

LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

BY O. N. WORDEN & J. R. CORNELIUS.

Fridays---at Lewisburg, Union County, Pennsylvania.

TWELFTH YEAR....WHOLE NUMBER, 682.

\$1.50 PER YEAR, ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

The Lewisburg Chronicle.

FRIDAY, JUNE 8, 1885.

The following paragraph, from an exchange paper, shows what precious things some of the upholders of the "peculiar institution" are. We have frequently noticed accounts of their heathenish depredations, but certainly had a better opinion of the South than to believe them, and let them pass as the mere jokes of some of "the inimy" of the North; it appears, however, that it is really the case—that we have men in the United States, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-five, who are thus abominably ignorant and superstitious, whose proper place in history should be the dark ages, when innocent women were burned for witchcraft. If such is the character of the master, what can the slave hope for?

The Tusculum North Alabamian comes to us with an excuse to its readers for not presenting its usual array of telegraphic news, the wires having been destroyed both North and South of that point, by persons who imagine that they caused the drought. They were torn down between Russellville and Franklin Springs, and on Bear Creek in that county, and in Lauderdale county, the previous week, several miles of the wires were carried off. The Alabamian says that "it is to be hoped that the philanthropists of the age, especially those of our own country, will turn some portion of their sympathies from the heathenish beheading of foreign lands to those nearer home; for if there are more ignorant heathens in any portion of the world than these anti-telegraphers, we never heard of them."

Twelve Golden Rules.

The following Rules we copy from a medical work by Charles J. Hempel, M. D. If these Rules were rigidly observed, as they should be by every body, an incalculable amount of unnecessary suffering would be avoided.

RULE 1.—Rise early, and make it a point to retire at ten o'clock; seven hours' sleep should suffice; although less may do in some cases, and, in others, more may be required.

RULE 2.—Wash your whole body from head to foot with cold water, every morning, winter and summer, immediately after leaving the bed; and rub yourself well with a fish-brush or coarse towel, immediately after washing.

RULE 3.—Never sleep in a warm room, or in a room that has not been properly ventilated in the day-time.

RULE 4.—Never sit in a draft of air; this rule is almost universally violated, but a draught of air is generally hurtful, more in one case than in another, and more especially when persons are over-heated, or covered with perspiration.

RULE 5.—Dress according to the season; but be careful not to leave off winter clothes before the warm weather has fairly set in. This rule should be particularly observed by persons who are subject to sore throat, bronchitis, chronic cough, and such like weaknesses.

RULE 6.—Avoid all kinds of heavy and indigestible food, such as rich pastry, fat, heavy farinaceous diet, warm bread, spices, mustard, pepper, etc.

RULE 7.—Avoid all stimulating drinks, brandy, beer, wine, &c., and content yourself with cold water, milk, light and unsweetened chocolate, weak black tea, and syrups made of currants, raspberries, strawberries, or other kinds of wholesome and unmedicinal fruit. Never use tobacco in any shape, except for medicinal purposes.

RULE 8.—Never keep on wet or damp clothes, stockings, etc., and never sleep on damp sheets.

RULE 9.—Do not expose yourself to keen, sharp winds, and avoid the raw and damp evening air.

RULE 10.—Live as nearly as possible in the same temperature; keep your room moderately warm, and make it a point never to sit near the fire.

RULE 11.—Eat your meals at regular hours; eat slowly; chew every mouthful well, and do not swallow it until it is properly mixed up with the saliva. If possible, take about an hour for each meal, and never eat so much as to leave the table with a sense of repletion and oppression; do not forget to clean your teeth with a soft tooth-brush after eating, and never indulge in the abominable habit of picking teeth.

RULE 12.—Avoid every kind of food or drink which naturally disagrees with you; take a little exercise in the open air every day, but not in any kind of weather; select particularly fine, bracing or balmy weather for a walk or ride; exposure to rainy, windy, raw or damp weather never does any body any good.

DR. DANIEL L. BECKER, of Selinsgrove, was knocked down by a train of cars, while at Sanbury one day week before last, and severely injured.

LOOKING OUT FOR PROVIDENCE.—In some parts of the west we learn that tame hay is held at twenty dollars per ton, and very little can be obtained at that price. They have no scarcity of another staple which they think they might get cheap, in such an emergency, and turn to good account, viz: wild oats.

Emigration to California is falling off.

For the Lewisburg Chronicle.

LINE'S

ON THE DEATH OF A. C. FISHER, LATE TEACHER OF THE DIFFIDENTS ACADEMY.

BY ONE OF HIS SCHOLARS.

The May sun sheds an amber light
On the leaves of wood and lawn between;
But one, with a smile more bright,
Welcomed and watched the springing green,
In his grave.

The fair white blossoms of the wood,
In groups beside the pathway stand;
But one, the water-lily and the god,
Who reared them with a noble hand,
In his grave.

Upon the wood-lark's morning note
The small bird's singled notes are flung;
But he whose voice, more sweet than theirs,
Oft made my heart beat high and strong,
In his grave.

That music of the early year
Fingers have of music to my eyes;
My heart sees when the flowers appear,
For then I think of him who lies
Within his grave,
In his grave.

ESTABLISHED BY H. C. HICKOK.

Taste in Dress.

There are many sayings which have been repeated so many times, by so many persons, that they have grown, perforce, into proverbs. And yet they may be at the bottom little better than popular delusions. We have all heard that "beauty unadorned is adorned the most" but like many wise saws of the kind, in prose and verse, it is only partially true. It is not our province to analyze the sources of the beautiful, but we go in strongly for the "finesse of things." We are contented that a Hindoo woman should wrap a sheet about her body and throw the ends of it over her head. We think she would be spoiled by stays and a bonnet. But stays and bonnets become white women, and the most beautiful woman ceases to become so if she be badly dressed. And the converse of this is generally true. A well dressed woman, however little she may be favored by nature, ceases to be plain. It is difficult indeed to limit the extent to which a woman by due attention to dress may improve her natural attractions, or obviate the disadvantages under which she was born.

There are some ladies who argue that the love which in any way depends upon such accidents as the handiwork of the milliner and dressmaker, or the shoemaker, is of very little worth. They know that there are better things than dress, and qualities more estimable than skill in attiring and adorning one's self. They are conscious of being good wives, excellent mothers, good economists—perhaps pious sisters and charitable neighbors; and they argue that these are the essentials for which they ought to be appreciated by their husbands. But a man is not necessarily a trifler because he thinks that his wife's virtues are none the worse for the setting of comely apparel. Wordsworth we think it is who (greatest of the philosophic poets as he is) speaks of "delight in little things" with feelings the very reverse of contempt. One of wife's first duties is to appear attractive in the eyes of her husband. It was doubtless the design of Heaven in giving man a helpmate to satisfy his natural craving after the beautiful, the graceful, and the gentle. And the woman who practically ignores this, forgets one of the greatest objects of her creation.

True, it may be argued that taste in dress is scarcely less a natural gift than personal beauty. And to some extent we admit it. One woman has naturally an eye for color and form, while another is destitute of both. But few women have not a sufficient knowledge of the becoming costume for all domestic purposes. The real secret of inattention to dress is carelessness and indifference, or idleness. "It is not worth the trouble." It is no uncommon thing for women to become slovenly after marriage. They neglect dress except when going abroad, and then there is an immense display of finery and bad taste. Great respect is shown to "company," but apart from this, there is a sort of "what's the use?" abandonment, and the complement which is paid to strangers is withheld from those who are the most likely to appreciate it, and have the best right to claim it. When a woman, with reference to the question of personal adornment, begins to say to herself, "It is only my husband," she must prepare herself for consequences which perhaps she may rue to the latest day of her life.

TO SPORTSMEN.—A correspondent of the Scientific American communicates the following, which may be of value to sportsmen:

"Wash your gun barrels in spirits of turpentine, by dipping a rag or sponge fastened on your gun rod into the liquid, and swabbing them out three or four times, when they will be cleared from all impurities, and can be used almost instantly, as the turpentine will evaporate and leave the barrels dry; even if they are a little moist it will not prevent their going off, like water. After being washed thus, there is no danger of rust, as when water is used. I am an old, experienced gunner, and have practised this for years, and found it useful."

Buffalo contains 50,000 inhabitants.

Is there any Forgetting?

Dr. Rush tells us that when he was called upon to attend, on their death-beds, who for forty, fifty, and sixty years had lost the use of their native tongue, the long suspended faculty would be recalled by approaching death, and they would talk, gray, and sing in Swedish. Dr. Johnson, also, when it came his turn to die, spoke not in the march of his own majestic rhetoric—passed by even the cadences of those Latin hymns which he once had so much loved to dwell—but was heard with his sinking voice muttering a child's prayer which he had learned on his mother's knee. Strange, indeed, is the providence, and yet so wisely illustrative of the absence of time as an element in the divine economy, which thus brings together the two extreme points of human history—birth and death! This same remarkable quality is thus touched upon by Coleridge:

"In a Roman Catholic town in Germany, a young woman of four or five and twenty, who could neither read nor write, was seized with a nervous fever, during which she continued incessantly talking Latin, Greek and Hebrew, in very puny tones, and with most distinct enunciation. The case had attracted the particular attention of a young physician, and by his statement many eminent physiologists visited the town, and examined the case on the spot. Sheets full of her ravings were taken down from her mouth, and were found coherent and intelligible each for itself, but with little or no connection with each other. All trick or conspiracy was out of the question. Not only had the young woman ever been a harmless, simple creature, but she was evidently laboring with a nervous fever. In a town in which she had been a resident for many years as a servant, in different families, no solution presented itself. The young physician, however determined to trace her past life step by step; for the patient herself was incapable of returning a rational answer. He at length succeeded in discovering the place where her parents had lived; traveled thither; found them dead, but an uncle surviving, and from him learned that the patient had been charitably taken in by an old Protestant pastor at nine years old, and had remained with him some years, even until the old man's death. With great difficulty he discovered a niece of the pastor, of whom anxious inquiries were made concerning his habits, and the solution of the phenomenon was soon obtained. For it appeared that it had been the old man's custom for years to walk up and down a passage of his house into which the kitchen door opened, to read to himself with loud voice out of his favorite books. A considerable number of these were still in the niece's possession, and the physician succeeded in identifying so many passages with those taken down at the young woman's bedside, that no doubt could remain in any rational mind concerning the true origin of the impressions made on her nervous system.

This authenticated case furnishes both proof and instance, that relics of sensation may exist for an indefinite time in a latent state, in the very same order in which they were originally impressed; and as we cannot rationally suppose the feverish state of the brain, to act in any other way than as a stimulus, this fact (and it would not be difficult to adduce several of the same kind) contributes to make it even probable thoughts are in themselves imperishable, and that if the intelligible faculty should be rendered more comprehensive, it would require only a different and apporportioned organization—The body celestial, instead of The body terrestrial—to bring before every human soul the collective experience of its whole past existence. And this—this, per-chance, is the dread book of judgment, in whose mysterious hieroglyphics every idle word is recorded! Yes, in the very nature of a living spirit, it may be more possible that heaven and earth should pass away, than that a single thought, should be loosened or lost."
—Presbyterian.

Russian Serfdom.

Among the limitations of Russian Serfdom, are these:

1. The master can not sell the serf without the land on which he resides.
2. Families can not be separated, and the unmarried children, after the death of parents, constitute a family.
3. The master's power over the body of the serf extends not to maiming or periling of life.
4. The master can not require the serf to marry off according to his own choice or affection.
5. He is entitled to the labor of only three days of the week, and can not require labor on the Sabbath or on high festivals.
6. Serfs can not be held except by the nobility and certain privileged classes and persons.
7. They can not be held except in proportion to the master's property in land, there being required for each serf the possession by the master of twenty-one acres.

The grain is good in all parts of the Union.

Signing the Pledge.

Rev. John Abbott, the sailor preacher, relates the following good story of one of his converts to Temperance. Mr. Johnson, at the close of a cold water lecture, intimated that he must sign the pledge in his own way, which he did in these words:

"I, William Johnson, pledge myself to drink no more intoxicating liquor for one year."

Some thought he would stick three days, others allowed him a week, and a few gave him two weeks; but the landlord knew him best and said that he was good stuff, but at the end of the year Bill would be a good soaker.

Before the year was quite gone, Johnson was asked by Mr. Abbott:

"Bill, ain't you going to renew your pledge?"

"Well, I don't know, Jack, but what I will. I have done pretty well so far; will you let me sign it again my own way?"

"O yes, any way so that you don't drink rum."

He writes:

"I, William Johnson, sign this pledge for nine hundred and ninety nine years, and if living at the end of that time, I intend to take out a lease for life."

A day or two after Johnson went to see his landlord, who eyed him as a hawk does a chicken.

"Oh landlord! whined Bill, accompanied with sundry contortions of the body, as if enduring the most excruciating torment, 'I have such a lump on my side.'"

"That's because you have stopped drinking; you won't live two years longer at this rate."

"If I commence drinking will the lump go away?"

"Yes. If you don't you will have another just such a lump on the other side."

"Do you think so, landlord?"

"I know it, and you will have them on your arms, back, breast and head; you will be covered all over with lumps."

"Well, may be I will," said Bill.

"Come Bill," said the landlord, let's drink together; at the same time pouring the red stuff from a decanter into his glass, guns, guns.

"No," said Johnson, "I can't, for I've signed the pledge again."

"You ain't though! You're a fool!"

"Yes, that old sailor coaxed so hard that I could not get off."

"I wish the devil had the old rascal—Well, how long did you go this time?"

"For only nine hundred and ninety-nine years," whispered Bill.

"You won't live a year."

"Well, if I drink you are sure the lump on my side will go away?"

"Yes."

"Well, I guess I won't drink; here's the lump," continued Bill, holding up something with a hundred dollars in it, "and you say, I'll have more such lumps—that's what I want!"

At the end of three weeks, the water in the creek commenced rising, and there was danger it would overflow and drown the disabled elephant. The keeper desired, therefore, to get it up and make it walk as far as a barn near by, where it would be out of danger, and could be better cared for. But it would not stir. He coaxed, wheedled and scolded, but all to no purpose. At last, enraged, he seized a pitchfork and was about plunging it into the poor things' flesh, when its companion wrenched the fork from his hand, broke it into fragments, and flung the pieces from it; then, with eyes glaring, and every evidence of rage in its manner, it stood over its defenceless and wounded friend as if daring the keeper to approach, which the man was not so green as to do again, with cruel purpose.

Thus the injured animal lay there until it died. When satisfied that it could no longer be of any service, the other quietly followed the keeper away from the spot, and showed no desire to return. If this was not reasoning mingled with an affection some men might pattern after, we should like to know what to call it.—*Buffalo Democrat.*

Is it So?

A bargain is to be made; and the buyer and the seller strive each to create a false impression in the mind of the other.

A neighbor visits you; and you put on airs of especial respect and affection which you do not feel, as your back-biting when he is gone, prove.

A suit is pending in court; and you endeavor to prevent the facts of the case being fairly brought out.

You know that it is the drunkenness of the land that creates the markets for ardent spirits, and yet because the business is gainful for you, you go on supplying that market.

The first interest is religion; and yet you will have the ordinance and go for worldly reasons where you have no hope that you or your children will have the poor Gospel any more.

You have become angry at some individual in the church, and you forsake the church on his account.

You know that you are suffering your children to grow up in the ways of the world. You are guilty of evil temper daily. You are continually judging harshly your neighbor's conduct and motives. You talk lightly of them, and needlessly expose their failings, even when you have received their hospitality.

Surprise Parties.

The New York Times says that this institution has reached that great city, via Washington; but the editor thinks it is of rural origin. The thing, he says, is in this wise:

You are sitting this afternoon, say in your quiet study, busy at a piece of writing that must be ended with the evening. You have not shaved to-day, and your makeup is only adapted to close domestic quarters. Your wife, in neat home dress, to be sure, is with you at some woman's work that cannot all be taken in her lap. The baby sprawls upon the carpet, surrounded by its babel of trumpets and dolls, go-carts and rattles. A ring at the door announces a call. Before you have had time to peep into the parlor to see that it is snug, a gentle tap at the door gives assurance that it is some familiar friend. It opens, and a brace of ladies that you are pleased to see walk in. They are going to stay but a moment, can't lay off their bonnets, but have a world of news to tell and of questions to ask. They have staid an hour, an hour and a half, and now they consent upon new urging, to stay to tea.

You would have been so much more comfortable if you would have smoothed your hair and arranged your toilet—and, how unfortunate!—baby never had on so soiled a dress before. It is of no use to worry however, and to attempt the toilet now would be but to call attention to the change. Tea scarcely over, another friend drops in, and soon another, and another. How curious that all should meet; and, of all days in the week, upon this, when you are so poorly prepared? As the evening wears on, your door is besieged; the bell rings almost incessantly, and you awake to the fact at last that you are the victim of a "surprise party."

It dawns upon you that the ladies who took tea with you were the "advance guard" sent out to keep you from going abroad, and also to prevent any "snugging up" or formal preparation.

But how will you refresh your friends when they become weary of walking and gossiping and the piano? Don't be distressed at all. The next ring of the bell will admit a company of colored men from the confectioner's with trays of oysters "in every style," patties, creams, ices, and hot drinks in urns, all ordered by your guests on their responsibility. Everybody will help himself and his neighbor, and if you resign all care you will be sure of an exceedingly pleasant time; and if the stray look over your forehead, the calico gown or patched coat you are surprised in has caused you any annoyance, be resigned with the conviction that the faintest and

most carefully dressed one of your visitors is liable to the same contingency upon the next occasion.

THE FOOL'S DEATH.—A Mr. Roghose died in London, who, in ten years, literally ate up a fortune of 150,000 pounds sterling. This singular person traveled all Europe for the sake of gratifying his appetite. In 1849, he actually seduced the cook of Prince Potemkin, in Russia, from his service. He had Agents in China, Mexico and Canada, to supply him with the rarest delicacies. A single dish sometimes cost him fifty pounds sterling. A rival of Apicius, but wiser than the Roman, he waited until all his patrimony was consumed before he quitted life. On the 10th of April nothing was left him but a solitary guinea, a shirt and a battered hat. He bought a woodcock with the guinea, which he had served up in the highest style of the culinary art. He gave himself two hours of rest for an easy digestion, and then jumped into the Thames from Westminster Bridge.

"Cabbage," says the Edinburg Review, "contains more muscle-sustaining nutriment than any other vegetable." This probably accounts for the fact of there being so many athletic fellows among the tailors.

A DUEL IN THE DARK.—A late California paper mentions a duel which was fought between a Yankee and an Englishman in a dark room. The Yankee not wishing to have blood in his hands, fired his pistol up the chimney, and, to his horror, down came the Englishman.

THE FARM: The Garden—The Orchard.

Analysis of Five Varieties of Cabbage.

Mr. J. H. Salisbury, assistant in the Laboratory of Prof. Emmons of Albany, has made a valuable contribution to the farming and gardening interest of the United States, through the pages of the December number of the American Journal of Agriculture and Science, by publishing the results of ten analyses, five of the organic and five of the inorganic elements of as many varieties of cabbage. This is a most nutritious vegetable; and we believe it can be grown with sufficient economy to aid in making butter, cheese, and wool, with a fair profit to the husbandman.

Every farmer knows that cabbage needs rich land; Mr. Salisbury has demonstrated the reason why. The varieties examined by him are the Drumhead, Savoy, Red cabbage, Cauliflower, and Turnip cabbage. They all contain a good deal of water. 100 parts of the head of the common white or large Scotch Drumhead gave only 11,335 dry weight and 88,665 water. The Savoy contains about 2 per cent. less of water, or 13,475 parts dry matter in 100 of the fresh head. The Cauliflower contains still less water, having 14,300 per cent. of dry substance. The turnip-rooted cabbage has nearly as much water as the common turnip itself, giving 91,140 parts of the pure liquid in 100 of the plant.

Estimated dry, the Drumhead contains 6309 per cent. ash; Savoy 6.605; Red cabbage 7.695; Cauliflower 10.629; Turnip cabbage 9.086. They all abound in phosphoric and sulphuric acids, combined with soda, potash, magnesia, lime, and iron. They are quite an exhausting crop. Supposing an acre of choice land to yield, as it has done, 36 tons of the Drumhead variety, the crop would take from the soil in pounds, the following minerals:

Silicic acid,	2,968 lbs.
Sulphuric acid,	56,134 "
Phosphoric acid,	64,784 "
Phosphate of per oxide of iron,	5,916 "
Lime,	14,184 "
Magnesia,	17,986 "
Potash,	142,418 "
Soda,	161,174 "
Chlorine,	2,258 "
Total,	468,130

Of these 468 lbs. 304 are pure soda and potash, and 120 lbs. phosphoric and sulphuric acids.

Cabbage is found to contain a large amount of organized nitrogen or azote. Calculated dry, i. e. after the water is all evaporated, Drumhead gives 17,899 parts in 100; Savoy 20.281; Cauliflower 20.663; Red 16.212; Turnip-rooted 19.652. Dry lean beef and dry blood contain within a fraction of 15 parts in 100 of nitrogen. Skin has 18.72 per cent.; wool, hair and horn a little less than 18 per cent.

From the above statement it will be seen that the plant under consideration is remarkably rich in nitrogen, phosphorus and sulphur; and when cabbage decays or rots, it smells not unlike decomposing meat or eggs. A cow can elaborate a good deal of cheese, and a turkey organize eggs, by eating cabbage. That healthy children can be raised in a good degree on this food, other countries beside Holland and Belgium can bear witness.

A vegetable so abundant in the elements of bone, skin, brain, and all flesh, demands a soil pretty thoroughly saturated with animal manure. The liquid excretions of animals, common salt, yield soda, wood-sulphur to furnish potash,

and gypsum to supply phosphoric acid, and gypsum to add sulphur and lime, will come in play. With rich well-plowed land, industrious boys can raise and house, or bury in the lot, a good many dollars worth of cabbage, and not greatly interfere with their other duties. See that the seed is sown early, and every thing attended to in season. Perhaps the large per centage of water in this crop will deter some from trying to grow 35 tons on an acre. It should not. There are 75 lbs. of water in 100 of fresh lean beef. Near cities where night soil can be had, cabbage seed might be drilled like turnips in fields, and cultivated partly with a small plow, or some other implement drawn by a horse.

Weeds.

Now is the time of year for every cultivator of the soil to resolve not to pull a weed during the season, but to remove them all by thorough cultivation before they arrive at a size necessary to be pulled. A few years since we heard a gentleman ask William Reed, the nurseryman of Elizabethtown, if he did not find it very laborious to have all the weeds so cleanly pulled out of his ground. He said no, we never have any to pull; we never suffer them to get large enough to require such treatment. If farmers and gardeners would pursue this system thoroughly for a few years, they would render the work comparatively easy, and their crops much improved. We have now a variety of tools for the removal of weeds. In row crop culture, nothing is more easy than to keep the ground entirely free from weeds by the use of proper surface scarifiers, drawn by a single horse or mule, and the few that may appear in our grass fields may be removed by a spade before they have an opportunity to seed. The following is from the *Gospel Banner*.—[Ed.]

There is no season of the year while vegetation is in progress of development, where time and capital may not be profitably employed in the destruction of weeds. All weeds of an indigenous character, are grass feeders; they require far more palatable than the more valuable kinds of cultivated plants, and, consequently, are far more injurious and exhausting to the soil. Even after the crops of roots and grains are removed from the fields, the warfare against them should be vigorously prosecuted, and every vestige of spurious vegetation which has found footing in the soil, be destroyed. Farmers sometimes maintain great care and industry in weeding their fields and gardens, but by a strange remissness neglect to keep down the weeds which take root in their yards, and beside their fences. As these do not subtract directly from the productive resources of their cultivated grounds, they are regarded as harmless; but every weed, wherever it grows, matures seeds, and these seeds, wafted by the winds of autumn, will be disseminated broadcast over these very lands which it has required so much patient industry, and so many hours of laborious effort to cleanse and protect from their polluting influence. Every weed, no matter where it may exist, should be destroyed before its maturing its seeds.

Melon Bug, Turnip Fly, Etc.

The daily dusting of choice melons, cucumbers, early turnips, etc., with powdered charcoal or other black powder, will materially prevent injury from the insects, as they will not frequent plants so treated. Later in the season, when grubs annoy cabbage and other small plants, slices of turpentine may be placed on the beds between the plants, and the grubs will be found on these at daylight, and may easily be removed. Slight salting of the beds before planting, will also deter grubs from annoying the plants, or rather will remove them altogether from the beds.

Whitewash for Outhouses and Fences.

As this is the season of the year when considerable whitewashing is performed, and as we have been inquired of for a good whitewashing receipt by numbers of new subscribers who have not read our receipt in a former volume, we present it again, knowing that a good story is never the worse to be twice told:

Take a clean barrel that will hold water. Put into it half a bushel of quick lime, and slack it by pouring over it boiling water sufficient to cover it four or five inches deep, and stirring it until slacked.

When quite slacked, dissolve it in a fraction, and add two pounds of sulphate of zinc, and one of common salt, which may be had at any of the druggists, and which in a few days will cause the whitewash to harden on the woodwork. Add sufficient water to bring it to the consistency of thick whitewash.

To make the above wash of a pleasant cream color, add three pounds yellow ochre.

For fawn color, add four pounds amber, one pound Indian red, and one pound lampblack.

For grey or stone color, add four pounds raw amber and two pounds lampblack.

The color may be put on with a common whitewash brush, and will be found much more durable than common white wash.

For green color, add four pounds amber, one pound Indian red, and one pound lampblack.