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Original Poetry.

THE VISION.
 Written for The Globe.

*Quis quisque jere studio devinctus adheret:
 Aut quibus in rebus mactans immo ante morate;
 Atque in qua ratione fuit contenta magis mens;
 In somnis eadem plerumque videmus obire.* LUCR.

I dreamed—and oh! if life could be
 A scene of such untiring pleasure—
 Freedom to roam, and no more to be
 I'd count it all a precious treasure:
 Methought 'twas morn and each fair flow'r
 Was in its loveliness each gay,
 Whilst decking Earth with that hour
 Prepared to meet the rising day.

No jarring sound fell on my ear
 To break the glorious spell that morning,
 By which nature had made so dear
 The scenes which night had been adorning—
 The heavens seemed more bright than ever,
 And all things earthly seemed so fair,
 That could I then have lived for ever,
 I should have spent that lifetime there.

But oh! 'twas not nature alone
 That banished for each note of sadness,
 Nor through it that each flower shone so free,
 With such a blushing hue of gladness;
 For then "Laurentia" told the story
 Which from her lips I longed to know,
 And with her blushes decked with glory
 My all of happiness below.

How'er 'twas but a clinging dream,
 I woke again to gloom and sorrow,
 And now so dark as all things seem
 That I scarce look for a bright morrow;
 Yet still a changing light doth linger
 Upon each massive cloud of woe,
 And Hope, with her angelic finger,
 Some scenes of beauty still doth show.

With saddened heart I scan the past,
 And scarce dare hope the winter ending;
 But Hope tells me that summer's bliss
 Is more with summer's mildness blending.
 Thus, then, I'll pass the weary present,
 And hope that life will yet be gay;
 For though now chilling yet 'tis pleasant
 To think these storms will pass away.

AMANS INCONGNITS.
 Coffee Run, Pa., July 3, 1857.

Interesting Miscellany.

A Contented Mind.
 For The Globe.

No two characters so widely differ than one blessed with a contented mind and another over dissatisfied and complaining. Fire and water, being different elements, can in no way unite or harmonize. Either the one will be extinguished or the other dried up. Thus it is my young friends, with the characters to which I wish to draw your attention. He who possesses a contented mind, is always grateful for the peculiar advantages he enjoys, and finds a sweet pleasure in witnessing the happiness of others who are even more highly favored than himself, and delights with a word of encouragement, or an act of kindness, to add to the enjoyment of those placed in less favorable circumstances. On the other hand, he who has been so importunate as to make himself miserable by cultivating a restless disposition is ever complaining at the hardness of his lot, and envying the enjoyments of others; although if he were placed in the circumstances of those persons whose pleasures he covets, he would be no better satisfied than he was with his former condition. Many young persons think that if they were but rich they would be happy. They seem to forget that wealth brings with it cares and anxieties more trying than poverty. The contented peasant, clad in rustic garb, watching his gentle flocks by day and carrying the innocent lambs in his arms, or sitting at eventide beneath the shady vine, whose frail tendrils cling to his humble cot, listening to the merry shouts of his rosy cheeked children, or making the hills echo the strains of his shepherd's pipe—is a thousand times happier than the purple-clad king, who sits upon the throne and sways the sceptre of power, calls whole dominions his own, and is surrounded by courtiers who await his commands, and obey the dictates of his sovereign will. To the contented man, life wears a cheerful aspect. The duties which he is called upon to perform, he regards as pleasures. He is not puffed up with vanity by prosperity, nor does he ever complain when tossed by the storms of adversity; but through life contented with mercies, the donor adores, and in calm resignation awaits for the time which shall tell his departure from Earth's rugged shores, and usher him into a heavenly clime.

Your friend
LEROEY.

PARNASSUS, July 4th.

LOOKING GUILTY.—Nothing can be more absurd than the idea that "looking guilty" proves guilt. An honest man charged with crime is much more likely to blush at the accusation than the real offender, who is generally prepared for the event, and has his face "ready made" for the occasion. The very thought of being suspected of anything criminal will bring the blood to an innocent man's cheek in nine cases out of ten. The most "guilty looking" person we ever saw was a man arrested for stealing a horse, which turned out to be his own property!—*Boston Post.*

"Hello! Jim, what are you making?" inquired a young fellow passing by. "Why, mother made apple-butter the other day, and she don't like it, so I am making it back into apples again."

The dissipations that some persons resort to to drown care, are like the curtains that children in bed pull around them to keep out the dark.

The Globe.

WILLIAM LEWIS, —PERSEVERE— Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. XIII. HUNTINGDON, PA., JULY 15, 1857. NO. 4.

WHY I LEFT THE ANVIL.

BY ELIHU BURRITT.

I SEE it! You would ask me what I have to say for myself for dropping the hammer and taking up the quill, as a member of your profession. I will be honest now and tell you the whole story. I was transposed from the anvil to the editor's chair by the genius of machinery. Don't smile, friends; it is even so. I had stood and looked for hours on those thoughtless iron intellects, those iron-fingered, sober, supple automatons, as they caught up a bale of cotton and twirled it in a twinkling of an eye into a whirlwind of whizzing shreds, and laid it at my feet in folds of snow-white cloth, ready for the use of the most voluptuous antipodes. They were wonderful things, those looms and spindles; but they could not spin thoughts—there was no attribute of divinity in them, and I admired them nothing more. They were excessively curious, but I could estimate the whole compass of their being and destiny in finger-power; so I went away, and left them spinning—cotton.

One day I was tuning my anvil beneath a hot iron, and busy with the thought that there was as much intellectual philosophy in my hammer as in any engineering a-going in modern times, when a most unearthly scream pierced my ears. I stepped to the door, and there it was—the great iron horse. Yes, he had come, looking for all the world, like the great dragon we read of in Scripture, harnessed to half a living world, and just landed on the earth, where he stood braying with surprise and indignation at the "base use" to which he had been turned. I saw the gigantic hexapod move with a power that made the earth tremble for miles. I saw the army of human beings gliding with the velocity of wind over the iron track, and droves of cattle travelling in their stables at the rate of twenty miles an hour toward the city slaughter-house. It was wonderful. The little busy bee-winged machinery of the cotton factory dwindled into insignificance before it. Myriads of beetles of passage and burden! It divorced the intervening distance, and wedded the cities together! But for its furnace heat and sinews, it was nothing but a beast, an enormous aggregation of horse power. And I went back to the forge with unimpaired reverence for the intellectual philosophy of my hammer.

Passing along the street one afternoon, I heard a noise in an old building, as of some one puffing a pair of bellows. So, without more ado, I stepped in, and then, in a corner of a room, I saw the chief d'œuvre of all machinery that has ever been invented since the birth of Tubal Cain. In its construction it was simple as a cheese press. It went with a lever—with a lever longer, stronger than that with which Archimedes promised to lift the world.

"It is a printing-press," said a boy, standing by the ink-trough with a careless turban of brown paper on his head.

"A printing-press!" I queried musingly to myself. "A printing-press! What do you print?"

"Print?" said the boy, staring at me doubtfully; "why, we print thoughts."

"Print thoughts!" I slowly repeated after him; and we stood looking for a moment at each other in mutual admiration—he in the absence of an idea, and I in pursuit of one. But I looked at him the hardest, and he left another ink spot on his forehead, from a pathetic motion of his left hand to quicken his apprehension of his meaning.

"Why, yes," he reiterated in a tone of forced confidence, as if passing an idea which though having been current a hundred years, might still be counterfeited, for all he could show on the spot, "we print thoughts, to be sure."

"But, my boy," I asked, in honest soberness, "what are thoughts, and how can you get hold of them?"

"Thoughts are what come out of people's minds," he replied. "Get hold of them, indeed! Why, minds aren't nothing you can get a hold of, nor thoughts either. All the minds that ever thought, and all the thoughts that minds ever made, would not make a ball as big as your fist. Minds, they say, are just like air; you can't see them; they don't make any noise, nor have any color; they don't weigh anything. Bill Deepent, the sexton, says that a man weighs just as much when his mind has gone out of him as he did before. No, sir; all the minds that ever lived wouldn't weigh an ounce Troy."

"Then how do you print thoughts? If minds are thin as air, and thoughts are thinner still, and make no noise, and have no substance, shade, or color, and are like winds, and more than the winds, are anywhere in a moment, sometimes in heaven, and sometimes on earth, and in the waters under the earth, how can you see them when caught, or show them to others?"

Ezekiel's eyes grew luminous with a new idea, and, pushing the ink roller proudly across the metallic page of the newspaper, he replied—

"Thoughts work and walk in things that make tracks; and we take them tracks and stamp them on paper, or iron, wood, stone, or what not. This is the way we print thoughts. Don't you understand?"

The pressman let go the lever, and looked interrogatively at Ezekiel, beginning at the patch on his stringless brogans, and following up with his eye to the top of the boy's brown paper buff cap. Ezekiel comprehended the felicity of his illustration, and wiping his hand on his tow apron, gradually assumed an attitude of earnest exposition. I gave him an encouraging wink, and so he went on—

"Thoughts make tracks," he continued impressively, as if evolving a new phase of the idea by repeating it slowly. Seeing we assented to this proposition inquiringly, he stepped to the type-case, with his eye fixed admiringly upon us. "Thoughts make tracks," he repeated, arranging in his hand a score or two of metal slips, "and with these ere letters we can take the exact impression of every thought that ever went out of the heart of human man; and we can print it, too," giving the inked form a blow of tri-

THE LITTLE OUTCAST.

"Mayn't I stay, ma'am! I'll do anything you give me; cut wood, go for water, and do your errands."

The troubled eyes of the speaker were filled with tears. It was a lad that stood at the outer door, pleading with a kindly looking woman who seemed to doubt the reality of his intentions.

The cottage stood by itself on a black moor, or what in Scotland would have been called such. It was near the latter end of September, and a fierce wind rattled the boughs of the only two naked trees near the house, and fled with a shivering sound into the narrow doorway, as if seeking for warmth at the blazing fire within.

Now and then a snowflake touched with its soft chill the cheek of the listener, or whitened the angry redness of the poor boy's benumbed hands.

The woman was evidently loth to grant the boy's request; and the peculiar look stamped upon his features, would have suggested to any mind an idea of depravity far beyond his years.

But her woman's heart could not resist the sorrow in those large, but by no means handsome eyes.

"Come in, at any rate, till the good man comes home. There, sit down by the fire; y' look perishing with cold." And she drew a rude looking chair up to the warmest corner; then, suspiciously glancing at the child from the corner of her eyes, she continued setting the table for supper.

Presently came the tramp of heavy shoes; the door was swung open with a quick jerk, and the "good man" presented himself wearied with labor.

A look of intelligence passed between his wife and himself; he, too, scanned the boy's face, with an expression not evincing satisfaction; but nevertheless made him come to the table, and then enjoyed the zest with which he enjoyed his supper.

Day after day passed, and yet the boy begged to be kept "only to-morrow;" so the good people after due consideration, concluded that so long as he was so docile, and worked so heartily, they would retain him.

One day in the middle of winter, a pedler, long accustomed to trade at the cottage, made his appearance, and disposed of his goods, as if he had been waited for.

"You have a boy out there, splitting wood, I see," he said, pointing to the yard.

"Yes; do you know him?"

"I have seen him," replied the pedler, evasively.

"And where? Who is he? What is he?"

"A jail-bird," and the pedler swung his pack over his shoulder. "That boy—young as he looks—I saw in the court myself, and heard his sentence. 'Ten months.' He is a hard one. You'd do well to look carefully after him."

Oh! there was something so horrible in the word 'jail;' the poor woman trembled as she laid away the purchases; nor could she so easily still she called the boy in, and assured him that she knew the dark part of his history.

Asheamed, distressed, the child hung down his head, his cheeks seemed burning with hot blood; his lips quivered and anguish was printed as vividly upon his forehead as if the words were branded into the flesh.

"Well," he muttered, his whole frame relaxing, as if a burden of guilt or joy had just rolled off. "I may as well go to ruin at once; there is no use of my trying to do better; everybody hates me, nobody cares for me; I may as well go to ruin at once."

"Tell me," said she who stood off far enough for flight, if that should be necessary, "how came you to go so young to that dreadful place? Where was your mother, where?"

"Oh!" exclaimed the boy, with a burst of grief that was terrible to behold; "Oh! I hain't no mother ever since I was a baby. If I'd only had a mother," he continued, his anguish growing more vehement, and the tears gushing out of his strange looking grey eyes; "I wouldn't have been bound out, and kicked, and cuffed, and laid on to with whips; I wouldn't have been saucy and got knocked down, and ran away, and then stole because I was hungry. Oh! I haven't had no mother since I was a baby."

The strength was all gone from the poor boy, and he sunk on his knees sobbing great choking sobs, and rubbing the hot tears away with his knuckles. And did the woman stand then unmoved? Did she boldly bid him pack up and begone—the jail bird?

No, no, she had been a mother, and though all her children slept under the cold clod in the churchyard, she was a mother still.

She went up to that poor boy, not to hasten him away, but lay her fingers kindly, softly on his head; to tell him to look up, and from henceforth to find in her a mother. Yes, she even put her arms around the neck of that forsaken, deserted child, she poured from her heart sweet womanly words, words of counsel and tenderness.

Oh! how sweet was her sleep that night; how soft her pillow. She had linked a poor suffering heart to hers, by the most silken, the strongest bands of love; she had plucked some thorns from the path of a little sinner, but striving mortal.

Did the boy leave her?

Never! He is with her still, a vigorous, promising, steady youth. The unfavorable cast of his countenance has given place to an open pleasing expression with depth enough to make it an interesting study. His foster-father is dead—his foster-mother aged and sickly, but she knows no want. The once poor out-cast is her only dependence, and nobody does he repay the trust.

A contemporary says he once heard a minister put a doctor in a prayer at a funeral thuswise: "And in thy infinite providence, oh Lord, not all the care and skillful attention of her learned and experienced physician has been able to save our sister from the remorseless grave."

Black pepper, dusted on cucumber, melon, and other vines, when the dew is on, is said to drive away the striped bug, and will do no harm to the plants.

BIRDS—THEIR UTILITY.

We do not always know our best friends. But experience sometimes teaches us, working out for us conclusions very unlike those we had previously entertained. In the history of birds, similar examples are not wanting. A writer of note says, 'After some States had paid threepence a dozen for the destruction of blackbirds, the consequence was a total loss, in the year 1749, of all the grass and grain, by means of insects, which had flourished under the protection of that law.' Another ornithologist, Wilson, computes that each red-winged black-bird devours, on an average, fifty grubs daily during the summer season. Most birds live entirely on worms and insects, and though some are destructive to our cherries and other fruits, the numbers of such are small, and these propensities are to be offset by numerous and valuable services which no other agencies can perform.

The following descriptions may throw light upon the treatment these birds have a right to claim at our hands:

The *Baltimore Oriole*, a beautiful and well-known bird, called sometimes Gold-robin, King-Bird, etc. It feeds chiefly on insects, and its services are of great value. They visit our gardens for grubs only, and thus protect our pea vines and other plants from a destructive enemy.

The *Red-winged Blackbird* often arrives at the North ere the snow has disappeared. It feeds on grubs, worms and caterpillars, without inflicting any injury upon the farmer.—Hence it does him a very important service.

The *Cow Blackbird* is less numerous than the species just described. They follow our cattle, and catch and devour the insects that molest them. From this fact they derive their name.

The *Rice-Bunting*, or Bob-o-link, is constantly employed in catching grasshoppers, spiders, crickets, etc., and thus does good service. It is, however, said to do some injury to grain, especially at the South, and particularly when they collect their young in flocks preparatory to a flight toward their winter quarters.

The *Crow Blackbird* is one of our early visitors. While it devours immense numbers of grubs, etc., it is also clearly proved that it pulls up the corn. Southern farmers attempt to diminish the amount of depredations, by soaking their corn in Glauber's salts, making it unpalatable to the birds.

The *American Crow* devours every thing eatable, without much apparent choice, whether fruits, seeds, vegetables, reptiles, insects, dead animals, &c.

The *Cedarbird* gathers caterpillars, worms, etc., which it devours with an insatiable appetite. Our cherries and other fruits are not spared, but are devoured, in their season, as rapidly as are the canker-worms, and other enemies of the trees, in their season. But whatever injury they may thus inflict seems irreparable, as their numbers can scarcely be diminished by any agency in our control.

The *King-bird* lives wholly on insects and worms, without any mischievous, unless it be occasionally to devour honeybees. That he has a taste for such food is pretty well established, though some deny it. [They attacked the drones, only.—*Ed. Tel.*]

The *Cat-bird* is constantly employed in devouring wasps, worms, etc., but does not always spare our fruits. They devour of the latter, however, much less than would insects they destroy.

The *Wood thrush* lives on worms, beetles, etc., and never commits depredations of any kind. Their residence is much more constant in the extreme South, than farther north.

The *Blue-bird* confines himself to the destruction of beetles, spiders, grubs, wireworms, etc., and though they attack the sumac and wild cherry, and other wild berries, they do no injury to the fruits or vegetables of the garden.

The *Golden-winged Woodpecker* is reputed as a fruit-stealer, but "with all its faults," it is of great use to the horticulturist.

The *Red-headed Woodpecker*, like the former, helps itself to fruits of all kinds, carries off apples even in its bill; but this useful labor is also worthy of its hire; it does much more good than evil.

The *Downy Woodpecker*, and perhaps some other species, come under the same category as those species already described.

Another Hard-shell Sermon.

The following, together with the well-known sermon on "The Harp of a Thousand Strings," is published in England as a veritable specimen of the pulpit oratory of the backwoods of the United States:

"Beloved brethering, I'm the man what preached the sermon which has been printed in the papers, from the text, 'And he played on a harp up a thousand strings—sperrit uv just men made perfect.' I mout as well say I don't take pride in things uv that sort, for, in the language uv my tex for tu day, I'm an orful sinner—the chief among ten thousand, and the one altogether luvly. Them is the words which you'll find in Genesee.—I'm gwine to preach without notes, 'kase I can't rite, and 'kase I couldn't read it ef I could. My notes are bank notes, uv which I have a pocket full, and notes uv hand, which I shall give to our 'Squire to collect; when I gets back tu Indianny, fur—I'm an orful sinner, the chief among ten thousand; and the one altogether luvly.

This tex, my brethering, can be divided into three pieces—first—second—thud.

First: 'I'm an orful sinner.' That means you individually, not me personally. Thar ar more sins nor one. It's a sin tu drink water, and catch the ague, whar a little sperrit will keep in good health; 'tis a sin tu steal, unless you 'steal awhile away; 'tis a sin tu swear, unless you swear and sin not; 'tis a sin tu lie, unless you lie low and keep dark. Pride is sin. Sum is proud of their books; now I ain't, though I've the gift and grit tu speak in. Sum is proud of their larin'; thank God I've none to be proud of—for I'm an orful sinner, the chief among ten thousand, and the one altogether luvly.

Second: 'Chief among ten thousand.'—Thar is different kind of chiefs. Thar's the mischief, the chief sinners, and the Cayuga Chief. The mischief means the Old Boy, what keeps the fire office below, and lets poor folks in the cold here on airth. The chief of sinners means you, you wharf rats, arter de melons, and bus animals, what live here about the canal. Look at them ere hosses rise up in judgment agin you, high uv bone, low uv flesh, tuff hides, and short memories; hear the crows cawing, fur they know the whar the canal is, thar will the crows be gathered. The Cayuga Chief is a fellow what pitches into my frens the sperrit-dealers, and my other frens the State Prison officers. He is ur your cold water men who goes for the prohibition law what Governor Seymour voted. If 'twarn't Sunday I shud hooray for Seymour—for I'm an orful sinner, the chief among ten thousand, and the one altogether luvly.

Thurdly: 'Altogether luvly.' Different things is luvly. When my boat swims like a duck, I say she am luvly—when my wife gives me no certain lectures, (she has the gift of tongue as well as myself,) I say she am luvly—when the wind don't blow, and it don't rain, and it don't nothin, I say the day am luvly, fur I'm an orful sinner, the chief among ten thousand, and the one altogether luvly.

In conclusion, brethering, if that big pile ur stuns was one stun what a big stun it would be; ef you my brethering were one bruther, what a big bruther you'd be, and ef my big bruther should fling that big stur into the canal, what a great big splash that would make—for I'm an orful sinner, the chief among ten thousand, and the one altogether luvly.

"My brethering, I want to give you notice there will be some carryings on at this place next Sunday afternoon, at half-past four, when I shall prove the doctrine that uv all the shells in the world the hard shells am the thickest and the best—for I'm an orful sinner, the chief among ten thousand, and the one altogether luvly.

"I shall prove that book larin' ain't uv no use, my brethering, that writin' sermons and getting a celery for um is a sin that deserves indemnification—for I'm an orful sinner, the chief among ten thousand, and the one altogether luvly.

"Brethering, let us liquor, and then go hum, remembering the words of the profit: 'Be sure you're right, then go ahead.'"

Something Sensible.

The following item of sensible advice is taken from "Hall's Journal of Health."

Dress children warm—woolen flannel next their persons during the whole year. By every consideration protect the extremities well. It is an ignominious barbarism which allows a child to have bare arms, and legs, and feet, even in summer. The circulation should be invited to the extremities: warmth does that—cold repels it. It is at the hands and feet we begin to die. Those who have cold hands and feet are never well. Plenty of warmth, plenty of substantial food and ripe fruits, and plenty of sleep, and plenty of joyous outdoor exercise would save millions of children annually.

Health of Children.

When children have the misfortune to be placed in draughts of cold air, they lose their heat very readily, and with great difficulty regain it. It cannot be too strongly impressed upon mothers and nurses, that a temporary chill is followed by a permanent effect, and that not only does the chill effect that particular part of the body to which the depressing agent is applied, but, in a short time, the temperature of the entire body becomes reduced. It is thus that thin or wet shoes, insufficient or wet clothing, or wet sheets, or a damp room, produce mischief, disease or death.

Leaf Manure.

The best manure, says Liebig, (*Humus*) for any plant, is the decomposed leaves and substance of its own species; hence when the small onions, or scallions, as they are left upon the bed, are turned under the soil, they greatly benefit the succeeding crop. Leaf manure is not, according to him, an entirely vegetable substance, but rather mineral vegetable, as they contain large quantities of earthy matter. An annual dressing of salt, in moderate quantities, sown broadcast over the whole garden early in spring, is beneficial, destroying the germs of insects and acting on the foliage of plants, retaining moisture, &c. Ten bushels to the acre will answer the purpose.

There is a woman, youthful and quite handsome, who visits the Baltimore penitentiary every day, and converses with her husband an hour or more through the bars. Yet this man is serving out a time of years for having cut her throat (his wife's) and inflicted several severe stabs in her breast, from the effects of which her life was for a long time despaired of. What an evidence of love and constancy.

A Gentleman of the name of Marten, married a lady of the name of Martin, and it was punningly said that he knocked her eye (i) out on the day of their marriage.

Some signs are very suspicious. For instance: "I. Steels, Dry Goods."

It ruins silver to wash it with soap-suds. So says a well-known silver-smith.

It is a farmer commences with the use of lime on his soil; the first season he sees an improvement; he continues its use for some two or three years, and finds but little, if any perceptible change in his crops; he now cries humbug, this use of lime. Now the truth is, that in his first application, the land was rather deficient in lime only; but in not using other manure in connection, other substances in the soil were exhausted; potash or soda was now wanted, and hence the constant use of lime only for a series of years will injure and deteriorate the soil.

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