The Chatham Record.

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The Life-Ledger.

Our sufferings we reckon o'er,
With skill minute and formal;
The cheerful ease that fills the score
We treat as merely normal.
One list of ills, how full, how great!
We mourn our lot should fall so;
I wonder, do we calculate
Our happiness also?

Were it not best to keep account
Of all days, if of any?
Perhaps the dark ones might amount
To not so very many.
Men's looks are nigh as often gay
As sad, or even solemn;
Behold, my entry for to-day
Is in the "happy" column.

THE ONLY PUPIL.

Miss Elizabeth Hill was still a pretty little woman, with nice hair and a tidy little figure, when her father died.

One after the other her elder sisters had married and left home; and Lizzie kept house for her widowed father and forgot the lapse of time.

The two old servants considered her a mere child, and she was always the youngest at the rare family reunions. Her father had advised, praised and scolded her as though she had been in her teens to the last.

He was so old when he went quietly to sleep for the last time, that people had thought Elizabeth would be "prepared for her loss;" but she was not, and after the first great grief and the shock of leaving the old home, when the property was divided and the house sold, she found that another change had befallen her.

She was no longer Miss Lizzie, the youngest daughter still at home, but a middle-aged spinster living in a boarding house.

Often when she had hurried up stairs and shut the door of her room she had thought to herself that she could not endure this condition of things much longer, but, after all, she dreaded to make a change.

She was exactly in the condition to jump at anything which offered occupation and interest, when the postman one day brought her a circular, gilt-edged and rose-tinted, bearing these words:

"Mr. Buckle respectfully desires to make known to the public the fact that he is about to reopen his classes in water-color painting, English school, next Monday. Terms most reasonable. Early application desirable, as the number of pupils will be limited. Studio, No. —— street.

It was an attractive looking card, and as Miss Elizabeth read it an idea came into her mind. Why should she not take lessons in water-color painting?

She would enjoy the work. She could afford it. It would pass the time. She could perhaps sketch from nature next summer.

A little thrill ran through her at this thought. She got her bonnet and mantilla, her parasol and her gloves, and taking the card with her, hurried to make application for a place in the class before it was too late, for it was now Saturday afternoon.

She found the number easily. A large building with many rooms, and at the very top of the house four engravers, a lady "designer on wood," and Mr. Buckle's name on a neat door-plate.

Miss Elizabeth, quite breathless by this time, applied her knuckles to the panels, and after a little delay and some creaking of boots on a bare floor, the door opened, and a middle-aged gentleman, with a few gray hairs in his whiskers and a bald spot on his head, appeared, with a palette on his thumb and a brush in his hand, and bowing politely, requested the lady to enter.

"Mr. Buckle?" Elizabeth asked with an interrogative inflection.

The gentleman bowed again.

"I received your card," said Miss Elizabeth. "I should like to join your class, if it is not full."

"It is not full as yet, madam," replied Mr. Buckle," and I should be delighted to receive you as a pupil."

He opened a portfolio as he spoke.

"My work," he said; perhaps you'd like to look at."

The portfolio was full of sketches in water color of English scenes, cottages, lanes, old women gathering faggots, ladies walking in old parks.

They were not great, but they were very good. Miss Elizabeth was delighted.

"How kind of you to take a class," she said, beaming. "Such an artist as you are."

Mr. Buckle bowed again. He evidently preferred bowing to speaking.

"I'm sure I've seen your pictures in the Academy," she said, "and admired them."

Mr Buckle blushed violently and bowed again.

"How modest!" thought Miss Elizabeth.

She inquired his terms. They were very reasonable. She paid it on the spot, received a little list of necessary paper, colors, &c., and went away.

Sunday passed slowly, despite its three episodes of church-going. She awaited her first lesson with much impatience.

At last the hour came. She climbed the stairs again, and entered the door of the room on which the name of Buckle appeared. A long pine table and six cane bottom chairs, an easel, and some canvases and portfolios, furnished the room. A South American hammock was twisted into a coil and hung over some pegs. A blanket *portiere* hung on a rod within the door. But there was no one there but Mr. Buckle.

"Am I too early?" Elizabeth asked, glancing at her watch. I see I am the first."

"Oh no, indeed," replied Mr. Buckle. It is the other pupils who are too late. We won't wait for them."

He began his lesson at once, and Miss Elizabeth was absorbed in her work. An hour passed—two.

The lesson was over. No pupils had arrived.

"Ladies are seldom as prompt as you are," said Mr. Buckle. "Any time will do to begin; any time. They delay. They procrastinate. It's a pity."

"It is surprising to me that they are not more anxious to avail themselves of such advantages," said Miss Elizabeth, hardly able to tear herself away from the contemplation of the blue sky, with white clouds, that had grown under her brush. I have had a delightful lesson."

Again she waited with impatience. Again she climbed up the long stairs. Again there were no other pupils present. Again none arrived.

But this time a brown roof grew under her brush and gray branches lay against the sky.

The trunk of a tree was indicated, and the figure of a child was carefully sketched amongst the blossoms, as yet only outlined in the foreground.

Miss Elizabeth trembled with pride and happiness.

"You must find me very stupid," she said. "But don't you think I can learn if I apply myself?"

"I am sure you will do well," said Mr. Buckle; "more than well. You have talent, madam—decided talent for art."

On her way home, Miss Elizabeth thought with rapture that perhaps a day might come when she should open a catalogue and see "sunset," or "Reverie," or "Moonlight Hours," or some such romantic title, among the list of pictures, followed by the delightful words, "by Miss Elizabeth Hill."

She thought chaste away the scruples that troubled her as to the propriety of being the only scholar of a single gentleman; and, then, he was so gentlemanly. He never quite closed the door. He sat at the opposite side of the table. He was decorum itself. And such a genius! How foolish of the other members of that limited class not to avail themselves of such opportunities! The quarter was over and she was beginning to wonder whether Mr. Buckle would trouble himself to teach a class of one for so small a sum. When hurrying upstairs to her lesson she heard voices within the door, and paused. Two men were talking. One was Mr. Buckle.

"If you can but wait a little," she heard him say.

"Well, I have waited, haven't I?" replied the other voice. "I know you mean well; but studios are in request. I can't let mine for nothing. You haven't given me one cent for two months, Mr. Buckle."

"You see I'm just establishing myself," said Mr. Buckle; pupils come slowly. I spent all I had in advertising and paying the first month's rent and buying such furniture as I've got. I sleep in that hammock, and take down the *portiere* for a blanket; and so far I've got only one pupil. It won't do to starve. I live on a dollar a week. Now where is the money for rent?"

"Don't seem to be any," replied the landlord; that's why I think maybe you'd better move."

"Ah well, I suppose I must," said Mr. Buckle.

"I'll just give this lesson and hang myself, or something—not here, it would give the place a bad name, you know, and you've been most kind. Good morning. Ah, no, don't apologize; its all in the way of business; and then a large man in a light overcoat bounced out and nearly overset Miss Elizabeth as he ran down stairs.

She, for her part, went into the room all tremulous with surprise and grief, and could hardly utter her usual greeting.

She looked at Mr Buckle as he laid out the pattern, and tested the shade of the color in her palette cups, thinking what a fine, kind, pleasant face his was.

She noticed, too, that the braid that bound his coat was worn out, and that his knees were shiny.

Then he came around the table and for the first time sat down beside her.

"I'm going to give up this studio, Miss Hill," he said. "This will be our last lesson. I'll give you the address of an excellent teacher who has vacancies. He's a little dearer than I am, but ever so much better"——

"Oh, that can't be!" Miss Elizabeth.

"Oh, yes, indeed," said Mr. Buckle. I'm after all, only an amateur—a sort of impostor. I'm rather good at water colors, I know, but I'm not professional, unless teaching you makes me so. I feel like telling you the truth."

"I had a little fortune when I came here and they told me I could treble it. I'm sure I couldn't say what I did, with that object, but was told one day that I had lost it all.

"I'm not a business man, you know; and then I thought I'd teach water colors; and—well, you've been my only pupil, you know, so I've got to say good-by; and there's something else I'd like to tell you—but you might be offended."

"Oh, no," said Miss Elizabeth.

"You'll forgive me. Thanks," said Mr. Buckle. "Well, it is this—if I hadn't been such a poor beggar I'd have asked you if you could like me enough to marry me. I never met any one so nice—indeed, I never did; and our tastes are alike, and all that. I'll try not to think of it more than I can help, but I felt that I must tell you before we parted for ever."

Miss Elizabeth had put her handkerchief to her eyes, and now was heard to whisper something.

"Beg pardon," said Mr. Buckle.

"I—I've got plenty," said Miss Elizabeth.

"Plenty?" repeated Mr. Buckle.

"Money!" gasped Miss Elizabeth. "Plenty for both."

"You kind little woman," said Mr. Buckle, and took her hand.

The brushes lay neglected, the color dried on the palette.

They sat thus for a long while, then

"If you really love me," said Miss Elizabeth, "it doesn't matter which has the money."

"It's awfully sweet of you to feel that way," said Mr. Buckle. "Only, would it be right of me, you know? What would your family say?"

In the mellow twilight that had begun to steal over the empty little room, Miss Elizabeth's face looked wonderfully soft and young as she looked up at him; but I think she scarcely could have done what she did but for that fancy picture of himself which he had made for his landlord. If she were not brave now she felt he might indeed be found pendant from a branch somewhere.

"Heaven knows! I'm of age," she said, with a little laugh; "and a family that has left me alone at a boarding house may say what it pleases; I don't care."

"It is the right spirit," said Mr. Buckle. "I think it very fine, and I shall be made so unutterably happy by it, my dear."

They kissed each other in the twilight, and left the room together arm in arm.

* * *

"It was very sly of Elizabeth. We expected more confidence," said the oldest sister to her friends shortly after "But she has married well—a celebrated artist, exceedingly rich. I presume they all are. His name is Buckle."

An Operatic Bonanza.

A Paris letter says that about thirty years ago a poor little musical composer, very modest and almost unknown, tried to sell the partition of an opera which had just lately been produced here in Paris to some publisher, but nobody wanted it. Perhaps one of the music houses would have accepted the partition had it not been for the illustrious Berlioz, who advised him not to touch it at the price demanded—that is to say, a sum equal to $900. When the publisher had declined the music, the young composer carried his manuscript to another house, but it was refused simply because the first had done so. The poor man—he is illustrious and rich now—was strolling along the boulevard, feeling quite down in the mouth, when he met a young gentleman named Choudens, a clerk in the department of state. To him the composer of the new opera related his troubles, whereupon Choudens said:

"Ma foi, but it is lucky we met. I am going to marry in a few days the daughter of a man who engraves music series, and when we are married we shall start a music house for ourselves. I cannot afford to pay you 3000 francs for your opera, but I will give you 1500 for it if you will trust me for the year." The composer accepted these terms, and the opera was printed.

The name of the opera is "Faust," that of the composer Charles Gounod and Choudens has gained more than $200,000 on this great work alone.

THE COMING METAL.

Cheap Process for Making Aluminum—The Revolution It is Likely to Work in Many Manufactures.

Aluminum, with one exception, is the most abundant metal known. The material, alumina or clay, from which it is produced, is not confined to any locality or country. It is found everywhere. It is more than half a century since the eminent German chemist, the late Friederich Wöhler, who for fifty years was Professor of Medicine and Director of the Chemical Institute at Gottingen, discovered aluminum and that it could be produced from common clay and from alum, and still it is among the least familiar of metals. Its usual price is $20 per pound, and until the past year it has only been known as "aluminum gold." After many experiments, extending over a series of years, its manufacture was abandoned except in one instance, to the French, who only produced it in inconsiderable quantities. After more than thirty years' labor, and at a cost of more than £250,000, the eminent English chemist and metallurgist, James Webster, has discovered a method of making aluminum by burning or roasting alum, instead of making it in the old and tedious way by precipitation. By the new process it takes only one twenty-fourth of the time required by the old method, and costs less than one-tenth as much. The discoverer has been producing 200 pounds of alumina per week for more than a year, the value of which is £4000 or $20,000 per annum, the result of which has been that at the present time a manufactory, which covers more than one-half an acre, is kept busy night and day, with orders ready for more than fifteen months' work. The present output is 20 tons of aluminum metal per week. From the results already obtained by the aluminum bronze factory (near Birmingham, England,) it is plainly evident that in a very short time this almost new and peculiar metal, which never oxidizes or corrodes, and which never tarnishes under any circumstances, to which can be given the color of gold, silver, bronze or purple, and which differs from all other metals in that it is never produced direct from ore, but only by a long and elaborate process, must become an important factor in the manufacture of jewelry; and not only so, but that almost every article made from metal, from a screw propeller or anchor of the largest steamship down to the tiniest teaspoon, must be manufactured from it, or its alloy or bronze.

The chief value of aluminum, at present, is in tempering or giving strength and a surface or body to alloys, bronzes or metals, so that they will not corrode. To copper, tin or zinc it gives such properties as can be obtained by no other means, softening their nature while increasing their real hardness and strength, enabling them to resist all the tests applied to gold or silver, preserving them from corrosion and rendering them more ductile and refined, and giving them a surface and body that withstands the chemical action of the elements. As a result of this new process of making aluminum, all plated goods, nickel or silver, watch cases, cups, saucers, spoons, knives, forks, gun and pistol barrels, pistol handles, gun, harness, carriage and saddle ornaments made of brass, nickel, German silver, bronze or silver, must give way to those made of aluminum or bismuth bronze. Piano-forte wires made from it will vibrate ten seconds longer than the best now in use. Whenever and wherever there is a need of a metal, and one is demanded that cannot crystallize or corrode under any circumstances, a metal that combines great strength and flexibility, it is plain that aluminum must be used. In the tests already made with propeller screws, blades, journal bearings, and heavy artillery made from aluminum or bismuth bronze, as against those made from the best gun metal, the ship builders decided in favor of the former as the strength was so much greater and the weight so much less, being only one-fourth as great.—*Springfield Republican.*

The First Million Greenbacks.

Mr. Sturtevant, of the stationery division of the treasury, carried the first 2,000,000 of greenbacks from Washington over the mountains to the West. "The greenbacks," says he, "were in common mail bags and I had to sit with a loaded revolver to watch them. I remember it was in October, and though warm in Washington, it grew bitter cold when we got on the mountains. I had neglected to bring my overcoat and I almost froze. I carried the money via Pittsburgh to Cincinnati, and a few months later I took another 1,000,000 in the same way. After this it was noised abroad that the greenbacks were being distributed in this unsafe way, and the government made a contract with the express companies to carry them."

Worship of the Sun.

Richard Proctor, the celebrated English astronomer, says: In old times men worshipped the sun as a god. They knelt in adoration before his glorious orb and raised their voices in supplication to him, as to a being who could hear their prayers and grant them what they wished. How widely prevalent that religion of sun-worship was, we cannot now tell; but there are traces in the purer religions of later times of that old system. Even in our own time, quite a number of ceremonial observances can be referred back to the time when the rising and setting sun was regarded as a god, when the annual movement of the sun, carrying him now below, now above the equator, was followed as the motion of a deity; now withdrawing, anon renewing his favoring glances, while the critical epochs when the sun-god was passing the equator, ascendingly or descendingly, were celebrated as religious festivals, of which the Feast of the Passover (and our own Easter in its seasonal or astronomical aspect) and the Feast of the Tabernacles are adumbrations, though associated now with purified religious ideas. We are apt to smile at these old faiths, if we do not utterly contemn them; but in a sense they were reasonable enough at the time when they prevailed. If under any circumstances men might forget the Creator and worship the creature, it was in the case of sun-worship. To say truth, there is no apter emblem of the Deity than the sun. Too glorious to be regarded save as through a veil, the sun is the source of every form of force existing on this earth. His might is exerted for our benefit even when we see him not. In the night hours, as well as throughout the day, the sun is at work holding not only the earth, but his whole family of planets, at their due distance to receive his rays. When he is hidden behind dense clouds, when darkness encompasses the earth, he is still at work for us. Nay, the very clouds which hide his rays are due to his labor on our behalf: even when their gloom seems greatest, they are preparing under his beneficent beams to drop fatness on the earth. Science, however, which has shown the sun as the true source of clouds and rain, hail and snow, wind and storm, of all the material forces at work in the air, on the seas, and on land, the nourisher of vegetation and of every form of life, shows that he works according to natural laws. Sun-worship is shown by science to be a gross materialistic religion. It has been rejected as unworthy of reasoning men, understanding what the sun really is. In this science has done what over and over again science has had to do, and has been reproached for doing—until, with the advance of knowledge it has been seen that in pointing out what is material and unworthy in the cruder forms of worship, science has not been materialistic, but the reverse.

The Most Notable Architectural Edifice in America.

A Chihuahua (Mexico) correspondent of the Kansas City *Times* says: The Cathedral City, as this state capital is named, has very little conspicuous interest unassociated with yonder great piece of architecture, which, so thickly shrouded in snow to-day, has no equal in architectural view on the Western hemisphere. It has its history. That history is associated with the Santa Eulalia mine, which, up to 1829, or the date of the expulsion of the Spaniards from Mexico, has yielded $275,000,000. The grand cathedral was constructed by a tax forced on the mine of one real, or twelve and one-half cents, out of each marc, or every $8, by order of the Royal Government of Spain. The edifice cost $1,000,000. Doubtless another $250,000 was contributed by the people in labor and material. It would require $1,500,000 to erect it in our time. The corner stone was laid in 1725.

Architecturally, the grand cathedral stands peerless, as far as magnificently symmetrical proportions are to be regarded in America. The great cathedral of the City of Mexico covers more ground. Still, in design, attractions of harmonious blending of three schools of architecture, it is a blunt and bungling and unsightly piece of work compared with this masterpiece of Cristoval de Villa. He passed more than half of his business life constructing this great church. The design is the tripartite schools of Corinthian, Doric and Ionic. The rear or great dome end, which faces the west, has a width of 153½ feet. The front on the grand plaza, crowned by the twin towers, has a width of eighty-five feet. The audience capacity of the large auditorium is 6000 people. The principal or front facade is elaborate in the Doric school of architecture. It is faced with elaborately carved columns, interspersed among which are the statues of the twelve apostles and San Francisco de Azis, patron of the structure.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Censure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent.

The readiest and surest way to get rid of censure is to correct ourselves.

Volatility of words is carelessness in action. Words are the wings of action.

All the whetting in the world can never set a razor's edge on that which has no steel in it.—[Fuller.

Try to frequent the company of your betters in books and life. That is the most wholesome society.

No man ever regretted that he was virtuous and honest in his youth, and kept away from idle companions.

Women go farther in love than most men, but men go farther in friendship than women.—[La Bruyere.

Greater mischiefs happen often from meanness, folly and vanity, than from the greater sins of avarice and ambition.

He must expect to be wretched who pays to beauty, richness or politeness that regard which only virtue and piety can claim.

A hypocrite may spin so fair a thread as to deceive his own eyes. He may admire the cobweb, and not know himself to be the spider.

It is not required, it may be wrong, to show all we feel or think; what is required of us is not to show what we do not feel or think, for that is to be false.

Genius is a great thing without doubt; but if you have a capacity for hard work you have so good a substitute for genius that you can't tell the difference between the two.

Spectacle Wearers' Notions.

"I have one customer who habitually wears six pairs of spectacles," said Optician Arthur Pratt. "He reads with one pair, writes with another and uses a third for street wear. Then all these varieties are repeated in holiday styles. People have lots of queer notions about spectacles. One man had a notion that his eyesight was rapidly changing. He kept running to an oculist and had a new pair of glasses made every week for a long time. The variations in the glass were very trifling, but he thought they did him good. There are plenty who wear glasses for style, and have plain glass instead of lenses. Spectacles worn for disguise are always arranged in this way. Then there are many who do themselves harm by postponing the wearing of glasses until their eyes are injured, because they fear to be made to look old. Pride thus puts spectacles on some folks and takes them off of others.

"The best goods in spectacles and eye-glasses are imported, although there are some large factories in this country and much is done here by machinery. The finest workmanship is by the French.

"I have seen one pair of spectacles sold for $60. The most difficult job for the optician is to fit glasses to one afflicted with stigmatism, a disease of the eye which causes objects to be distorted. Lenses for such eyes are quite irregular, and must be ground to a different surface in almost every part, so as to correct the vision. A person with ordinary vision looking through such a pair of glasses would see straight lines curved and regular terms distorted. The grinding of the glasses is a very difficult and delicate operation."—*New York Sun.*

The Intelligence of Birds.

Dr. Charles C. Abbott describes in *Science* some interesting experiments on the intelligence of birds. When he girdled branches on which birds had built their nests and thereby caused the foliage to shrivel up so that the nests were exposed, the birds abandoned the nests, although they had already laid their eggs. But in a case in which the nest already contained young birds, the old birds remained, notwithstanding the exposure of the nest, until the young ones were able to fly. He placed a number of pieces of woolen yarn—red, yellow, purple, green and gray in color—near a tree in which a pair of Baltimore orioles were building a nest. The pieces of yarn were all exactly alike except in color. There was an equal number of each color, and the red and yellow pieces were purposely placed on top. The birds chose only the gray pieces, putting in a few purple and blue ones when the nest was nearly finished. Not a red, yellow or green strand was used. Dr. Abbott concludes from his observations of the building of birds' nests that the female bird is exacting, obstinate and tyrannical, and not at all disposed to give in to the wishes of her lord and master. The site of the nest is selected after careful examination of suitable locations by both birds.

This Life is What we Make It.

Let's offener talk of noble deeds,
And cheer of the bad ones,
And sing about our happy days,
And more about the sad ones.
We were not made to live and sigh,
And when grief sleeps to wake it,
Bright happiness is standing by—
The life is what we make it.

Let's tell the cheering side of men,
To be believers in it;
A light there is in every soul
That takes the pains to win it.
Oh! there's a slumbering good in all,
And we can bring it easily make it;
One kind word to the angels' ear—
The life is what we make it.

Then here's to those whose loving hearts
Shed light and joy about them!
Thanks be to them for countless gems
We never had known without them.
Oh! this should be a happy world
To all who may partake it;
The fault's our own if it is not—
The life is what we make it.

HUMOROUS.

"I'm right in with you," as one cog-wheel said to the other.

The author of the saying that "you must always take a man as you find him" was a constable.

"Never mind, sonny, the rain makes boys grow," remarked a tramp the other day, when he took a silk umbrella away from a lad in the midst of a rain storm.

"But are you sure she'll accept you?" asked Dollix of Frink, who was about to "pop." "Accept me? You bet she will! She's like my clothes—ready-made!"

A burglar who has climbed up to a garret window on a ladder is arrested by a voice shouting, "Hello, there, what do you want?" "May I ask you for a glass of fresh water?"

"Do you buy your music by the sheet?" inquired a young lady of the deacon's daughter. "Oh, no," she replied; "I always wait until Sunday, and then get it by the choir."

When a young woman is in love she turns to the poet's corner first on picking up the local paper. After she is married she turns first to the advertisements of the dry goods stores.

"Miss Brown, I have been to learn how to tell fortune," said a fellow to a brisk brunette; "give me your hand, if you please." "La! Mr. White, how sudden you are! Well, go ask pa."

"Is it true that when a wild goose's mate dies it never takes another?" asked a young widow. "Yes, but don't worry about that. The reason it acts that way is because it is a goose."

A BRIGHT IDEA.

"I don't think, John," the young wife said, "you've got much in your head. For all my simplest arguments you never catch the thread."

"I don't think of you," said John, "and, therefore, it follows, that in my head I've sometimes got a very bright idea, too."

Dusting for a Living.

"I'm a duster," said a young woman whom a New York *Sun* reporter met in a private house up town "a professional duster. I'm not the only one. It's a regular profession, dusting is, nowadays. To dust and arrange these collections every day would too severely tax the strength of the wealthy ladies. To set the servants at the work was found to be bad management, not because they were bungling and liable to smash the delicate fabrics, but because the servants have no time to spare from their other duties. Therefore the mistresses employ competent women to keep their parlors in order. The dusting business is an established industry, but it is confined to the metropolis, and almost entirely to the region of brown-stone fronts. All the dusters I know of are women who have seen better days, but, of course, it isn't every educated and refined woman who can make a good duster."

"What are the requirements?"

"She must be light-footed, quick and strong in her wrists and arms. To visit a dozen houses in a forenoon before callers arrive and dust and arrange things is no child's play. A woman must fairly jump at her work. The remuneration? Well, a dollar or 75 cents a visit, sometimes more. At some houses where the hostess entertains a good many guests the rooms are arranged every day. Orders are given to the dusters to change the arrangement of the appointments every time they come. Then, again, a duster must know how to take hold of every sort of knick-knack and how to move it safely. She must know just what sort of brush to use for every sort of dusting. The brush that will not break a filmy tissue of glass is useless on a piece of furniture, and would not reach the ceiling corners. She must have several brushes, and she must not be careless or slap-dash for an instant. There are few bits of bric-a-brac in these parlors that I could replace with six months' earnings."