Saint Mary's Beacon.

PUBLISHED BY YATES & KING, EVERY THURSDAY MORNING AT ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

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W. A. FENWICK. W. WOOD GARNER.

Fenwick & Garner

Agents for the Celebrated

"Acme" Shirt

And Dealers in

Ladies' & Gents'

FINE

Furnishing Goods

427, 7 ST., N. W. WASHINGTON, D. C.

All orders by mail or otherwise promptly attended to.
Sept 15, 1881—tf.

NEW GOODS!
NEW STYLES!
NEW PRICES!!

T. M. CAMALIER & CO. have now in store a magnificent assortment of merchandise of every description, which they are selling at greatly reduced rates. Our friends and the public are invited to call. The ladies will find

Dress Goods

of beautiful patterns and trimmings, as well as very handsome
SLIPPERS,
GAITERS,
CORSETS,
MUSLINS,
RUFFS,
HAIR ORNAMENTS,
HANDKERCHIEFS,
HOSIERY
WHITE GOODS,
DOMESTIC PLAIDS,
GINGHAMS,
PRINTS, etc.
A full stock of fine

MEN'S & BOYS' CLOTHING,

HATS BOOTS, and SHOES,
SHIRTS, BUGGY ROBES,
WHIPS, HARNESS and
SADDLES. WOODENWARE
TIN, CHINA, GLASSWARE,
STATIONERY, CLOTH
and HAIR BRUSHES,
COMBS,
FANCY SOAPS,
PERFUMERY,
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Fine Groceries, Flour and Meal.

and choice WINES, LIQUORS, CIGARS and TOBACCO always on hand.

T. M. CAMALIER & CO.
LEONARDTOWN, MD

June 23, 1881.

SELLING

OFF

AT COST!

Mrs. IRENE F. HAMMETT

is now positively selling off at cost her entire stock of goods in store at Leonardtown, consisting of

Millinery

AND

FANCY GOODS,

of the latest styles and fashions.

Fine Dress Goods,
Muslins,
Calicoes,
Notions, &c., &c.

Ladies' and Children's Shoes.

Come early and often and secure

BARGAINS.

before it is too late.

July 7, 1881

Money to Lend

$28,000, IN SUMS TO SUIT BORROWERS, at 6 per cent., on real estate security, for 5 years. If interest is promptly paid, will renew for 5 years longer. Address
J. WARRING MEDLEY,
Upper Marlborough, Md.
April 28, 1881—6m.

NEW ARRIVAL!

Just arrived with a full stock of

Spring and Summer Goods,

pinching a large assortment of

Ladies' Dress Goods,

SUCH AS

PLAIN AND LACE BUNTINGS;
CALICOES;
PIQUES AND LAWNS
with good selections of
CASSIMERES,
COTTONADES
AND READY-MADE CLOTHING.
A large line of bleached and
BROWN COTTONS, PLAID DOMESTICS
and a large and nicely selected stock of Ladies', Gents' and Children's dress

Shoes and Slippers,

to which may be added a first-class assortment of

Millinery & Fancy Goods,

all of which will be sold at the lowest prices

WM. F. GREENWELL,
LEONARDTOWN.

June 2, 1881.

STATE OF MARYLAND,
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.

PROCLAMATION.

Whereas by the Constitution of Maryland, article 14, section 1, providing for amendments to the Constitution, it is made the duty of the Governor to order the publication of any bill proposing amendments as therein directed.

And whereas the following act of the General Assembly, passed at the January session, 1880, chapter 417, proposes an amendment to the Constitution, to-wit:

CHAPTER 417.

AN ACT to amend section five of article four of the Constitution of this State.

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland*, Three-fifths of all the members of the two Houses concurring, that the following section be and the same is hereby proposed as an amendment to the constitution of this State, and if adopted by the legal and qualified voters thereof as herein provided, it shall supersede and stand in the place and instead of section five of article four of said constitution.

SEC. 5. After the election for judges as herein-before provided, there shall be held in this State, in every fifteenth year thereafter, on the Tuesday after the first Monday in November of such year, an election for judges as herein provided; and in case of death, resignation, removal or disqualification, by reason of age or otherwise, of any judge, the Governor shall appoint a person duly qualified to fill said office, who shall hold the same until the next general election for members of the General Assembly, when a successor shall be elected, whose term of office shall be the same as hereinbefore provided; and upon the expiration of the term of fifteen years for which any judge may be elected to fill a vacancy, an election for his successor shall take place at the next general election for members of the General Assembly to occur upon or after the expiration of the said term and the Governor shall appoint a person duly qualified to hold said office from the expiration of such term of fifteen years until the election and qualification of his successor.

SEC. 2. *And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid*, That the said foregoing section hereby proposed as an amendment to the constitution shall be, at the next general election to be held in this State, submitted to the legal and qualified voters thereof for their adoption or rejection, in pursuance of the directions contained in article fourteen of the constitution of this State; and at the said general election the vote on said proposed amendment to the constitution shall be by ballot, and upon each ballot there shall be written or printed the words "for the constitutional amendment," or "against the constitutional amendment," as the voter shall elect, and immediately after said election due return shall be made to the Governor of the vote for and against said proposed amendment, as directed by the said fourteen article of the constitution.

Approved April 10, 1880.

Now, therefore, I WILLIAM T. HAMILTON, Governor of the State of Maryland, do hereby order that the said act of Assembly proposing an amendment to the Constitution as aforesaid be published in two newspapers to be designated in each county, where so many may be published, and where not more than one, in that newspaper and in three newspapers published in the city of Baltimore, one of which shall be in the German language, once a week for at least three months preceding the general election to be held on the 8th day of November next.

Given under my hand and the great seal of the State at the city of Annapolis, this 7th day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-one.

WILLIAM T. HAMILTON.

By the Governor:
JAS. T. BRISCOE,
July 21, 1881—3m. Secretary of State.

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT, the Store-House, Wheelwright and Blacksmith Shops at St. Inigoes'. I desire to rent by the year, or a term of years, the above buildings and lots. The stand is well known as a good business one, being about the centre of the district. The wheelwright and blacksmith shops are not surpassed in Lower Maryland, being new, commodious and comfortable. The rent must be secured to my satisfaction.

SUSAN E. BURCH, St. Inigoes', P. O.,
St. Mary's county.
July 28, 1881—tf.

$70 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address True & Co., Augusta, Maine.
Feb 17, 1881—y.

Real Estate.

PARTIES wishing to sell farms, by furnishing the undersigned a description, &c., will have the same advertised free of charge. We have made arrangements with several Real Estate Agents for the sale of lands in lower Maryland.

MOORE & MORGAN,
Leonardtown.
Sept 15, 1881—tf.

St. JACOBS OIL

TRADE MARK.

THE GREAT
GERMAN REMEDY.
FOR
RHEUMATISM,

Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains, Toothache, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.

No Preparation on earth equals ST. JACOBS OIL as a *safe, sure, simple and cheap* External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims.

Directions in Eleven Languages.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.

A. VOGELER & CO.,
Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

G. H. SPILCKER, jr. HENRY DUVALL, jr

J. WILLIE JOHNSON,

WITH

SPILCKER & DUVALL,

GENERAL

COMMISSION MERCHANT,

for the sale of

TOBACCO, FLOUR, GRAIN,

and all kinds of Country Produce.

No. 76 South St., (cor. Wood St,)

BALTIMORE.

Consignments solicited. Prompt returns made. Advances made on consignments.
May 26, 1881—y.

Potomac Transportation Line.

STEAMER SUE,
Captain W. C. GEOGHEGAN, will leave Baltimore every TUESDAY at 5 p. m. for Potomac River landings, as far as St. Clement's Bay, and every FRIDAY for River landings, Alexandria and Washington.

Returning, will leave Washington every SUNDAY at 6 p. m. and Leonardtown every MONDAY and THURSDAY at 7 a. m.

R. FOSTER,
General Manager.
A. NEEDHAM, Jr.,
Agent.
March 3, 1881—10m.

AGRICULTURAL LIME.

Farmers and Fruit Growers are respectfully informed that the

CONSOLIDATED GAS CO.

is prepared to sell, at the low price of 2 CTS. PER BUSHEL, (delivered to vessel)

AGRICULTURAL LIME,

in quantities to suit. A valuable enricher of land and a protector against insects.

Apply to Stations at Canton and Spring Gardens, or to office,
19 SOUTH STREET,
BALTIMORE, MD.
Aug 11, 1188—2m.

EDUCATIONAL.

MARYLAND AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.—The next session commences TUESDAY, September 20th. For catalogues or information, address, WM. H. PARKER, President, College Station, Prince George's Co., Md. Aug. 11, 1881—2m

THE HANNAH MORE ACADEMY FOR GIRLS. Founded 1832. 15 miles from Baltimore. Thorough instruction, careful training, influences of a Christian home. Rev. ARTHUR J. RICH, A. M., M. D.,
Aug 11, 1881—2m. Reisterstown, Md.

Farmers' Friend Plows and Castings, Fredericksburg make, at Lawrence's Big Brown Store and at Factory.

NOTICE.

HAVING land papers and filed notes of nearly every tract of land in the county, I will be pleased to aid parties wishing my services as Surveyor in locating their lines or boundaries. I can be found in Leonardtown on Tuesdays.

WM. J. WATHEN.
March 11, 1880—tf.

For Sale.

A HOUSE, LOT and all necessary OUT-BUILDINGS, pleasantly situated on Lawrence's Avenue, will be sold cheap. Apply to

A. J. BLAIN,
Leonardtown.
Sept 15, 1881—tf.

[*Written for the Beacon.*]

A WOMAN'S WAY.

BY ISLE.

I have told you, Irene, of my boating, but I am lonely to-day and must talk to some one, and so I am going to write you a description of one of my aquatic excursions.

Arthur Ross came for me in the evening, and I could see such passionate devotion written on his handsome face that it was rather a grief to go with him than a pleasure; and yet, I would not ask me why I went, I could not tell you myself.

There are many strange things in this world, and among the strangest, is the unconscious sympathy, that subtle union of thought and will that takes place in two individuals.

I knew I was to go with him, could I do otherwise than go? I cannot describe to you my feelings toward him; it is that of a nameless attraction, combined with a strong repulsive force. There are times when I care more for him than all else in the world, and at other times I am completely indifferent; it is a matter of small importance whether I see him or not.

What can be the meaning of this state of mind, I dare not and cannot ask my soul. I have already dismissed him two or three times but have been driven back to a refuge ever opened to receive me by my irristible desire to see him again.

If ever prisoner stood wildly, impatiently listening for the prison key to be turned once more in the keyhole, tremulously longing for a glimpse of the hitherto unseen world, that prisoner am I, standing, as I nervously finger the thread of my destiny; eager and anxious to follow the slowly unwinding clew; and yet shrinking back from my expected fate.

To you, who are so calm and serene this is all nonsense—mere talk—but you have indulged me and I mean to tell you all my woe, and will, afterwards, no doubt, bitterly repent my folly.

To be misunderstood has been the fate of all human kind and I can scarcely expect a kinder judgment than that given to braver souls than mine, who have struggled out of fiery trials, nerved by the world's scorn and their own noble determination to rise superior to the hiss and flapping wings of that courageous bird, which calls its kind and bears valiantly down, with screech and hiss, to overcome the fallen. A show of courage from the prostrate one, it is well known, will drive away an attacking flock of geese. Forgive me, Irene.

But by this time, we are well on our way to the boathouse. I walk by his side, half dreaming, listening, now and then, to his never flagging conversation, with the question in my mind, "did he ever hesitate for a remark?" I know such a case has never occurred, but still, I wonder if it could occur.

We walk past handsome mansions with gleaming marble and plate glass, flashing back the rays of the sinking sun; by dainty ladies with gallant escorts. Have they feelings like mine? and then I shudder and pray fervently that never may they feel the merited self-contempt that harrows my soul.

Radiant children, laughing in wild glee, rolling hoop, rush past us with the lithe grace of health and active motion.

We watch their breathless competition for the goal—and see, with amusement, that a youthful and modern Atlanta has gained the post. She stands smiling in panting complacency at her less agile companions.

We join in the laugh as we pass, there is such a contagious cheerfulness in the air, and we feel instinctively that we must smile while we can; for there is an undefined sense of sorrow in store for us.

Ah! my friend, I live in the shadow of a fear. The houses along the street become less pretentious; the women less curiously robed; the children more rosy and noisy as we move slowly on to the suburbs of the city. Grass grows in the street, and here, where an avenue sweeps in, we see steep walls of earth, lining a roadway, which sweeps out to the forest beyond.

Looking down the Avenue, there lies before us the sunlit windows, towers and all that is quaint and picturesque, nothing that can offend the eye or cause the slightest tinge of disgust.

It is an ideally beautiful scene, and of course we pause to gaze and admire. But reminded that it is getting late, we leave the street and step carefully down the rocky path, leading to the water, past a cottage, queer and old, swarming with little black faces that peer us at from all points. One small piece of humanity stood on a stool—a little rag-a-muffin, dirty and torn in raiment, but entirely absorbed in his occupation of transferring some precious worms from his hand to a bottle. I glanced away in amusement, and my eyes fell on two woolly heads bent over a magazine, while a third urchin was swinging his arms preparatory to standing on his head. Arthur laughed and told me that this was the state of civilization of my ancestors many years ago. It is a rule with me to object to everything he says, so I curtly denied any such past and told him to think how much more degraded *his* must have been at the same period.

He replied that I was very hard on him, but he supposed he would have to submit to my unvarying contempt.

I was hurt then, and so assuming a virtuous indignation, walked silently into the boathouse with him—into a low room, in which the boats were artistically arranged, with various attractive and suggestive names turned luringly toward us.

Arthur brought a chair and left me by the door to watch the river gliding by. I did not have to wait long till he appeared in a boating costume that was wonderfully becoming. There are a few men who can wear a sailor suit and yet look better than in their ordinary dress. Arthur, however, is one of them. I wish you could have seen him as he took the oars and again we were alone upon the waters.

Our boat shot swiftly over the waves as with a long graceful sweep the oars cut the water and then glided back on the surface ready to dip for a second sweep. We soon rounded the point and laid in the molten track of the sun. Arthur's back was towards it and I sat immediately in front of him holding the tiller strings.

An aqueduct bridge lay before us, and from its sides poured streams of water when the prosaic sun burned in the zenith; but now, misty veils of gold hung wavering in the breeze. They took glorious tints, such as Iris is said to be encircled by, and rushed lightly to meet the struggling, seething water below. Beyond the bridge, the river, between its low wooded banks, wound in and out, like some monster Python, coiling and wreathing itself as it glided on its way. But back of all was the setting sun, gilding and glorifying all that its beams rested upon.

I looked forward in a hushed joyful calm, too happy to speak, thoughtless of the helm which I was expected to control.

Waked, by an unexpected shower of water, I was myself immediately.

"What is the matter, Arthur?" I cried.

"Matter, oh, nothing, only I tried to wake you up and could not, so I happened to remember that water was considered a restorative when people lost their senses, and allowed the boat to drift under the sheeted rain of the bridge, instead of taking the opening as I intended to do. You did not know where you were till the water came down on you; you should have seen yourself jump."

He laughed heartily and for once I was not angry. Then I took the oars while he encouraged me to learn how to use them. I was an awkward and unruly pupil.

Whenever a boat came in sight I would amuse myself and tease him by an overpowering fit of bashfulness which would cause me to rest on my oars till the boat had passed. While he fretted over my folly, I leaned back and quietly laughed at his vexation. It was my turn then and I made the most of it.

Boat after boat passed us and the smiles were genuine and genial as my pretended modesty and Arthur's evident annoyance were noted. At length I gave up the ouars to him and with long steady pulls we shot up the river, past our sometime smiling spectators.

We soon reached a pass where a small stream leapt down the rocks to reach the river. The boat glided up to a small pier. Arthur sprang out and assisted me carefully to *terra firma*. What a precious, breakable piece of clay am I! I stepped out daintily, and after fastening the boat, he joined me on the pier. I wish you could have looked at the scene with us, Irene; I had never seen such before and such I never expect to see again.

Before us lay rocks piled on rocks, turning hoary storm-beaten faces to our view. But over the heads of these giants descended a veiling stream, leaping with a sheer fall into a large, shallow, rocky basin, from whence it rolled and glided over the remainder of its course, moaning and fretting as it worked its way among boulders it was not mighty enough to sweep away.

We were standing on a little platform at the base of this rock; round us trees bent their emerald arms and waved them in low, elfin music, wild and witching. Far out over the water the setting sun lay low and round and red, sinking slowly to his ocean bed.

The crimsoned waves rolled lazily past the sloping bank and a few stray boats floated with the tide while the boatmen shipped their oars to keep time with nature's insidious harmonies. All was calm and pure and holy. Turning to one side, I saw that by the only way we could leave our standpoint was a chasm, bridged by slippery logs.

Should we try to cross? I thought of the bridge Chinevat and the dreary, hateful gulf Duzahk, but was not to be frighted by imagination; before Arthur was aware of what I intended, I sprang upon a log and daringly made my way across. As I was about to place my foot on the bank, the log rolled, and for one fearful moment I felt all was slipping from me; the next, self-possession returned, I caught the body of a tree growing on the bank and clung to it.

"Hold tight," shouted Arthur, "till I get there," and a second after, which seemed ages to me, suspended as I was, I was lifted from over the abyss and clasped closely in his arms. I was a frightened child. I could hear my own heart, and as to Arthur, he was half wild from the reaction of fear.

"My darling, how could you be so foolish as not to let me help you over?"

When he talks in that way I always resist, so I freed myself from his arms, protested that I was not at all frightened, and that it had given him a little healthful exercise.

"I could have plenty of that in rowing," said he sadly, "without the strain on my nerves that this episode has caused."

"Next time keep to your rowing for exercise and I will save myself," I said, willfully, and walked forward to a flight of steps leading up the rocks.

"Will you climb them?" he asked in a deprecating tone.

"Yes."

Then he drew my hand into his quietly and decidedly, so decidedly yet so tenderly I could not object, and we began the ascent in silence. The flight ended at the foot of a steep, winding mountain path; this we had to ascend slowly. At last the path opened on what I had determined to reach, a platform above the waterfall. From this eyrie we could gaze for miles and miles, over hill and dale, on nestling cottages wreathed in the slow moving night mist, the dreamy foretaste of the "to come."

At our feet lay the river grimly piling its waters over its mighty secrets, dallying not with the pleasant banks, but grandly and resistlessly sweeping on to its great store-house. But immediately below us, turning my head dizzy as I looked, was the falling water. Down it leapt impetuously, never pausing, a ceaseless supply, ever ready for its leap and plunge, which caused misty foam clouds of spray. The moss on the sides of the basin lay green and cool, watered by the constant and copious showers. The trees, near the influence of the water, waved greener arms than those farther off. We sat on our rocky throne for a few moments, taking in with quick, observant eyes the exceeding beauty of the view.

It is a misfortune that the joys of the senses cannot last. At all times and in all places we are constantly reminded of how temporary are our provisions for this world.

The night had come, so we returned to our boat, I melted by a reaction that had come over me and Arthur by his intense love for and fear of losing me. I am tired, Irene, and will tell you more in my next letter.

Good-night for the present,

CLARE.

Irene pondered long over this letter and then wrote to Arthur, saying that she had heard from Clare; at the close of her letter she said; "let me give you a piece of advice, Clare loves, but is waiting, is uncertain, because you have never let her feel that you are the master; she will never respect a man—I know her well—whom she does not feel she has to obey. A word to the wise is sufficient; and if you value her happiness as you own, you had better take advantage of any momentary impulse and make your union at the altar irrevocable. Forgive my impertinence, but I have known and loved you both so long that I cannot bear to see either unhappy. Believe me I understand woman's nature better than you."

Men sometimes take women's advice and a few evenings after receiving this letter, Arthur approached Clare's door with an agitated but resolute heart.

She came to meet him, looking cool and white. "You will come for a walk, Clare? it is a fine evening and I want to see you alone."

He came near and took her hand. This evening she did not toss her head coquettishly, but impressed by his manner looked at him with sober, questioning eyes, and when he drew nearer, she turned to him with a pathetic look which caused his heart to beat faster, for it seemed to say "comfort me" and she had never before appealed to him for sympathy.

"Clare," he began, as they slowly passed down the street "you know how long and patiently I have waited, how you have put me off—darling, do you think you have treated me well?"

Clare did not look up but shook her dainty little head.

"Do you love me?" She would not answer, but knew just then he was dearer than her own life.

Arthur was determined that she should reply and in the silence that ensued they could hear each other's hearts beat. At last she looked up to him, because she felt his eyes were upon her, determined she should express what was in her soul.

"Yes." How faint it was! How humble and happy she felt!

There was silence for a few moments in that peculiar calm known only to lovers. Then,

"Clare, would you be willing to do something for me?"

"Anything," said Clare, feeling that he would be reasonable under all circumstances.

"They are having service in this church; you will enter with me and be married. Come!" he said, authoritatively, as Clare drew back.

"But I am not prepared; I have not even thought of such a thing; I—"

"If you truly love me, that is all the preparation you need, darling; you *must* come."

No hesitating, but held by the force of his will, she walked steadily forward.

The service had not yet begun, and Clare, led into the Pastor's study, was soon made to feel at home by the venerable, white-haired minister. The good old man spoke in a kind, fatherly way, told her Arthur was an old friend, and wanted to know—with a smile—if she were the little lady who was to make his friend happy.

"I have heard a great deal about you," laughing; "Arthur has not been able to talk on any other subject for some time; Clare Leigh is to him the highest good this earth contains. May you be happy, my children. Are you ready?"

Clare tremblingly said she was, and stepping out into the church they knelt before the altar, only to rise again "man and wife in the sight of God and man."

Popular Delusions.

That milk is a compound of water, chalk and sheep's stomach. Milk always comes from the cow—a great way from the cow.

That brass-band music is unpleasant to the ear. We know of a man who has lived for years next door to a bandroom and has never uttered one complaint in all that time. He is a deaf mute.

That a small boy hates an overcoat. He loves it so well that he dislikes to wear it out.

That whistling is disagreeable. It is always agreeable—to the whistler.

That the market is overburdened with spring poetry. The waste-basket captures so much of it that but very little of it comes on the market.

That any fool can write poetry. It is only a fool here and there that can do it.

That women go to church to see other women's bonnets. They merely go to show their own.

That a boy thinks he knows more than his father. He only prides himself on his superior intelligence.

That a widow wears weeds to catch a husband. She would rather catch a man who is not a husband.

That a silver watch will tell the time just as well as a gold one. A gold watch will tell the time ten times to a silver watch's once, and be just as fresh as ever.

That shopkeepers never mark their goods below cost. They frequently mark them down much below what the goods cost the purchaser, especially if he be a particular friend, you know.

That the self-conceited man thinks everybody is a fool. He does not include one person in that category, namely, himself.

That extemporaneous speakers prepare their speeches beforehand. They get somebody else to do that.

That the average merried man dislikes marriage. He is all the time yearning for another opportunity to enter the sacred state.

That parents love their children because the little ones are so much like themselves. That is just what they punish them for.

That it is hard to attend to one's business. Lots of people think nothing of it, and have plenty of time to attend to the business of a score of others.—*Boston Transcript.*

LEAF PHOTOGRAPHS.—A very pretty amusement, especially for those who have just completed the study of botany, is the taking of leaf photographs. One very simple process is this:—At any druggist's, get a dime's worth of bichromate of potash. Put this in a two-ounce bottle of soft water. When the solution becomes saturated—that is the water has dissolved as much as it will—pour off some of the clear liquid into a shallow dish; on this float a piece of ordinary writing paper till it is thoroughly and evenly moistened. Let it become nearly dry, in the dark. It should be of a bright yellow. On this put the leaf; under it put a piece of soft, black cloth and several sheets of newspaper. Put these between two pieces of glass (all the pieces should be of the same size) and with spring clothes-pins fasten them altogether. Expose to a bright sun, placing the leaf so that the rays will fall upon it as nearly perpendicular as possible. In a few minutes it will begin to turn brown; it requires about half an hour to produce a perfect print. When it has become dark enough, take it from the frame and put it in clear water, which must be changed every few minutes, till the yellow part becomes perfectly white. Sometimes the venation of the leaves will be quite distinct. By following these directions, it is scarcely possible to fail, and a little practice will make perfect. The photographs, if well taken, are very pretty as well as interesting.

A debating society is wrestling with, "Can a community exist without women?" It might for a while, but then it wouldn't know just what was going on.

A woman can't put on any side saddle [illegible] goes in swimming. She has either to kick out like a man or get drowned.