



**F**LORENCE Knitting Silk, Filoselle,  
**S**ILK Hosiery, Underwear, Mittens, &c.

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**C**ORTICELLI **S**POOL **S**ILK

Sewings, Embroideries,  
Wash Silks, Braids, &c.

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CORTICELLI SILK MILLS,

FLORENCE, MASS

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Nonotuck Silk Company,

IRA DIMOCK, Pres.

E. W. EATON, Treas.

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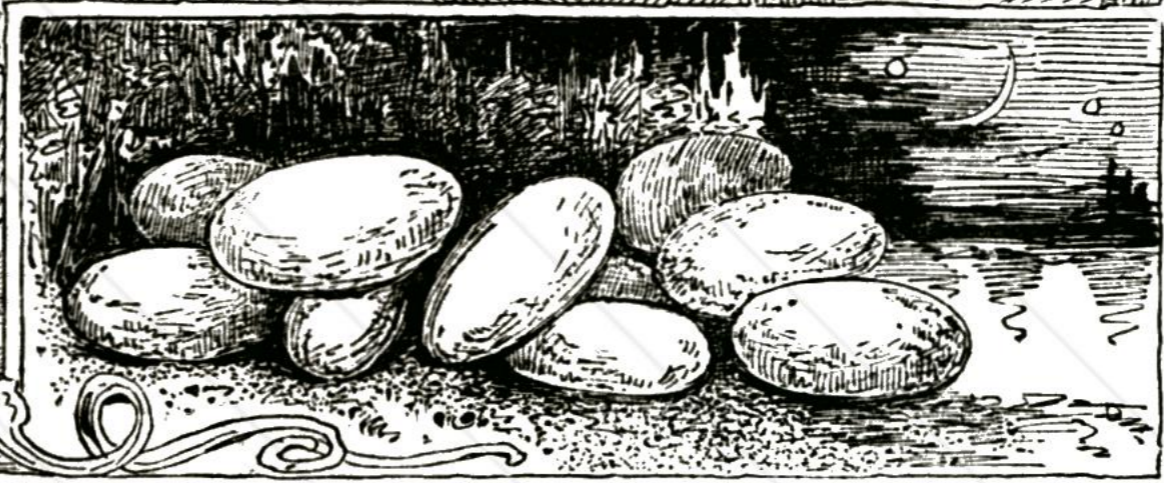




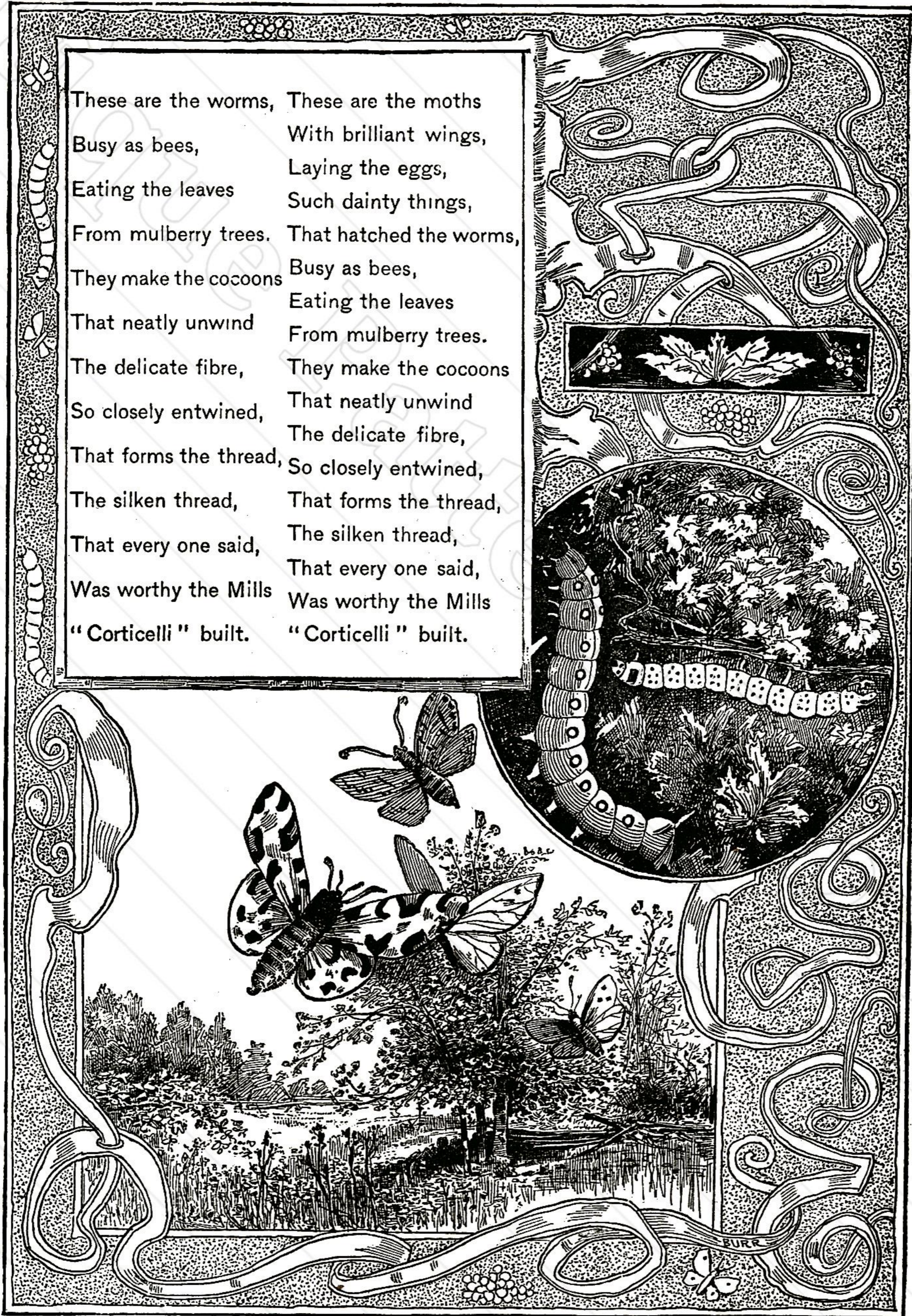
This is the thread,  
The silken thread,  
That ev'ry one said  
Was worthy the Mills  
"Corticelli" built.

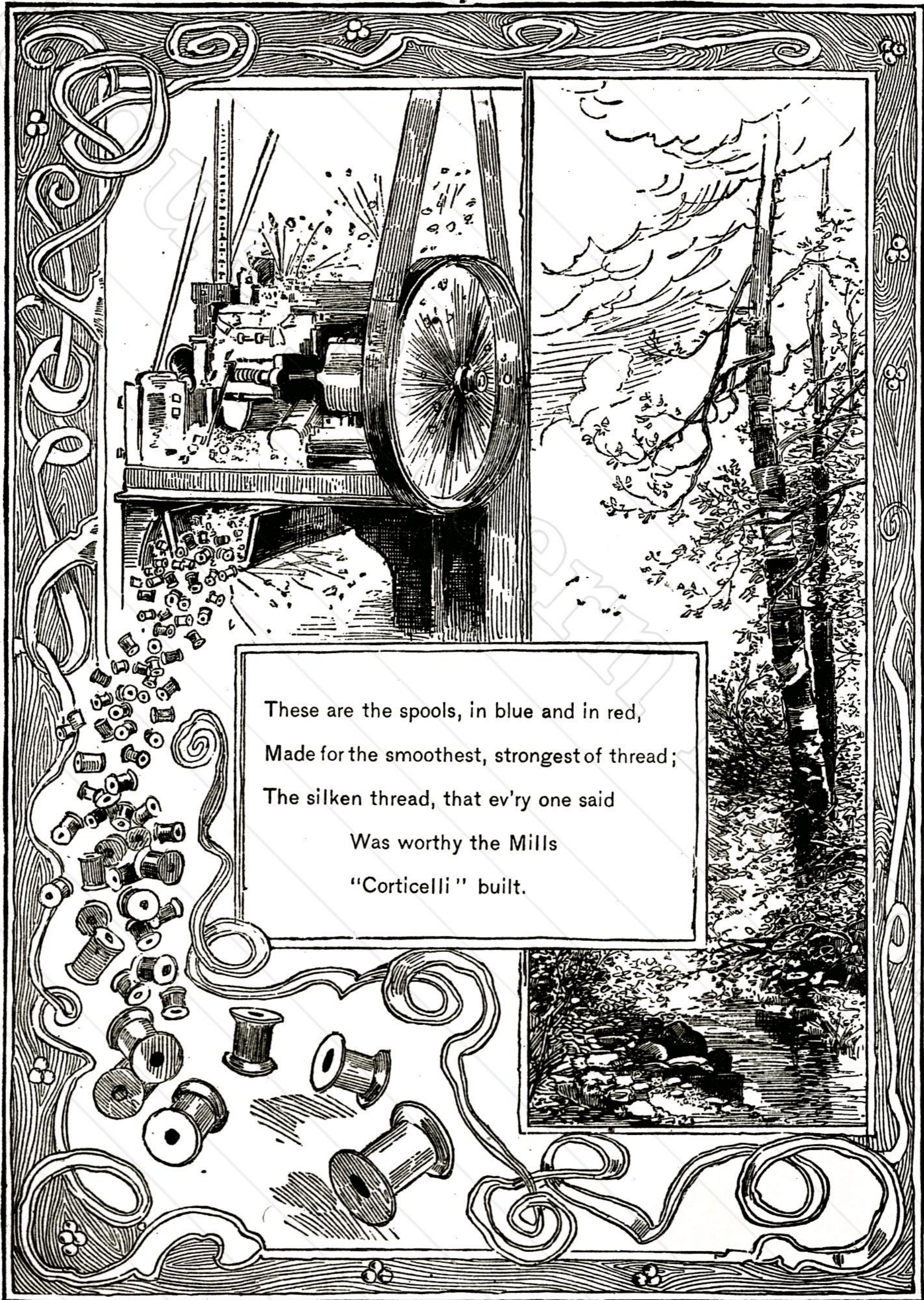


These are the cocoons,  
That neatly unwind  
The delicate fibre,  
So closely entwined,  
That forms the thread,  
The silken thread,  
That ev'ry one said  
Was worthy the Mills  
"Corticelli" built.



These are the worms, These are the moths  
Busy as bees, With brilliant wings,  
Eating the leaves, Laying the eggs,  
From mulberry trees. Such dainty things,  
That hatched the worms,  
They make the cocoons Busy as bees,  
Eating the leaves  
That neatly unwind From mulberry trees.  
The delicate fibre, They make the cocoons  
So closely entwined, That neatly unwind  
That forms the thread, The delicate fibre,  
The silken thread, So closely entwined,  
That every one said, That forms the thread,  
Was worthy the Mills The silken thread,  
"Corticelli" built. That every one said,  
"Corticelli" built. Was worthy the Mills  
"Corticelli" built.

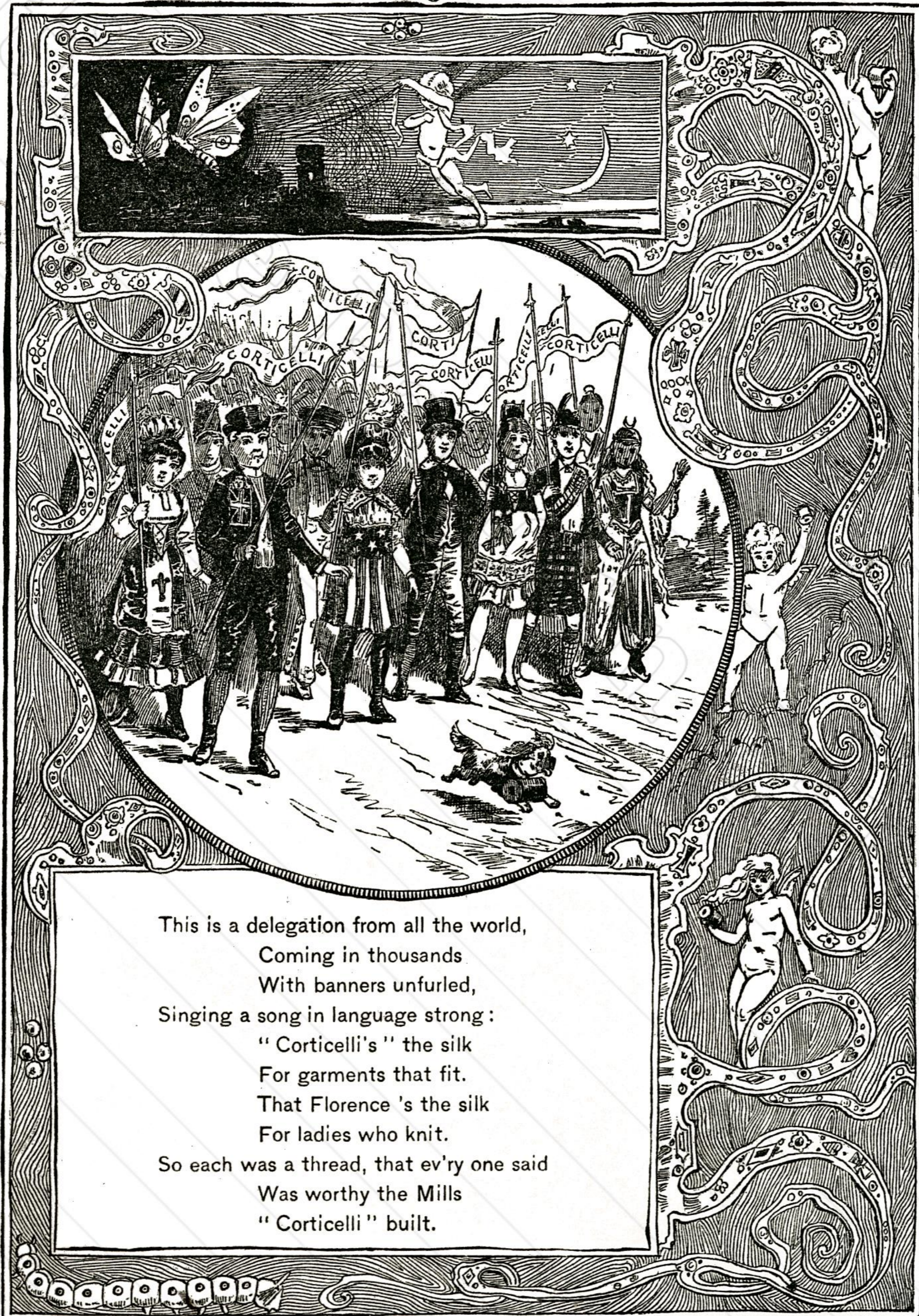






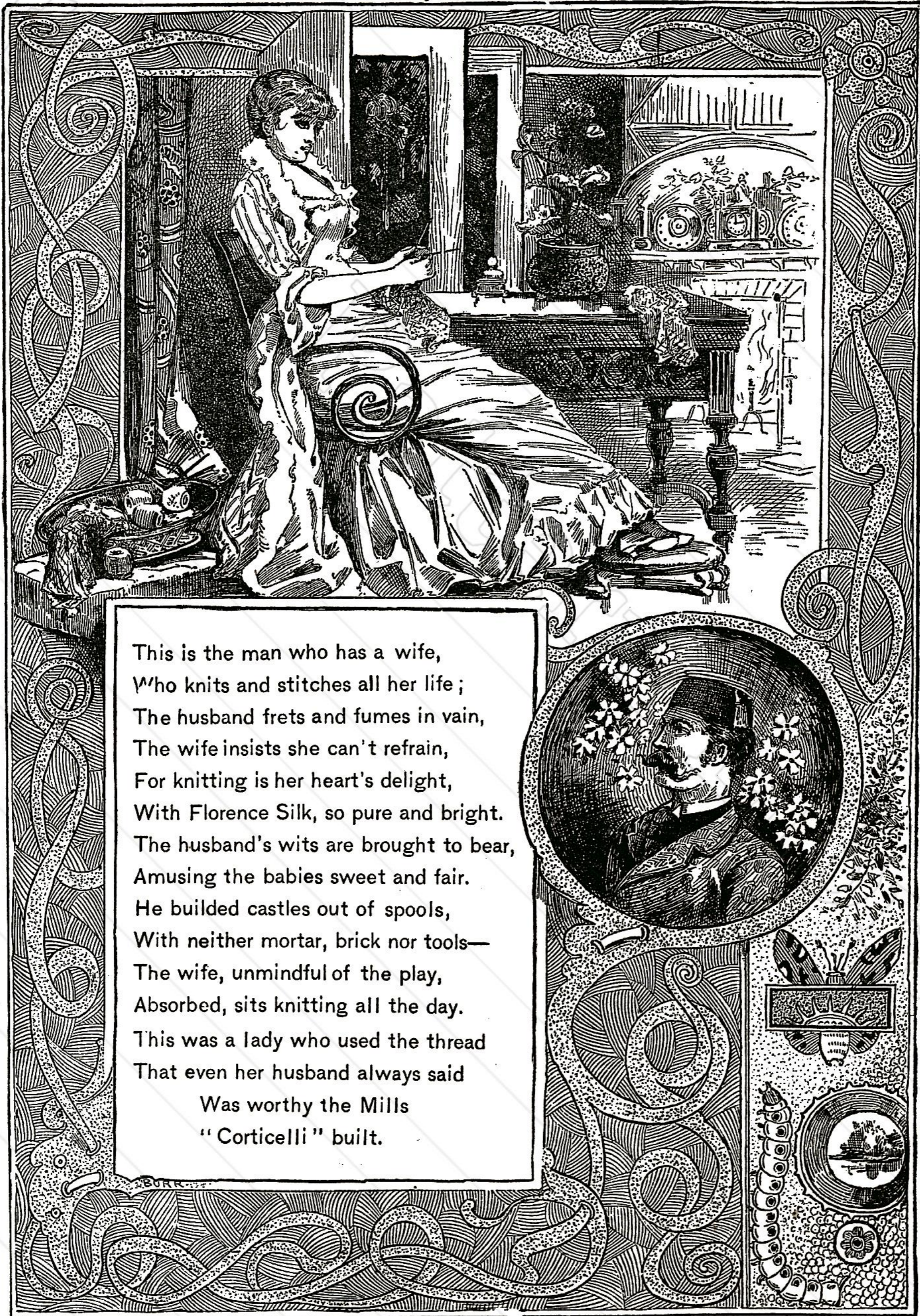
This is the silk,  
The "Florence" brand,  
For knitting, used throughout the land.  
It's made in yellows, reds and blues,  
In black and brown, and other hues.  
It equals the thread that every one said  
Was worthy the Mills  
"Corticelli" built.

This is a maiden, sick and sad:  
She used a silk, 'twas weak and bad.  
There is a silk that's smooth and strong,  
That has a name and endless fame,  
That those who use will not refuse  
To indorse the thread,  
That ev'ry one said  
Was worthy the Mills  
"Corticelli" built.



This is a delegation from all the world,  
Coming in thousands  
With banners unfurled,  
Singing a song in language strong :  
" Corticelli's " the silk  
For garments that fit.  
That Florence 's the silk  
For ladies who knit.  
So each was a thread, that ev'ry one said  
Was worthy the Mills  
" Corticelli " built.





This is the man who has a wife,  
Who knits and stitches all her life ;  
The husband frets and fumes in vain,  
The wife insists she can't refrain,  
For knitting is her heart's delight,  
With Florence Silk, so pure and bright.  
The husband's wits are brought to bear,  
Amusing the babies sweet and fair.  
He builded castles out of spools,  
With neither mortar, brick nor tools—  
The wife, unmindful of the play,  
Absorbed, sits knitting all the day.  
This was a lady who used the thread  
That even her husband always said  
Was worthy the Mills  
"Corticelli" built.

This is the Company that always made  
The best spool silk known to the trade.  
They started out in a modest way,  
And struggled on for many a day,  
Till now their Mills, immense and grand,  
Are making silk for all the land.  
The gorgeous robes that grace the fair  
Are stitched with silk they make with care.  
In many homes are works of art,  
Composed of silk—the better part—  
And for this work the ladies choose  
Corticelli or Florence Silk to use.  
These are the silks, of peerless thread,  
This Company made, as we have said,  
And all at the Mills  
"Corticelli" built.

**The Maiden**  
Who seldom makes mistakes.

She is a maiden young and fair—  
A seamstress, by the way—  
Who sings and sews with happy heart,  
Through all the blessed day.  
'Twas only Tuesday evening last  
My heart received a pang,  
For Maggie all the evening long  
Of CORTICELLI sang.

I told her of my constant love,  
The heart that beat for her,  
I pictured well a happy life  
And begged her not defer;  
For well she knew the love I craved,  
The joy that it would bring.  
But what did she, but as before,  
Of CORTICELLI sing.

This was too much to well  
endure;  
My heart was bowed with  
grief,  
And it would burst, I surely  
thought,  
Unless it found relief.  
I curtly asked my seam-  
stress fair,  
While feeling much alarm,  
What could this be, this per-  
fect thing,  
This CORTICELLI charm?

She sweetly smiled and said: "My love,  
How stupid you must be,  
Have you not heard the praises sung  
By maidens fair and free, [strong,  
Of thread that's pure, and smooth and  
That never knots or breaks,  
The silken thread that maidens use  
Who seldom make mistakes?"

