

Saint Mary's Beacon.

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LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY MORNING, APRIL 27, 1871

NO. 27

ST. MARY'S BEACON

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JAMES S. DOWNS.

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Professional Cards.

THE undersigned, Attorneys at Law and Solicitors in Chancery, have this 23rd day of July, 1866, formed a Partnership in the practice of the profession, under the name and style of Combs & Downs. They will practice in the County of Saint Mary's and the adjoining Counties, and in the Court of Appeals. Special attention will be paid to the collection of claims against individuals, the State, or the Government.
References given, when required, Address Combs & Downs, Leonardtown, P. O., St. Mary's County, Maryland.
ROBERT C. COMBS
JAS. S. DOWNS.
July 5, 1866—ly.

Law Co-Partnership

The undersigned, Attorneys at Law and Solicitors in Chancery, have this 23rd day of July, 1866, associated themselves to practice their profession under the name and style of **BLANKINSHIP & MORGAN.**
They will practice in St. Mary's and the adjoining Counties, and in the Court of Appeals. Special attention will be paid to the collection of claims against individuals, the State, or the Government.
References given, when required, Address Combs & Downs, Leonardtown, P. O., St. Mary's County, Maryland.
ROBERT C. COMBS
JAS. S. DOWNS.
July 5, 1866—ly.

J. PARRAN CRANE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LEONARDTOWN,
Jan 26, 1871—tf.

JAS. H. WILSON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LEONARDTOWN,
Feb 10, 1870—tf.

J. F. MATTHEW,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LEONARDTOWN,
Will practice in the Courts of St. Mary's, Charles and Prince Georges.
Sept. 12th, 1867—6m.

DANIEL C. HAMMETT,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Leonardtown, St. Mary's County, Maryland
Oct 3, 1867—tf.

NEEDS.—Break, Garden, Fruit, Herb, Tree and

SEEDS.—Break, Garden, Fruit, Herb, Tree and
Sewer, and all kinds of seeds, with
with accurate for culture. *Twenty different
not purchase of either class for \$1.00. The
Garden \$2.00.*
2500 lbs. of Kentucky and Tree Seeds; Apple, Pear, Cherry, &c. Grass Seeds, Barley, Oats, Corn, Rye, Sorghum, Turnip, and all other seeds; also small Fruits, Strawberries, Blackberries, Raspberries, &c. in small quantities. New Goods! Borden Japan Lily, &c. Potted Plants, &c. Agents wanted. Wholesale and Retail. Agents, Clubs and the Trade. Seeds on commission.
W. WATSON, Old Colony Nurseries and Seed Warehouse, Plymouth, Mass. Established in 1842.
Feb 2, 1871—2m

HORNE & GREENWEL,

Builders and Contractors.

THE undersigned have entered into Co-partnership as Builders and Contractors, and are prepared to execute all orders in their line of business that may be made upon them with promptness, at reasonable rates and in workmanlike manner.

GEORGE HORNE,
THOS. C. GREENWELL,
Leonardtown, Md.
March 31 1870—tf.

FRANCIS NEALE, J. H. NEALE

NEALE, HARRIS & CO.
Commission Merchants,
Selling Tobacco, Grain and all country produce.
Buy fertilizers and all supplies for farmers. No commission charged for buying goods when funds are in hand.
may 27, 1869—4t

LICENSED AUCTIONEER.

R. M. EDWARDS, having qualified as a Licensed Auctioneer according to the Laws of the United States, gives notice that he will attend to the sale of all real or personal property that may be offered at public auction in St. Mary's County. Address, R. M. Edwards, Great Mills, P. O., St. Mary's County, Md.
June 25, 1870—4t.

(Written for the Beacon.)

RELIGION.

BY J. D. T.

Reader, have you ever felt the consoling influence of religion on the bruised and aching heart, how, when death enters the family circle and the loved one is borne away, and placed in the tomb, with what religious fervor the bruised heart turns to God for consolation? There are many men who pretend to say that religion is a humbug, but when trials come, and the heart is torn and bruised with grief and woe, and misfortunes gather thickly around them, then is the time that religion asserts its influence, and a prayer wells up from the inmost recesses of the heart to that infinite power to whom they were taught to pray by the lips of a revered mother in their infancy, but which they have forgotten in the busy scenes of life they have passed, and the paths of pleasure they have trod.

Dear reader, there is religion in every thing around us, a calm and holy religion in the unbreathing things of nature, which man would do well to imitate. It is a meek and lowly influence, stealing as it were, upon the heart. It comes, but it has no terror in its approaches. It is fresh from the hands of the Author, and glowing from the immediate presence of the great spirit which pervades and quickens it. It is written on the aerial sky. It looks out from every star; it is among the hills and valleys of the earth, where we see the trees and shrubs grow, and the mighty forest fluctuate before the strong wind of heaven with its dark waves of green foliage. It is spread out in plain language upon the broad bosom of the mighty ocean. It is this that lifts up the spirit within us, which breaks link after link that binds us to mortality, and which opens to the imagination a world of spiritual beauty and holiness.

Religion steadily points us to the home of God, with its towers bathed in resplendent glory, more beautiful than anything on earth. If thou art weary, there is rest up there forever, religion is beautiful—and all its desolation and deformity where religion is not.

THE MARRIAGE QUESTION.

The celebrated German writer, Heinrich Zschokke, in his pleasant little work, called "Labor Stands on Golden Feet," gives us an American a droll notion of German love-making. The gallant gentleman, when putting the fatal question to his fair Dulcinea, instead of dropping on his knee or throwing himself at her feet according to chivalric habits, or even giving full play to his ardor and swearing by the pale moon a thousand burning oaths, in place of poetically painting their future bliss and describing that lovely home by the lake of Geneva that his beauty was to adorn more than all its natural charms, performs the operation in a most prosaic way. After stating his general views, he reaches his nearest approach to enthusiasm when he touchingly remarks: "I will work for thee; with thou care for me?" "Here is a practical view of the marriage question, inculcated betimes; here is forethought and discretion, but not much valor and little of the desperation of passion. What answer would such a query bring from a New York belle?"

"I indeed I won't; that is not the object of getting a husband as viewed by my lights. I will spend for thee, spend as fast as you can make; spend all your earnings, work as hard as you will. 'Save for you,' indeed, while Stewart's, or Arnold's, or even cheap and nasty Maly's opens its portals, and displays its silks and satins to my delighted gaze? Save for those while there is a new bonnet to be had, or a diamond necklace at Tiffany's, or Madame Didier asks five hundred dollars to make my dress? Save for those while that obliging Mrs. Jones has mounds of money, rides in her carriage with two footmen, and had her parlor furniture imported express from Paris? There may be some fun in that, but I cannot discover it. Work for me, of course you will, and see my wants be supplied, for I shall be a handsome enough wife to have somebody supply them."

That would be her answer, of course, and very right of her too. She has been brought up to do something better and more agreeable than saving. Even here in a cottage will not do for her; a fifth avenue house is the only place where that sensitive plant grows with us. It must be fed on silks and damasks, and gems and jewels, and silks and laces. The little god of that kingdom is drawn in a nude condition in order that his worshippers may clothe him, and very handsomely the charming ladies of Europe are airy residences, and not suited to a Northern climate with the thermometer at zero in the sun in Winter, and ninety in the shade in Summer. The fancies of the period prefer bricks and mortar if they are more prosaic. Cottages can no longer be erected in this city under our fire laws, and lodges in vast wildernesses will do well enough in Summer when the play of catching trout and hunting deer is being enacted, but will not accommodate a modern all or give room for the German.

Our girls are not brought up to save; not they. Spending is their strong point, and in that we will back them against the world. An average American wife will get through more money than any female representative of any nation on the earth; and if our wives cannot ruin their husbands, nothing can. They hate account books and despise arithmetic, and know that it is low to go into the kitchen or look after their servants. Their fathers have worked for them all their younger days without limiting their expenditures. Why should not the husband follow this excellent example? It was only the other day that a fashionable lady sent her sapphire engagement ring, just given her by her lover, to Tiffany's to be valued, and when she found it to be a "doublet," actually a sham, or at least half a sham, and only worth three hundred dollars, she dismissed her admirer ignominiously. She foresaw what such economy meant. She was to have "doublets" tried on her at every turn. Her furniture would be a sham, and cheap; her horses poor and ugly; her house in a side street, and not on the avenue; her dresses American silk, and made by third-rate milliners; her jewels mean pearls or common garnets; her carriage second-hand perhaps. Horrors! Was she not sensible in putting an extinguisher on such possibilities? "Save for thee" indeed? Why, where is the fun? Husbands are not engaged on those conditions, and their privileges are limited while their duties are plainly defined.

KILLING WHALES BY CANNON.—The inventive genius of America has of late years been directed very largely toward improved modes of capturing fish, in which, not satisfied with the comparatively rude methods of hooks and lines, spears, and even nets, an effort is made to destroy them in a much more wholesale manner. Even the whale-fishery, which for so long a time has been carried on by means of the harpoon, has, as is well known, lately been prosecuted by firing explosive substances into the body of the animal with shoulder-guns or with cannon, and thus disabling it very quickly. This method has been adopted by many whalers in the Greenland seas, and has been especially applied of late to the taking of the large fin-back whales of the Norwegian coast. These animals have hitherto been but little disturbed by whalers, as, although of enormous size (from sixty to ninety feet), they possess comparatively little blubber, and are so active, as to be rarely, if ever, successfully attacked by the harpoon.

A recent writer in *Lead and Water* recounts a late visit to the establishment of Herr Foyen, in the Varanger Fjord, where, from a small island, the fishery is prosecuted by means of two small steamers of about seventy tons each. The special apparatus employed consists of a harpoon, inclosing in its head half a pound of gunpowder, and with jointed or hinged parts containing some percussion-powder between them. When the whale is within gunshot, this harpoon, attached to the end of a long cord coiled around a drum, is fired into the animal from a cannon about the size of a four-pounder. As the fishes penetrate the side of the whale they are naturally brought together or pressed down toward the shaft, and in so doing ignite the percussion-powder, which sets fire to the gunpowder, causing an explosion in the body of the animal that usually produces a mortal wound. The whale, of course, starts off under the stimulus of the pain, and the rope is carried out for a time, being uncoiled from the drum precisely like a fishing-line from the reel of a fishing rod, the steamer following after so as to prevent any undue strain. If necessary a second discharge takes place, which almost invariably produces death.

The steamer then tows the animal back to the station, where the blubber is taken off in a long strip by means of properly constructed apparatus, after which the flesh is removed in a somewhat similar manner, and finally the bones are separated and hauled out. It is the intention of the proprietor to prepare a fertilizer by drying the flesh and reducing it to powder, and a brisk trade has already sprung up in Germany in this article. The bones are likewise to be ground and utilized in various ways; so that the entire animal—blubber, flesh, and bones—will be put to economical purposes. The carcasses of over thirty whales are hauled up on the island at the time of the visit referred to, forming a red hill of very considerable magnitude, visible at a great distance. The proprietor stated that the factory would not answer its expectations unless fifty whales could be taken every Summer. It was thought, however, that there would be comparatively little difficulty in securing this number; and in fact, as we learn from later advices, over sixty in all were captured during the season.—*Editor's Scientific Record, in Harper's Magazine for May.*

THE SECOND WASHINGTON.—BEAUFIELD INCIDENT.—The good and pious Benjamin F. Butler, of Massachusetts, was with Wendell Phillips waiting in the garden of the White House the other day, to see the President. Benjamin discovered a lutech lying on the ground, and in order to be dignified the time away, caught it up, and backed the bark from a dozen beautiful Bartlett pear trees, utterly ruining them. Grant soon after appeared, and seeing the irreparable injury done his fruit trees, reproached to a terrible degree for ten minutes, and then asked: "Who in hell did this?"

The good and pious General Butler answered: "I cannot tell a lie, Mr. President, you know I cannot tell a lie. Wendell Phillips did it with his bowie knife!"

DEATH OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.—On the 15th, after a restless night, he did not wake until eleven o'clock in the morning. For a short time he seemed comfortable. He then summoned his generals and secretaries, and gave his orders with all his wonted precision. He then called on his three clerks, and dictated to them upon various subjects. His directions to an ambassador, who was about leaving, filled four quarto pages.

As night came on he fell into what may be called the death-sleep. His breathing was painful and stertorous; his mind was wandering in delicious dreams; his voice became inarticulate. At a moment of returning consciousness he tried several times in vain to give some utterance to his thoughts. Then, with a despairing expression of countenance, he sank back upon his pillow. Fever flushed his cheeks, and his eyes assumed some of their wonted fire. Thus the dying hours were prolonged, as the friendly monarch, surrounded by respectful attendants, slowly descended to the grave.

His feet and legs became cold. Death was stealing its way toward the vitals. About nine o'clock Wednesday evening a painful cough commenced, with difficulty of breathing, and an ominous rattle in the throat. One of his dozes sat by his bedside, and shivered with cold; the king made a sign for them to throw a quilt over it.

Another severe fit of coughing ensued, and the king, having with difficulty got rid of the phlegm, said, "The mountain is passed; we shall be better now." These were his last words. The expiring monarch sat in his chair, but in a state of such extreme weakness that he was continually sinking down, with his chest and neck so bent forward that breathing was almost impossible. One of his faithful valets took the king upon his waist, and placed his left arm around his waist, while the king threw his right arm around the valet's neck.

It was midnight. "Within doors all is silence; around it the dark earth is silent, above it the silent stars." Thus for two hours the attendants sat motionless, holding the dying king. Not a word was spoken; no sound could be heard but the painful breathing which precedes death. At just twenty minutes past two o'clock the breathing ceased, the spirit took its flight, and the lifeless body alone remained. Life's great battle was ended, and the soul of the monarch ascended to that dread tribunal where prince and peasant must alike answer for all the deeds done in the body. It was the 17th of August, 1766. The king had reigned forty-six years, and had lived seventy-six years.

Frederick the Great, in *Harper's Magazine for May.*

SOCIAL EQUALITY.—The actual, practical social condition and status of the freedman seems to be, up here in the North, pretty much as it was before we had a Fifteenth Amendment. To all appearances he doesn't study any more than he used to; certainly doesn't frequent hard; doesn't go to meeting more frequently; and differs from Sambo of old only perhaps in this, that he votes. Perhaps—and it is to be hoped that it will—the sense of this great privilege may in time arouse his ambition for better things. In New England, as per the following anecdote, his position is much as it was of yore. Mr. Dickson, a colored barber in one of the largest towns of Massachusetts, was one morning sharing one of his customers, a respectable citizen, when a conversation occurred between them respecting Mr. Dickson's former connection with a colored church in the place.

"I believe you are connected with the church in Elm Street, Mr. Dickson?" said the customer.

"No, Sah, not at all."

"Why, are you not a member of the African church?"

"Not die year, Sah."

"Why do you leave their communion, Mr. Dickson, if I may be permitted to ask?"

"Why, I tell you, Sah," said Mr. Dickson, strapping a cane razor on the palm of his hand, "it was less like die. I jined dat church in good fait. I gib ten Dollars toward de stated precious' of de God of de fust year, and de people all call me Brudder Dickson. De second year my business not do well, and I only gib five dollars. Dat year de church people call me Mr. Dickson. De razor hurt you, Sah?"

"No, Sir, goes tolerably well."

"Well, Sah, de third year I feel berry poor—sickness in my family—An' I gib nofin for precious'." Well, Sah, arter dat dey call me Ole Nigger Dickson, and I 'leff em'."

So saying Mr. Dickson brushed his customer's hair, and the gentleman departed, well satisfied with the reason why Mr. Dickson left his church.—*Editor's Drawer, in Harper's Magazine for May.*

FIREPROOF WASH FOR SHIRTS.—A wash composed of lime, salt and fine sand or wood ashes, put on in the ordinary way of whitewashing, renders the roof fifty per cent. more secure against taking fire from falling cinders, in case of fire in the vicinity. It pays the expense a hundred-fold in its preserving influence against the effects of the weather. The older and more weather beaten the shingle, the more benefit derived. Such shingles generally become more or less warped, rough, and cracked; application of the wash, by wetting the upper surface, restores them at once to their original or fair form, there being closing up the space between the shingles, and the lime and sand by filling up the cracks and pores in the shingle itself, preventing warping.

BUTLER, OF MASSACHUSETTS.—He is fifty-three years old, slightly below the middle stature, and of ungainly and misshapen form as he is hight and roving in features. His round, puffy belly seems, by long indulgence in a diet most favorable to the abnormal development of the abdominal viscera, to have outgrown a pair of miserable spindly shanks, originally intended for the support of the most attenuated of human trunks, and which, by reason of the superincumbent weight of bowels they are compelled to sustain, have been bent into the shape of a pair of callipers or old-fashioned pot-hooks. His head, in that portion which is supposed to be the seat of all the baser propensities with which human nature is sometimes so sadly deformed, is very largely developed, as well as that portion which is thought by naturalists to impart to certain orders of the brute creation their intelligence and cunning; but the top of his head, in fact all of it, except around the base of the skull, is entirely bald, as if nature designed that the world should see from the mere conformation of his cranial developed that he is incapable of moral sentiment. His forehead is broad, low and receding. His eyes are simply past description, as there is perhaps not a human being alive who can tell the color of them. To save him the painful necessity of looking his fellow man in the face, they are placed obliquely upon a pair of beelling brows and enclosed in a most atrocious squint, which only allows them to see, out between the folds of baggy skin in which they are concealed, in perpetual contemplation of his rather small, ill-shaped nose, which has more the resemblance of the beak of some carrion bird than anything else. A small, crescent-shaped moustache hangs over and partially conceals a sensual mouth, while his chin reveals a heavy, round jaw. Although such vulgar nature perhaps never existed, his countenance when in repose would remind one of a cross-eyed snapping turtle, when animated it has no similitude in the entire range of animated nature, as even one of his abortive smiles but serves to add distortion to his already hideous features. There may be a jewel in the head of the toad, but, as Deity never buries the human heart in such an execrable casket, it requires an adept in the science of Lavater to see that deceit, cunning, treachery, cowardice and enmity are the leading characteristics of this man. Was it not Butler instead of Theristes whom Homer meant to portray when he wrote—

Loquacious, loud and turbulent of tongue,
And by no shame, by no respect controlled;
In scandalous lies, in reproches bold;
With witty malice studious to defame,
Clean all his joy and inches his aim.
One eye was blinking, and the other was lame.
His mountain shoulders half his breast exposed,
Thin hands bestowed his long, misshapen head,
Sibsen to mankind his envious heart possessed,
Loe had he lived the scorn of every Greek.
Vered when he spoke, yet still they heard him speak.
Sharp was his voice.

SOME FACTS ABOUT AMERICAN HOTELS.—The veteran landlord, Mr. Roessle, formerly of the Albany Delavan, now of the Washington Arlington House, gives the public some interesting statistics of the great sums paid as rentals of the leading hotels, and of the extravagant prices sold to them in turn by their customers. The Fifth Avenue Hotel pays a rent of \$200,000, the St. Nick has \$95,000, although it cost less than half a million; Mr. Stewart, who owns the Metropolitan Hotel, and had got \$75,000 a year for it from the Leland, has now rented it to Richard Tweed, son of "Boss" Tweed, who is going into business as the "string" hotel keeper, and is to pay \$65,000 rent a year; the Astor House rents for \$75,000; the Everett House in New York for \$35,000; and the Bowdoin House for \$27,500; while the Delavan, at Albany, is profitable at a rent of \$50,000, and the Little Stanwick Hotel at Albany pays \$25,000. The great hotel at Lake George had 37,000 guests last season in four months; its gross receipts were \$294,000, and the net profits \$52,000. At the Arlington at Washington, one boarder pays \$300 per month, for a parlor, bed-room, and bath-room; Senator Cameron, for himself and wife, and two rooms, pays \$450 per month; Senator Fenner's family, for a parlor, two bed-rooms, and an office, pay \$1,000 per month; Sam Cox pays for himself and wife \$250 a week, and recently gave a supper of the hotel for one hundred persons, which cost him \$1,500. The finest entertainment ever set at the Arlington House was one given by Wm. S. Huntington, in honor of the Japanese; there were only twenty persons present, and the bill was \$1,000.—*Dr. Heimbold paid \$100 a day during his two weeks' stay at the Arlington this winter. And so on. There is not so conspicuous an illustration of our wanton American habits of carelessness, even reckless extravagance and luxury as the hotel business furnishes. Both in their management and in their patronage, there is a vulgar waste that is even something more than discreditable—it is almost wicked.*

CHEAP PAINT.—A cheap paint may be made for out-buildings that will last for years, by taking milk and cement—or "water-lime," as some call it—mix and apply three or four coats; any dry color may be added. This will last for years, and by renewing once in two or three years, a building will look as well as if painted with oil-paint. To put this on, the paint should be stirred constantly, as the finer parts will soon be a mass out, and at last you will have nothing but sand. Have a boy to stir it all the time; mix often.—*Exchange.*

PAPER IN THE HOUSEHOLD.—I do not propose to speak of the many useful and wonderful articles that are manufactured from paper, but merely of the valuable uses to which it can be put by the house-keeper. Few house-keepers have time to black their stoves every day, or even every week. Many wash them in either clear water or dish-water. This keeps them clean, but they look very brown.—After a stove has been once thoroughly blacked, it can be kept looking perfectly well for a long time by rubbing it with paper every morning.

If I occasionally find a spot of gravy or fruit-juice that the paper will not take off, I rub it with a wet cloth, but do not put on water enough to take off the blacking. I find that rubbing with paper is a much nicer way of keeping the outside of my tea-kettle, coffee-pot, and tea-pot bright and clean, than the old way of washing them in soaps. (The inside of coffee and tea-pots should be rinsed in clear water, and never in the dish-water.)

Rubbing with dry paper is also the best way of polishing knives, spoons, and tin-ware, after scouring. This saves wetting the knife-handles. If a little flour be held on the paper in rubbing tin-ware and spoons, they shine like new silver. For polishing windows, mirrors, lamp-chimneys, etc., I always use paper in preference to a dry cloth.

Preserves and pickles keep much better if brown paper instead of a cloth is tied over the jar. Canned fruit is not so apt to mold if a piece of writing-paper, cut to fit the can, is laid directly on top of the fruit.

Paper is much better to put under carpet than straw. It is warmer, thinner, and makes less noise when one walks over it. A fair carpet can be made for a room that is not in constant use by pasting several thicknesses of newspaper on the floor, over them a layer of wall-paper, and giving it a coat of varnish. In cold weather I have often placed newspapers between my bed-quilt, knowing that two thicknesses of paper are as warm as a quilt. If it is necessary to step on a chair, always lay a paper on it; this saves rubbing the varnish off. Children easily learn the habit of doing so.—*Health and Home.*

COST OF RESTING A CURTAIN.—As the circus season is about opening, the following short account of what it costs to run one, from a paper well posted on the subject may not be uninteresting to our many readers:

The fitting out of a first-class circus, exclusive of any menagerie, costs fully \$100,000. The expense of a large new tent, with poles, ropes, seats, lamps, banners, and entrance curtains, is little short of \$5,000. The baggage wagons range in value from \$200 to \$700. The extra road horses, needed for teams, are from \$500 to \$800 a pair, and the great gild show for musicians, \$8,000 to \$10,000. The entire and lively dresses and horse paraphernalia cost from \$1,500 to \$2,000, and the ring carpet for tumbling from \$200 to \$500, according to size and quality. That of Len's Circus in New York, is said to have cost \$1,300. It is of velvet.

Trick horses range from \$1,500 to \$3,000 in value, pad horses from \$1,200 to \$2,000, and extra-back act horses from \$1,500 to \$2,200, trick ponies from \$200 to \$1,000, and trick mules often cost \$1,000 a pair. A first class circus comprehends from ten to thirty ring horses of the various kinds. The salaries paid to performers are: First class stock gymnasts and riders receive from \$75 to \$100 per week and their board for the traveling season. First class men and women riders receive from \$50 to \$185 a week and their board. Clowns from \$50 to \$100; and the mass of riders and gymnasts from \$25 to \$50. Equestrian stars, such as Robert Stickney, James Robinson, Melville and others, receive from \$500 to \$1,200 a month. Six to ten acrobats, six riders, and half a dozen jugglers, usually form the complement of a circus, in addition to the "stars." The daily expenses of such an establishment are from \$800 to \$1,000.

ANECDOTE OF DANIEL WEBSTER.—It is well known that the late Daniel Webster was a man of luxurious tastes and expensive habits, which frequently brought him into pecuniary difficulties. Apropos of this a friend sends us from Washington the following anecdote, which we do not remember to have seen in print; a Western gentleman, shortly after the great statesman's death, inquired seriously, to a mutual friend, against these habits, and enforced his remarks with a practical illustration.

"Why, Sir," he exclaimed, "I traveled all night with Webster in a stage-coach out West, not long ago, and in the morning we all got out at a little hotel to stretch our legs and get breakfast. Webster took up a traveling-case, with combs, hair-brush, and tooth-brush, all of which he used vigorously. When he'd got through I asked him to lend me his tooth-brush, as there wasn't any at the sink where we washed, and Mr. Webster courteously complied. After using and rinsing it off I handed it back; and will you believe it the extravagant fellow just pitched it over into the bushes. It was a good new brush, too, and might have lasted him two or three months longer. No wonder he was always in debt."—*Editor's Drawer, in Harper's Magazine for May.*

THE MAN WHO DIDN'T BELIEVE IN ADVERTISING.—The man who didn't believe in advertising has gone into partnership with the Sheriff, and the Sheriff is now doing the advertising.

CURIOUS MARRIAGE STATISTICS.—The registration of the State of Massachusetts gives some interesting statistics of all marriage alliances. During the year 7 maidens were married at the age of 14, and no fewer than 41 at the comparatively mature age of 15. The lais are not so rare as the girls, the youngest husband having wedded at 16 a wife of the same age. On the other hand an old maid of 78 found a husband, and four other women were married after they had passed the age of 70. One man of 82 was married, for the sixth time, to a maiden of 30; also another man, for the sixth time, to a widow of 62, it being his second marriage. The ages of the oldest parties married for the first time were the male and female 60 each. The greatest disparity in the first marriage was the male 67 and the female 20. Forty-five males were married during the year, who were over 70, and one widower of 80 was united for the second time to a widow of 34, it being also her second marriage.—

A widower of 33 was married for the second time to a young widow of 20, it being her fourth marriage. But one marriage is reported where both parties were married for the fourth time each, their ages being 73 and 72. There was also one marriage, the male being 73, his fourth marriage, to a widow of 57, his third marriage. One male of 29 was united to a widow of 39, it being his first marriage and her fourth. A widower of 36 was united to a widow of 32, it being her fifth marriage. The sixth marriage of a male is reported at the age of 32 to a spinster of 30. A second marriage of a man of 36 is reported to a female of 52, it being her fifth venture.

TO RESTORE OLD APPLE ORCHARDS.—Prune out all dead branches; scrape the moss from the trunks; soak with lime and stiff brush, or with soft soap; plow the ground carefully under the trees, or hoe it if it cannot be plowed, and then spread ashes, stacked or unstacked, in a circumference as great as that of the branches, as the roots of the trees extend about as far as the branches. If unstacked ashes be used, apply a less quantity. This process has restored old trees long of bearing. It will improve young orchards also, and render the fruit more perfect. The same treatment is good for peach or pear trees. Manure of any kind is good, but ashes is considered best. Too little attention is paid to fruit trees, and this is the reason that orchards fail. They are dying of neglect.

A Portland paper is publishing extracts from a diary kept by Hawthorne when a boy of ten years, of which this is a sample: "This morning the bucket got off the chain and dropped back into the well. I went down to go down on the stone and get it. Mother would not consent for fear the well might cave in, but hired Samuel Shane to go down. In the goodness of her heart she thought the son of old Mrs. Shane not quite so valuable as the son of the widow Hawthorne. God bless her for all her love for me, though it may be somewhat selfish."

SUNFLOWER SEED.—The seed of this common sunflower is greatly eaten by all poultry, and serves to fatten them more rapidly than any other grain. The plant is as easily grown as Indian corn, equally prolific in yielding quart for quart, and more or less of it should be grown by every one who rear fowls. It may be planted on poor or worn-out soil, in out-of-the-way places, fence corners, and the like, and yield profuse abundantly.

THE POLITENESS.—If you carve a turkey, and it should be tough, and slip off the dish through your awkwardness, and if it falls into a lady's lap, it is reckoned polite to make a bow, and say, "Please, ma'am, may I trouble you for that turkey again?"

CULTURE OF ASPARAGUS.—Sow the seed in the Spring, working plenty of well-rotted stable manure in the drills, and keep the soil well loosened between the rows and free from weeds. The following Spring set the plants from four to five feet apart each way.

An Irishman applying for license to sell whiskey, was asked if he possessed a good moral character. "Faith, yer honor," replied Pat, "I don't see the necessity for a good moral character to sell whisky."

A brother editor wants an almanac that will tell when "next week" expires. The cause of this "want," the editor says, is because he has a number of accounts, the payment of which was promised "next week."

The following short rules for the care of furniture are from an article in the Technologist: "Keep water away from everything, porous, alcohol from varnish, and acid from marble."

"A woman is at the bottom of all mischief," said Joe.
"Yes," said Frank, "and when I used to get into mischief, my mother was at the bottom of me."

"The wife's secret." Her opinion of her husband.