

# The Oxford Democrat

TERMS, TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR.

"THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS IN ADVANCE.

NEW SERIES, VOL. 12, NO. 34.

PARIS, MAINE, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1861.

OLD SERIES VOLUME 28, NO. 44.

## Farmers' Department.

"SPEED THE FLOW."

All the arts and sciences pertaining to life, are closely linked together, and are intimately connected with Agriculture.—*ARISTOTEL.*

From the American Agriculturist.

### Present Prospect of Farmers.

The transactions in the New-York Broad-stuff Market, since the last Agriculturalist went to press, and the latest news from Europe, are of the highest interest to farmers. The sales of flour, wheat, and corn, mainly for export, have been immense. During a single day (Aug. 15) the sales of flour and wheat in this city, alone, were equal to half a million bushels of wheat! The price of wheat and flour have gone up five to fifteen per cent within two weeks! In our issue for months past, we have insisted that not only was there a large deficit in the last wheat crop of Great Britain, involving a heavy demand upon this country, but that the incoming crop must be short. It could not be otherwise, with the poor seed used, and the continuous rains all through the sowing season last Autumn. At the date of our last report, news of favorable weather had just arrived from Europe, and speculators had managed to inculcate the belief that the harvest would be good, and as a consequence of this belief, our markets sunk to a low point, for, with a surplus of grain here, the price must necessarily be governed in a large measure, by the immediate or prospective foreign demand.

The positive advice received here since the 10th of August, settle the question beyond a doubt, that the crop just gathered, or being gathered, have been short, both in Great Britain and France and in some other countries of the Continent, and that large exports from the country will continue for another year, unless there should be an entirely unlooked for interruption of friendly relations.

From a careful survey of the numerous reports from all parts of our own wheat-growing States, we conclude that, taken as a whole, the crop now gathered will be above an average one. This will afford a supply for home use, and a moderate surplus for export—not enough to overstock the market, or keep prices very low.

The war caused a depreciation in the Southern State Stocks, so largely used as bank securities at the West, and this, of course, depreciated the bank bills. The depreciation went so far as to nearly destroy the bank issues in all the States west of Indiana, except Iowa, and the result was, that for several months there was no money abroad, either to pay debts or to buy grain. Latterly, large amounts of gold have been forwarded from the East, which is beginning to find its way into the Western country. The constant demand for breadstuffs for Eastern consumption, and for export, will tend to greatly increase the circulation of gold and specie-paying bank bills among the masses at the West. The immense sums now being expended at home by our General Government, are beginning to set money afloat. The Treasury Notes, of which a million dollars a day are now provided for, and are being issued, will, during the continuance of the war, add greatly to the sound circulating currency of the country, and money will soon be plentiful, at least among those who produce the necessities of life—breadstuffs and meat. People must eat, and there are about as many mouths to be fed in war as in peace. Those who have crops to sell will therefore find a market for them; and as for breadstuffs, the foreign demand and the abundance of money, will keep the prices up to a paying figure, at least.

The expenses of the war are immense, but they are largely charged to the future, in the form of government loans, to be gradually liquidated over a long series of years; and, unlike all foreign wars, the money expended is not going out of the country. On the other hand, we are importing little foreign merchandise to be paid for, while we are constantly receiving large amounts of hard coin from abroad in return for the surplus products of our fertile soils. It would seem as if an overruling Providence had so ordered the seasons and the course of events, as to prepare us for the great contest in which we are now engaged for constitutional freedom and the final establishment of our government on a firm, permanent basis.

There is some anxiety in regard to the system of direct taxation established, but this is needless. The amount to be raised annually, averages less than two dollars for each inhabitant of the Free States. It will fall heaviest upon those best able to meet it; and very few persons would hesitate to voluntarily subscribe this amount, to support and maintain a free government, to the influence of which we are so largely indebted for the prosperity we have enjoyed.

To the cultivators of the soil the present state of the country presents the strongest incentives to exertion. Their products will be in demand, however much all other commodities may be depreciated. He who fails, through fear, or sluggishness, to put in every acre of wheat possible, and to increase the products of his acres to the highest point, fails in his duty to himself, to his family, and to his country. There is every motive to increased exertion, and to a careful study of the best methods of cultivation. If all other incentives fail, the certain prospect of full returns for the products of the soil, will surely stimulate to active and self-directed labor.

Very few persons have sense enough to despise the praise of a fool.

From the New England Farmer.

### Save your Seed Corn.

There have lately been several seasons in which corn matured very imperfectly, especially in 1859 and 1860. Much of the corn planted in 1860 and 1861 came up slowly, exhibited a sickly appearance, and in some fields there was only a small portion that came up at all. This difficulty may in a great measure be remedied by selecting and saving seed corn from the field.

When living in the West a few years since, I did as most farmers in New England do: to top the stalks, and at planting time go to the crib and pick out my seed corn. When my first crop was on the ground, I sent a man in the month of September to top the stalks, and on his return, he said to some person that had not seen the corn, that it made his arms ache to reach up so high, to cut the stalks above the ears, and was laughed at for saying so. The next time he went to the field, he cut to the ground and brought home two stalks with ears and tops; one with one ear, the other with two. I measured them, found one was fourteen feet, the other fourteen feet six inches, in length. I tied them up to the ceiling, where they remained till the next planting time.

When my ground was being planted, I directed my man to plant these ears, and mark the rows where he put them. When the corn was coming up, I noticed two rows came up earlier and more vigorously than those on either side, and in a week after, the corn in these two rows was a third larger, and was of a dark green color, while the other had more or less a sickly appearance. I could not account for the difference.

I afterwards asked my man where he planted those ears. He said, "So many rows from the west end," and in counting, I found those two rows the ones alluded to. This corn kept the lead, made a larger crop, and matured before that on either side.

Let me advise the readers of the Farmer to go into their corn field early, and select the best ears and those that ripen first. Save the whole ear, but and top, and place on poles, in a dry, airy situation. I do not advise topping the stalks of any part of the crop. The corn and fodder are both better for being cut and put into shocks. The top, if retained, will better mature the grain.

But many good farmers think it not expedient to save the corn in this way, and will continue the old practice of topping the stalks. If they will adopt the plan I have suggested in saving their seed corn, they will find it but little trouble, and the advantage gained will often save much labor in replanting; it will make a better crop, and mature earlier.

### Lime and Salt Compost.

The mixing of lime and salt is a simple process—the principal conditions to observe are not to use salt in such a quantity as to render the manure injurious to the crop to which it is to be applied. Having determined on the quantity of lime to be applied per acre, calculate the quantity of salt necessary to add to the lime, which should not exceed four hundred weight to the acre. The salt may be dissolved in water before being mixed with the lime—the compost turned over once or twice, and, if convenient, earth or peat added. The action of the lime and salt is to bring the salt in a caustic state, and the lime is converted into the chloride of calcium. The compost is a valuable dressing for wheat, oats, clover, &c., and when intended for these crops, the compost should be formed two or three months before the period of application. The action of the compost is not understood to be powerful in destroying insect life. When applied for this purpose it should be spread on the soil in the beginning of autumn, and mixed with the soil by the use of the grubber, &c. We may mention that any kind of inferior salt, which can be obtained cheap, may be used for forming the compost. A better substance for destroying insects is gas lime. The quantity of gas lime to apply varies with the texture of the soil; but four tons an acre is generally sufficient. This should be applied hot from the gas works and spread evenly over the surface. If applied during the winter the frost will generally show within a few weeks the effects of top-dressing. If you apply it to land intended for turnip, it should be applied immediately upon the removal of the cereal crop, and grubbers and harrows used to incorporate it with the soil. [North British Agriculturist.]

CHEERFUL. The New-York Journal of Commerce, under its new management, takes a very hopeful view of the present aspect of national affairs. It remarks:

"From the day that this woful war began, the gloom of the future has seemed impenetrable until now. But the prospect is beginning to brighten. Political battles are forever ended. The army is made up of men who do not expect the work to be accomplished without their personal steadfast long-suffering work, labor and possible death. The government is beginning to show that it is as strong as its friends can desire, and the heart of the volunteer, on whom so much depends, is manifestly in the right place. After a careful examination of the state of the army and the country, we are led to express the conviction that there is more ground for good cheer and hope to-day than at any previous moment within four months past. Wisdom at Washington and firmness on the part of the people are now all that we need under God to accomplish the restoration of the republic."

There is no day born but comes like a stroke of music into the world and sings itself all the way through.

### The Barometer.

Too much is usually expected from everything new. The barometer had been much lauded of late, as a sure indicator of the state of the weather; but the farmer who places implicit reliance on its indications, will surely be disappointed. To the farmer who is able to have one, I would say, buy it. It will prove a valuable aid to you in judging of the state of the weather. For several years I have watched its results with reference to the farmer, but my conclusions are somewhat different from those of published accounts. The following are a few of them:

If I see the barometer falling and the sky is overcast, I do not expect good hay weather. Although it may not rain, it rarely clears away under such circumstances. If I see the barometer falling rapidly, I expect to see rain, or wind, or both. I saved a couple of tons of hay last summer from a smart shower by a fore-warning of this kind, besides notifying my nearest neighbor of the same thing. When I see the barometer rising rapidly, no matter what the appearance of the sky may be, I am quite sure there will be no rain, and I safely go to mowing in the shade of a thick cloud, while my neighbors are in doubt. This regard to the most valuable practical point to the farmer. On a lowering day the farmer knows that if he should mow down several tons of hay, he might lose many dollars by the operation. But if it should clear away, his several tons of grass already mown will be in fine condition for the barn before another rain.

I have noticed showers when the barometer was high, without any change whatever. The farmer cannot expect a plow, however well constructed, to go without a team, nor must he expect too much from the barometer. [Dr. True's Address.]

### Discipline vs. Strength.

Under this head, the Maine Farmer brings up a subject which is deserving of the attention of all farmers where oxen are used for labor, especially "about these days," when cattle shows prevail. We have in several instances noticed the undue value which has been given to mere strength in working oxen. We have attended shows where the pair that could move the largest load on a drag or stone-boat, were awarded the first premium. This is just about as unreasonable as to award a premium to a horse merely because he had trotted a mile in less time than any other in the class. In either case, a single quality only, and that not generally the most important, is considered. Our contemporary observes:

"We have seen oxen, well matched for size, color and disposition, oxen that were trained to draw upon a stone-drag, and to do it in the best manner; and yet, for the everyday work of the farm in the various operations of plowing, carting, &c., they were as unfitted as a pair of two-year-old steers, so far as perfect discipline and handiness are concerned. They had been trained to pull, but knew nothing about anything else. If upon a cart, it would take half an acre of land for them to turn round on; and if engaged in loading manure, the cart could not be backed to the heap, especially if the chance for doing it was somewhat narrow, without lifting at the wheel, or bothering and fretting the cattle."

Just so. It may be of great importance to have a yoke of oxen that can "twit" the biggest log in the "lumber-swamp," and for this great size may be an object, but for the general purposes for the farm, we have often seen medium-sized cattle that were far more useful. Some of our Connecticut friends, whose handsome oxen will move a load backwards with about as much facility and exactness as any could move it forwards, governed only "by the word of mouth," and which at the same time could tire good horses at a fair test with the plow,—understand this matter.

SALT FOR SWINE. While all other domestic animals are regularly supplied with salt, the hog is generally neglected. He requires, however, to be as constantly supplied as the ox, the horse or the sheep, and suffers as much from its privation as either of the above-mentioned animals do. His food is almost invariably fed to him in a fresh and unseasoned state, and to this fact we may doubtless attribute many of the violent and fatal diseases to which he is subject, and which stagger all remedies, however promptly or skillfully administered. If the food be not regularly seasoned, there should be a trough or box in every sty, in which salt may be deposited regularly for the use of the animals. Seasoning the food judiciously, however, would be much the best way.

On slaughtering swine in the fall, many persons complain that they find worms in the kidneys and some other parts of the animal. May this not be occasioned by a want of salt? [N. E. Farmer.]

A CUTE IDEA FOR A CONTRABAND. One of the Pike county boys over at Louisiana found an old darkey in the woods, who had heard that secession property was to be confiscated, and therefore commenced by executing the order upon himself. He surrendered to the invader, and gave a history of himself, concluding by saying: "Gorry! massa, I'll brack your boots, brush your close, bring your water—do anything you want me, if you'll only confiscate de ole 'oman." We didn't hear whether Pike county acted upon the suggestion or not. [Illinois State Journal.]

The column is an emblem of faith—it springs from earth to heaven; the arch symbolizes mercy—it descends from heaven to earth.

## MISCELLANY.

From Peterson's Magazine for October.

### THE STORY OF A WALL-FLOWER.

BY GABRIELLE LEE.

Mildred Clare—the young lady whom I wish to introduce to you—is a member of that fraternity whom society scornfully classes under the head of wall-flowers. I admit the circumstance without a shudder, for to me the obnoxious epithet suggests only remembrances of roses, red and impassioned, climbing over a low stone wall, and ready to pleasure the eye of the meanest wayfarer with their beauty and blushes. Neither can I forget that wall-fruits are ever the sweetest, or cease to remember, though tasted so long ago, the magic flavor of peach, and pear, and plum, brought to perfection through the medium of which I speak. Therefore trust me when I say, that this favorable grace of the wall may develop quite as desirable characteristics in the human growth as in the horticultural.

At all events, it cannot be asserted that the class, to which I allude, are by any means useless members of society. Ask forlorn and elderly bachelors, grown too stiff for redoubt and the "German," who endures its small talk, and accepts its little and small civilities with unabated and smiling politeness? Inquire of patient Benedicts, waiting for gay young wives to complete that "one last dance," who allays their anguish by skillful divertissement and adroit questionings concerning the darlings of the nursery and other kindred topics? Then see if their reply will not embrace that fraternity whose claims to your attention I am laboring to assert.

Whatever the answer may be, one thing is certain, that of all the plants of the parterre, those yelet wall-flowers are the most knowing. Sitting in quiet corners, and discern, in spite of eases and honied words, who love and who hate; which will be the marriage of convenience, and which the union of affection; together with divers other matters hidden from those, who, involved in the game themselves, cannot comprehend what is so plainly visible to those outside of it. All that has been said will apply particularly to Mildred Clare. Looking on from some quiet nook of observation, she discovered numerous elements in the atmosphere about her; all of which discoveries she meant, some day, should be of advantage to her.

The nearest relatives Mildred had in the world were her cousins, the St. Johns, and for some years past their home had been her's. The young ladies, Helen and Louise St. John, were fine-looking girls, with dashing, vivacious manners, accustomed, wherever they came, to find a welcome. The only son, Vincent St. John, unlike his sisters, possessed a temperament somewhat slow and phlegmatic, and was alternately vexed and teased by them; but in the end admitted to be the "best natured fellow in the world."

Now Mildred was an exceedingly pleasant person to live with, and there was not a member of the family who had not a cordial liking for her. She had a sufficient income of her own, which she spent unassumingly, in the gratification of certain quiet, but not inexpensive tastes, and in works of charity, for which the world was not one whit the wiser. The Miss St. Johns, while they accepted the numerous kindnesses of which their cousin was the dispenser, yet felt that she possessed attributes which rendered her unlike themselves; their intimate friends were not apt to be hers, nor were their tastes exactly hers, and they acknowledged the distinction between them by wishing, not unfrequently, that they were "half as good as cousin Mildred."

But of all the St. Johns, Vincent's appreciation of Mildred was the most decided. Her influence over him was great. He often declared her the most "sensible" girl within the range of his acquaintance; and for many a brave, manly idea that found its way into his brain, and lodged there, he stood indebted to her whom he was wont to call "cousin Mill."

Good, worldly-minded Mrs. St. John, observing all this, was accustomed to whisper to her friends, that it was easy to see in what quarter the "wind blew." And, for her part, she was "perfectly satisfied. Mildred was such a good girl, and Vincent would make any woman happy," etc., etc.

But the young people in question understood one another better. Vincent had long ago acknowledged to himself, with a little heartache, that cousin Mill was a "deal too clever to be ever contented to jog through life with him."

Just at the present the St. Johns are spending the summer at Newport. They are beginning to tire of the daily routine of making endless toilets, taking the same drive, and repeating the same programme generally, when a new set is given to these diurnal duties by the arrival of the "Ocean" of Mrs. Leonard Paxton. This lady was a belle, a wit, and a beauty, and, moreover, the wife of a millionaire, and so expectation was on the qui vive. It was amusing to notice the eager eyes that watched the door, waiting for the appearance of Mrs. Paxton.

Some women, guilty of the most unpardonable violation of taste, that of appearing in the morning with a profusion of jewelry and dresses *decadentes*, occupied themselves in wondering, internally, whether the wife of the millionaire could possibly present a more "drowsy" appearance than themselves. But Mrs. Paxton, fatigued by her journey, perhaps, did not bestow her presence upon them at breakfast, nor yet at dinner. In the evening the weekly hop was to take place, and she could not fail to favor them. While those present are awaiting her advent, a few words concerning Mildred.

She sits somewhat withdrawn from the rest, her cousin Vincent beside her, as he is apt to be. To use an expression of the latter, Mildred never took any pains to "make the most of herself." If her income was expended, it was certainly not in the purchase of an expensive wardrobe. She always wore gray or brown, or some other undecided neutral tint, in no way remarkable. Now Mildred was a brunette, with a skin clear and somewhat pale, soft gray eyes, and hair noticeably black; to all such the above tints are peculiarly inappropriate and unbecoming. And in this connection, let me utter a protest against the prevailing passion for gray. It is a serviceable color certainly, suitable for travelling and similar occasions, and well fitted for those somewhat advanced in years at any time. But why must it salute our eyes in every direction? Why must we pass group after group of ladies, many of them young and pretty, and all attired in the inevitable gray? Nature teaches us more wisely: when in good-humor she robes in skies of brilliant blue, sunlights of clear gold, and rainbow-tinted flowers. It is only when sad, or out of temper, that she gives us skies of drab and leaden-hued mists. Therefore, ladies fair, and bestow upon us once more those charming tints so well suited to the bloom of youth and grace!

There was some excuse, however, for Mildred; her early life had been saddened by the loss of those she loved, and she had worn sad-colored garments so much, that now bright ones seemed out of place to her. To-night she has on a mist-colored tulle, the effect of which almost totally annuls that of the clear, decided tints, which are the predominant characteristics of her style. "You are not enjoying yourself at all," says Vincent, "nobody but me to talk to."

Mildred replied, with a pleasant smile, that "Nobody but me" is a very kind and interesting companion.

Just here, the music striking up, a brilliant idea seemed to flash upon Vincent. He started off, and presently returned with a young man, potten up in the most faultless style. This gentleman eyed Mildred somewhat dubiously; then elevating his eyebrows in patronizing tones, extended an invitation for the redoubt.

Disregarding a vigorous nudge from Vincent, Mildred returned quietly:

"Fancy dances are quite out of my line, sir."

The gentleman elevated his eyebrows still further, plainly expressing in his face, "What upon earth are you good for then?" and bestowing an indignant glance upon Vincent, whom he evidently regarded as having intentionally deluded him, stalked off. "Now, cousin Mill," broke out St. John, in an injured tone, "that's the way you serve me. I introduce you to the best dancer in the room, and you refuse him. Don't tell me you can't dance, for you know you've tried to teach me, and would have succeeded if anybody could, only I'm so awkward nobody can. You'll never make any stir in society if you do so, depend upon it."

Mildred had just returned serenely, "My time has not come yet, cousin mine;" when there was a little stir and a sudden turning of heads, and Mrs. Leonard Paxton came floating down the long room, attired in an Indian fabric so fine as to be almost impalpable. There was not a bracelet on her perfect arms, nor did her breast or hair acknowledge the sparkle of a single jewel. Diners of the ladies present, who on this warm July evening were wearing heavy brocades and ornaments in profusion, gazed at ejaculations of disappointment and surprise. "Patience! nobody would ever think that she was the wife of a millionaire. Why, I thought she'd be dressed to kill, with lot of diamonds on at the very least."

Ah! well, if we American people are the contempt people under the sun, we have a deal to learn in matters of taste!

Mrs. Paxton had been at Newport about a week, when the various ladies of her acquaintance were invited to hold a conference in her private parlors, among them the St. Johns. Each one eagerly complied, in a flutter of curiosity to know what the invitation might portend. When they had assembled, Mrs. Paxton, taking a position in the center, said:

"I have no doubt, ladies, that like myself, you are beginning to find Newport fearfully dull."

Now most of those addressed were enjoying themselves wonderfully. But then Mrs. Leonard Paxton had given them to understand that this was impossible, and so they all murmured in chorus:

"Intolerable! A perfect bore!"

All but Mildred, who merely smiled a little.

"Well," continued their hostess, "it occurred to me that if we could get up a concert, tableau, or, better than all, a play, it would relieve the monotony. I have applied to several *littérateurs* of my acquaintance for assistance, but they plead over-tasked brains, or offer MSS. which the theatre managers have been so blind to their own interest as to reject. Now it would be a pleasant revenge if we could get up something fresh and sparkling among ourselves."

The ladies all agreed that this would be "charming indeed;" but then, who would have the daring to take the initiative step? So there was much discussion and various plans proposed, but nothing decided upon; finally the ladies, taking out their watches, declared in tones of horror that there were barely two hours left to dress for dinner, and dispersed, with the exception of Mildred, who remained behind.

"Or less," returned Miss Clare; then added, "You were anxious for a play, you said."

"Yes," was the rejoinder; "that is, if I can possibly coax or threaten anybody into writing one."

"You have no need to attempt either method; I will furnish what you require."

Mrs. Paxton took in the speaker, standing quietly beside her in a morning dress, in color that of a dead leaf, the abundant hair hidden under a brown net, and the serene face possessing a mouth where resolution and latent power were tempered by sweetness. Mrs. Paxton was a quick reader of character, and in a minute she returned cordially:

"I'm sure I can trust entirely to you, Miss Clare. When will your production be ready?"

Mildred thought a moment and then answered, "A week from to-day. And in the meantime this is a secret between us."

During the ensuing week, Mildred spent most of the time in her room; this was nothing new, only the St. Johns remarked that Mrs. Paxton seemed to have taken a "wonderful fancy" to Mildred.

On the day she had promised, the latter tapped at Mrs. Paxton's door, then entering, drew an MS. from her pocket, while her companion, courteous, yet prepared for criticism withal, placed herself in readiness to listen. Mildred's play was in two acts, satirical, witty, and not without a deal of the pathetic. Not for nothing had Mildred patiently analyzed the restless, glittering life of society; not for nothing had her eyes been keen and shrewd, and her judgments accurate and true? Mrs. Paxton listened quietly until the expiration of the first act, then broke into exclamations of delight:

"My dear, I never dreamed you were so clever. I've seen and heard these people talk time and again. Scribble himself could not have written a more piquant *comédie de société* than you have done. It is certain to be a success, and you are the best girl in the world for writing it."

The next day, Mrs. Paxton allotted the parts. Mildred refused to act; but Helen and Louise St. John were not of the same mind; and the former smiled to herself as she saw them cast in parts that could not have suited their styles more exactly if prepared expressly for them. Under Mrs. Paxton's energetic supervision there was no lagging. In ten days the whole affair was in readiness, and the "Ocean" electrified by an invitation to witness the performance of an original play, author unknown.

Two or three days beforehand, Mrs. Paxton, knocking at Mildred's door, said with an affection of timidity, "May I come in, Miss Clare?" then added, as she entered, "Since I know you are so clever, I'm half-afraid of you."

"Keep your sarcasms for some one else," retorted Mildred. "You know very well it is I who should be afraid of you."

"I am come on an especial errand," said Mrs. Paxton, presently; "but I trust you will not consider it an impertinent one."

"An impossibility," declared Mildred.

"Well then, my dear child, I wish to know why you will wear those sober drabs, and grays, and browns, as is your invariable habit. Allow me to insinuate that they are totally unsuited to you."

"Because," returned the object of this attack, with a little sigh, "I never thought bright colors seemed to belong to me somehow."

"Nonsense! Now be a good child, and see if you can't find something in your wardrobe that doesn't look as if it were intended for somebody fifty years old at least."

Mildred complied with this request; and after opening various drawers and receptacles, finally produced a very pretty pink silk, of the variety styled *glace*.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Paxton, opening her eyes in affected astonishment, "I didn't know that you were capable of possessing such an article, you little Quakers."

"Well," rejoined Mildred, apologetically, "the fact is, a dear friend of mine went out West, where she married, and I travelled all that distance to be her bridesmaid; and by her especial request wore this very dress. I never had it on but that once. Wasn't I a good friend to do all that," concluded the speaker, laughingly.

"I think you are, Mildred," rejoined Mrs. Paxton, with unusual softness; then continued coaxingly, "and now you have some black lace to wear over it I'm sure."

"You insatiable woman!" laughed Mildred. "But I think I can accommodate you. I always keep a supply of that on hand; black lace is quite unobtrusive, you know."

"Not over pink silk," denied Mrs. Paxton, taking the lace and disposing it in graceful folds over the dress, whose shining surface showed the fine web with its unique design to especial advantage. As she completed this, she said deprecatingly, "I have some pearls which you will surely do me the favor to wear with this. They would go nicely together."

With a little clutch of pride in her aspect, Mildred opened a drawer, and produced therefrom a case of white velvet, handed it to Mrs. Paxton. The latter, opening it, found it contained a set of coral of that rare and lovely rose-color, that seems as if it had been dyed by a sunbeams; its beauty was enhanced by a flagrant setting, fine and delicate enough to have been the work of a fairy. Mrs. Paxton laid the corals admiringly upon the silk, saying, "See, they match exactly. I would not have guessed that you had such exquisite taste." For this lady, though so well accustomed to magnificence of attire, had the good sense to judge of costume far more by its harmony and general effect than by its costliness.

Mildred's reply to this last remark was a demure little smile that just curled the edges of her mouth. At this Mrs. Paxton shook her head, accused Mildred of being "sly;" then, kissing her on the forehead with a tenderness that she did not often show, flushed by saying, "Having relieved my mind, I think I'll go," and went accordingly.

On the appointed evening, Mildred assisted her cousins Helen and Louise to costume themselves for their parts, arranging their hair after a manner peculiar to herself, in large, full curls, especially becoming to the face, and listening amusedly, meantime, to their conjectures as to who had been the author of the play they were, that night, to assist in performing.

Helen was positive it was that tall, distinguished-looking man, with the long, floating beard, had seen hovering around; while Louise inclined to the belief that a certain slim youth with fair hair was the guilty party. Mildred affirmed stoutly her belief that it was neither; then, having performed her office of *fraisier*, departed to make her own toilet.

This work completed, she sought the parlor belonging to their suite of rooms. Entering, she found Vincent waiting for them.

"Why, cousin Mill!" he exclaimed, ecstatically. "Now that looks something like it!" Then rising, honest Vincent looked down at Mildred, and with his good child's heart in his eyes, asked, pleadingly, "Can't you give a fellow a kiss, little cousin?"

Mildred, with a pretty movement, held up her cheek and let the petitioner's moustache sweep against it for a moment. Just here Helen and Louise came in, and they, too, exclaimed over Mildred's becoming *toilette*, declaring she looked as "sweet as possible."

Mildred turned away, with tears in her eyes, thinking of the mother and sisters she had lost so long ago, and wondering if they were glad to know there were some left to love her still. After a little chat, Helen and Louise adjourned to the "green-room," as they gleefully termed it, leaving their cousin in Vincent's charge.

Well, Mildred's play was acted, and that before an audience upon whom, for the most part, not one of the vivacious repartees was lost, not an atom of the sparkling wit thrown away.

During its progress there was much wonder and many conjectures as to the individual by whom it had been written; it must certainly be the work of Mr. A., or B., or C., all of them well-known *littérateurs*. At the close of the last act when applause had a little subsided, there was a loud call for the author.

After a little, Mrs. Paxton, who had taken a leading part, floated into the room upon a gentleman's arm, and said, in her simple, graceful way,

"Ladies and gentlemen! Allow me to thank you, on my own behalf and of Miss Mildred Clare, for the kind reception you have given her play this evening."

Hereupon there was more applause, and presently every one knew that "Miss Mildred Clare" was the young lady in rose-color and black lace, and discovered still further that genius was expressed in every line of her face; for there is nothing that opens the eyes of society so wonderfully as success. Then every one must crowd about Miss Clare, and congratulate her; and the St. Johns were so proud and pleased, particularly honest Vincent, who smiled behind his moustache in a *furor* of delight!

Good, worldly-minded Mrs. St. John waved her ostrich plumes in triumph, and moved about among her friends, declaring, confidentially, that she had always said Mildred was "such a good girl," but she had never dreamed her niece was such a "genius." And now, of course, she was more pleased than ever that a certain event—her understood to what she alluded—was likely to take place, and so on, and so on.

We will pursue Mildred's career no further, but leave her in the midst of her triumph. It is enough to say that, though she never obtained celebrity, either as a belle or a beauty, yet she was certainly forever after missing from the ranks of the wall-flowers. For society, with all its glitter, and penchant for frittering life away, cannot refuse to do homage to talent when once it undeniably asserts itself.

Vincent St. John married a charming little woman, who thought there was nobody in the world as clever or as good as he; and to her he would often talk of his "dear cousin Mill." And as he saw, from time to time, how Mildred's society was sought after by those of noble attainments and intellectual tastes, he would make the oft-repeated declaration to his wife, that "what-ever others had thought, he had always foreseen it was in her. Said it, standing for numberless perfumings and attainments, possessed by "dear cousin Mill."

At the commencement of the battle of Bull Run, Lieut. Haabrouck, of the West Point Battery, was riding a little sorrel horse, which was shot three times, and from loss of blood became too weak for further service. He was stripped of bridle and saddle, and turned loose, as the owner supposed, to die. In the heat of the contest nothing more was thought of the little sorrel, nor was he seen again until the remnant of the battery was far towards Washington on the retreat. It paused at Centerville, and while resting there, Lieut. Haabrouck was delighted to be joined by his faithful horse, which by a strong instinct had obeyed the bugle call to retreat, and had found his true position with the battery, which is more than the human man engaged on the field can boast of doing. He came safely into Washington, is now recovered of his wounds, and ready for another fight.











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**Nervous Headache**  
**CURE**  
**All kinds of**  
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They act gently upon the bowels, removing Constipation.

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THE CEPHALIC PILLS are the result of long investigation and our carefully conducted experiments having been in use many years, during which time they have prevented and relieved a vast amount of pain and suffering from Headache, whether originating in the nervous system or from a deranged state of the stomach.

They are entirely vegetable in their composition, and may be taken at all times with perfect safety without making any change of diet, and its use during any disagreeable state renders it easy to administer them to children.

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Mazonville, Conn., Feb. 5, 1861.

Mr. Spaulding, Sir: I have tried your Cephalic Pills, and I like them so well that I want you to send me two dollars worth more.

Part of these are for the neighbors, to whom I gave a few of the first box I sent out from you.

Send the Pills by mail and oblige.

Your obedient Servant,  
**JAMES KENNEDY.**

Haverford, Pa., Feb. 6, 1861.

Mr. Spaulding, Sir: I wish you to send me one more box of your Cephalic Pills. They have received a great deal of benefit from them.

Yours respectfully,  
**MARY ANN STOKHOUSE.**

Spring Creek, (Huntington Co., Pa.), January 18, 1861.

H. C. Spaulding, Sir: You will please send me two boxes of your Cephalic Pills. Send them immediately.

Respectfully yours,  
**JNO. B. SIMONS.**

P.S. I have used one box of your Cephalic Pills, and find them excellent.

Belle Vernon, Ohio, Jan. 15, 1861.

Henry C. Spaulding, Esq. I wish to send you twenty-five cents, for which send me another box of Cephalic Pills. They are truly the best pills I have ever tried.

Direct  
**A. STOVER, P. M.**  
Belle Vernon, Wyandotte Co., O.

Beverly, Mass., Dec. 11, 1860.

H. C. Spaulding, Esq. I wish for some circulars or large show bills, to bring out the Cephalic Pills more particularly before my customers. If I have anything of the kind, please send me.

One of my customers, who is subject to severe Nervous Sick Headaches (usually twice a week) was cured of an attack in one hour by the use of your Cephalic Pills, which I sent her.

Respectfully Yours,  
**W. B. WILKES.**

Reynoldsville, Franklin Co., Ohio, January 9, 1861.

Henry C. Spaulding, Sir: Inclosed find twenty-five cents, for which send me a box of "Cephalic Pills." Send to address—Rev. Wm. C. Filler, Reynoldsville, Franklin Co., Ohio.

Your Pills work like a charm—cure Headaches almost instantly. Truly yours,  
**WM. C. FILLER.**

Ypsilanti, Mich. Jan. 14, 1861.

Mr. Spaulding, Sir: I send to you for a box of Cephalic Pills I cure to cure of the Nervous Headache and Constiveness, and received the same, and they had so good an effect that I was inclined to send for more.

Please return by mail. Direct to  
**A. R. WHEELER,**  
Ypsilanti, Mich.

From the Examiner, Norfolk, Va. Cephalic Pills accomplish the object for which they were made, viz.: cure of Headache in all its forms.

From the Examiner, Norfolk, Va. They have been tried in more than a thousand cases, with entire success.

From the Democrat, St. Cloud, Minn. If you are, or have been troubled with the head ache, send for a box, [Cephalic Pills], so that you may have them in case of attack.

From the Advertiser, Providence, R. I. The Cephalic Pills are said to be remarkably effective remedy for the headache, and one of the very best for that very frequent complaint which has ever been discovered.

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