Saint Mary's Beacon.

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VOL. XX. LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY MORNING, OCTOBER, 19, 1882. NO. 7

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS

The true antidote to the effects of miasma is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. This medicine is one of the most popular remedies of an age of successful proprietary specifics, and is in immense demand wherever on this Continent fever and ague exists. A wineglassful three times a day is the best possible preparative for encountering a malarious atmosphere, regulating the liver, and invigorating the stomach.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

D. G. DUDLEY. J. W. CARPENTER. W. J. EDELEN

DUDLEY, CARPENTER & CO

GENERAL

Commission Merchants,

No. 57 Light Street,

BALTIMORE.

Sell Tobacco, Grain & Country Produce.

☞ Particular attention given to the careful sampling of Tobacco.

Jan. 5, 1882—y

To the Traveling Public.

Having leased the property known as Moore's Hotel, Leonardtown, Md., for two years, commencing the 1st of January, 1882, I respectfully inform the public that its management will now be under my exclusive direction and that no pains or expense will be spared to maintain the high reputation as a public resort it has obtained in the past and to increase it in the future. Thankful for the liberal patronage which has heretofore been extended to the House, I respectfully solicit a continuance and increase of the favors of the traveling public. All parties indebted to Mrs. M. J. Moore on Hotel account are reminded that the accounts due from them to her have been placed in my hands for settlement and that no further indulgence can be allowed them.

HERBERT F. MOORE.
Leonardtown, Md.

Jan 12, 1882—tf.

JO F. MORGAN,

Insurance Agent & Broker,

LEONARDTOWN, MD.

Represents the following First Class Companies with combined assets of twelve million of dollars, and has facilities for placing large lines of insurance on the most favorable term in home or foreign companies.

Royal Fire Insurance of Liverpool,
Watertown Fire, of New York.
London, Liverpool & Globe, Fire,
Mutual Endowment Assessment of Baltimore, Life,
New York Mutual Life,
Conecticut Mutual Life.

Jan. 12, 1882—1y.

NORRIS & CARNER,

BUILDERS AND CONTRACTORS.

THE undersigned have entered into Copartnership as Builders and Contractors, and are prepared to execute all demands in their line of business in St. Mary's and adjoining counties that may be made upon them with promptness, at reasonable rates and in workmanlike manner.

Notice by postal to Leonardtown or Hollywood, will receive prompt attention.

S. E. NORRIS,
A. M. GARNER.

Sept 21, 1882.

NOTICE.

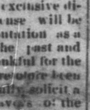
THERE will be a dinner for the benefit of St. George's Church at "Valley Lee," (Thomas's Store) on

SATURDAY, Oct. 28th.

The famed culinary talent and social graces of the St. George's ladies will attract a large patronage. There will be shooting at the mark and plenty of fun. Ice-cream and other refreshments in abundance.

Sept 21, 1882—td.

Valuable Woodland FOR SALE.



180 ACRES of Woodland, well timbered and watered, lying and being in the 2nd election district of St. Mary's county, within 1½ miles of the Potomac. For terms, apply to

CRANE & HAMMETT,
Attys., Leonardtown, or
JEFF. D. LOKER,
near the premises

Aug 24, 1882—1m.

NOTICE.

ALL persons knowing themselves indebted to me must call and settle.

A. A. LAWRENCE.

Aug 10, 1882—tf.

[Written for the Beacon]

Is it Anybody's Business?

BY G.

Is it anybody's business
If a gentleman of respect
Should go to see a lady,
If the lady don't object?

Is it anybody's business,
I'd surely like to know,
If a lad—so desiring—
Should choose to have a beau?

And then, on Sunday nights,
In case of a "dead-lock,"
Is it anybody's business
If he stay till twelve o'clock?

Is it anybody's business
(I'd like to tell one why),
If he finger little Lucy
To kiss his girl good-bye?

Is it anybody's business,
When he loves her as his life
If a gentleman proposes
To make a girl his wife?

If a jewel should be offered
To be forever kept,
Is it anybody's business
If the lady should accept?

In short—to tell my meaning
In the plainest words I can—
Is it anybody's business
If a woman I see a man?

[COMMUNICATED.

Messrs. Editors:—In your journal you thought proper to insert the attack of the Rev. Nathan Covington Brooks upon Gov. Hamilton, and we believe it appeared in only one Journal beside your own in the State.—We think it due to the people of St. Mary's county that the cause of the attack be given, and then leave the matter for their own good judgment. This is not done in defense of the Governor, but rather that the people may know the truth in respect to his action as a coordinate department of the Government, and as such, answerable to the people for his official acts. And furthermore, in doing this, we do not propose to refer to the personal matters in which the Rev. gentleman has so profusely dealt, but simply confine ourselves to a plain statement of facts. It appears that Mr. Brooks was the President of a school in Baltimore known as the Baltimore Female College. It was gotten up, we believe, under his auspices and conducted by him for many years.

In the year 1860, he made application to the Legislature and was successful then by an act of that year, Chapter 387, in getting an annual appropriation of $1,500 to be directly paid him, without any further Legislative intervention, out of the Treasury. This was given, as alleged in the Act, for the tuition of a pupil from each Senatorial District in the State, there being then 22 Senatorial Districts. This made the cost for the tuition of each pupil the sum of $69 a large sum for tuition only and the use of books. Shortly after, the appropriation was increased to $2,200, an increase from $69 to $100 for each pupil. In the year 1868, by Chapter 400, there was an additional annual allowance of $300 for three additional pupils from the increased Senatorial Districts, making then the annual allowance of $2,500 drawn directly from the treasury on the warrant of the Comptroller and thereby making it a perpetual appropriation until repealed. This Mr. Brooks got out of the treasury for his school from 1860 to 1882, inclusive, the sum of forty-seven thousand dollars. This large annual appropriation of $2,500, it appears, was not sufficient with whatever other patronage it had to sustain it. It got into a failing condition and for some years past this Rev. gentleman has pestered members of the Legislature and all other gentlemen whom he could approach to assist in getting a still larger appropriation. He succeeded in getting a bill passed by the last Legislature which provided he should be paid quarterly out of the treasury the additional quarterly sum of $1,300 for board, fuel and lights (not lodging,) making the additional annual sum of $5,200 which, with $2,500 he was already getting, would have made the sum of seventy-seven hundred dollars paid annually out of the Treasury *to him or the school*. The Governor considered it to be his duty to withhold his approval from the bill and it did not become a law. The question is did the Gov. do right? We take it for granted his action was prompted alone by public considerations. The subject itself could involve nothing else. The Gov. must have considered the policy wrong to put institutions or schools of the kind, being entirely of private concern, upon the Treasury of the state. There are hundreds of such private schools in the State and each upon like grounds would be entitled to a similar support. The people of the State pay by State and County taxation a million or more of dollars towards the support of their common school system established for male and female alike and which is exclusively a State institution. This burden is borne patiently and with the knowledge that it is for the general good. But is this not enough! And should we be willing in addition to the liberal provision here made still further to put upon the taxpaying people all kinds of private institutions? We say the Gov. did a wise and right thing in not approving this policy of giving the public money to private institutions. Not content, Mr. Editor, with publishing the grievances of Mr. Brooks, you also have your own which you take occasion to lay before your readers. The cause of your own assault upon the Governor is in respect to the publication of the laws in certain of the newspapers of the State, among which is your own Journal. We think it not just to the Gov. to ascribe his opposition to this measure or policy to his hostility to the press. We believe he has no more personal feeling on this subject than he has upon Mr. Brook's school and why should he have upon either? The press is an established institution in this country with admitted widely extended influence, and can do a public man for the time good or harm. Why the Gov. should invoke the hostility of this important interest, as he manifestly has done with your Journal and others in the State, we leave you, Mr. Editor, to consider. Upon the other hand we can safely say that the Gov. was solely benefited by considerations of the public service in opposing the appropriations hitherto made to a selected press for the publication of the laws and to proposed additional appropriation to Mr. Brook's school.—It is possible that some of your readers may not fully understand the character of the publication of the laws, and we therefore propose to give a brief resume of it. In 1865, the Republican party was in power in the State. The great mass of the intelligent people of the State was against it. Its party press had few readers and no patronage in most of the counties and could not exist without outside aid. Therefore this act for the publication of the laws in such newspapers as should be selected and for the payment for it out of the Treasury. A certain paper in each county was then selected by the presiding officers of the two Houses for each publication. When there was more than one newspaper in a county, that one was selected that had the favor of the presiding officers. You will observe the influences that in the nature of things might operate. Accordingly, all those public acts to take effect before the 1st of June were given out to the appointed papers for publication. All those to take effect after the 1st of June were to be published in book form, as was done before from time immemorial. For some years, these papers got as much as $1,600 for publishing for the sessions, and the amount for these years paid out was some forty-six or forty-seven thousand dollars. These large payments of public money for this new service, as it was seen by the whole history of the State done before, of course attracted public attention, and at once there were manifest signs of discontent. Then, and up to last year, it was reduced to $1,200 a session for each county newspaper, amounting to some $3300 in the aggregate. In the heavy burdens of the people this also arrested public attention, and the Gov. for years and years, indeed from the inception of the system, we are informed, was known to be opposed to this new encroachment upon the Treasury, both on account of the unnecessary expense and the liability of the concentration of power into political "*Bossism*" or management through the agency of the fund distributed to a favored few of the press, and which by reason of its inherent properties come to be very aptly styled and known as the "*subsidy*."

In his very just message, the Gov. took occasion to call the attention of the General Assembly to this matter, and gave his reason for abolishing the whole system, and to which Mr. Editor we could refer you. The Legislature, however, did nothing, and again this $33,000 was paid out of the Treasury to the *favored* papers.—Again, the Gov. at the last session directed attention to the subject and again gave his reasons for abolishing it. An effort was made to repeal the whole thing and failed, but a law was passed reducing the payment hereafter to be made to each county so as not to exceed $600, and leaving it discretionary with the Gov. and Attorney-General what laws, taking effect before the 1st day of June, if any, they should consider sufficiently important to have published in newspapers. As the law only authorized the publication of such public laws as those to take effect on this day to be published in Book form, as it had always been done before, and as there were a considerable numbers of such laws passed to take effect on the 1st day of June, and not before, and as there was great delay, growing out of the extreme illness of Speaker Keilholtz, and of the fact that many of the laws were not in condition to approve at the adjournment of the Legislature, which brought such newspaper publication, if made, nearly up to the 1st of June, when bylaw all were to be published in the usual authentic book form, that none were published, and not a cent was paid out of the Treasury this year for such purpose, an absolute saving to the people of $33,000 as under the old law, and of $14 or $15,000 under the new, and no harm done to any one.

We feel safe in saying that all those who consider the Governor's action in this matter from a disinterested standpoint will say that he was wise and right in this policy, and we leave it to the judgment of all fair men who love justice, economy and business management in State affairs as in private concerns, to say whether the Governor was not right for his decision and independent action in both these matters. He has brought upon himself the acrimonious hostilities, both of the Rev. Mr. Brooke and your own valuable journal and other journals in the State, but we have the confidence to believe that the considerate and disinterested Press of the State, generally, will in the end admit that the policy of the Governor is right and that time will vindicate it. We have both these subjects [illegible] of your [illegible] READER.

[For the Beacon.]

CHICAGO, Oct. 7, 1882.

Messrs. Editors:—I hope you have not grown weary with expectation since I promised to write as soon as I arrived in this great city. You must know that one has not much time for letter writing on arriving in a large city, and even if he had the time, one's thoughts could not be concentrated on account of the great tumult, especially when our minds had become tuned to the quiet of Leonardtown life. I promised to give you a description of my trip, but I must admit my inability to represent by words the beauties I have passed through. It would be nonsense for me to attempt a description of the Potomac after so many have already given such glowing pictures. I took the midnight train from the Monumental city to witnessing the festivities of that place. Then sweet recollections came over me and my heart grew weak, and fain would I have returned to the scenes of my happy past. As I took the hands of brothers and sisters and said farewell to the dear ones around I could not help shedding [illegible]

On awakening in the morning, I was just in time to take an early breakfast at Cumberland and see the glorious sun peeping over the top of a distant peak, making a scene at once striking and beautiful. I was not left long in my reverie, thinking of the great promoter of such grandeur, for the whistle announcing the time for departure from Cumberland, I found myself in this pretty little town, pictures of the grandest nature were constantly presenting themselves. First we would see a large expanse of level country as far as the eye could reach; then we would be winding [illegible] the side [illegible] on the other. Such scenes naturally filled us with a spirit of the sublime. The moving of the cars represented the time we are spending on this earth and the high peak and deep abyss were emblemical of our final resting place. The most noted, and of course the grandest, of the numerous passes around the mountains on one's way from Baltimore to Chicago is known as the Seven Mile Grade. At this point an extra engine had to be put on, and I wish at this point of my letter I had some extra descriptive ability that I might give you a little word painting, but again I am not equal to the task.

We reached Chicago at 12, M., Saturday, Sept. 17th, thus being four hours behind time, occasioned by an old cow making a bed of the railroad track. Now what can I tell you of the "Garden City" of the West? I fear I have written too much already, and will close with an assurance that you shall receive from me in the near future a description of Chicago and its surroundings.

As ever yours,
F. F.

MAXIMS FOR GENTLEMEN.—If you wish to find out your true friends, have a report circulated that you are dangerously ill at home. Very few will knock at the door.

Let reflection always be in advance of action. A man would be a fool to place a mirror behind him to shave himself.

If you wish a secret preserved, let it undergo the canning process—hermetically sealed, and then thrown into the river.

If you would shine in conversation, watch your chance and then spread yourself when you are in the company of the ignorant.

Don't talk too much when you are with strangers; it is like casting your light before a dark lantern.

A running brook always keeps bubbling; but still water is silent.

Never tell your age or faults to an inquisitive person; if you do, you will suddenly become a veteran and a depraved villian.

Avoid religious controversies; they will do you no good, and you will be put down as a confirmed atheist.

Treat mother-law with marked attention; if you do not, you may forfeit your wife's affections, and have to dodge a broom stick.

☞ The man who pretends to have religion but somehow always gets the better end of every bargain, is not unlike the Hibernian who wrote a letter to his grandmother in very large characters because, as he said, "the old lady is very deaf."

George Colton and John L. Thomas.

Though of political associations and convictions as different as different can well be, Messrs. Colton and Thomas are and have always since their first acquaintance been warm personal friends. Nevertheless, they never meet at a social gathering that they do not *lay* for each other and set the table in a roar by their mutual chaffing. On the return of Brother Colton to Baltimore from his Eastern travels some eighteen months ago a [illegible] was given in his honor, Mr. Thomas was a guest, and "there and then" he fired for his old adversary in prose and verse and carried off the laugh with flying colors. But Colton was irrepressible and bided his time with patience for a favorable opportunity to retort. It came at last. Mr. Thomas started out on *his* travels and published several interesting letters to tell people about them, and on his return home, he also was honored with a complimentary feast. Colton was on hand and the following account from the *American* shows how he fared even with Thomas:

"Mr. George Colton was next brought up out of his seat at the corner of the table of honor, in response to the toast to "Our Foreign Relations." He gave his chance to retaliate on Mr. Thomas for the excruciating game worked on him some time ago at a banquet. His response was exceedingly humorous and catching, and brought out a call for "Three cheers for Colton." He said:

"Upon an occasion like this, when formality gives place to the warm glow of friendship and all differences of opinion are forgotten in a generous flow of soul, I shall not attempt to weary your patience with a lengthy speech; yet no one can be more sensible than I of the true worth of the distinguished guest in whose honor we have assembled to night. My relations toward him are different, perhaps, from the most of you, for, if not my bean ideal, he is my genius—but not my evil genius.

You all, no doubt, remember how he followed me some eighteen months in my travels around the old world. Wherever I went there he was sure to be. If I stood at the Sea of Galilee, he would say, "This lake might be a good place for oysters," then lots of other places I would visit, he would exclaim, "Hadn't you better fill this river with carp from the Maryland Fish Commission?" If I gazed awe-struck on the frowning peaks of Hermon, or the lofty mountains of Moab, he would break my reverie by saying, "What a place to plant Eastern Shore huckleberries!" and when weary and travelworn, and disgusted with the shams of the world, I retired without the walls of Jerusalem and sat me now down beneath the shadow of a great rock to meditate, he portrayed in glowing rhyme the thoughts that were passing through my mind. How beautiful and graphic were his pen-portraits of the Maryland Democratic "Ring," and every member of it! But, as I may refer to this again, I will pass it by for the present and speak of my own travels and discoveries.

There can be no doubt, gentlemen, that my travels in the East were of great benefit to the world, and added much to the archæological literature of the present age; the fact is, although it may not be generally known, I was the first traveler that discovered the grave of Moses; I bowed my head with deep reverence as I stood beside the resting place of the greatest lawgiver the world has ever known, but, unlike Mark Twain, I shed no tear. I knew it was the grave of Moses, because an old Greek patriarch, who traveled with me from Bethlehem down the valley of Kedron and through the wilderness of Judea, told me so, and you can always rely upon the Greeks when they don't come with presents (and they don't come that way now). But coming back to Moses' grave—or rather going forward to it—the only thing that staggered my faith in regard to the matter was, how Moses managed to get on the Jerusalem side of the Jordan. The Good Book tells us that he ascended Nebo and was no more, and "No man knoweth his sepulchre to this day;" therefore, the only theory upon which I can account for it is that there must have deen two Moses. Any way I saw the grave. Then see with what keenness of vision I looked out from the top of the Pyramid of Cheops; how towns and cities and ruins hundreds of miles away were as perceptible to my clairvoyant vision as were the Sphynx and the desert at my feet. So wonderful indeed was my optical penetration, that it made the Washington *Star* see stars in criticising it. But it was all true, gentlemen; and it has afforded me much pleasure in reading the account of the little unpleasantness that has lately been going on between the British govermept and Arabi Pacha, to know that I have traveled over the same ground that constitutes the scene of their combat.

And by-the-bye, speaking of Arabi, a gentlemen asked me the other day if I saw him while I was in Cairo. Of course I did. He was among the first acquaintances I found. He was then keeping a bucket-shop—a sort of curbstone-broker, although his forte was bluff and I was told he was the greatest bluff player that ever handled a deck. He would raise his rival when he had a full hand; would see him and go a thousand better, but he finaly *raised* the ire of the British Lion, and as he couldn't *See-mour*, he had to fold down and take [illegible]

This, you see, gentlemen, there are but two celebrated travelers and letter-writers in Maryland now, always excepting the talented proprietor of *The Baltimore American*, who for more than half a score times viewed Europe through American spectacles, and has just returned from his last trip more in love with his own country, and prouder than ever that he is an American citizen. One of these traveled around his own country, and wrote the most beautiful descriptive letters over the initials of J. L. T.; the other took a tour in the Old World and wrote his letters over the initials of G. C. The American traveler and our honored guest I knew more than a quarter of a century ago, when, unknown to fame, he took up his residence in South Baltimore. I don't think he settled on a corner lot. If he had, there would soon have been corners in lots, if there hadn't been lots of corners. With his early history I am not familiar. I know not whether he descended from a long line of boasted ancestry and concentrated in his own intellect the moral force of several generations; but this I know, that he is in every respect what Burns describes as "a man." It was not long before he took a prominent part in our business and political affairs, and by dint of perseverance and force of intellect, he went up step by step until he was elected prosecuting attorney for Baltimore city; then a member of the State Constitutional Convention; twice elected member of the popular branch of Congress, and twice appointed collector of the port of Baltimore—the best office in Maryland in the gift of the President. In all these positions to which he has been called, he has discharged the duties with credit to himself and honor to his constituents. But I will not trespass further upon your time, but close my remarks, as he once favored me, with an epic on his American travels:

TO J. L. T.

TRAVELER.

We celebrate your safe return,
Dear Mr. John Lee Thomas,
And hope you've enjoyed yourself
Since last you parted from us.

You've traveled through the growing West,
O'er hills and swamps and prairies;
You've told us all about its farms,
Its wheat crops and its dairies

With kindly feelings I'll review
Your travels, gentle brother:
You did as much for me, and one
Good turn deserves another.

Chicago first the pleasure had
Of showing you the lion,
Where droves of oxen slaughtered they
With instruments of iron.

They showed you through the packing house,
"These Hogs," you said, "will dress well;
But scenes like these remind me of
That slaughter by John Creswell"

St Paul and Minneapolis
Gave you a great ovation;
They hailed you as a *coming* man—
(*Though out of situation.*)

And so—you kept on going West,
Until at Salt Lake City
You met a married Mormon boss—
Your great heart swelled with pity.

And then you seized your mighty pen,
And wrote a touching letter,
To warn the folks at home—and then—
Well, then you went and met her.

A Mormon wife, perhaps a blonde—
Maybe a sad-faced cast off—
Crossed your lone path; well, what of that?
Such things have often passed off.

She was (what number I forget),
Proposed, what I can't mention;
You blushed a blush, and then replied:
"I have no such intention."

Alarmed, you hurried from the town,
And let the siren's kiss go
Fluttering on the amorous winds,
While you made tracks for 'Frisco.

No wonder, then, the police took
You to the Chinese quarter,
You'd too much humor in your soul,
And brandy in your water.

And then you saw such awful things,
You wrote another warning,
But it I'm not mistaken, sir,
You went back in the morning.

Your moral nerves were badly shocked,
You feared you'd make a mis-go,
And so you seized your carpet-bag
And rushed away from 'Frisco.

And then you gazed upon the charms
That hung 'round Colorado—
Her snow-capped peaks, her shadowy vales,
Was that not all bravado?

You told us of Milwaukee beer,
And how the Dutchmen brew it;
And how it makes the heart feel glad,
When all the while we knew it.

Perhaps you told the Milwaukees
To cultivate our fishes;
Soft crab and rock, oysters and shad
To garnish hotel dishes.

Or taught them how to utilize
Their hillsides and savannahs,
By planting oranges and limes,
Pineapples and bananas.

Omnipient traveler to the West
From Monumental City,
Perchance you told the folks out there
Of Creswell, Webster, Ditty!

Three Stalwart chiefs, who like the Sioux
You met with, way out yonder,
Scalped every Half-breed that they knew,
And robbed them of their plunder.

Gazit yes at the White House gate,
With those who long have fasted,
And mourn the loaves and fishes lost,
A rich feast while it lasted.

Like Mordecai, there weep and wail—
Not for your tribe or daughter,
But for the way the axe was used
In Arthur's pen of slaughter.

Tell them of ours in the sky,
Of guillotines and axes,
Civil reform and assassinates
And mon trous salar. taxes.

Cry, Washington! O Washington,
Thou hoped of corruption,
Look out! an earthquake [illegible]
With a jump and a [illegible]

[illegible] how they fly,
And rend the rounds asunder
Stalwarts and Half-breeds knocked sky high
By Democratic thunder.

But never mind, the Blue will cling
To you through all reverses;
You'll make an honest living by
Your letters and your verses.

"Shoot folly as it flies," my friend;
Clip Time's wing as he passes;
We welcome you with right good cheer,
Bright smiles and brimming glasses.

And when old age comes creeping on,
Our fire has a standing from us,
I hope you'll always be the same—
The genial John L. Thomas.

Mr. Thomas, in reply to this pungent sally, said he had a little thing in reply to all this. Mr. Colton had been laying for him for something like eighteen months, and had hatched out about the biggest egg he had ever sat on.

[For the Beacon.]

PUZZLES BY FOXY.

ENIGMA NO. 1.

I am composed of 24 letters and am familiar proverb.
My 8, 14, 19, 11, 7, 19 is a cavern.
My 12, 14, 10, 1, 2 is a test.
My 4, 22, 23, 3 is a tax.
My 6, 18, 18, 1 was a prophetess.
My 15, 5, 19, 14, 2 is a mineral.
My 24, 13, 9, 3 is a dale.
My 5, 10, 18, 20 is an intimation.
My 17, 13, 16, 21, 18, 10, 22, 14 is a title.

ENIGMA NO 2.

I am composed of 16 letters and am the name of one of Sir Walter Scott's poems.
My 13, 5, 15, 12 is a body of water.
My 2, 16, 14, 4 is to cure.
My 7, 3, 13, 4 is a hideous cry.
My 1, 8, 7 is a trifle.
My 11, 16, 5, 10 is to warm.
My 6, 8, 9, 9 is to strip.

HIDDEN ACROSTIC.

I am composed of 8 letters and am the name of a poet.
My 1st is in time but not in year.
My 2nd is in smile and also in fear.
My 3rd is in neck but not in throat.
[illegible]
My 5th is in young but not in old.
My 6th is in sell and also in sold.
My 7th is in oak but not in beech.
My 8th is in learn but not in teach.

FRACTIONAL PUZZLE.

Take ½ of a cherry, ¼ of a book, 2-5ths of an apple, 1-7th of nothing, 2-3rds of a hat, 2-3rds of an egg and 1-5th of a snail and form a city in Europe.

DO YOU KNOW.—That a little water in butter will prevent it from burning when used for frying?

That a little saltpetre worked into butter that has become sour or rancid will render it sweet and palatable?

That pennyroyal distributed in places frequented by roaches will drive them away?

That wild mint will keep rats and mice out of your house?

That lime sprinkled in fireplaces during summer months is heathful?

That Spanish brown, mixed with a little water, will make the hearths look pretty? A pound costs ten cents and will last three months; use a little at a time.

That leaves of parsley eaten with a little vinegar, will prevent the disagreeable consequences of tainted breath by onions?

That flowers and shrubs should be excluded from a bed chamber?

That oil paintings, hung over the mantlepiece are liable to wrinkle with heat?

☞ The future is always fairyland to the young. Life is like a beautiful and winding lane, on either side bright flowers, and beautiful butterflies, and tempting fruits, which we scarcely pause to admire and to taste, so eager are we to hasten to an opening which we imagine will be more beautiful still.

☞ "Woman," says Mrs. Eastman, "is a problem." So she is; and though a problem we can never hope to solve, it is one we shall never, never be willing to give up.

☞ Bleeding of a wound in a man or beast can be stopped by a mixture of wheat flour and common salt, in equal parts, bound on with a cloth.

☞ Ayer's Ague Cure is a purely vegetable bitters and a powerful tonic, free from quinine or any mineral substance, and always cures the severest cases.

☞ If you are sick and troubled with dyspepsia, Brown's Iron Bitters will cure you.