

MARKET GARDENING.

Conditions of a Successful Change From Farm to Garden Crops.

Not all farmers who begin market gardening make a success of their business. Most of them find that their land, while able to produce ordinary farm crops, needs much higher manuring to enable it to produce garden vegetables. The farmer who each spring draws several loads of his richest manure to fertilize his garden may perhaps appreciate why this is so, says the American Cultivator in a consideration of market gardening as a business for farmers dissatisfied with present conditions and methods of cropping. That journal further says:

But it needs much more than soil fertility to enable a farmer to change from farm crops to garden crops. The latter require for cultivation so much more labor that probably when this is fully recognized the man who has begun gardening will abandon the business, unprofitable or be strongly tempted to do so. To make half of a 50 acre farm into a garden or small fruit growing place will probably require 20 to 30 times as much labor as was required while the same land was devoted to farming crops.

This great increase of the labor bill is sure to frighten the beginner in gardening, and if he is not provided with reserve of ready money to pay help before the returns come in from products sold it will probably swamp him. There have been many failures in making the change from farming to gardening from this cause, more perhaps than from any other. Yet the fact that successful gardening is thus limited to the small class who have enough capital to be able to pay out large sums before they receive any return is what makes it profitable. It is the kind of garden vegetables that are most easily grown, and that demand the least expenditure of money, that are constantly growing less profitable as increasing numbers of farmers are finding it possible to grow them.

Nearness to a market where at least a part of the garden products may be sold at retail is an important factor in making the change from farming to gardening. It is always well for the gardener and fruit grower to have a nearby market where he can retail some part of his product, and thus make sure of something. For this reason such a change from farming crops to market gardening can be made more successfully in the New England states, and especially in Massachusetts, than in any other. Nowhere else can the conditions of plentiful supply of labor and nearness to good markets be so certainly secured as they can be here. With regard to overstocking in market gardening we believe that the demand is likely to increase quite as fast as the supply.

Ground For Strawberries.
Nothing will fit a piece of ground so nicely for planting with strawberries as cropping for a year or two with onions, carrots or other close planted vegetables which need high manuring and thorough cultivation. Leave the land in a high state of fertility, and reasonably free from weeds, says a writer in The Country Gentleman. My practice, if I do not have such a piece, is to apply well rotted manure, or better yet, composted manure, if I have it, at the rate of 20 to 25 good loads per acre, scattering it evenly. Do not apply any coarse straw to be turned under, as it will keep the water from the surface, especially if it is turned under in a mass. If the plowing was not done in the fall, it should be done in the spring as early as the ground can be worked, and rolled, to press the loose soil firmly down on the under soil, in order that the upward movement of the water may not be checked. The dragging can hardly be too thorough. Go over the piece several times until thoroughly pulverized. Harrow well and roll again. Follow by a smoothing harrow that will leave surface fine and not run too deep. Use roller the last time. Then sowing the seed is finished to time of setting the berries.

Cheap Boxes For Tomato Plants.
For transplanting seedling tomatoes many persons now use the cheap plant boxes, 6 by 6 by 5 inches, in the greenhouse, rather than to transfer to a cold frame. In putting the plants in the boxes one man fills each box about half full of a compost made up preferably of an even mixture of horse and cow manure, to which is added for each ton an equivalent of from 20 to 25 pounds of nitrogen in the form of dried blood, tankage or cottonseed meal, and then passes the box to another man, who fills the remaining space with any good soil—that from the bench in the greenhouse answers the purpose—and the box is then placed upon the bench in the greenhouse. From this time on the plants should be well watered and the temperature kept at from 60 degrees to 75 degrees F. in the daytime and not lower than 50 degrees at night, with proper ventilation as needed. If these conditions are carefully complied with, the plants will be strong and healthy.

Spring Wheat.
In tests of 48 varieties of spring wheat at the Ontario experimental farms Bart Tremblay, Wild Goose, Medak, Scrimshaw and Algeria were the most productive of the coarse grained wheats and Horizon Bearded, Saxons, Konigsberg, Red Fern, Red Fife, Colorado, Rio Grande, Washington, Wellman Fife and Blue Democrat among the fine grained varieties. Horizon Bearded in nine years' trials has given an average yield of 26.5 bushels per acre at an average weight of 63.1-4 pounds per measured bushel. In general broadcast sowing gave better results than drilling. The first seeding of wheat, made April 19, gave a better yield than the later ones. As the time of seeding advanced the crop decreased in quantity and quality.

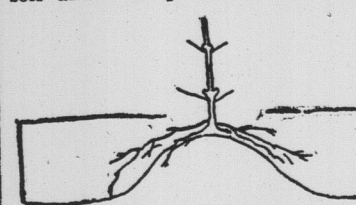
FRUIT AND FLOWERS

HARDY CLEMATISES.

Pretty Color Effects on the Lawn and Around the Veranda.

Some clematisses begin to expand their charming starry flowers in May, and some bloom as late as October. The clematis is very rich in color as well as in variety, there being red, white, blue, pink, lavender and almost any desirable color. There are large and small growing species, single and double flowered varieties, with low and tall growth. Very fine effects can be made by planting them in lines of separate colors, or around the verandas of dwelling houses. Good results can be produced by planting them on the lawn in a triangular form, and putting a five or six foot stake to each plant. These stakes should be put in at the time of planting, as afterward the driving in of stakes would injure the roots. After the stakes are in the tops of them should be secured by winding a wire all round from top to bottom. The wire will furnish some support for the young vines to climb on, and in this way they will form a nice pyramid in a year or two to delight the owner with their variously colored flowers.

Heavy rich soil is the favorite place of the clematis, and as it makes very long stringlike roots it needs deep soil. The hole for planting them should be dug about three feet wide and of equal depth, this to be filled with good rich soil and a fair portion of well decom-



HOW TO PLANT THE CLEMATIS.

posed cow manure, leaving about six to eight inches of space unfilled and making a little hill in the center and placing the plant right on the top, as illustrated. After carefully spreading out the roots the hole should be filled up to the top.

To have the clematisses bloom freely throughout the summer they should be given plenty of water during hot weather. A good mulching with some leaf mold or rotted cow manure is also very beneficial. Some cultivators prefer to cut back the vines every spring close to the ground, and this should be done with the herbaceous kinds especially. A writer on the culture of the clematis, who gives the foregoing notes and illustration in American Gardening, finds the best way to treat the climbing varieties to be as follows: Clean out the dry vines in early spring and cut back to the solid woody part so that three or four pairs of eyes of the year's growth be left. If they are treated in this way, they will not become spindly and will give an abundance of flowers every season.

Fungus on Cedar Trees.

For years the cedar trees of the Kansas Agricultural college grounds have been attacked by the well known brown fungus, the so called cedar apple (Cythra canker). Some four years ago the department of horticulture began picking the fungus growth on certain groups of trees to determine whether or not the disease was caused by the fungus, and if so, whether or not it could be reduced and injured prevented. From that time till the present these trees have been carefully gone over several times each year and the fungus removed from them. The trees are now in the best of health and have been allowed to reach the spore bearing stage. There has, however, been no diminution of the attack. The disease appears as vigorous at the present time as at any time in the past. The trees are more thrifty than they would have been had the fungus been allowed to grow undisturbed, but they are no freer from the disease than those that have had no attention. Cedar canker cannot be freed from this disease by hand picking, at least if there are other trees of the same species in the neighborhood that are untreated.

How to Grow Gloxinias.

Gloxinias are such free and continuous bloomers and of such exquisite beauty that all amateurs possessing even the smallest greenhouse should grow a few.

Dry bulbs may be started in February or March in three inch pots filled with a light sandy soil, with an addition of some well rotted manure. The pots should be placed near the glass in a warm greenhouse and shaded from the sun and afterward shifted into large sizes.

Never let the plants suffer from want of water, which should be given at the surface of the soil, care being taken that the upper parts of the leaves do not get wet. Keep the surrounding air moist and warm. After flowering gradually cease watering until the plants are dry, when they may be set aside in some warm dry place until the next season.—Gardening.

Shaping a Tree.

We all know how we dislike to cut off large branches from fruit trees. It is plain to any thinking person that if the undesirable branches could be directed when they were very small and prevented from becoming large there would be no necessity for cutting off large ones. Now, this is just what we may do in many cases. By watching the young trees carefully from time to time as the little shoots are starting that will make the branches what we see as the thumb those that we see as the center of the tree or in any undesirable direction may thus be prevented from going any farther.—Minnesota Horticulturist.

UGLY BULLS.

Let Them Work the Tread Power Every Day.

Ex-Mayor W. L. Hunter of Cumberland, Wis., was recently nearly gored to death by a Jersey bull on his stock farm near that city. Hardly a week passes, says Hoard's Dairyman, that we do not read of similar instances. The other day a neighbor who has a fine Jersey bull found that he had broken out of the stable and had literally torn a heavy gate and a barn door in splinters. It was with difficulty that the animal was finally got into the stable. The owner had never even put a stake to each plant. These stakes should be put in at the time of planting, as afterward the driving in of stakes would injure the roots. After the stakes are in the tops of them should be secured by winding a wire all round from top to bottom. The wire will furnish some support for the young vines to climb on, and in this way they will form a nice pyramid in a year or two to delight the owner with their variously colored flowers.

It is no wonder that the bull gets ugly. Any man of average spirit, shut up as the bull is, in nine cases out of ten would become frantic with rage. The bull should be plenty of exercise both for the sake of his health and his certainty as a stock getter. No better way on earth has ever been devised to tame an ugly bull, keep him in good health and teach him proper subjection than to put him on a tread power for an hour every day. Any dairyman with 15 or 20 cows should be provided with a good tread power and a feed cutter. They will pay a big profit in the end, and to delight the owner with their variously colored flowers.

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Let the Blood Flow to the Udder.

The udder is composed of cavities, or milk cisterns, and milk ducts, surrounded by a network of arteries and veins. At the end of these milk ducts we find small cells, which have the property of secreting and transforming nutrients from the blood into milk.

These cells are most active at the time of milking, and in fact a large part of the milk is elaborated at this time. This necessitates a good supply of blood to other portions of the body will cause a decrease in the flow of milk. Beating the cow with a milk stool or speaking to her in harsh language may cause the blood to flow, but not to the udder. Even feeding the cow while milking her is a bad practice, as it tends to divert the blood from the udder to the digestive tract. Every act of the milker and every surrounding of the cow should be such that the blood will give her whole attention to the secretion of milk at milking time—in other words, allow the blood to flow to the udder.—Professor D. H. Otis.

Rations For Milk Cows.

While oats are a more expensive feed than bran their use to a limited extent is a decided advantage. They have the advantage of furnishing variety and a more acceptable ration to milk cows. I would suggest a ration consisting of 40 parts of corn or corn and cob meal, 40 parts of oats and 20 parts of hay. Let the oats be mainly corn fodder, with only enough straw to afford variety and change of feed. The ration will be better still if good clover hay can be used to supply at least one-half the roughage. In that case corn might constitute a little larger proportion of the grain ration.

In some cases it might anyway if the cows milk well on it and do not manifest any tendency to fatten. The requirements of each individual animal should be carefully studied in a dairy herd. Some may not be able to use even as large a proportion of corn and cob meal as others. A ration will also improve a ration like the above and promote a larger and more uniform flow of milk.—Professor C. F. Curtis.

Dairy Profits.

Primarily, a profit in any business arises from the fact that we turn our labor involved in conducting that business into money. A cow yielding a gross income to her owner of \$40 per annum may thus be accounted profitable, but if she yields \$50 or \$60 in the same length of time she is more profitable. Thus, a man with a herd of first grade animals, if he utilizes his own labor and that of his family, finds himself able to pay the interest on his mortgage, live comfortably and keep from getting deeply into debt. If he can make his brain work equally with his brawn, and bring his milk cattle into the \$50 or \$60 class, he can lift the mortgage, stop interest drain and put permanent and valuable improvements upon his results that they are either standing stationary or running behind should at once make an effort to find out exactly where they "are at."—Boston Cultivator.

New York Milk Supply.

"Milk comes to New York city in ten gallon cans," says F. H. Kracke, deputy dairy commissioner of the state of New York, "and just 12,383,106 of these big cans were shipped into New York between Dec. 31, 1897, and Jan. 1, 1899. That is 238,921,090 gallons, or 496,284,340 quarts. Divide by 8 1/2, and you will have 8,930,327 barrels, with a remainder of 9 1/2 gallons. The average daily consumption of milk in New York city, in quarts, is 1,366,948."

HUMOR OF LUNATICS

ASANE MAN'S EXPERIENCE IN AN INSANE ASYLUM.

By the Time He Got Through Being Fooled by the inmates He Was Ready to Distrust Even the Superintendent of the Institution.

"I never knew until I went out to California this time that insane people have a powerful sense of humor," said a Washingtonian who recently returned from a trip to the coast. "I confess that I've always found a morbid sort of interest in going through noted insane asylums, and so I armed myself with the proper credentials in San Francisco and went up to Napa county to have a look over the splendid asylum for the insane there. Inasmuch as I wanted to see a few things without the attention of a guide, I didn't present my letters, but just rambled around the beautiful, spacious grounds for awhile. I hadn't spent three minutes examining the extraordinary rose garden before a tall, slender young man, well dressed and exceedingly well groomed, emerged from a clump of oleander trees and approached me.

"Taking a look around, eh?" said he to me.

"Yes," I said. "I only arrived here a few minutes ago, and I'm taking the liberty of nosing about without any official guidance."

"Well," the tall young man said, pleasantly, "I don't suppose I fall out of the classification 'official guidance,' seeing that I am the assistant superintendent here, yet I should be pleased to show you about and at the same time try not to place any restraint upon you by my awe inspiring presence."

"Well, the young chap's manner was so pleasant and winning that I could only thank him for his kindness, and we started over the grounds. We hadn't gone far before a middle aged man, also well dressed and well groomed, appeared some distance in front of us. He was talking to a man who had been ordered to my companion. The young man excused himself courteously and went up to the middle aged man. The two conversed earnestly together for a few minutes, and then, looking at me, what do they do but coolly walk off, leaving me standing there in the middle of the gravel path, a good deal nonplussed.

"Surprised over the way they deserted you?" said a voice right back of me. "You mustn't mind a little thing like that, though. Both of those men are as crazy as loons."

"I turned around, and there, standing behind a hedge about ten feet to my rear, was a little old gentleman, neatly dressed in black, and with a quizzical smile on his features.

"Surely," I said, "you cannot mean that that rational speaking, pleasant mannered young man who was conducting me about the grounds is bereft of his wits?"

"Mad as a March hare," repeated the old gentleman flatly. "Incurable case. Harmless, but incurable. The man that he went off with is also a very bad case—very. Think he's the Maharajah of Bhobob, or something like that. But you mustn't mind 'em."

Lots of visitors are taken in the same way. If you care to, I'll just show you around. I am one of the board of visitors of this institution, and just happen to be here in my unofficial capacity today."

"Much marveling over what the old gentleman told me, I fell in with him, and we rambled around the huge grounds, and finally entered the enormous glass building where the cultivation of violets is carried on.

"Nice array of flowers, isn't it?" the old gentleman inquired of me, waving his hand at the beautiful beds of violets in bloom. "I am not inordinately vain, my friend, I hope you will understand, and yet I cannot but congratulate myself upon the introduction of this lovely plant into the institution. I am responsible for it, and only succeeded in having this institution constructed after enormous exertions with the authorities of the institution. I congratulated the superintendent when he suddenly excused himself, saying that he had excused himself on a bench in the gardens and would be back directly. I waited for him for fully ten minutes, but as he did not really expect him back?" I heard a voice say, and then a pleasant faced man, dressed as a laborer and carrying a watering pot, came from behind a group of palms. He spoke with a Scotch brogue.

"The old gentleman you were with is very bad up here," said the man with the watering pot, touching his forehead. "He's been here for 30 years, and he fancies he owns the place. I am the head gardener here, and he tries his best to run me. But he don't—no, sir, he don't. He can't. No crazy man can run me! And the Scotchman went down the length of the raised violet beds, watering the plants.

"I passed out of the glass building and started for the entrance to the main building, there to present my letters. As I was about to walk up the steps to the entrance a man with white whiskers and rather a sharp, piercing eye walked up to me.

"You have business here?" he inquired of me in a rather sharp tone. Well, I thought he might be another of 'em, and so I kept right on. He followed me up the stairs and into the office, and I had to hand my letters to him. He was the superintendent. He smiled when I told him of my experience in the grounds.

"Which of them was really insane?" I asked him.

"All of them," he replied.—"Washington Star."

TEA TABLE ETIQUETTE.

Quaint Customs Once Observed by English Dames.

Tea drinking has become very fashionable among us of late years, almost as much so as it was in England a century ago, but the prevailing customs at the table are different. The "teacup times of hood and hoop" had their own etiquette, of a sort not likely to be revived. What should we think now of a fashionable lady who cooled her tea with her breath? Yet Young says of a certain bewildering Lady Betty:

Her two red lips affected sphyra blow To cool the Bobs and inflame the bees. To lift the cup and make the world admire. While one white finger and a thumb conspire.

Again a passage in contemporary literature shows that it was a lack of good manners to take much cream or sugar in one's tea. Says a lady of quality to her daughter: "I must further advise you, Harriet, not to heap such quantities of sugar into your tea, nor to pour such a deluge of cream in. People will certainly take you for the daughter of a dairymaid."

Certain other customs may be remembered in this country among us who had grandmothers trained in the ceremonies of a later day. One of them consisted in putting the spoon in the cup to show that no more tea was desired; another, in the habit of turning over the cup in the saucer for the same purpose.

Etiquette also demanded that the tea should be tasted from the spoon, and that the hostess should then inquire, "Is your tea agreeable?" Certain scrupulous old ladies ask that now, and the question savors of a more sedate and genteel day than this.—St. Louis Republic.

AN EXPENSIVE EXPERIMENT.

The Head Bookkeeper Finally Balances His Accounts.

A south side man who is a clerk in one of the leading banks on this side of the river was in a communicative mood last night. During a conversation about various things he took on a retrospective air and said, "There is nothing like the faithful discharge of one's duties, but it is sometimes an expensive experiment."

On being questioned as to the cause of the remark he replied: "Well, it reminds me of an experience I had while employed in a prominent Fourth avenue bank. I don't mind telling it to you. The head bookkeeper was a character in many ways. Method was his hobby. He had a way of doing everything, and he never varied from his rules. He set down. Exactness in his accounts was a particular fad, and he counted no pains in carrying his ideas into effect. One afternoon in balancing our books it was found he was short 1 cent. We searched and searched, but when we got home that cent was still missing.

"Do you think the head bookkeeper would allow us to go? Not much. Several of us had engagements we wanted to fulfill, but it made no difference. Super time came, and we were no further ahead than when we started. Headed by the bookkeeper, we repaired to a neighboring restaurant for supper and then returned to work. After several hours the missing cent was found and the accounts balanced. But in figuring up it was discovered that in searching for the discrepancy of 1 cent the bank had incurred a bill for supper to the amount of \$7.50."—Detroit Free Press.

All American Children.

"Do you not have trouble with so many nationalities?" the spectator asked of the principal of a large school in the crowded tenement part of the city. "Oh, we hang the flag over the school platform," was the answer, "and have the regular exercise of saluting it, and the children become very patriotic indeed. They will not own in patriotic songs that they are not Americans."

"Yes," said the other teacher, "I often ask, 'Will the German children in the room stand up?' The German are more wedded to their fatherland, apparently, than to their fellow immigrants, for a few—though not by any means half—of them usually rise to this invitation. 'Now let the Italian children stand,' generally brings no response at all, though the school is crowded with them in my district. But when I end up by saying, 'Will the American children stand up?' the whole school rises joyfully."—Outlook.

As to Providence.

A country parson went to see a humble parishioner and, if possible, to comfort him some little under heavy trouble which had befallen. The pastor found the homely old man in his desolate cottage alone. He said many things, and added that he must try to take all afflictions humbly, as appointed to us by Providence.

"Yes," said the good old man, who was imperfectly instructed in theology, "that's right enough, that is. But somehow that there old Providence have bin as in me all along, but I reckon as there's one above as'll put a stopper on he if he go too far."—Baltimore News.

Wanted Them All.

Julia Ward Howe was once talking with a dilapidated bachelor, who retained little but his conceit. "It is time now," he said, pompously, "for me to settle down as a married man, but I want so much. I want youth, health, wealth, of course, beauty, grace."

"Yes," said Mrs. Howe, sympathetically, "you poor man, you do want them all."

The right leg is far more subject to accidents than the left. It has been found that the ratio is about 18 serious accidents to the right leg to three to the left.

The practice of kissing under the mistletoe is of very ancient origin, as it dates from the days of the Druids, when no doubt it had a religious meaning.

"All of them," he replied.—"Washington Star."

SUNDAY IN ENGLAND IN 1760.

The Pleasure Seekers Were More Numerous Than Churchgoers.

Would you like to know how the people of London observed their Sunday 160 years ago? The churches were open, of course, and there were two services in every one, and in some there were three; also the responsible and respectable citizen took his family to church, as a matter of course.

He made his apprentices go to church as well and demanded the text when they came home as a proof of attendance. Alas, he little knew that the boys were lurking all the morning, and when the congregation came out the old women and got the text from them!

However, those who went elsewhere formed the majority. The fields round the town were filled with companies of men, called rural societies, who rambled about all the morning and dined together at a tavern. The high constables went their rounds among the villages pretending to prevent profanation of the day, but they were squared by the publicans.

Informers were about threatening publicans, barbers and greengrocers for carrying on trade on the Sunday morning unless they paid a little blackmail. A shilling was understood to meet the case. Barbers sent their apprentices on Sunday morning to shave the prisoners in the Fleet for nothing, so that they might get practice.

Children were baptized after afternoon service, and a supper was given afterward to celebrate the occasion. At this supper the wives, if it was allowed, could blamelessly get drunk.

The headles of churches were bribed by beggars to let them sit on the steps and ask charity of the congregation coming out. It was the best business of the week. The rails before the houses of gentlemen were crowded with beggars.

When the ladies got home after church, they did not disdain to slap their servant if dinner was delayed. The fields between the Tottenham court road and the Foundling hospital were the resort of the sporting fraternity, who were assembled to enjoy the innocent diversions of duck hunting and cat hunting, with prizefighting, quarterstaff, wrestling and other sports.

The pleasure gardens were open all day long. People crowded to them in the early morning for breakfast and staid all day. At 3 there was an ordinary, in the afternoon and evening an organ recital; there was tea in the alcove, and in the evening there was supper.

In the evening, when they reluctantly came away, with as much punch as they could hold, they formed themselves into bands for purposes of protection, while the footpads looked out on the road for single passengers, or, haply, drunken pangs engorged, whom it was easy and a pleasure to rob.

And this was the way of a Sunday in June or July, 1760.—London Queen.

JAMES COULDN'T IMAGINE.

A Story That a New York Clubwoman Tells About Herself.

Here is a good story which a clubwoman tells about herself.

"At one time," she says, "we had a colored butler who stood with us for years, and who admired my husband immensely. He thought that Dr. H. was a marvel of many beauties, as well as the embodiment of all the virtues of domestic, professional and otherwise. Of course I quite agreed with the butler on this point, but the fact is I sometimes pined for him, and his enthusiastic compliments around to the family and not bestow them all on the doctor. So one morning, when Dr. H. had just left the breakfast table and was even then to be seen, an imposing picture, as he stood on the front steps drawing on his gloves, I remarked to James:

"Dr. H. is a handsome man, isn't he?"

"Yes, ma'am. Deed an he is, ma'am!" with gratifying enthusiasm.

"Then, hoping to get a rise from James, I added with an absentminded air, as if I scarcely knew what I said, but was just uttering my inmost thoughts:

"How in the world do you suppose that such a handsome man as Dr. H. ever happened to marry such a homely woman as I am?"

"Well, James just stopped short and rolled his eyes and shook his head as if he gave it up. Then he ejaculated: "Heaven knows, ma'am!"—New York Sun.

Light From Sugar.

A phenomenon, the cause of which has not yet been satisfactorily explained, was described at a meeting of the British association. Disks of loaf sugar were mounted on a lathe and rapidly rotated while a hammer played lightly against them. An almost continuous radiation of light was thus produced from the sugar. It was shown that the light did not arise from heating of the sugar, and it is believed to be caused by some change taking place in the sugar crystals. The act of crystallization is known to be sometimes accompanied by flashes of light. The practical bearing of these experiments is on the question of the possibility of obtaining artificial light by methods as yet untried.—Youth's Companion.

A Poet.

Mrs. Jibbins (after gazing on a globe in a shop window)—Well, nothing would persuade me but what the world's flat.

Mrs. Trimmings—Well, Marjorie, if the world's flat, 'ow can yer account for 'Averstock hill?—London Punch.

Was Gathered In.

Watkins—What did you say to your wife, anyhow, when you proposed?

Bjones—Well—I—er—well—the fact is, Mrs. Bjones was a widow when I married her.—Somerville Journal.