# Saint Mary's Beacon.

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[*For the Beacon.*]

CHARADE, WRITTEN BY A LITTLE GIRL OF 12.

On a fair lovely day when the sky is all blue,
And streams from the mountains have burst;
Grand are the beauties of the azure hue
When the dew drops are sparkling 'neath the rays of my first.

My second is beautiful, brilliant and bright,
Gives beauty to many things round;
It's both pretty and light
And pleases the eyes of many I've found.

My all is welcome where'er we go;
It gladdens the distant lea;
It's welcome to those in the country of snow
And it fills the young with glee.

BESSIE.

[*For the Beacon.*]

## WAYSIDE GLEANINGS.

Messrs. Editors:—How grandly beautiful is the sunlight when it suddenly bursts, as it were, through sombre clouds of a week's wild revel, and fills every space in view with the golden glory of its brightness! We do not remember that ever before did the transition from sullen skies to glad sunshine impress us with its magic as it did this morning when the day-god literally burst into view when least expected, scattering with his wand the icy desert of mist and wilderness of ugly atmosphere that have enveloped our city for a week or more. He seemed to come laughing and frolicking, showering gracious kisses of remembrance into the most hidden nook, as well as broad thoroughfare, and touching into new life the by-way domicile as well as the palace home, in a moment fairly flooding the streets with animation and gayety. At this moment of writing, the dangerous sleet that covered the side-walks yesterday and drove pedestrians for safety to the grisly slush of the street—the ladies walked through it like "things of life," but the gentlemen tiptoed very gingerly—has broken up and crowds move along them with renewed vigor of step and gayety of glance.

Beautiful children as they trip along to Sunday School seem to catch new loveliness from the beautious light and the plainer ones to grow beautiful, such is the happy influence of bright skies and genial light, so like the power of truth that scatters error and evil and brings into happy relief the graces of virtue. Our chamber windows overlook three busy avenues, all of which lead to the churches that crowd about the Parks that distinguish the beautiful West End, and the scene was truly grateful that greeted our eyes under the charm of this sunlit Sabbath morning. Against our wont, we were compelled to keep within doors, as we have been for some weeks, save a few auspicious intervals, our old bronchial troubles playing the tyrant with us, but our thoughts kept time to the chime of the bells which never sang out a sweeter *Jubilate Deo*. Gloomy weather has its uses, or it would not be, but some people seem to think there has been too much of it of late, "all at once," and the Signal Service Report has been consulted by more hasty eyes than any other item contained in the interesting columns of the *Sun*. There is one class of humanity that finds no fault with the "snow-clad hills" and the icy pavements, and that is the one distinguished under the name of boys. A cheering feature of the late storm was the carnival of sleds, and we had the full benefit of the sounds of hearty fun that arose from the jubilant groups which took possession of the slope in our view. A Baltimore little boy is an institution that increases in individuality with every generation, and to watch them in their ordinary customs, we wonder if the distinguished men who lead our State affairs, and whose mantle of dignity is as gracefully warm as were those of the Roman patricians, were ever like them? To leave Washington entirely out of the category of small things, we never believed in that "little hatchet"—we wonder as we notice in our little boys the utter ignoring of any future in particular so they are fed when hungry,—if Jefferson's boyhood was ever satisfied with a piece of fire and a sled, or Old Hickory with a ball—we were about to say, but remembering that he handled balls so well in his manhood, it were unreasonable to conclude he had not tried their effect in boyhood. We are sure, however, that a pocket of peanuts never gave him supreme happiness, or Henry Clay with a hobby-horse, even if he had not been busy with a mule, or the venerable Proprietor and Editor of the *Baltimore Sun*, with a kite or paper bag bursting, as fond of paper as he is. Yet there are manly hearts in some of these scrubby little fellows, and always willing to do a kindly act. While the sleet prevailed, we had occasion to cross to the next corner, and before we were conscious of the slippery curb leading to the crossing, one of these little "rough and ready" statesmen *in futuro* ran forward, and with a courtesy that gracefully emulated that of Sir Walter Raleigh, without the policy, however, that doubtless urged the action of the latter, placed his sled over the gutter, making a safe bridge for our footsteps. The next moment, with heels high in the air as his stature allowed, and face downwards, he was sledding at break-neck speed down the slope, wholly oblivious to all else but the fun, a moment of which was to him as exquisite enjoyment as were the honors to the cloak sacrificing subject, heaped upon him by England's greatest, if not best, Queen. No matter what the weather, in a great city like this, there are no "lethargic surroundings," as some of your local correspondents, Messrs. Editors, deplore is the case in their midst, yet, as in the quietest village of some back corner of the world, one may find the most complete retirement and privacy as he or she may chose. To us, there is not a more delightful recreation to be enjoyed than a quiet evening, with the curtains drawn to shut out the outside glare, with the grate aglow, and the genial gaslight reflecting a costly cornered table, cheerily smiling with books. There can be no lethargy thus surrounded, even if the world stood still. Such surroundings are as obtainable as well in a back corner, with the added poetry of the great, crackling pine log, making its pleasant music on the wide hearth of our grandfathers' day, and the trim Argand shedding a mellow-light over the low white walls, as the tallow candle of our revered grandmothers. O there is a grand poem in the associations of that tallow candle, "the light of other days," associations that brim a "golden bowl" that ne'er can be broken and freight a "silver chord" that ne'er can be loosed! Every one feels this who remembers the old home, with its dear faces, reflected by the candle on the little round stand in the corner nearest the fire. There sat the grandmother, the clicking sound of her knitting needles mingling musically with the pleasant song of the tea kettle; the supper table with its solid hospitality; the busy mother; the father with his newspaper, the cooing of baby to the frolic of happy children. This is a picture that might hang upon the gold-tinted walls of some of our palace-homes, and to do it reverence would honor the high stepping dames crazed with the fever for modern bric-a-bac. Alas, we see no grandmothers in this day of fashion, except among the lowly or that sweet faced people, the Friends. The calico gown and folded white kerchief, the wide silk apron, and frilled muslin cap, are the glories of Long Ago. Bangs and frizzes, bandeaux and puffs, and every folly of the *beau-monde*, distinguish the grandmothers of to-day, and the nearest sound to the click of the knitting needle is the clank of the gilded chain securing the abominable little poodle or the spiteful Spitz. When our eyes are blest at sight of an old time grandmother, we feel like bowing our head in reverence. Grandfathers are more general. Neither the richly freighted warehouse, nor the lofty drawing room, can hide him, and he refuses to be modernized under the flash of the silver plate or the "grand, gloomy and peculiar" style of imported tapestry. We had intended to say, when diverted from the tenor of the subject by the remembaance of the dear old grandmother about the home fireside, that "lethargic" was a sad point to arrive at. We could not realize it any where while a bird twittered from the leafless tree in lessons of a happy life, and a bit of blue sky peeped from behind the dark winter-cloud, telling of the "silver lining!" Even in the silent city of the dead, lethargy has no place. The "low, green tent, from which no curtain outward swings," the tall white shaft, the simple tombstone, the clustering evergreen, the trailing cypress, the bending willow, all, all are restless voices proclaiming lessons to rouse both body and mind to earnest action. Quietness has its peculiar fascinations, but the chances to observe the world in all its various phases, is one of the special advantages to be enjoyed in mingling with the great hustling human tide that flows onward from day to day with little ebb tide. It is a study to watch the restless throng; every face is a history that, were it written, would serve to instruct or to warn, to bless or to curse, coming generations as the history of no other age has done, for the world was never before so ahead of time. Every thing moves in "hot haste;" every motion seems to call out "to arms;"—for 'tis but a battle—and every thing moves as if the foe, lost Time, was at hand, from the imposing Adams' Express, with its dashing driver, to the tiny doll wagon in the hands of its baby mistress. Even the licensed cur darts to and fro, anywhere and everywhere, as if intent on business equal in importance to that of our watchful Marshal of Police. If there is seen any leisure movement at all, it is made by a stranger who, oftener than otherwise, is bewildered into hesitancy through difficulty in finding the way he wishes to go, such a problem is the arrangement of our streets. Even when two business men meet, both talk at the same time, so as not to make more than necessary delay, and we often hear exchanges of conversation as two are rushing in opposite directions. Ah! character displays itself along the course of this rushing human tide, and no amount of the enamel of pretense or deception can hide it. The gilded knave spreads himself over more than his half of the walk, and rudely jostles the manly citizen whose honest labors he has grown fat upon. Tinselled shoddy pushes to the verge the dependent gentlewoman to make room for the display of her velvet robe, eked from her father's labors in his junk shop. The young "blood," or as Fanny Fern terms him, the coat tails walking behind a moustache, twirls his gold-tipped cane contemptuously in the way of the well bred, yet struggling young gentleman, and the "boss" darkey compels his hirelings to tip their caps to his imperious nod. There is met the man whose ledger is his God, and he whose counting house is his shrine, but who for convention's sake, "veneers himself with sanctimonious theory" on the Sabbath day. There is seen those, and they are not few, who, like Tennyson's character,

"oogle
All over with the fat, affectionate smile,
That makes the widows lean."

There the urbane face in the motion of whose back, to borrow a thought, rascal is plainly read. There the snob, with supple knee, the parvenu with pert stride, the sheep in wolf's clothing, with sliding step, the smooth fisted driver of bargains that oppress the poor, the sly robber of his neighbor's advantage, the oily-tongued serpent of some fair paradise, the sneak trappers of the unguarded, the "silky moths" that eat the innocent name, the disgusting, the ludicrous, the pitiful, the pigmy with his thousands, the ape with his glitter. In relief to these is the scholarly gentleman whose example to coming men will be their fortune—the true woman whose noble virtues will descend to posterity as rich legacies—the manly youth whose honorable principles will prove an inestimable treasure to his after years—the true Christian whose precepts will adorn succeeding ages—kindly hearts and earnest workers in the cause of humanity. The modest master of millions, the well bred holder of distinguished station, the noble pyramid towering from the vale of humble yet honest labor, the venerated, the "friend indeed," the patron of true worth, the pattern citizen. These far outnumber the others, and thus the vast human tide onward rushes each day, recording events to be held up to posterity as examples of the true and the false. How happy then that the true prevails! and what a blight upon this beautiful city and upon the whole fair land we call ours that the false has any existence. The saddest sight that has come under our gaze for years was the forced march of five boys, ranging from twelve to sixteen years, to the police station, guarded by three officers. Their well bred and genteel dress told that they belonged to no menial class, but their bowed heads and blushing cheeks told that they had been detected in some shameful act. And this too on the beautiful Sabbath, the last day of the old year, with its unclouded sky and warm sunshine so typical of the dying Christian. As our eyes followed them, we thought how anxious would be the mother's heart as it sighed,

"O, where is my boy to-night?"

That wrong can anywhere show its bold front within the influence of the grand efforts made in the cause of right in this city, is undubitable proof of the existence of that power that warred against heaven and ought certainly to convince him who disbelieves; but under the regime of our new judiciary a reformation in criminal circles is vigorously pursued, which so well co-operates with the labors of the Christian missions in their untiring tasks that in contrast to a few years back the dawn of the millennium seems to be in view. The man who can lift his hand to offer the cursed glass to a boy, and that on the holy Sabbath, has a soul so black that even Satan would be ashamed of it, but for the taunts of his demons that he had learned to know pity. We are skeptical as to the possible salvation of the rum-seller and believe that all the crimes committed under the effect of the trade he so delights in, as quicker than any other to produce the coveted dollar, will be upon his skirts as so many stains of human blood. We thank kind fortune that our habitation is in a section of the city where no beer saloon, rum "parlor" or whiskey shop is allowed to be, and if we knew when we met a rum-seller, we would give him wide berth, even if driven to the gutter. The meanest of all trades is that which involves the ruin, desolation and misery of so many innocent families. We have seen but two drunken men during the past six months and heard but three oaths, one from a little "rough," who felt the lash of a milkman's whip, because he had "jumped up behind" while the wagon was toiling up a slippery place, and another from a slouchy adult employed with another to gut the ice from the gutter which our window overlooks. We watched him with some curiosity, and was assured that his determination is to get a living out of the world with as little exertion on his part as possible. The ice was stubborn under the lazy strokes of his pick, hence the oath, and when the job was finished, we observed that he had scarcely done one-third of the work. While his shoes were almost past wearing and his clothes past repair, the appe[illegible] laborer gave evidence of thrift and industry. His boots were solid, his coat whole and the ruddy health glow on his face all betokened a well spent time, nor did he grumble that his labor had yielded the slouch a dime or two more than he had earned. The pleasant little home of the one and the low grog shop where the other would doubtless take refuge rose before us, and with a bright thought for the family awaiting the cheery presence of the provider, a hope arose that the other had none. The third oath came from the lips of a genteel man wearing a cap, suggesting that he belonged to some branch of the army. It was in answer to a party of corner loafers of a thoroughfare who called out to know if he belonged to the "Salvation Army." His ugly utterance was almost excusable to those who have seen the absurd caperings of that army. While Congress is legislating upon the tariff subject, we think it would be well to include the imported human trash that tends so effectually to bring religion into ridicule in the eyes of the impressible youth of the present generation. It could well be inserted in the tin bill, as the noise made by these silly "Hallelujah Jims," "Happy Charlies" and "Major Pollies" cannot even come under the comparatively dignified head of "sounding brass." To paraphrase the cry of Madame Roland, we exclaim, O, religion, how many absurdities are committed in thy name! It is our custom to see for ourself, if practicable, so we can form our own judgment. One peep at the "drills" of this "army" was quite sufficient for the purpose. Like the Irish regiment which was toasted by their Col. for a faithful performance of duty in a battle against Stonewall J[illegible] We were the last to go in and the [illegible]t to come out." Some of our pulpits are loud in outcries against the Sunday concerts, which have proved such grateful blessings to the sick poor of the city, when the same or similar music is used in the churches every Sunday, and some of the same instruments also, for many choirs have, besides the organ, the cornet and flute, and some the violencello and others we cannot recal the proper name of. It seems to us to be straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel. Consistency is a rare jewel, indeed. Shakspeare is an authority in many pulpits, yet when rendered by Booth or Mary Anderson on the boards of a theater, it is decried as a sin. Apropos of Booth, of whom America is so justly proud and Europe so enthusiastic over, a face recurs to us which we encountered in a walk through an old business locality once occupied by the counting houses of some of our now merchant princes, but at present filled up with junk shops and second-hand notion bazars. The indisputably Ishmaelitish nose gave expression to a general appearance that captured our prolonged gaze, as it instantly gave rise to the thought that Booth must have met him and taken him for his model from which to gain his perfection in his impersonification, as no other artist has been able to perfect, of Shylock. Using a little expedient to protract our footsteps, we amused ourself over the exact likeness to Booth in his great character of the

——"wolfish, bloody, starved and ravenous,"

and passed on with the reflection that could greed for money and the way to make it, that none but a Jew of the unmodified type understands, could be personified, that withered, rusty-faced little specimen of humanity might sit for the picture. In contrast to this reminder of souls willing to be martyred for lucre, to be found among Christians as well, and bonds secured by pounds of human flesh, as may in too many instances be seen recorded upon the life pages of the poor sewing women, was a fair young girl we met as we strolled along the fashionable thoroughfare leading out from Mt. Vernon Square. A beautiful dog walked cavalierly at her side, his sheeny coat of bronze and scarlet collar comporting perfectly with her velvet dress and scarlet plume. She carried a scarlet-handled whip artistically in her hand, the existence and uses of which the dog seemed to understand, for when, as he did, he obeyed his dog proclivities and essayed to indulge a spirit of frolic with passing dogs, a delicate smack of the whip would cause instant return of becoming behavior. The dog at the side of his mistress is a common feature of the promenade, but the whip is an innovation, a rather pleasing substitute for the chain, yet more strongly suggestive of the means used in many instances of refractory ownership to keep up to a standard of proper deportment another species of creation. Altogether, it was a pretty scene, one Rembrandt would have loved to see, for the girl's face and symmetrical proportions of the dog would have done credit to his pictures. We have taken occasion to visit under one pretence or another the factories where clothing is made, to learn for ourself if the reports of the starvation prices paid to sewing women be true. Alas! too true one might well exclaim. All branches of labor have their clubs and unions for self-protection except the working women. They are entirely at the mercy of their close-fisted patrons and the least protected of all classes from imposition and extortion, and but for the kindly hand of charity the miseries of life would surely kill. One dollar and fifty cents is the average earnings of a woman from her needle at the prices paid in most of the clothing houses. Just think, young gentlemen, when arraying yourself in your "Sunday best," which you have bought from a "lot" of ready made clothing, that some poor widow with young children to support, or worse, the victim to drudgery of a husband rendered more than useless by intemperance, was paid only sixteen and two third cents, or at the highest twenty cents for making those shapely pants which occupied her a whole day or more; forty cents for the coat that shows your figure to such advantage, and that vest fifteen cents. Think of these sad facts and conclude how clothiers and merchants make their unlawful (in the sight of heaven) profits. And mother when you array your little boy in the pretty clothes brought from "the store," think of the poor children whose mothers make those pants for less than six cents a pair, with ten button holes to be worked in them too. Yet the poor sewing mother has to take the coldest seat in the church, unrecognized by the high salaried pastor whose courtesy is reserved for her oppressor, whose softly cushioned pew is supported by her daily and nightly toil. Baltimore expends a goodly amount upon her suffering poor, and a beggar is seldom seen on the streets as in days past, but the lot of the sewing woman is worse than beggary. We have gone into their homes to learn this. It is no idle story. The scenes of real life are far more startling than the brain of the romancer can conjure up. The narrow, mean, cramped souls that pulsate some men's and—yes some women's bodies too—are beyond the ken of human knowledge to account for, and that the poor shall inherit the riches of a "hereafter" is to them only a fable, as well as the divine declaration, "it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven," and this sort of rich man is the one meant. To look upon the ravages of disease in almost every form in one scene, is a fearful feeling. Out of a painting, we never saw so great a sight as filled the large auditorium of the Masonic Temple, on the two occasions our desire to see for ourself, led us to witness the "healing of the poor" by the Magnetic Doctors, now in our city. We say it reverently, but it seemed as if the crowd that came to Him, who could indeed heal, was actually before us. There was the weak and wounded, the sick and sore, the halt, the lame, the blind, from the six months' old baby to the octogenarian paralytic. The genteelly dressed, the poorly clad, those in rags, the cleanly, the careless and those totally unacquainted with the uses of the bath, which latter class, one of the doctors took occasion to inform that magnetism had no effect upon. With the aid of a young student of medicine, who wondered why *he* could not do it, so easy was the performance, we interviewed several of the miraculously cured and getting their address intended to call to find out if the effect was permanent, but the presence of the fell disease that has been in the city, has deterred us from moving about except with the most extreme caution, so we have had no chance to come to a conclusion in the matter of the great power of magnetism upon disease. We have our doubts however, from simple observation, but that the doctors will go away with heavier pocket-books than those they brought, is assured. The exhibitions of mind reading were exceedingly interesting and its verity assured.—There is variety here to attract all classes, from a dog fight on a lot too small for the policeman's eye, to the rendition of Hamlet by the great artist Salvani, and notwithstanding the Sunday concerts and the various clubs so fully patronized by the male portion of the community, the open theatres, six nights in the week and the many private receptions and public balls, one happy fact, which tells more for the influence of the greatest of all causes, is that the churches are always full let the call be on Sunday or Monday, in sunshine or storm.—We resume our, we fear, tedious communication from this point, after more than a week's interruption, the return of stormy weather being an imperious mandate against taking a step outside, even as far as the letter-box, a square distant, and we only "take our pen in hand" again, to give one thought to Bonapartism which has become so rampant since our opening date. Though, no benefit to the cause, our feelings are wholly Bonaparte. France's attempt at a Republic has not placed her where her people know she belongs, the first of the nations of Europe, and besides the spirit of the great Napoleon is not dead, will never die. His love for France which was his latest heart-throb can never be forgotten by the French people, and as long as a Bonaparte lives, a veneration for the name will exist and a belief be cherished that his blood deserves to rule in France.—Because Louis Napoleon made serious blunders, is no reason why Victor should, and as far as our personal feelings are concerned, and we don't believe we stand alone, not believing in the divine right of kings, nothing would please us better than soon to hear the echo of the cry from France, "vive l'Empereur Napoleon!" The *providences* like our Washington have passed away and there never can be established on earth another Republic like ours. We do not say what might have been had Gambetta lived, but it seems to us that France was never destined to be a Republic.—Pretenders! How did Pepin gain his right, or Hugh Capet make his way to the throne? A Bonaparte has the same right, for there is more divinity in the voice of the people than in the foolish superstition the *few* make such efforts to impose upon them. If France is to have a monarch, let it be a Bonaparte by all means.

This, "ground hog day," foretells a continuance of the rigors of winter, but as the tradition has often failed in its prophecy, let us hope that the fair sky that arches above us so kindly, like the outstretched hand of a benefaction, will continue to glad with its cheer.

CRAYON.

RATHER A SLOW TRAIN.—"Conductor," said the grey-haired man, who had been craning his neck, out of the window to learn the cause of the delay, "what's the matter?"

"We're on the side track, waiting for the freight," replied the conductor.

"Are you tied to a tree?" demanded the grey-haired man.

"Certainly not," replied the conductor.

"Not hitched to anything?" exclaimed the passenger, rising in dismay and making for the door.

"What do you want to be hitched up for?" inquired the conductor, somewhat disturbed by the grey-haired man's actions.

"Nothing, nothing; only suppose that freight train should strike us and drive us back a foot! Oh, you may play it on the rest, but you can't catch me for a sleeping-car berth while you make up the lost distance! I went on this road when I was a boy, and now I'm on my way back home! Give it to strangers, but don't play it on life-long travelers."—*Traveler's Magazine.*

STRANGE METEORIC DISPLAYS.—A letter from an officer of the United States steamer Alaska gives an account of a meteor which was seen from the ship one evening a few minutes after sunset. All at once a loud rushing noise was heard like that of a large rock descending from the heavens with immense force and velocity. It proved to be a meteor, and when within ten degrees of the horizon it exploded with much noise and flame, the fragment streaming down into the ocean like great sparks and sprays of fire. The most wonderful part of the phenomenon then followed, for at that point in the heavens where the meteor burst, there appeared a figure shaped like an immense distaff, all aglow with a bluish light of intense brilliancy. It kept that form for perhaps two minutes when it began to lengthen upward and, growing wavy and zigzag in outline, diminished in breadth until it became a fine, faint spiral line at its upper end, dissolving into gathering clouds. It remained for about ten minutes, when it began to fade and finally disappeared at eleven minutes past 5 o'clock.

EIGHT CHILDREN AT A BIRTH.—On the first of August, Mrs. Timothy Bradlee of Trumbull county, Ohio, gave birth to eight children—three boys and five girls. They are all living and healthy, but quite small. Mr. Bradlee was married about six years ago to Eunice Mowery, who weighed two hundred and seventy three pounds on the day of her marriage. She has given birth to two pairs of twins, and now eight more, making twelve children in six years. Mrs. Bradlee was a triplet, her mother and father both being twins, and her grandmother the mother of five pairs of twins.—*Cincinnati Lancet and Observer.*


☞ You Shall have it if you want it. If your druggist or grocer does not sell New Life, and you are in reach of rail or water communication, forward $1.50 by post-office money order and I will send by express, or other method, charges prepaid, three bottles of New Life—and six for $2.50. A. R. Mettee, Proprietor, No. 122 W. Fayette street, Baltimore, Md.


☞ A man who crossed the Atlantic for the first time said he did not think he was much of a sailor at starting, but when he was one day out he felt as if he could leave up the anchor.

[*By Request.*]

### The Lily of Oakley.

The proud Hall of Oakley, blazing with light,
Glows like a star through the dusk of the night,
And all that can dazzle or please us around
In lavish profusion and splendor is found.
Wherever we wander, each flower-draped room
Is a marvel of beauty, a bower of bloom;
For the heiress of all this magnificence here
To-night will be wedded to Arthur De Vere,
And the guests are detailing in accents of pride
The deeds of the groom and the charms of the bride.

O, surely the earth holds no lovelier sight
Than the radiant young Lily of Oakley to-night.
In robes of white satin, with flowers as fair,
Crowning the braids of her beautiful hair;
And she smiles in her joy while waiting to hear
The step of the one so unspeakably dear.
But 'midst all the splendor, the light and perfume,
A shadowy figure has entered the room,
And swiftly, how swiftly! it reaches her side,
And touches the heart of the idolized bride!

It is time for the bridal, and Arthur De Vere
With his proud dusky eyes beaming brightly and clear,
And a flush on his cheek looks lovingly down
At the regal young head with its starry-like crown;
Her face is averted and radiant with joy
He whispers, "My darling, why art thou so coy?"
And kisses her lips, so cold and so still,
That they strike to his heart a terrible chill,
Then tenderly turning her face to the light,
He sees with a shudder 'tis rigid and white!

"Lift those beautiful eyes, O my darling!" he prays;
But their glory is veiled from his passionate gaze,
And there bursts from his lips exclamations of woe
That are heard by the joyous assembly below,
Who, thronging the stairs in the wildest affright,
See the pallid young bride in her garments of white.
The old and the young in bitterness weep
That the Lily of Oakley has fallen asleep;
And one whispers softly, with quivering breath,
"She is wedded indeed, but the bridegroom is Death!"

### Farm and Garden Notes.

Draughts in poultry houses cause roup.

Turnips take a great deal of strength from the soil.

Pepper put into the warm food for fowls will give them a better appetite.

The droppings of sheep are much more concentrated and valuable than those from any other domestic animal.

A farm of 100 acres of good arable land should keep at least six work horses, twenty milch cows and twenty hogs.

Earth floors keep so constantly damp that they are apt to soften the hoofs of a horse, or otherwise injure them and give rheumatism to the limbs, particularly in cold weather.

Pea vines and bean vines are very rich in albunoids, and if as many tons could be grown to an acre as of corn fodder, they would make one of the most valuable of fodder crops.

The hoof print of a grazing animal should never be found upon a clover field, or even a rod of good available land. It should only be found upon hillsides, rocky or low unavailable land.

In winter, fowls require a varied diet to do well. It must not be forgotten, if we expect them early in Spring to have full vigor and be productive that the necessary kinds of food must be provided and fed regularly and judiciously.

Frozen roots, or, indeed, frozen food of any kind, is very pernicious to swine and all other stock, as it is apt to scour them badly, and in any event disturbs their digestion and renders the other food taken into the stomach less nutricious to the animals.

The United States Veterinary Journal, Chicago, recommends the following as a remedy for heaves: Powdered resin, two ounces; tarter emetic, two ounces; Spanish brown, two ounces, and Cayenne pepper, two ounces. Mix and give two teaspoonsfuls twice a day in soft feed.

Scions cut now will grow when grafted, if kept in a cool, moist place. The dirt floor of a cellar is as good a place for storage as any, and is improved by a little moist, loose soil, in which the cutting may be buried. It is better, in fact, to cut them early, if carefully kept, than to wail until just befor grafting time.

Sets, as well as large onions, according to the American Garden, should be kept as dry and cool as possible, without being actually frozen, although they are not injured materially by frost, provided they are not handled while frozen. If spread on a tight barn floor and covered thickly with chaff or cut straw they will keep well till spring.

THE DIFFERENCE.—"In our country," said the Englishman, as he leaned back in his chair, "before we marry we arrange to settle a certain sum upon the wife."

"Yes, I know," replied the American, "but with us it is different. It is after we are married that we settle everything on the wife and arrange to beat our creditors."

"Haw! I see. And how do the creditors take it?"

"They never find anything to take."


☞ Miss Julia Rochester, Baltimore, says: "I suffered from general debility; nothing helped me until I tried Brown's Iron Bitters."