

Notice.—All communications, local notices, and advertisements must be handed in on Monday of each week, to insure that week's publication. The above rules will be strictly adhered to.

Legal Printing.—Persons having legal advertising to do, should remember that it is not necessary that it should be published in the county seat—any paper published in the county will answer. In all matters transpiring in this vicinity, the interest of the advertisers will be better served, by having the notices published in their home paper, than to take them to a paper that is not as generally read in their vicinity, besides it is the duty of every one to support home institutions as much as possible.

To Correspondents.—Correspondents will please write on one side of the paper only. No communication will be published unless accompanied with the real name and address of the author, which we require, not for publication, but as an evidence of good faith. All communications should be addressed to "THE HERALD," Chelsea, Washington Co., Mich.

The Chelsea Herald.

CHelsea, SEPT. 14, 1882.

A General Picture of the Farm.

In a late speech to the farmers, Col. Ingersoll, speaking of the old style of farming in the West and South said: "Everything was done in the wrong way. It was all work and waste, weariness and want. They used to fence 160 acres of land with a couple of dogs. Everything was left to the protection of chances, accident and mischance. When I was a farmer they used to haul wheat 200 miles in wagons and sell it for thirty-five cents a bushel. They would bring home about 300 feet of lumber, two bunches of shingles, a barrel of salt and a cook stove that never would draw and never would bake. In those blessed days the people lived on corn and bacon. Cooking was an unknown art. Eating was a necessity, not a pleasure. It was hard work for the cook to keep on terms even with hunger."

Referring more directly to the States of the Northwest, he goes on to say: "We have poor houses. The rain held the roof in perfect contempt, and the snow drifted joyfully on the floors and beds. They had no barns. The horses were kept in rail-pens and surrounded with straw. Long before spring the sides would be beaten away, and nothing but roots would be left. Food was fuel. When the cattle were exposed to all the blasts of the winter it took all the corn and oats that could be stuffed into them to prevent actual starvation. In those days farmers thought the best place for the pigpen was immediately in front of the house. There is nothing like sociability. Women were supposed to know the art of making fire without fuel. The woodpile consisted, as a general thing, of one log, upon which an ax or two had been worn out in vain. There was nothing to kindle a fire with. Pickets were pulled out of the garden fence, clap-boards taken from the house, and every stray plank was seized upon for kindling. Everything was worked in the hardest way. Everything about the farm was disagreeable. Nothing was kept in order. Nothing was preserved. The wagons stood in the sun and rain, and the plough rusted in the fields. There was no leisure, no feeling that the work was done. It was all labor and weariness and vexation of spirit. The crops were destroyed by wandering herds, or they were put in too late or too early, or they were blown down, or caught by the frost, or devoured by bugs, or stung by flies, or eaten by worms, or carried away by birds, or dug up by gophers, or washed away by floods, or dried up by the sun, or rotted in the stack, or heated in the crib, or they all run to vines, or smut, or coals. And when, in spite of all these accidents that lie in wait between the plough and the grain cradle, they did succeed in raising a good crop, and a high price was offered, then the roads would be impossible. And when the roads got good then the prices went down. Everything worked together for evil. Nearly every farmer's boy took an oath that he would never cultivate the soil. The moment they arrived at the age of 21 they left the desolate and dreary farms and rushed to the towns and cities. They wanted to be book-keepers, doctors, merchants, railroad men, insurance men, lawyers, even preachers—anything to avoid the drudgery of the farm. Nearly every boy acquainted with the three R's—reading, 'riting and 'rithmetic—imagined he had altogether more education than ought to be wasted in raising potatoes and corn. They made haste to get into some other business."

Those who stayed upon the farm envied those who went away.

"A few years ago the times were prosperous and the young men went to the cities to enjoy the fortunes that were waiting for them. They wanted to engage in something that promised quick returns. They built railways, established banks and insurance companies. They speculated in stocks in Wall street and gambled in grain in Chicago. They became rich. They lived in palaces. They pitied their poor brothers on the farm and the poor brothers envied them. But time has wrought revenge. The farmer has seen the railroad president a bankrupt and the road in the hands of a receiver. They have seen the bank president abscond, and the insurance company a wrecked and ruined fraud. The only solvent people, as a class, the only independent people, are the tillers of the soil. The comfort of the town must be added to the beauty of the fields. The sociability of the city must be possible in the country. Farming has been made unsovereign, and their homes have been lonely. They have been wasteful and careless. They have not been proud of their business. You must beautify your homes. When I was a farmer, it was not fashionable to set out trees, nor to plant vines. When you visited the farm you were not welcomed by the flowers and greeted by trees loaded with fruit. Yellow dogs came bounding over the tumbled fence like wild beasts. There is no sense, there is no profit in such a life. It is not living. The farmers ought to beautify their homes. There should be trees, and grass, and flowers, and running vines. Everything should be kept in order; gates should be kept on their hinges, and about all there should be the pleasant air of thrift. In every house there should be a bath-room. The bath is a civilizer, a refiner, a beautifier. When you come from the fields tired, covered with dust, nothing is so refreshing. Above all things, keep clean. It is not necessary to be a pig in order to raise one. In the cool of the evening, after a day in the field, put on clean clothes, take a seat under the trees, 'mid the perfume of flowers, surrounded by your family, and you will know what it is to enjoy life like a gentleman."

"There is a quiet about the life of a farmer, and the hope of a serene old age, that no other business or professional man is doomed for some time to feel that his powers are waning. He is doomed to see younger and stronger men pass him in the race of life. He looks forward to an age of intellectual mediocrity. He will be last where once he was first. But the farmer goes, as it were, into partnership with nature—he lives with trees and flowers—he breathes the sweet air of the fields. 'There is no constant and frightful strain upon his mind. His nights are filled with sleep and rest. He watches his flocks and herds as they feed upon the sunny slopes. He hears the pleasant rain falling upon the waving corn, and the trees he planted in youth rustle above him as he plants others for the children yet to be."

"I say again, if you want more men and women on the farms, something must be done to make farm life pleasant. One great difficulty is that the farm is lonely. People write about the pleasures of solitude, but they are found only in books. He who lives long alone becomes insane. A hermit is a madman. Without friends and wife and child, there is nothing worth living for. The unsocial are the enemies of joy. They are filled with egotism and envy, vanity and hatred. People who live much alone become narrow and suspicious. They are apt to be the property of one idea. They look upon the happiness of others as a kind of folly. They hate joyous folks, because way down in their hearts they envy them."

The Queen's Household.

The Clerk of the Kitchen has a salary of £700 a year and his board, and to aid him in his work he has four clerks, who keep all the accounts, check weights and measures, and issue orders to the tradespeople; he has also a messenger and a "necessary woman." Beside these officials of her Majesty's kitchen, there is the chef, with a salary of £700 a year, and four master cooks at about £350 per annum each—who have the privilege of taking four apprentices at premiums of £150 to £200 each—two yeomen of the kitchen, two assistant cooks, two roasting cooks, four scullions, three kitchen-maids, a store-keeper, two "Green Office" men, and two steam apparatus men. And in the confectionery department there are a first and a second yeoman, with

salaries of £300 and £250, respectively; an apprentice, three female assistants, and an errand man; and in addition to these, there are also a pastry cook and two female assistants, a baker and his assistant, and three coffee room women. The ever department, which has charge of all the linen, consists of a yeoman and two female assistants only. The gentleman of the wine and beer cellars—or, properly speaking, her Majesty's chief butler—has a salary of £500 a year. He has to select and purchase wines for the royal establishment, to superintend the decanting and send them up to table. Next to him are the principal table deckers, with £200 a year each; the second table decker, with £150; the third, with £90, and an assistant, with £52—their duties being to superintend the laying out of the Queen's table before dinner is served. The plate pantry is under the care of three women—with salaries of £160, £150, and £120, respectively, beside lodging money and board—a groom, and six assistants. These offices are of great trust and are not overpaid, seeing that at a rough guess the gold and silver plate at Windsor Castle alone is probably worth about £3,000,000, and includes some very precious specimens of art workmanship. The getting in of her Majesty's coal must be an important and arduous task, as no fewer than thirteen persons are employed all the year round on this duty alone.—Chambers' Journal.

Making Cider.

Cider is something that costs but very little where orchards are large and fruit plentiful, as in its manufacture may be used much fruit that is unsalable. The best apples pay better when barreled and sent off, but there are many old seedling trees that produce nothing fit for eating, but whose fruit makes good cider. The crab apples are the best for cider, and in some sections are used for this purpose entirely. While it is not necessary to use the best apples, yet good, sound, ripe ones should be used. They should be carefully assorted, wiped clean and dry, and every unsound one discarded. The old method of preparing a bulky press in the orchard, to be left standing until next season, should be done away with, for we now have crushers and presses that do the work in a cleaner, better and more economical manner, their cost being small compared with their effectiveness. As full directions for making cider accompany them, it is unnecessary to go into details, but it is not every one who knows how to keep cider for any length of time. In order to do this the cider should be strained into clean barrels, and immediately placed under shelter. It should ferment until ready for storing away, if it is desired to be a little "hard," but if preferred sweet it should not ferment. To prevent fermentation any time, first place the cider in a barrel from which a stave of the head has been removed, care being taken to leave a space of about 10 inches between the top and the cider. Now place on the cider a deep block of wood, which of course floats, and on this place a half pound of sulphur. Set fire to it, close up tightly as soon as sure the sulphur is burning, and leave it closed for an hour. Repeat this several times during the day, by igniting the unburnt sulphur, and when the process is over put the cider in the barrel intended for it. Now fill the barrel with more cider and treat in the same manner, filling nearly full the barrel previously used. The operation is this: Sulphurous acid gas is formed, which the cider absorbs. This gas instantly arrests all fermentation and destroys fungus, the consequence being a good, sweet article for an almost indefinite time. The sulphur gas is perfectly harmless, and imparts no unpleasant taste. To make apple butter the cider should be used as it comes directly from the press, as the sweeter the better, and porcelain lined pots are best, as brass and iron often cause metallic precipitation from the union of the acid of the cider (malic) with the metal. This is partially avoided when the cider is very fresh, yet there is danger at all times. Exposure to the air allows cider to absorb oxygen, which forms alcohol. Further exposure admits more oxygen, and we have vinegar. After while the vinegar will be changed by the oxygen into carbonic acid and water, which is a return to its primitive condition before entering the apple. All the acids of fruits, whether tartaric, citric, or malic, are finally transformed into carbonic acid, and the decomposition of cider is only the progress of changes that are ever taking place in all substances formed by the union of carbon,

oxygen and hydrogen in fruits, for the same change takes place among the expressed juices of blackberries, currants, and even the vegetables. Sugar added to cider strengthens it in alcohol by adding more carbon. Cider is a healthy drink when not used in excess.

Women and Their Work.

We do not mean the work that women may or can do, or the extent and scope of their natural powers; but we mean the work that women are actually performing. Of all the hard-working people in the world, women take the lead, and among them the hardest worked are the wives and daughters of the toiling farmer. Some women do no work and the same is true of some men; but they are all drones, of no value anywhere and are a real injury to the world, so we do not include them here. The great majority of women as of men are workers, and in every grade of life the women do the most work. Of course it is a different kind and generally lighter, but to them, with their weaker and more nervous organizations, it is harder.

Take the case of farmers on small homesteads where both husband and wife are striving to gain a competency for the future and to improve their homes, and then estimate carefully the labor performed by them as the days and weeks and months and years pass. Begin the observation at sunrise on Monday morning and continue it for a single week. Then let that serve as an average, and see how the account stands. The woman rises as early as the man does, she works as continually through the day and night the day's work for him is done, and then she works from one to three hours more while he is resting. She is as earnest and intense in her disposition to perform a great deal of labor without expense as her husband is, and she never loses sight of the command to earn and make a good home. Besides her regular daily routine work she has a thousand little petty annoyances which never reach the limits of her husband's field. These she performs, as it often seems, without using up any time, for when night comes, she has done a good day's work and these little things are not counted, still they must be done.

And when night comes, she is more subject to interruptions of rest than any other member of the family. Restlessness of children, sickness, or other trouble in the house affects her more than anybody else. All this is work, and in a lifetime it tells its story in decrepit age. And when Sunday comes, while others rest there is little leisure for her. She cooks, and cleans up, and washes and dresses up the little folks and big folks, gets everything for everybody, and when Monday morning comes she is rarely rested. But the same old round begins again; and week after week, year after year, the same faithful hands are found in the same old time-worn channels of hard, hard work.

We write this for the purpose of asking all our male readers to do everything they can to make the lives and labor of the women as pleasant and light as possible. Our mothers and wives and sisters and daughters are our best friends. They never desert us. Let us help them wherever and whenever we can. We have many opportunities. Let us improve them.

RAILROAD BUILDING.—Nearly 10,000 miles of railroad were built in the United States last year, or to be exact 9,358 miles. The nominal cost was \$233,750,000, which was probably double the actual cash expended. In addition nearly \$200,000,000 was spent in extending old lines and improving them. This is the greatest mileage and the largest expenditure of any year since railroad building began. During the coming year it is believed that 12,000 more miles of road will be constructed. At present the total mileage in the United States is about 108,000 miles, which is larger than that of all Europe. The American roads earned last year \$725,325,119, an increase over the previous year of \$110,000,000 or nearly 16 per cent. This is equal to \$13.60 for every man, woman, and child in the country. It is estimated that there are 1,200,000 persons employed on the roads, and 400,000 engaged in construction; that is to say one person in every thirty-two of our population is employed by the railroad system. Our transportation lines, it will thus be seen, are of enormous value to the country, and wield a tremendous power over the industries and finances of the nation. The owners of our railroads, it is not too much to say, are all-powerful politically in nearly every State of the Union. The time must come when the nation will subordinate this mighty force to the interests of the community; so far the railway system has been too much in the interest of favored individuals who have accumulated gigantic fortunes at the expense of those who were forced to do business with them.—From Demorest's Monthly.

VINEGAR FOR THE SICK ROOM.

There is a French legend connected with the preparation called *Vinaigre a guaire Volours*. During the plague at Marseilles a band of robbers plundered the dying and the dead without injury to themselves. They were imprisoned, tried and condemned to die, but were pardoned on condition of disclosing the secret whereby they could ransack houses infected with the terrible scourge. They gave the following recipe, which makes a delicious and refreshing wash for the sick room: Take of rosemary, wormwood, lavender, rue, sage and mint a large handful of each. Place in a stone jar and turn over it one gallon of strong cider vinegar, cover closely and keep near the fire four days, then strain and add one ounce of powdered camphor gum. Bottle and keep tightly corked. It is very aromatic, cooling and refreshing in the sick room, and is of great value to nurses.

CHELSEA VILLAGE.

SPECIAL ORDINANCE NO. 2.

A special ordinance relative to the construction of stone pavements on the east side of Main street, between Middle Street and the Michigan Central Railroad.

It is hereby ordained by the Board of Trustees of the village of Chelsea:

Sec. 1. That on the east side of Main street, between Middle Street and the Michigan Central Railroad, stone pavement fourteen feet in width, is hereby ordered to be laid and constructed along the entire front of lands and premises owned by Christopher Klein, distance being twenty-two feet across said front.

Sec. 2. That on the east side of Main street, between Middle Street and the Michigan Central Railroad, stone pavement fourteen feet in width, is hereby ordered to be laid and constructed along the entire front of lands and premises owned by Timothy McKeon, the distance being forty-two feet and seven inches across said front.

Sec. 3. It is hereby further ordered, that all said pavements shall be constructed of cobble stone, laid in gravel, on the same grade, and with the gutter therein to correspond with the pavement in front of the stores occupied by Parker & Babcock and Reed & Wiggins.

Sec. 4. That the time allowed to the owners of the respective parcels of lands, in front of which such pavements are ordered to be laid and constructed, in which under the direction and supervision of the Marshal, they are allowed to lay and construct such pavements is thirty days, from the date of the publication and service of a copy of this special ordinance, upon such person or persons respectively, and failure to construct such pavements within such period of time by the respective owners, such pavements will be constructed as provided by Act, number three hundred and sixty-five, Session Laws of eighteen hundred and sixty-nine, as amended, and the new sections thereto added.

Sec. 5. This ordinance shall take effect and be in force from and after its publication.

Approved Aug. 23rd, A. D. 1882.

JAMES L. GILBERT, Pres.

J. D. SCHNAITMAN, Clerk.

THE MORAL OF ALEXANDRIA.

The case with which the British iron-clads destroyed Alexandria, ought to be a warning to the American people. We have cities on our sea-coast of enormous wealth which are utterly defenceless. We have no navy, and not a gun in the country to drive away a hostile fleet. It would take eighteen months to prepare the machinery for casting guns capable of coping with those now mounted on the decks of the British, French and German ships of war. The stupid apathy of the American press and public on this important matter is simply phenomenal. Potentially, we are the greatest military nation on earth, but actually at present we are wholly unprepared for a contest with a tenth-rate naval power. The Turkish or the Chinese fleet could ravage our shores, and we have neither the guns to defend ourselves, nor the ships to beat them off. In the war of 1812 we had war ships superior to those of Great Britain, and they saved us from national humiliation. Yet even then the British troops captured Washington and burnt the capital.—From Demorest's Monthly.

THE REV. GEO. H. THAYER, of

Bourbon, Ind., says: "Both myself and wife owe our lives to SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE. For sale by Reed & Co."

ARE YOU MADE miserable by Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness, loss of Appetite, yellow skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure. For sale by Reed & Co.

G. W. R. R. TIME TABLE.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.—Depots foot of Third street and foot of Brush street. Ticket office, 151 Jefferson avenue, and at the Depots.

LEAVE	ARRIVE
Atlantic Ex. 14:00 a. m.	(Detroit time) 10:00 p. m.
Day Express 8:35 a. m.	" 8:30 p. m.
Detroit & Buf. 10:45 a. m.	" 7:00 a. m.
Ind. Express 12:45 noon	" 7:00 a. m.
N. Y. Express 7:05 p. m.	" 4:45 a. m.
Except Monday.	" Sundays Excepted.

J. F. McCLURE.

Western Passenger Agent, Detroit.

WM. EDGAR, Gen. Pass't Ag't, Hamilton.

BEST

business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not needed.—We will start you. \$12 a day and upwards made at home by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can work in spare time only or give your whole time to the business. No can live at home and do the work. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly outfit and terms free. Money made fast, easily and honestly. Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

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GOLD.

Great chance to make money. Those who take advantage of the good chances of making money that are offered, generally become wealthy, while those who do not improve such chances remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own homes, and to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address, STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

A NEW

MEDICINE

HOPS & MALT BITTERS

Regulate the Liver, positively cure Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness, Headache, nervous Constipation, and all the ailments of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels, correct the Stomach and Bowels, and induce Digestion.

It is rich in the materials that nourish, invigorate, purify and strengthen. It is a healthy tonic, and a powerful remedy for all the ailments of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels, and induces Digestion.

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LIFE'S LESSON.

Old hearts that have been withered by the years, and seem to keep alive with the beating of a heart that glows with the glow of youth. And old hearts that have been withered by the years, and seem to keep alive with the beating of a heart that glows with the glow of youth. And old hearts that have been withered by the years, and seem to keep alive with the beating of a heart that glows with the glow of youth.

THE CHEST OF DRAWERS.

"Married!" said Mrs. Bubble. "married!" And without another wedding cake or new bonnet, nor so much as a neighbor called in to witness the ceremony. And to Mrs. Bubble, as is poor as poverty itself, Mary, I never could have believed of you."

Pretty Mrs. Bubble's eyes sparkled, half with exultation, half with vague fear. "It was out in 'Squire Larkins' garden, mother," said she. "Squire Larkins was there, and Miss Jennie Wynward and Mr. Hall. Abel was shingling the ice-house roof, and he said it must now or never, because he couldn't endure the anxiety. And the 'Squire is a Justice of the Peace, and I've got a certificate, all legal and right—see, mother! And as for being poor, why, Abel has his trade, and no one can deny that he is an industrious, temperate young man, and please, mother, fling those arms around the old lady's neck, 'if you'll forgive me for disbelieving you this once, never will I do it again.'"

Mrs. Bubble—although, to use her own words, she never could get over the mortification of having a daughter married by a "Justice of the Peace"—finally forgave bright-eyed Mary, and consented that Abel Jones should set up his shop at the foot of the farm lane, to commence the career of a cabinet-maker.

"Though I am quite sure," said Mrs. Bubble, "that he never will earn his living, and I did hope, Mary, you would have married some one who could at least have cleared the mortgage off the old place."

But Abel and Mary were happy. Where Youth and Love are sitting in life's sunshine, old creases is one too many. Let him go his way, who cares for him?

"We shall get along," said Abel. "Of course we shall get along!" said Mary.

And thus matters stood, when Mrs. Bubble, with a young friend in her white muslin stopped at the Bubble farm-house to drink a glass of milk and eat some of Mrs. Bubble's cherry-short-cake.

"I hope the bride is well," said Mrs. Larkins, laughing.

"To be sure, thank you," said Mrs. Bubble. "She's gone up to Deacon Faraday's to get her recipe for makin' short-cake. Abel's well, too, thank you. He's in the shop, now, at work. His hammer is sort of company for me, when I set here alone. I don't deny as he's a decent young man enough, if he wasn't as poor as Job's turkey! And with Mary's face, and her term at boarding-school, she'd ought to do better."

"What a beautiful old chest of drawers!" cried Miss Wynward, ecstatically. "What lovely brass ornaments! And what picturesque claw legs!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Larkins. "It is over a hundred years old. Everybody has heard of Mrs. Bubble's antique chest of drawers!"

"O, ma'am, it ain't the same," said Mrs. Bubble. "It ain't the old one at all. I sold the old one a month ago."

"Sold it?" echoed Mrs. Larkins.

"I didn't want to sell it," said Mrs. Bubble, looking imploringly over the edge of her spectacle glasses. "It was given to me, you know, ma'am, when my father's estate was settled up, and the old furniture was divided. My brother John's wife, she wanted 'The Death of Jonathan,' in a gilt frame, with cord and tassels, so she says, says she."

"Sophrar, you can take the old chest o' drawers."

"And I knew I was bein' cheated then; but, la! what's the use of trouble among our relations?" So says I.

"Have it your own way, Abigail Ann."

"And she took home 'The Death of Jonathan,' and took the chest o' drawers. And Abel he fixed it up dreadful nice, with a little old-paper and varnish, and it was handy to keep old letters, and samples of patchwork, and paper patterns in. But when that fine young lady from the city, as is boarding at Doctor Holloway's, offered me twenty-five dollars for it, it seemed a wicked sin to refuse so much money; so I sold it. And John's wife, she couldn't hardly believe her ears when she heard tell of it. And she says, says she:

"And I knew just how she felt, and I want a bit sorry for her. As she always was a grumpy thing. But after it had gone away in Doctor Holloway's wagon, I began to miss it, and I fairly sat down and cried. And Abel he says:

"Cheer up, mother, says he. 'I'll make you another one just like it!'"

"And so he did. And there it is," added Mrs. Bubble, with honest pride, "and you'd never know, but it was the same old chest o' drawers. 'He'd darned it down and fixed it up, and turned out a new set of drawers, and he'd never just as well as I was before."

So Mrs. Bubble put on her shawl, and went to the sewing society with Mrs. Larkins and Miss Wynward were gone, so that there was no one in the big, airy kitchen when Prof. Eldred and his two daughters—mild ladies of an untroubled age—alighted from their open wagon and stepped in for a drink of water.

"There was the well, under the bowery apple-blossoms at the back; and there was the gourd-shell, lying in the grass beside the sweep; and the cleanly scrubbed kitchen floor, with its rug rags at the doors; and the ancient clock, ticking away in its corner; and the old chest of drawers, between the two windows."

"Pa!" cried Miss Etheldreda Eldred, putting up her eye-glasses, "what a lovely piece of workmanship!"

"Quite medieval!" sighed Miss Remondina. "We must have this old Revolutionary relic in our drawing-room, pa!"

The young man stared around him. "This is no time to ask the price of."

FARM AND FIELDS.

The old idea was that a piano was bought and brought to the house with much bruising of its beautiful legs and much muffled profanity on the part of the draymen, to be played on. What a preposterous suggestion! What a relic of barbaric ignorance! A piano to be played on! Go to.

Thank the stars the days of such stupidity are over, and the true, solid and natural use of a piano is becoming generally understood. A piano is put into a house for these simple purposes and none other. Its top is designed as a place for a photograph album, a brilliant lamp and a vase of flowers. Its rack is intended as a rest for an open book—an open book covered with pictures of farm and fencer, upon which are perched innumerable black birds. The piano is placed there for the nervous young man in company to sit on and write, and write and wrangle. Its richly carved legs are sprawled out for neat and awkward people to run against, and upon being solicited again by the hostess if they are hurt, to reply, with the hot tears of anguish, gushing into their eyes: "Not in the least; only just grazed it."

Such are the legitimate uses of an able-bodied and well-limbed piano in its various parts and proportions. As a whole the piano serves two other and nobler purposes. The one is it imparts character, stateliness and an air of affluence to a household establishment. The proud-spirited host points to the rosewood instrument and seems to say to his assembled guests: "You behold that majestic instrument. It is grand, square and upright. Is it not symbolic of its owner—his he not grand, square and upright?" Of course nobody can play on it, but it is the quantum of daughters—but it is to be remembered that it was not put there to play on, and who would ask its owner to put it to peruse?

But after all the real mission of a piano in the house is this—a place for a young lady to sit and idly turn the leaves of a black book, and a something for a young gentleman to hang over and now and then breathe softly in the young lady's ear to let her know that he is growing weak, but he still lives. It is an affecting sight to observe a young man hang over a piano. Few young men know how to hang over a piano—a good form. One must not bend too low, as if he were looking for a lost glove button or a nickel, nor yet be too rigid and inflexible, like a wood-soldier on a weather vane. A compromise of these attitudes with a little oblique leaning toward the stool and its occupant is about the correct thing in piano hanging.

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