone, which will give it a smooth surface, upon which the colors will work as well as upon paper.

The muslin being thus prepared to receive the design, it may be traced or transferred in several ways. One method will be to draw the entire outline design upon stiff paper, with a black lead pencil or with ink, and then by placing it under the transparent muslin the same may be easily traced; or in this way any engraved design may be copied.

Another plan is by means of stencils, which are especially useful in floral designs, as the same leaf and flower shapes can be repeated by merely placing them in different places or positions, and passing across them with a stiff brush very sparingly charged with color. This will leave the solid shape distinctly upon the muslin, the details to be added afterward.

A third method, and the one generally preferred, is called pouncing. Any drawing or design may be prepared for the purpose by following the outlines closely with a needle, pricking holes through in every part, to indicate the veins of leaves, the stamens of flowers, and all the minute details of the most elaborate pattern. Then by placing this upon the muslin, and holding it securely so that it cannot move, dust the whole design well with a pounce bag made of thin muslin filled with powdered charcoal. Then remove the paper with the greatest care, and the outlines will be marked distinctly upon the white surface by rows of small dots, and can be traced more permanently with a pencil or pen.

One or two of these pounce patterns may be used to produce a great variety of objects. For instance, suppose the design of a group of various colored buds. Then, by selecting a pretty and gracefully shaped bird on the wing, and another with wings closed, and bringing the outlines of these—wings, feet and all—an appearance of large variety may be obtained by pointing the same in reversed and different positions, according to the taste of the artist, afterward painting them in various colors. By these simple means a gay and pleasing picture will be produced with very little trouble. In the same way flowers, leaves, butterflies, etc., may be traced.

Having now prepared the muslin, and pounced and drawn the design, let us proceed to the painting. It would be impossible within the limits of this paper to give a complete list of the colors to be used. We shall presume that the reader is something of an artist already, and will understand our meaning when we say that all transparent or semi-transparent colors will be available for this work, but none others. Use oil-colors in tubes, and mix with maglip or white varnish until the proper consistency is required. For laying on the paint use the ordinary brushes adapted to oil-painting, and in certain broad parts where great delicacy or richness of tone is required, pieces of sponge will be found valuable helps in applying the colors. Where very delicate tints are desired, such as are seen in skies, the slightest quantity of color will be sufficient to tint the vehicle employed, while in foregrounds and masses of foliage a deep rich one will be needed. In laying on these masses we should proceed precisely as with other painting, giving the deeper shadows by a second painting, and here and there scattering off the superfluous color where it may be desired to increase the lights or lighten the contrasts.

It will be well to keep the trial piece always at hand, and to test every new tint before applying it on the cloth. By this precaution we shall avoid all risk of spoiling our pictures, and experiment will give the most pleasing combinations of tints in lights and shadows to complete the extended effect of the finished trans-

parency. With those brief directions we think that any one with even a slight knowledge of landscape painting may succeed in producing the specimens of transparencies for transparencies for transparencies, as well as for drawing-rooms and libraries.

## English Mail Coaches Before the Era of Railroads.

Soon after the introduction of mail-coaches, an Act was passed, declaring that all carriages and stage-coaches employed to carry His Majesty's mail, should henceforth be exempt from the payment of toll, both on post and cross-roads. In consequence, post-keepers, the principal owners of stage-coaches, bargained for the carriage of mails, frequently, at merely nominal prices, in order to obtain the privilege of running their coaches free of toll. The turnpike-keepers, naturally, looked upon the mails and all connected with them, as moving in a sphere beyond their control. At the approach of the mail-coach, turnpike gates flew open, and all around were deference and obedience to the omnipotent will of the driver. The feeling of importance, thus engendered, communicated itself to the passengers, and they felt themselves, in consequence, to be of a superior class. Even here, however, there was a divided opinion, for the inside passengers considered that they were porcelain, while the outsiders were merely delf; for some time the insides would not sit at the same table with the outsiders; and as the latter was so presuming as to push into the coffee-room, the waiter would beckon and entice them into the kitchen. At last the outside passengers rebelled, and, after a great struggle obtained recognition.

The starting of the mails became one of the numerous sights of London. Every night from eight o'clock to fifteen or twenty minutes later, Lombard street was crowded with eight-hundred gathered together to witness the procession and departure of the coaches, which filled the street in double file. In the last year of mail-coaches, the number which left London every night, was twenty-seven.

But if the nightly departure was a sight worth seeing what would express the excitement on those nights, during the time of the great war, when the country learned that it had gained some grand victory. On these occasions, the coaches, horses and men were all decorated with laurels and flowers, with oak leaves and ribbons, so that wherever they passed, the glad news might be made apparent to all, and be quickly circulated through the land. Victories followed each other so rapidly that all were in a state of expectation, and the mail-coach was known to be the national and authorized medium of communication, by which the first news of any great event was published to the world.

Another fine sight which London enjoyed, was the annual procession of mail-coaches, which took place on the king's birthday. The route was from Millbank to Lombard street. About noon, the postmen, guards, and coachmen, with their figures, dined at Millbank, and at five o'clock the gay procession set out. All the horses had new harnesses, and the guards and postmen, new scarlet coats, the cavalcade was headed by the general post-letter-carriers on horseback; then followed the coach, filled with the wives, children, friends, and relations of the guards and coachmen, and the rear was brought up by the post-boys. Bells rang out, and all was gaiety and joy till the arrival at the post-office when the coaches were prepared for their departure to the country at the regular hour. All this is now as if it had never been; roads that once were filled with conveyances, are now deserted, and inns that once exhibited signs of the most vigorous life, echo in their vacant rooms to the footsteps of the solitary travelers who successively visit them.—American Artisan.

Two men were once engaged in neighborly conversation such as politics, religion, the price of pork, poultry and other edibles, when the subject turned to their families. One of these, it was well known, had been unfortunate in his conjugal relations, his wife, being possessed to a great extent of Mrs. Caudle's propensities, and he was now for the first time pouring his trials into the ear of his sympathizing friend, who remarked that his wife never scolded. He wished she would. He had often thought it would be a real treat to have her;—but he didn't believe she knew how.

"Well," said the neighbor, "you just draw her a load of crooked wood, and you'll find she can scold."