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THE CROSS-ROADS.

Where the roads crossed we met,
My love and I;
In the near by the ships
Tossed heavily.
Lamps were gone out on earth,
But those in heaven
Trembled, for two more hearts
That God hath given.
His accents broke the pause—
My tongue was tied;
He found last words to say—
My sobs replied.
Then he drew my white face
Up to the light,
And said: "Farewell, poor love;
Dear love, good night!"
At the cross-roads we kissed—
I stood alone.
His was the seaward road,
Mine led me home.
He called, "I shall return!"
I knew, "not so;"
Not one in ten returns
Of those that go.
Dreary the great world grew,
And the sun cold;
So young, an hour ago,
I had grown old.
Our God made me for him;
We loved each other;
Yet fate gave him one road,
And me another.

A Turquoise Ring.

Hattie Thorpe, the nursery governess, sat playing at building block-houses with her two little charges, Artie, aged nine, and Louis, aged seven. She was only eighteen herself—a tiny girl for that age, with a sweet baby-face, and evidently so much of a child that it seemed perfectly natural to see her with younger children, and as much interested in their childish games as themselves. A most efficient nursery governess Mrs. Langley found her, as she gave the children their reading and spelling lessons daily, and played with them in addition and subtraction in a way to make the horrors of arithmetic quite fascinating. She slept in their room at night, dressed them in the morning, and romped with them all day, as well as kept a gentle surveillance over them at the table, where she always sat with the family, except on grand company occasions, when she disappeared with them into a small temporary *salon a manger*, where they three dined together, enjoying these meals most of any.

As Nelly Langley told her cousin Edward, with a laugh, she was not even called upon to play the part of elder sister except when she was in the humor. It was a perfect comfort to have a girl like Hattie. She took all responsibility about the children off one's mind.

Cousin Edward laughed, too, when she said it; but perhaps it occurred to him that a little responsibility about the children now and then would do Nelly good, while a little less might occasionally relieve Miss Thorpe, for Artie and Louis, though cherubs in a general way, were not always angels. But he felt no disposition to argue the point with the handsome, brilliant girl, who always received him with smiles, deferred to his opinions, played her best music for him in her finest style, and showed in her whole manner that she considered her cousin Edward the choice specimen of manhood in the universe.

Mr. Edward Montague was a wealthy young man, and, indeed, the great catch of the set in which Miss Langley was a bright particular star; and that ambitious young lady was a credit to her mamma's bringing up, and left nothing undone to captivate the heir of the family; besides which she greatly admired her cousin, and was as deeply in love with him as any society young lady permits herself to be before marriage, or a positive engagement warrants an extravagant amount of feeling.

The cousins smiled at each other as their eyes met, after a minutes' survey of the three children playing block-houses. Nelly put out her hand as if inspired to assist at the game; and then, catching sight of her slender forefinger, she uttered an exclamation.

"Oh, my ring!—my lovely ring, Cousin Edward, that you gave me!"

"Have you lost it?" the gentleman enquired, languidly.

"I hope not this time. It has been mislaid so often, and turned up again. But I shall lose it some time, I know. I'm unfortunate about it. You see, on account of the pearls, I take it off every time I wash my hands, and then I forget to put it on again."

"Pooh! It isn't lost, Nelly. Send Miss Thorpe to see if you have left it on your dressing-table."

Miss Thorpe didn't wait to be sent, but ran away at once to look for the missing trinket. It was lovely, and many a time little Hattie had looked on it with almost covetous glances, longing for such a ring to wear on her own pretty finger. She returned from her quest in a few minutes, looking disappointed, and saying she couldn't find it anywhere.

"You couldn't have half looked," the young lady declared, impatiently, "because I know I left it on the dressing-table. I remember quite well now, and so must you, Hattie. It was just before dinner, and you were there, because you dressed my hair. Go again, Hattie, and look on the window-sill; it's just possible I might have laid it there."

Hattie went, and was gone a long time; but she came back looking more disappointed than before. She had looked on the dressing-table, on the bureau, behind the bureau, on the floor, on the window-sill—everywhere; but not a vestige of the turquoise ring could she find.

"How provoking! Was the window open, did you notice?"

"Yes, Miss Helen, the window was open."

"Then it may have fallen out. Come with me, Edward, and we will look," and the pair went out together.

Mr. Montague and Miss Langley sauntered round the house, and looked in the grass under her window, but without success; and then they plucked roses, and playfully pelted each other with them, and very soon forgot all about what they came out for, and proceeded to flirt and make love in a non-committal but delightful style, after the most approved fashion made and provided for such cases.

The new moon was glittering like a silver sickle in the sky before they thought of returning to the house; and they were brought back to the contemplation of such an idea by Helen remarking that the dew was falling, and she dare not remain out any longer.

"And I haven't found my ring! They call turquoise a lucky stone; I'm sure I've had the wrong kind of luck with that one. Who could have taken it? I know I left it on the dressing-table. Some one has stolen it."

"Oh, nonsense, Nell; and never mind, anyway, I'll get you another, and a prettier one, without pearls on it, and then you won't have to remove it all the time."

Once or twice that evening, and again the next day, Miss Langley spoke of her missing ring; the servants were interrogated, mamma was complained to; Artie and Louis were ordered to divulge its hiding-place, if, in the spirit of practical joking which these young gentlemen often indulged in, they had secreted it; but questions, complaints, threats, were all in vain, the turquoise was gone as much as if Jessica had exchanged it for a second monkey.

Something over a week had passed away, and Edward Montague, in order to redeem his promise to his cousin, had run up to town, and was returning in the late evening, carrying in his breast-pocket a small velvet case, inside of which reposed a lovely turquoise ring, having on it Helen's initial in tiny diamonds. It was such a lovely ring that the salesman at Tiffany's had smiled and given Edward a knowing look, as if to intimate that he knew it was intended as an engagement ring; and Edward, smiling to himself as he walked up the garden path round by the summer-house and toward the side door, half determined to ask his cousin, as he slipped it on her finger, to wear it there in token of a promise to give him not only that finger, but her whole hand and heart. As he passed by the summer-house the sound of smothered weeping from within smote pathetically on his ear. Could it be Helen? He rushed in, and nearly stumbled over a little black bundle of something that crouched on the floor, with its head bent over its arms, crying and sobbing in a perfect tempest of tears.

Edward nearly fell, and did, in fact, stumble, so that he caught the crouching bundle of black, and as he steadied himself he also picked it up and set it on his feet. And then, with the moonlight shining on its little flushed, tear-wet face, and its luxuriant brown hair all hanging about its shoulders, it proved to be poor little Hattie Thorpe.

"Miss Thorpe! Why, I'm so sorry! Is anything the matter?" Edward asked, gently, fearing some misfortune to the girl, or that she had lost some relative; for he was not aware that the little governess was fatherless and motherless, and without a blood relation in the wide world.

Hattie's tears and sobs redoubled; she placed her two hands before her face, and sank down on a seat in an attitude of shame and despair.

Edward was the tenderest hearted of mortals, and felt infinitely grieved at such a spectacle of grief. He sat down beside her, and drew the little hands away from her face.

"Do tell me what is the trouble," he said, kindly.

"Oh, Mr. Edward," sobbed the poor child, "how can I say it? Miss Helen thinks I have stolen her turquoise ring."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Edward, shocked.

"Oh yes, sir. Thank you, sir. It is impossible, but she thinks so."

"Helen can't think anything so cruel. I'm sure you must be mistaken."

"I'm not mistaken, sir. She said so, plain, two or three times—that I stole her ring because you gave it to her, Mr. Edward, and that I would like to steal your too."

Edward laughed; but a warm blush stole over his cheek. The silence became a trifle awkward, and to break it he said:

"That's worse nonsense than the other. You wouldn't steal me either, would you?"

"I wouldn't steal anything, Mr. Edward, of course; and besides—"

"I'm not worth stealing," Edward interrupted.

"You are worth anything," cried little Hattie, with unnecessary fervor.

"But still you wouldn't steal me," said Edward, laughing.

"I couldn't you know," and the large innocent eyes were raised appealingly.

"I'm not so sure of that," thought Edward, unconsciously pressing the soft little hands he still held between his own. He bent over her in a gentle, protecting way, and whispered,

"You are a dear little thing, and I am sure you could do nothing in the world but what is good and sweet like yourself." And then, what with the moonlight, which made the girl more child-like than ever, and the wet eyelashes and pretty quivering mouth that trembled like a baby's, and the two faces being so close together, Edward kissed little Hattie, and bade her not to cry any more, and he would see her put right in every way.

Hattie wasn't angry. He was just like a nice big brother; but she thrilled and trembled under his kiss, and she dreamed all night of a fair young prince with a beautiful turquoise ring, and he could find no finger that fitted it till he

tried it on hers—just like Cinderella and the glass slipper. Edward was as good as his word, and spoke to Helen very seriously about the accusation she had made against Miss Thorpe; but that didn't mend matters, for Helen really believed that Hattie had stolen the ring, and was indignant with her cousin for asserting the contrary. A lover's quarrel was the result, and Edward kept the new ring in his pocket, and delayed the important question he had intended to put when presenting it.

Miss Langley had a scene with mamma, and insisted that the little child of a governess, with her make-believe child-like ways, and her deceit and hypocrisy, should be turned out of doors; but mamma chose to take time to think about that—she knew she had a treasure, and she wasn't going to throw it away for the sake of a mere suspicion, possibly unfounded. Besides, she had conscientious scruples about discharging Miss Thorpe without a character, and perhaps ruling her prospects in life.

Mrs. Langley maintained this virtuous resolution for several days; but *que voulez-vous?* What would you have? Are even the conscientious scruples of a good mother to stand in the way of her advancement? Mrs. Langley very soon saw that Helen was right, and that Edward was quite too much interested in the little governess; and Hattie received her discharge on the following day, being permitted to finish her week, to allow her the opportunity of finding another roof to shelter her poor homeless head.

But we all know the fate of "vaulting ambition," and even the cleverest mamma do at times overleap discretion, and suffer in a similar way; and it happened so on this occasion. If, as Mrs. Langley and Helen declared, Hattie was playing a deep game, these ladies threw her a trump card and played it for her. Edward found the little governess crying again; and this time her despair was complete, for she was thrown on the world with blighted reputation and the suspicion of theft attached to her. The young man overflowed with pity and indignation, and having been gradually falling in love with the childish little creature, her present misery brought his feelings to a climax. He took possession of her, bade her to consider herself his promised wife, and with many tender assurances and several kisses on the trembling lips, vowed she should never know care or trouble again. Then he put the new turquoise ring on her finger, and as the diamond initial was H., little Hattie did not know it had first been intended to signify Helen.

Edward was no hypocrite, but he was angry with his aunt and cousin, and so he went away to town and did not confide to these ladies the news of his engagement; and Hattie had little inducement for confidence on her part.

Mrs. Langley believed Edward to be really attached to Helen, and so he had been, and was still to a certain extent; she made no effort to keep him, therefore, feeling sure that he would soon return of his own accord, and she was quite as well pleased to have him away from the house during Hattie's last days there, for she felt convinced that his only danger from that quarter was in constant association. Hattie was a dangerous girl to have in the same house with a young man of Edward's disposition—she was such a sweet, pretty-looking, baby-like thing, and he was so good and kind and generous. As for the little governess, her behavior was perfect, and Mrs. Langley's heart smote her often, and she determined to do her best for Miss Thorpe, who took her duties sadly and quietly, with such sweetness and gentleness toward her young pupils.

"Whatever I can do, Miss Thorpe, you must command me," said Mrs. Langley, on the morning she paid the young girl's wages. "If you should need a reference, you know—"

"I would send to you, madam, and you would say I was a thief," Hattie interrupted, bitterly.

"I would do nothing of the sort, Miss Thorpe," and a faint blush tinged the lady's pale cheek; "but if you choose to be impertinent—"

"I have no such intention, madam; and for your favor I thank you, but I don't think I shall require it."

The color on Mrs. Langley's cheek deepened to an angry red; she bade her little governess "Good-morning," stiffly enough, feeling justly aggrieved; and so soon as they were alone she remarked to Miss Langley that such were a lady's thanks for trying to be kind to "that sort of person."

Hattie said, "Good-morning, Miss Helen," kissed Artie and Louis, who set up an ear-piercing wail at losing her, and then walked quietly away, leaving her modest little box to be sent after her.

At the New York terminus she was met by Mr. Edward Montague, and the two got into a close carriage and were speedily driven to the house of a clerical friend, and in ten minutes more were pronounced man and wife.

Edward had now been absent from his aunt's for nearly a week, and the good lady was getting anxious for his speedy return. She was consulting with Langley on the expediency of sending him word to come back and finish his visit when a letter was placed in her hands. The envelope was very elegant and betrayed the nature of its contents at once. Mother and daughter smiled, and Mrs. Langley said, breaking the seal, "I wonder what two turtle-doves have paired now."

A couple of cards dropped out that solved the question at once, and not to Mrs. Langley's satisfaction, for she became very pale. She silently passed the cards to Miss Langley.

"I told you so, mamma—the cunning, deceitful little minx!" and the young lady flung aside the harmless bits of pasteboard as if they had burned her.

"Nelly! Nelly! here's your ring!"

and Artie and Louis burst into the room with shouts of triumph. "Where do you think we found it? Why, Grip, the crow, stole it, and we found it in a nest of his, with lots of other things. Ain't you glad to get it?"

Miss Helen dropped the ring at her feet, and stamped viciously on it.

"I wish to heaven I had never seen it!" she said. "Lucky, indeed! But for that miserable turquoise ring I would have been his wife now."

Hard Times and their Remedy.

This country was never more prosperous really than now; the only need is a clear perception of its actual condition, and the adaptation of its forces to this condition.

The remedy I shall propose is a pleasant one, as this suffering country is not really ill, but remarkably well; and the very evils which seem so heavy are the best indication of its thrift, its prodigious vitality, according to my diagnosis of the case; and I think you will agree with me.

The condition of affairs is this:

Vast numbers of men are out of employment. They are consuming and not producing. They desire work, but there is no work for them. Every branch of industry is full, and overflowing. There is a glut of every product, waiting to be consumed. Excessive accumulation had been growing for years, until it culminated in the fall of 1873. Since then labor has been reduced to the gauge of necessity, over production no longer goes on, and many thousand men are now without work. Their work is not needed, but they need work, for they need wages to obtain the necessaries of life. Everything produced is produced in abundance by the workers now employed; and the accumulation of an immense over production continues on hand. What is the cause of this apparent evil? Labor-saving inventions.

Month after month, year after year, the great idleness continues. The army of the unemployed is increasing in numbers. The amount of work they would do, and wish to do, is not done; is lost for ever, a great stream of waste. No adequate measures are taken to utilize this labor, to prevent this needless suffering, to end this painful condition of unwilling idleness. Labor which would make an enormous showing, if performed, is not performed, and the whole nation feels the loss as well as the unemployed. Labor-saving inventions increase in number—as they should; laborers diminish in number, forced out into idleness, to avoid a still greater over production; and no new, great enterprises are engaged in, although to establish them is clearly the remedy for the condition of over production in the existing industries.—*The Galaxy.*

Artificial Marble.

A composition known as artificial marble, and possessing great solidity and impermeability, has come into use in France as a substitute for the natural article, it being also lighter than, and taking an equal polish to, the latter, besides resisting the action of frost better. When it is desired to have the article remain white, the plan is to take about fourteen ounces sulphate of potassa, four gallons river water, two pounds gum arabic, twenty pounds purified cement, and twenty pounds marble or alabaster powder. Of this mixture is first made by dissolving over a slow fire, stirring all the time, fourteen ounces sulphate of potassa in four gallons of water, and after fusion dissolving two pounds gum arabic; a second mixture is then made by stirring together twenty pounds purified cement, twenty pounds of the dust, and five pounds lime slacked sufficiently to cause it to crumble into powder. A part of both of these mixtures is then poured into a mortar and stirred until the ingredient assumes the state of a thick paste, and beaten with a pestle until the mass becomes elastic. In making moldings or castings the mold is greased and a first layer of the composition applied about one-third of an inch in thickness, and this first layer is backed by another, formed by boiling, for about three or four hours over a brisk fire, hemp, tow, or other filamentous substances, cut small in the first mixture of gum and sulphate of potassa. The product is mixed with the second mixture until the filamentous parts are divided through the mass and the whole reduced to a paste.

In a Garret.

A garret is like a sea-shore, whose wrecks are thrown up and slowly go to pieces. It is a realm of darkness and thick dust, and shroud-like cobwebs, and dead things they wrap in their gray folds. There is the cradle which the old man you just remember was rocked in; there is his old chair, with both arms gone; there is the large wooden reel, which the bear-eyed old deacon sent the minister's lady, who thanked him graciously, and in fitting season bowed it out to the limbo of troublesome conveniences. And there are old leather portmanteaus, like stranded porpoises, their mouths gaping in gaunt hunger; and old brass andirons, waiting until time shall revenge them on their paltry substitutes; and the empty churn, with its idle dasher, which the Nancys and Phobes used to handle to good purpose; and the shaky old spinning-wheel, which was running at the time of the hanging of the Salem witches. The garret is the peaceable refuge of many books, invalids from their birth, which are sent "with the best regards of the author"—the respectful cripples which have lost a cover; the odd volumes of honored sets; the school-books which have so often been the subjects of assault and battery; the pictured story-books of "Mother Goose" and one (probably about bears) on certain pages of which a tender hand had crossed out something, which might have made us hide our heads under the bed clothes in terror—a novel, perhaps "Caleb in Search of a Wife," and old Latin alchemy book, in parchment covers, where one might find the mighty secret of the Soap of Sages, the Vinegar of Philosophers and the Dew of Heavenly Grace. Can such a room stand for a century and have no romance to bequeath to after time?

Night Railroad Riding.

We have sometimes heard it remarked by timid persons that they would not travel at night upon a railroad—their impression being that there is more danger of accidents in the dark than there is in daylight. Upon first thought it would seem to be the fact.—There are many circumstances which make night travelling comparatively safe. All work upon the track is stopped. Comparatively few other trains are on the road.—Switches are more likely to be right than at any other time, as they are not in use for other trains, and are locked. The signals for night trains, being made at night, would scarcely fail to be observed and obeyed; and what is more important, would be seen at a greater distance than if made at daylight. The engineer has less to attract his attention than in daylight. While after all, a rock or tree falling across the bend in the track in broad daylight, or an intended obstruction, is nearly as much a "hidden danger" as if encountered in the night. There are many places in nearly all roads where the range of view is less than the reflecting headlight at night. So, after all it would appear that one could take a night's rest in a railroad car with comparative safety.

Good Manners.

This a rule of manners to avoid exaggeration. A lady loses as soon as she admires too easily and too much. In man or woman, the face and the person lose power when they are on the strain to express admiration. A man makes his inferiors his superiors by heat. Why need you, who are not a gossip, talk as a gossip, and tell eagerly what the neighbors or the journals say? State your opinion without apology. The attitude is the main point, assuring your companion that, come good news or bad, you remain in good heart and mind, which is the best news you can possibly communicate. Self control is the rule. You have in you there a noisy, sensual savage, which you are to keep down, and turn all his strength to beauty.

For instance what a seneschal and detective is laughter. It seems to require several generations to train a squeaking or a shouting habit out of man. Some times, when in almost expression the Choctaw and the slave have been worked out to him, a coarse nature still betrays itself in his contemptible squeals of joy.

The great gain is, not to shine, not to conquer your companion—then you learn nothing but conceit—but to find a companion who knows what you do not; to lit with him and be overthrown, horse and foot, with utter destruction of all your logic and learning. There is a defeat that is useful. Then you can see the real and the counterfeit, and will never accept the counterfeit again. You will adopt the art of war that has defeated you. You will ride to battle horse on the very logic which you found irresistible. You will accept the fertile truth instead of the solemn customary lie.

When people come to see us we foolishly prattle, lest we be inhospitable. But things said for conversation are chalk eggs. Don't say things. What you are stands over you the while, and thunders so that I cannot hear what you say to the contrary. A lady of my acquaintance said "I don't care so much for what they say as I do for what makes them say it." The law of the table is beauty—a respect to the common soul of all the guests. Everything is unreasonable which is private to two or three or any portion of the company. Tact never violates for a moment this law; never intrudes the orders of the house, the vices of the absent, or a tariff of expenses, or professional privacies; as we say, we never "talk shop" before company. Lovers abstain from carresses, and haters from insults, while they sit in one parlor with common friends.

Would we codify the laws that should reign in households, and whose daily transgression annoys and mortifies us, and degrades our household life, we must learn to adorn every day with sacrifices. Good manners are made up of petty sacrifices.—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

The happiest women, like the happiest nations, have no history.

Of all the work that produces results, nine-tenths must be drudgery.

The world is a looking glass and gives back to every man the reflection of his own face. Frown at it and it will in turn look surlily upon you; laugh at it, and with it, and it is a jolly, kind companion.—*Thackeray.*

There is no question, that it is far preferable to remain under the influence of moderate errors, than to be banded about for the whole of life from one opinion to another, at the pleasure and for the sport of superior Intelligence.—*(Sydney Smith.)*

There are 450,000,000 of people in China, and all men, women and children wear cotton clothing, both upper and under. Allowing ten yards for the outfit of each person, of cotton cloth weighing five ounces to the square yard we have 4,500,000,000 yards of cotton cloth, weighing 700,000 tons.

The mulberry tree is universally known not to put forth its buds and leaves till the season is so far advanced that, in the ordinary course of events, there is no inclement weather to be apprehended. It has, therefore, been called the wisest of trees, and in heraldry it is adopted as an hieroglyphic of wisdom whose property is to speak and to do all things in opportune season.

A Bible has been printed in Oxford University which is probably the smallest ever printed. It is four and a half inches long, two and three-quarter inches broad, and half an inch thick. It is printed on rough, unbleached Indian paper, extremely thin and opaque and weighs, bound in limp morocco leather, less than three and a half ounces, going through the English post for two pence.

The aborigines of New Holland gratify their taste by consuming a kind of worm found in rotten trees, and which they discover by the sound which the tree gives on being struck in a certain manner. Serpents are eaten freely by some tribes; and others, such as the European gypsies, prefer the flesh of animals which have died a natural death to those killed and dressed according to the mode usual in civilized countries.

It is asserted that while California produces 8,000,000 gallons of wine, the home consumption does not amount to more than 1,500,000 gallons. In first hands the wines are known to be absolutely pure, for which reason they are extensively imitated by a fraudulent article abroad, or so adulterated as to entirely lose their original virtue and flavor. For these reasons the foreign demand for the article is much more limited than it should be.

Paisley, near Glasgow, is probably the greatest thread-manufacturing centre in the world, its exports of sewing cottons for last year amounting to near \$8,000,000. The United States is the best customer, taking last year 2,314,000 pounds, valued at \$2,450,000. The exportation to this country, however, is decreasing, the Coates and the Clarks, two of the largest firms, having established mills in this country, and American enterprise also having successfully gone into the business.

We have been often told "a little learning is a dangerous thing," and we may be just as well assured that a little bread is not the safest of all things; it would be far better to have plenty of both; but the sophism of those who used this argument is, that it represents the choice between little and much, whereas our election must be between little and none at all. If the choice is to be made between a small portion of information or of food, and absolute ignorance or starvation, common-sense gives its decision in the homely proverb—"Half a loaf is better than none."

According to a recent and elaborate estimate, upon what particular data is not stated, the Swiss are the greatest letter writers in the world, carrying on in a year a correspondence of twenty-three letters for each inhabitant. England comes next with twenty and a half, and the United States occupy the third place with nineteen. France, far behind, holds only the ninth rank as a letter-writing people. The Swiss are also ahead as telegraphists, forwarding eighty-one despatches for each hundred persons, against fifty-one in England and fifty-three in the United States.

The closing of the Franciscan monastery at Salmunster, in Germany having been directed by the authorities, everything portable within the building was carried off by the monks, not excepting the stoves. One gigantic stove, however, withstood their efforts, and was purchased at the government sale of the property by Prince Ysenburg-Birstein. This mammoth stove which stood in the refectory of the monastery is said to have been built in the fifteenth century, and according to the monks, is the identical stove at which Martin Luther, on his return from the diet of Worms, warmed himself in the house of his friend Ulrich von Hutten.

French polish for furniture can be made by putting half an ounce of shellac, the same quantity of gumlac and a quarter of an ounce of gum sandarac into a pint of spirits of wine. Put them all together in a stone bottle near the fire, shaking it very often. As soon as the gums are dissolved it is ready for use. Now make a roller of woollen rags—soft old broadcloth will do nicely—put a little of the polish on it, and also a few drops of linseed oil. Rub the surface to be polished with this, going round and round, over a small space at a time, until it begins to be quite smooth. Then finish by a second rubbing with spirits of wine and more of the polish, and your furniture will have a brilliant lustre, equal to new.