Saint Mary's Beacon.

VOL. XLVIII. LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY, APRIL 12, 1888. NO. 382.

Saint Mary's Beacon

JOB PRINTING,

SUCH AS

HANDBILLS,

CIRCULARS,

BLANKS,

BILL HEADS

EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH

Parties having Real or Personal Property for sale can obtain descriptive haed bills neatly executed and at City Prces.

Saint Mary's Beacon.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY,

At Leonardtown, Md.,

By T. F. YATES & F. V. KING.

A Dollar a Year in Advance.

TERMS for TRANSIENT ADVERTISING:

One square, one insertion.....$1 00
Each subsequent insertion..... 50
Eight lines or less constitute a square.

A Liberal Deduction made for Yearly Advertisements. Correspondence solicited

ESTABLISHED 1862.

JOSIAH H. D. SMOOT,

DEALER IN

Lumber, Shingles, Laths,

NAILS, LIME, CEMENT, CALCINED PLASTER, &c., &c., &c.

MANUFACTURER OF

FLOORING, DOORS, SASH, BLINDS FRAMES, MOULDINGS, MANTELS, BRACKETS AND ALL KIND OF WOOD WORK.

Office and yard No. 21 North Union St. Factory Nos. 13 and 15 North Lee St.,

ALEXANDRIA, VA

☞ Seasoned Lumber and flooring kept under cover.

B. R. ABELL, Agent, Leonardtown, is authorized to sell and collect. Orders left with him will receive prompt attention.

March 18, 1886—y.

PROFESSIONAL.

RICHARD B. TIPPETT,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

11 E. Lexington St., near Chas., Balt., Md.

Practices in the Courts of Baltimore city, Court of Appeals of Md., in the counties Charles and St. Mary's and Washington city. Special attention given to Admiralty practice, collection of claims, &c., Being a member of and counsel for the Real Estate firm of E. J. Chaisty & Co., all parties desiring to sell farms in Maryland can place them in our hands. Persons desiring to buy or exchange should call or send for list of property. Money loaned on first mortgage. Jan. 20—y.

DANL C. HAMMETT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
LEONARDTOWN, MD.

Having removed his Law Office to the room adjoining his dwelling house, lately occupied as the Post Office, will be pleased to see all his old friends and clients, and as many new ones as may see fit to call.

All business intrusted to him will receive prompt attention

Special attention paid to the Collection of Claims and the Sale and Conveyance of Real Estate

Jan5'85tm

JO. F. MORGAN,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law and Agent for Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company, Mutual Life of New York and Royal Fire Insurance of Liverpool,

LEONARDTOWN, Md.

April 1, 1880—tf.

HENRY F. SPALDING,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
No. 25 Lexington St., Baltimore, Md.

Prompt attention given to all business intrusted to his care.

Jan 1, 85—tf†

GEORGE BLAKISTONE,
Attorney at Law,
45 Lexington St., Baltimore, Md.

Will continue to practice in the Courts of St. Mary's and adjoining counties.

June 6, 1878.

D. S. BRISCOE,
Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,
41 St. Paul's Street, Baltimore, Md.

Jan. 16, 1873—tf.

R. C. COMBS,
Attorney-at-Law,
Leonardtown, Md.

Aug. 12—tf.

B. HARRIS CAMALIER,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Leonardtown, Md

DANIEL R. MAGRUDER,
Attorney-at-Law,
(late of the Court of Appeals.)

Has associated himself with B. Harris Camalier for the trial of cases in the Circuit Court for St. Mary's county. Office and address Annapolis, Md.

WALTER I. DAWKINS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
No. 1 ST. PAUL ST., BALTIMORE, MD.

Will continue to practice in St. Mary's and adjoining counties. Nov 3—tf.

MILLINERY and FANCY GOODS.

HAVING just returned from Baltimore with a handsome assortment of all the latest styles of

MILLINERY and FANCY TRIMMINGS,

LADIES' WRAPS,
CLOAK TRIMMINGS,
MUFFS, CASSIMERES,
double and single width,
TRICOTS in all the fashionable shades,
HOSIERY,
PRINTS,
COTTONS,
Canton Flannels, Repellants in all the favorable shades, Embroidered Kid Gloves, Jerseys; Corsets a specialty,

PERFUMERY,

and a full line of all the popular articles in use.

LAURA A. JONES,
LEONARDTOWN.

Oct 27—tf.

Landreth's garden seeds are the best and F. O. Morgan sells them.

ADAMS EXPRESS COMPANY.

Letter from the Assistant Foreman of the Delivery Department—A subject in which Thousands are Deeply Concerned.

About five years ago I suffered from great pain and weaknessin the lower part of my back, pain in the limbs, bad taste in the mouth, disgust at food, and great mental and bodily depression.

I lived at 241 York street, Jersey City, and on arriving home one night I found a copy of the *Shaker Almanac* that had been left during the day. I read the article, "What is this Disease that is Coming Upon Us?" It described my symptoms and feelings better than I could if I had written a whole book. My trouble was indeed "like a thief in the night," for it had been stealing upon me unawares for years. I sent for a bottle of Shaker Extract of Roots, or Seigel's Syrup, and before I had taken one-half of it I felt the welcome relief. In a few weeks I was like my old self. I enjoyed and digested my food. My kidneys soon recovered tone and strength, and the trouble vanished. I was well.

Millions of people need some medicine simply to act on the bowels. To them I commend Shaker Extract in the strongest possible terms. It is the gentlest, pleasantest, safest and surest purgative in this world. The most delicate women and children may take it. One point more: I have all the more confidence in this medicine because it is prepared by the Shakers. I may claim to be a religious man myself and I admire the Shakers for their zeal, consistency and strict business integrity. What they make may be trusted by the public.

W. H. HALL.

For sale by all druggists and by A. J. White, 54 Warren street New York.

Jan 19—y.

1888. Notice. 1888.

POTOMAC TRANSPORTATION LINE.

On and after March 6th, 1887,

STEAMER

SUE

Capt. W. C. GEOGHEGAN, will leave Pier 10, Light Street Wharf, every TUESDAY and Friday at 5, P. M., for the following landings on Potomac River:

ON TUESDAYS FOR

Cornfield Harbor,	Munday's Point,
Jones' Wharf,	Abell's Wharf,
Broome's Wharf,	Howard's Wharf,
Bacon's Wharf,	Leonardtown,
Coward's Wharf,	Foxwell's Wharf,
Coan Wharf,	Stone's Wharf,
Kinsale Wharf,	Cobrum Wharf,
Lodge Wharf,	Nomini Ferry,

Mt. Holly Wharf.

Leave LEONARDTON for BALTIMORE on Thursday at 7, A. M.

ON FRIDAYS FOR

Cornfield Harbor,	Foxwell's Wharf,
Jones' Wharf	Cobrum Wharf,
Broome's Wharf,	Howard's Wharf,
Bacon's Wharf,	Leonardtown Wharf,
Coward's Wharf,	Stone's Wharf,
Coan Wharf,	Lancaster's Wharf,
Kinsale Wharf,	Chaptico Wharf,
Lodge Wharf,	Liverpool Point,
Munday's Point,	Smith's Point,
Piney Point,	Glymount.

Abell's Wharf.

ALEXANDRIA & WASHINGTON, D.C. Leave WASHINGTON for BALTIMORE on Sunday, at 4, P. M.

Freight Received only on TUESDAYS and FRIDAYS.

No Freight received after 4.30, P. M.

No Bills of Lading will be signed except those of the Company.

R. FOSTER, General Manager.
A. NEEDHAM, Jr., Agent.

Feb 23—tf.

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY,

Leonardtown, Md.,

UNDER CHARGE OF THE

Sisters of Charity

OF

NAZARETH, KENTUCKY.

Terms per Session of 5 months.

Board and Tuition in the Common Branches, viz: Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, English Grammar, Geography, Plain Sewing, Marking and Needle Work, $75.00

Board and Tuition in the Higher Branches, viz: History, Philosophy, Rhetoric, Chemistry, Botany, Algebra, Composition, etc..... $85.00

EXTRA CHARGES:

Washing.....	$6.00
For use of books for and Stationery	5.00

DAY PUPILS:

Senior Class.....	$15.00
Intermediate Class.....	10.00
Junior Class.....	7.00
Primary Department.....	5.00

Books for day pupils at stationer's prices.

All payments to be made invariably in advance. Charges made from date of entrance.

No deductions will be made unless in cases of protracted sickness or dismissal.

From 7 to 12 year old boys will be taught on some terms.

For further information apply to
MOTHER SUPERIORESS,
Leonardtown, Md.

WM. J. EDELEN. ALBERT

EDELEN BROTHERS,

No. 8 W. Camden St. (1 *door from S. Chas.*)

Baltimore, Md.

GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

For the sale of

LEAF TOBACCO,
GRAIN,
WOOL
and all COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Personal attention will be given to the inspection and sale of tobacco and to sale of grain. Liberal advances on consignments.

Jan. 27—tf.

QUINTOLEO!

A NEVER FAILING CURE for CHILLS & FEVER, DUMB AGUE, Bilious Fever, LIVER DISEASE, MALARIA, and all types of Fever and Sickness arising from moist and unhealthy land. A splendid TONIC for Strengthening the whole SYSTEM.

F. H. Winkelmann & Co., Baltimore, Md.

[Published by Request.]

What I Saw in a Dream.

I left my home at early morn,
My daily work to do,
I met a friend who said to me,
"Old boy, how are you?"

"Don't go to work to-day?" he said;
Then before I could reply,
"Let's go somewhere and have a drink,
I know you're awful dry."

Nothing loath I went along,
And soon we had a drink;
"Don't be in a hurry, old boy," he said,
"You can stand another, I think."

We had another and still another,
And soon were filled with rum;
Still, not content, we had some more,
And soon the night had come.

'Twas only when the place was closed
And no more money did we own,
With staggering steps and brain ablaze
I started for my home.

It was there, while madness racked my brain,
I quarreled with my wife,
And in a drunken, frenzied state
I took her precious life.

The gallows was pictured out to me,
So real it all did seem.
Something fell. I awoke with a start
And found it all a dream.

And now, my friends, if nothing more,
That dream was quite enough,
To make me hate with a TERRIBLE hate
Rum—the accursed stuff!

—ED. M. MOCKABEE.

GIANTS AND WINDMILLS.

When Dulcie Hayward married the minister, and was starting out on a blissful little bridal journey, her Aunt Dorothea took occasion to observe that, although married, she was by no means out of this troublesome world.

Miss Dorothea, it is just to remark, had found it a troublesome world; and after jolting over its rough highway, could not be expected to preserve the saccharine properties with which she started out.

Dulcie kissed her aunt, gave Paul's hand a little nervous, timid squeeze, and laughed as a great, bright drop fell on her new ring—that wonderful ring.

Dulcie felt in her heart of hearts that she was not good enough to be a minister's wife; she had been very worldly, had thought too much about the ruffles on her dress; and liked bracelets, and earrings, and blue ribbons too well; but, oh! how she did mean to try to be all that her husband thought her.

After the good byes, and the journey, and the few days which always seemed to her to have been dropped from the sky, and to have vanished into the sea, they came to their home, and life in earnest commenced.

If anybody had had hinted to Dulcie that in less than two years she would echo her Aunt Dorothea's words, she would have shaken her pretty head, and thought that, loving Paul as she did, she could bear all things; the sweet dreams of her girlhood had not prepared her for so much happiness. Sometimes she thought that she wished Paul had heard a "call" to be a missionary, that she might prove to him how cheerfully she would follow him to the world's end.

But Dulcie's husband was called to work in an old vineyard. Days came when he felt that the soil was worn out, or the seed had fallen among thorns; his duty was to repeat the old words of promise and warning to ears that seemed to hear not—and his life was Dulcie's life as well.

Dulcie didn't count it a trial, so full was her heart of heaven-given charity, to wear her last year's hat, that Paul might be one of ten to make up a hundred dollars to the Home Mission.

"You look more lovely than ever," said Paul, as they stepped out of the door the first Sabbath Dulcie wore it.

"That's because you are enchanted," replied Dulcie, quickly, for she was fond of quoting Don Quixotte to her husband; and he had long ago denominated her Dulcinea du Tobosa.

Keeping the house was a new and vast undertaking to Mrs. Bloomsbury. She had thought she understood it well; she had made crumpy little slices of toast for her mother; had arranged bouquets for the dinner-table; made a cake yearly, and on rare occasions washed the china and silver; but to superintend all the arrangements of a house, to make each meal seem like an angel's gift—that is, to have it come without hands—as, to be thoroughly enjoyable, every meal should seem, was something different.

Yet, after awhile, it seemed that Dulcie was less able to bear things. She cried sometimes at nothing in the world; she had queer little fancies; she would ask Paul if he really loved her—really now? till Paul would laugh and say, "No," jestingly. He thought he was learning a new phase of her character; but when he knew that it was the shadow of a sweet and solemn promise which rested on her face, and gave to it the new and earnest beauty, he watched over her with a tender care, a worshipful love, unknown to her before. Many among his "charge" saw it with foreboding; they feared he was raising up an idol in the Master's place.

One morning Paul saw that his wife was unusually pale, and there were dark rings under her eyes.

"You must keep quiet to-day, girl," he said. "You have been wearing yourself out nursing poor little Adam."

"It wasn't half so hard for me to stay with him, as it would have been to leave that mother alone with him; there wasn't a woman in the house, and Dr. Brown said he had asked half-a-dozen of the ladies in our church, and they all had excuses. It seems so hard for her to be alone."

He made her promise to rest, and he said, regretfully, as he looked back from the door, "How I wish I could stay with you. Oh! if I could feel that my work here is doing any good! I often remember the battle with the wind-mills. I am worn out, and it isn't a giant after all."

How Paul's eyes glistened as he spoke! And Dulcie noticed that his face was thin and white, and his overcoat was beginning to look shabby.

Then she brought out the basket of work over which her face became so tender and serious. She sewed rapidly for an hour, then hearing a step, she put the work away, and opened the door.

"Why Aunt Faith," she said, "I didn't think of seeing you this dismal morning! How is your rheumatism?"

"There are times," said the old lady, whose tall, gaunt form quite overshadowed Dulcie, "when one must rise superior to rheumatism, and even neuralgia; I am having that now, too."

"I hope nothing has happened," said Dulice, apprehensively.

"It has been happening for some time," said Mrs. Hopkins, who by this time had taken Paul's chair, and sat looking gloomily into the fire, which snapped, crackled, and danced gayly in the grate; Dulcie found herself wondering how it dared. "The truth is," she said, suddenly, facing Dulcie, "I feel that you ought to know it; this always has been an awful place for a minister. Awful! When they get a new one, there isn't anything good enough for him; but after they had him a spell, he has to take up with what he can get."

Mrs. Hopkins spoke as though she washed her hands of the whole matter.

"What do you mean?" asked Dulcie, flushing, ready to cry.

"I don't think myself it's any such great thing; but there's them that say they can't stand his sitting down in prayer meeting! Julia Comstock says it's the fashion, in the city, but we old folks don't like to have city notions brought up into the country. Mrs. Hardscrabble spoke of it first, and that set us to thinking."

"Why," began Dulcie, catching her breath, "why we thought, Paul and I, that it seems so much more social; he feels nearer to the people so, he often says, he wishes he could take all those stiff, unsocial benches away, and have chairs, and a carpet, and make it bright and pleasant, like home; it would be so much more inviting. I should think Mrs. Hardscrabble could bear it with some small degree of patience, as she never goes to prayer meeting or church. Her daughter told me that she is too feeble to get out."

"Carpet and chairs at a prayer meeting!" Mrs. Hopkins looked perfectly aghast.

"Do you think," said Dulcie, "that we are nearer Heaven on a wooden bench, and bare floor? Would you invite a guest into a room in your house, furnished like the one into which you ask the Lord to enter?"

"Carpet and chairs?" repeated Mrs. Hopkins, rising. "I was going to tell you that some think that his wearing his hair so long gives him a foppish appearance in the pulpit; and I don't know about a minister's wearing a mustache, with such ends. I was going to act the part of a friend and tell you, that there is more than one who thinks he meant brother Hudson, when he spoke, in his last sermon, of Judas carrying the bag."

Dulcie rose, her face was perfectly colorless with passion.

"I am sorry that people have such an opinion of your brother; I am sure my husband, when he said Judas, meant Judas. I don't think he would have been afraid to say Hudson Hopkins if he had meant him. Heaven forgive you!" cried poor Dulcie. "But I think it would have been kinder in you to have gone to help take care of Adam Trifle, than to come here troubling me."

"Adam will need no more nursing—he is dead," said the woman, as she closed the door, having, apparently, risen so far above rheumatism and neuralgia that she did not need her cane, for she left it standing menacingly beside Dulcie's little sewing chair. It fell to the floor as Dulcie sank into the chair, crying as though her heart must break. Paul's desponding reflection came into her mind directly: "Only a wind-mill, not a giant after all!" And little Adam dead! The little boy she had loved, and petted, and nursed. Her head sank upon her breast, and she would have fallen had not her husband, at that moment, opened the door and caught her in his arms.

"My poor little wife," he cried, "who has been so unkind as to tell you. I wanted to say it so gently to you; but he is better off, we know. I talked with his mother; and Dulcie, darling, his father has signed the pledge."

Dulcie threw her arms around her husband's neck. "A giant!" she cried. "No one but you, Paul, could have slain it; and that poor mother told me her husband never listened to any one as he has to you. But, oh, Paul! if you only had a better wife!" and then, with sobs, and little whispers of self-reproach, and pleadings for forgiveness, cut came the story of her morning's trouble.

It would not do, Paul saw at once to blame her, or let her know what she had done, for, with prophetic vision, he saw the Hopkins' empty pew, and he felt his purse lightened of the Hopkins' liberal subscription. But his little wife, whose physical condition was that of weakness and dependence, must be soothed and quieted; and so Paul talked gently to her. And they wondered about Heaven, where little Adam had gone. "To think," said Dulcie, "that his little hands have opened the door so closely shut to us!"

Then he told her of his morning's work; and how only one of the Committee of five agreed with him in thinking they could not get through the winter with the church in its dilapidated condition; that it must have a new roof. "They seem to think," said he, "that doing anything for the church is thrown away. When I think that I have had to beg for my salary after I have earned it, I am indignant and grieved."

Then Dulcie forgot herself in her husband. "My own darling Paul," she cried, "we can still trust in Him. It comforts me to think He says, 'The steps of a good man are ordered by' Himself. I never see you going in a rough path but I think of that. And you know, Paul," she added in her sweet, deprecating way, "you know that I am stumbling along beside you."

They cheered each other, and helped each other, when every day seemed to bring some new perplexity; for the people among whom they were living, though not intentionally unkind, were unthinking. There were factions in the church, and elements which could not harmonize.

Dulcie's time of trial came all too soon; and when a dead baby lay upon the mother's heart, and Paul saw the white faces of both, he thought in a moment of the lily and its bud, which the storm, that very morning, had broken from the stem.

Then Dulcie, with the strange, sweet smile upon her face, which the angels give to the dying, whispered, "It is best so, Paul; I never was good enough; but I hope He will give us a little place in heaven, near the gate, Paul—baby and me; and we will watch for you, I will teach her. Don't Paul," she said, as he hid his face in his hands, and groaned, then he took her to his heart, as though that strong, warm grasp could keep her from death itself.

"I cannot let you go, my darling," he said.

But, smiling still, she whispered again, "There are the giants for you to fight, Paul; I never could; somehow, I wasn't strong enough. His will be done; you know you always said that, Paul."

She was silent then; they watched her, as the shadows began to creep in, and when the night came, lo, to her came the morning.

When Paul stood beside the grave, thus, "Thy will be done," rose like a mountain before him; he could not see the shining peaks; he knew that if he kept on in the right path, he must one day catch a glimpse of it; but now only a barren crag towered above him.

He walked, a lonely man, the old path, like One of old, "acquainted with grief."

When, after the years had reverently laid a crown of silver upon his head, and he, too, heard a voice, "come higher, friend," he left a record of giants slain by holy word and deed, of which that purest knight of Arthur's day need not have been ashamed.

Solemn Smiles.

Laughing at funerals is such a gross violation of the rules of good breeding and common decency that the provocation must be great if one can be excused at all for such scandalous conduct. The writer owns up to several irrepressible smiles and one or two wicked giggles while attending several funerals in certain rural districts. He offers the facts in each case in justification of his conduct.

An aged farmer had died from the effects of a kick from a mule. The clergyman officiating at the funeral was an antiquated specimen of simplicity and ignorance. His first words were:

"In assembling around this cold corpse and reflecting on the means by which it became a corpse, we air reminded of the oncertainty of life and of the onexpected disasters by which cawpses air so often created. Skeerce twenty-four hours ago our dear brother was in the full possession of his health a fackilities. Little did he think of his approaching end at the haunds of a mewel hitherto considered harmless and docile. But, ah! my dear friends," and here he began to weep, "even so ornery and triflin' a critter as a mewel may be the means of converting us from the rosy bamness of health to the white paleness of a cawpse. You have all seen both the cawpse and the mewel in this case, may the lesson they have taught never be forgotten. May it make an impression that will cause you to feel serious concern for your own latter end whenever you gaze on even a mewel."

At another funeral in a little Western church the officiating clergyman said, at the close of his discourse:

"In accordance with the desire of the family of the dead deceased, the coffin will now be opened that his friends may enjoy the felicity of gazing on him for the last time," and the entire assembly proceeded to "enjoy the felicity" of the occasion.

A minister once called at the home of death to make arrangements for the funeral of the husband and father who had died suddenly. While talking with the widow he asked:

"Is there any particluar hymn you would like to have sung at the funeral?"

"Yes," she said, wiping her eyes, "have 'em sing, 'Halleloayer! 'tis done.' Pa allus liked that and I think it'd kind o'tickle him to have it sung over his cold clay."

The hymn was therefore sung over pa's "cold clay." Let us hope he was where he could be "tickled" by hearing it.

THIN VS. THICK SOLES.—The feet can be kept warmer in cold weather by wearing a shoe with a light sole than a thick one. With the former the foot has a chance to work, thereby keeping up a circulation. This, of course, applies only when the weather is dry. But when it is wet and rubbers are necessary it is better to wear a single-soled shoe inside. In the summer the thick sole should be worn, for it keeps the heat from striking through to the foot. This is all so contrary to the preconceived opinions of the public that it is doubtful whether it will receive much credence, but it is the fact all the same.

A Flexible Language.—Mrs. B.—"My dear, you came in too late last night, and you talked in your sleep." Mr. B. (uneasily)—"Did I? What did I say?" Mrs. B.—"It sounded like 'ante up, jackpot.'" Mr. B.—(with admirable presence of mind)—"Yes, my dear, had been disgussing Volapuk with Jones. The expression which escaped me in my sleep meens "God bless our home."

GEESE ON THE FARM.—Any farmer who lives on a farm situated one quarter of a mile or more from neighbors may keep a flock of geese with profit. If blessed with too near neighbors, the geese might trespass upon their gardens or get into their bean patches or fields of grain when least expected. Geese are taught with little trouble where they must stay, and they will run in a pasture where there is plenty of water and grass growing rapidly without other food. The goslings will do better if fed a little corn meal, mixed into dough and salted, every night and morning until fully feathered. After this they will get their own living.

Geese may be picked once in six weeks, beginning the first of May. They should not be picked later than October. Goslings usually sell for $1 a head alive when three months old. If kept until fall, they will bring $1 and leave the farmer the feathers, which will sell for about fifty cents per pound. This is the estimate where no extra feed is used. If fed night and morning for a few weeks before killing them for market, the geese would of course weigh more and sell at an advanced price. Many women make a business of raising geese for mrrket, preferring them to hens, claiming that they get their money much more rapidly and with less trouble than by keeping hens.

TO CONVERT BONES INTO FERTILIZERS.—Procure a strong cask or box a capacity at least double that of a quantity of bones to be reduced. If there is a barrel of bone, a molassea hogshead would be about the right size. Get a quantity of unleached hard-wood ashes somewhat larger than the quantity of bones, a half bushel of quicklime and a peck of sal soda. Put a layer of bones upon this and cover with fresh ashes, then add a layer of quicklime and sal soda. Add sufficient water to wet the mixture, then add another layer of bones, cover with ashes, sprinkle on the quicklime and sal soda; add more water so as to wet the mass all through. Add another layer of bones and proceed as with the former ones until the cask is filled or the bones are all used. Cover the last layer with ashes, lime, and soda, and add water enough to wet the entire mass. Add a little water every day for eight or ten weeks, at the end of which the bone will be as fine as the ashes. The mass should then be mixed with twice the quntity of dry loam or muck, that has been thoroughly pulverized by freezing and thawing, and it may then be applied to crops either broadcast or in the hill.—*Cultivator.*

THE CULTURE OF CELERY.—Celery requires rich soil, as the quality depend upon the rapidity of the growth and formation of the cellular tissue which contains the sap which gives tenderness and succulence to the stalks. It is not the best plan to manure in the trench only; the soil should be thoroughly manured all over. Market gardeners use 75 tons to the acre, which is about 1000 pounds to the square rod; the manure is plowed in and mixed by thorough harrowing, and with all this manure about 1000 pounds per acre of fine bone flour are used in the rows. The most effective fertilizers are bone dust, superphosphate of lime, and Peruvian guano. Muck or peat soil is excellent for celery, but requires liberal manuring; on account of its extreme succulence, a moist soil is most desirable but it should be well drained so that there is no stagnant water remaining in it. Celery of first quality is always in demand and sells at good prices.

SOMETIMES HAPPENS.—American Banker—Good morning Patrick. What can I do for you this morning?

Patrick—D' yez remember the money I gave yez to sind to ould Oirland fer the eviction fund?

"Yes, I sent it, or rather its equivalent."

"Wud yez be koind enough to write an' tell 'em to send it back, an' moighty quick, too?"

"Eh! What's the matter?"

"Oi've jist been evicted meself, begorry."—Omaha World.

☞ Catarrh, when chronic, becomes very offensive. It is impossible to be otherwise healthy, and, at the same time, afflicted with the catarrh. This disagreeable disease, in its most obstinate and dangerous forms, can be cured by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.