

SOME HINTS.

In remitting, try to procure a draft, and don't fail to indorse it; or a Post-office order.

Address L. A. Godey, Philadelphia, Pa. That is sufficient.

If a lady is the writer, always prefix Mrs. or Miss to her signature, that we may know how to address a reply.

Town, County, and State, always in your letter.

If you want your book sent to another post-office, state to what office it is sent to at the time you write.

When a number of the LADY'S BOOK is not received, write at once for it; don't wait until the end of the year.

When inclosing money, do not trust to the sealing matter on an envelope, but use a wafer in addition.

Mrs. Hale is not the Fashion Editress. Address "Fashion Editress, care L. A. Godey, Philadelphia."

When you send money for any other publication, we pay it over to the publisher, and there our responsibility ceases.

We can always supply numbers for back years.

Subscriptions may commence with any number of the year.

Let the names of the subscribers and your own signature be written so that they can be easily made out.

LEECHES AS CLERKS OF THE WEATHER.—"Is it going to be a fine day?" is a question which, at this season of out-door enjoyment, is frequently upon our lips. If we have made arrangements for a picnic, or for a no less enjoyable ramble in search of wild flowers or insects, it is, to say the least of it, unsatisfactory, when our first morning peep out of the window is met by a dull sky or a heavy bank of clouds. If it rained we should feel disappointed, but the uncertainty is even more trying. Now, in such cases, we doubtless feel how useful would be the information obtainable from the Clerk of the Weather office, did that functionary exist; but, as that source of weather-knowledge is denied us, we must look around and see if Nature, the truest Lady Bountiful extant, has not in some measure supplied the deficiency. As usual, we find provided for us the very things we require; and these little leeches, sluggish though they seem now, are Clerks of the Weather in good sooth. The apparatus necessary for observing their predictions is very simple; it consists of a glass jar, with stones and a shell or two at the bottom, and a few sprays of Anacharis; the water must not reach the top of the vessel by at least two inches. A tight-fitting wirework cover must be placed over the top, as the leeches soon escape, especially in stormy weather. The water should be changed once in ten days during the summer; and once in three weeks during the winter. As a rule, during fine and wet weather, the leeches remain at the bottom of the vessel. When a change is slowly approaching, they move upwards, twenty-four hours, or at times thirty-six hours, in advance of it. When a storm is rapidly approaching, the leeches become very restless, and rise quickly; while before a thunder-storm they pass entirely out of the water. When the change occurs, they become still, at the bottom of the vessel; but if, under such circumstances, they rise again or keep above the water, length or violence of storm is indicated. If the leeches rise during a continuance of east wind, wind rather than rain is to be expected. When a storm comes direct from a distance, we shall observe the rapid rising and restlessness alluded to above; but much shorter notice—from four to six hours—will be given. When heavy rain or high wind is to be expected, the leeches are also restless and keep out of the water, but their movements are much less rapid. It is advisable to keep the vessel in a temperature as even as possible. When the temperature falls below 48 degrees, the leeches cease to indicate any change; they become quite torpid, or, in other words, hibernate *pro tem*. In a small jar, at a temperature above 75 degrees, the excessive heat may cause them to rise; otherwise they would be quiet.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—Persons wishing information about any of the articles advertised in our Book must address the advertiser.

PUNCH gives a graphic account of the machinery used to produce a conundrum. The party is supposed to be waiting for the announcement of dinner.

Bold Somebody (during an awkward silence). Have you (to Young Lady) have you ever read Hiawatha? *Young Lady* (timidly feeling that something or other depends upon her reply). Yes. (Fearing she may be called upon for a quotation, adds): But 'twas a long time ago.

Bold Somebody (leading up to his joke, gently). The name of the heroine was, as you remember, Minnie-haha, the laughing water.

Young Lady (not liking to commit herself). Well—*Bold Somebody* (observing that his conversation attracts general attention). I dare say she was called by her savage intimates, Minnie.

(A few people tittered, ha! ha! ha!)

Bold Somebody. Well, if a cannibal had eaten this heroine (every one listening), why would he be like a small portrait?

Young Lady (repeating). If a cannibal had—what? *Bold Somebody* (says it again).

Young Lady. Ah yes! Is it a riddle?

Bold Somebody (pleasantly). Yes.

Various People (pretending to have thought over it, and wondering when dinner will be ready). I don't know.

Lady of the House (politely). What is the answer, Mr. Somebody?

Bold Somebody (repeating the point). He would be like a small portrait, because he'd be a Minnie chewer.

(Curious sensation felt by everybody). *Bold somebody* smiles at his boots.

ENTER SERVANT.

Servant (very distinctly). Dinner mum.
Relief of guests. Exit omnes.

MODEL SPEECH which may be found useful:—

A Bridegroom's Speech—"The Health of the Bridegroom and Bride."

MY FRIENDS: Of myself at this most mystic hour I will say nothing. No; but I will thank you for my wife. Wife! Blissful monosyllable! A blended harmony of all earth's music! Wife that calls up, as with an enchanter's wand, the homestead and the hearts; the kettle singing, rejoicingly singing, on the bar; and the cat sleeping, profoundly sleeping, on the rug; a word that intensifies so many meanings! The call of butcher, and baker, and milk below, and a quarter's rent, and water-rate, and the taxes. Ladies and gentlemen, when I only glance at the wedding ring on my wife's finger—that ring and that finger which it has been the summit of my bliss this morning to bring together, when I look upon that simple bit of golden wire, it seems to me that, in the words of the bard of Avon, "I have put a girdle round about the world," a world of beauty and truth, of constancy and love. When I look at that ring—and how can I help looking at it?—does not its brightness fascinate and chain me? Yes, I will repeat it—I am proud to repeat—chain me? When I look at that ring, am I not reminded of the circle of domestic duties, a circle even and complete and without a flaw; a circle harmonious with golden utterance; a circle of purity without alloy; a never-ending still beginning round of earthly happiness? My friends, when the honeymoon is over—not that it ever will be over with my own—own—(here give the bride's names, *Arabella or Dorcas, as the name may be*)—and myself (for we propose to enjoy twelve honeymoons every year of our lives); when I enter my house—and here let us return due thanks to my honored father-in-law who has furnished that unpretending mansion with equal taste and liberality, though he will forgive me in this confiding hour, when the heart swells and the tongue will speak, if I loosely observe to him that the house has a wine-cellar, and that his taste in tawny port is unexceptionable; when, I say, I enter my house, and for the first time sinking in my arm-chair, place my slipped feet upon my rug—that rug worked by certain hands with heart's ease and roses—I shall say to myself, here is my paradise and here (here look at the bride very passionately) and here my Eve.

A TAX on babies is the newest thing that the Turkish ministers have devised. Mothers' feelings on this question, if canvassed, would not be complimentary to the Sultan.