READY

—FOR—

Early Spring.

MEDIUM AND EARLY

Spring Clothing!

Representing all the latest Foreign and Domestic Fabrics, now open for inspection.

OUR LINE OF

Spring Overcoats!

Is the largest ever shown.

BOYS' AND CHILDREN'S

Early Spring Wear Suits.

Embracing everything in the line of newest material, and at such low prices that will astonish you.

Points of Superiority

Artistic Cut, Elegant Trimmings, Best Workmanship and Perfect Fit, are the Characteristics of Our Garments,

And we warrant them fully equal to any produced by high-priced competitors in expensive localities, while our prices are much lower.

Sharrer Bros.

Wantz Building,

Main Street, - Near Depot,

Westminster, Md.

Our Styles and Prices

WILL ASTONISH YOU.

WE HAVE A LARGER AND MORE VARIED STOCK OF

CLOTHS AND CASSIMERES

Than any other house in the county.

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,

SUCH AS

SHIRTS, DRAWERS,

COLLARS, GLOVES,

HOSE, TIES, SCARFS,

SILK AND LINEN

HANDKERCHIEFS,

&c., &c., &c.

OUR CUSTOM DEPARTMENT IS COMPLETE,

Comprising everything new in

Suitings and Trowserings,

Both for business and dress use.

SHARRER BROS.

mr-24

AMERICAN SENTINEL.

VOL. 55, NO. 15. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 14, 1888. ESTABLISHED 1833.

Spring is Here!

And so is our Spring stock of

Clothing, Shoes, Hats,

—AND—

Men's Furnishing Goods.

We Aim to Show a Better Line of These Goods Than Has Ever Been Shown in this County Before.

Beautiful Cassimere and Cheviot Suits for $6, $8 and $10.

Elegant Black Corkscrew Cutaway Suits for $7.50 and $10.

Best Ones for $15.

Just look at our nobby

STIFF AND CRUSH HATS

For Men and Boys.

We sell the

BEST SHOES

For Men, Ladies and Children sold in the county. Look at our

$1.25 AND $1.50 LADIES' SHOES AND OUR $1.00 AND $1.25 MEN'S PLOW SHOES.

CHILDREN'S SUITS.

We sold twice as many last year as we expected, and now are selling them much cheaper.

BEAUTIES FROM $1.50 TO $6.00.

Don't forget we are giving a BASE BALL and BAT with every Suit.

A beautiful line of

MEN'S NECKWEAR

We Guarantee Every Article.

Call on us. We will save you money.

Fred. D. Miller & Co.,

Albaugh Building, No. 9 E. Main Street, near Railroad, Westminster, Md. je-11-1y

NEW FIRM

—AND—

NEW GOODS.

HAVING purchased a portion of the stock of R. G. Blanchard, and added a large lot of new goods, we ask your attention to the best

FAMILY GROCERIES

That can be procured in the wholesale markets, and which will be sold at a small profit. Everything needed in the House Furnishing line will be found on our shelves. Fresh

CRACKERS, CAKES, ETC.,

Received weekly. We intend to supply the people of this city and vicinity with the finest line of Groceries ever sold here, and an examination of the stock will convince the most skeptical. A fine assortment of

SILVER-PLATED WARE AND TABLE CUTLERY.

China, Glass, Crockery, Wooden and Willow Ware, from the best to the lower grades. Also Hoes, Rakes, Shovels, Forks and other Hardware. Flour by the Barrel or Sack, of the best makes. B. F. Shriver & Co.'s well known brands of

Canned Fruits and Vegetables.

One of our clerks will await on the citizens for orders, which will be delivered in the city free of charge. HULL BROS.,

No. 2 Pennsylvania Avenue, Westminster, Md.,

ap-7 B. G. Blanchard's Old Stand.

FOR THE

SPRING OF '88.

Come and see before you buy. It costs you nothing to look. The largest and most beautiful line of

Suitings, Spring Overcoatings and Pantaloonings,

both Foreign and Domestic, ever offered to the people of this county, also a line of

Cheap Cassimeres

that cannot fail to please, and at prices that will astonish you. Will make up Suits at prices that will compel you to buy if you are in need. Fit guaranteed or no sale. Our line of

Gents' Furnishing Goods

cannot be surpassed outside the city. We are always getting the latest novelties in Neckwear, Collars, Cuffs, Suspenders, Gloves, Handkerchiefs, Hosiery.

FINE SHIRTS A SPECIALTY,

both in white and colors. "Scratch-Pocket" still leads for fit and style. Underwear in all qualities and prices. We carry a splendid line of Gents' Jewelry—such as Scarf Pins, Sleeve and Collar Buttons, Studs, Watch Chains, Charms—of the best quality and at low prices. All we ask is a call before purchasing and you will save money and be happy.

ap-7-3m J. T. ANDERS.

Sheriff's Sale.

BY virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Carroll county, State of Maryland, at the suit of Samuel C. Lee and Charles C. Lee, Samuel B. Lee and Henry B. Lee, co-partners trading as S. C. Lee & Sons, use of Thomas J. Gorsuch, against the goods and chattels, lands and tenements of Samuel R. Duvall and Mary A. Duvall, his wife, and to me directed, I have seized the following property, viz.: All the right, title, interest and estate of the said Samuel R. Duvall and Mary A. Duvall, his wife, in and to all that tract or parcel of land situate, lying and being in Carroll county, in the State of Maryland, containing

124 ACRES, 2 ROODS AND 15 PERCHES

of land, more or less, and being the same land and premises which was conveyed by Joseph R. Barton and wife to Samuel R. Duvall by deed dated the 26th day of December, A. D. 1885, and recorded among the Land Records of Carroll county in Liber W. N. M., No. 4 folio 294, &c.

Also all the right, title, interest and estate of the said Samuel R. Duvall and Mary A. Duvall, his wife, in and to all that tract or parcel of land and premises situate, lying and being in Carroll county, in the State of Maryland, containing

93 ACRES, 1 ROOD AND 25 SQUARE PERCHES OR LAND, MORE OR LESS,

and being the same land and premises which was conveyed by Harry M. Clabaugh and others, Trustees, to Samuel R. Duvall by deed dated May 14th, A. D. 1884, and recorded among the Land Records of Carroll county in Liber F. T. S., No. 61, folio 46, &c.

Also all the right, title, interest and estate of said Samuel R. Duvall and Mary A. Duvall, his wife, in and to all that tract or parcel of land and premises situate, lying and being in Carroll county, in the State of Maryland, containing

3 ACRES AND 1 ROOD OF LAND

more or less, and being the same land and premises which was conveyed by The Sykesville Building Association No. 3, of Carroll county, to Mary A. Duvall by deed dated 25th day of April, A. D. 1882, and recorded among the Land Records of Carroll county in Liber F. T. S., No. 57, folio 134, &c., less one acre of land, more or less, which was conveyed by Mary A. Duvall and husband to Grace Ellen Ward by deed dated the 25th day of April, A. D. 1882, and recorded among the Land Records of Carroll county in Liber F. T. S., No. 57, folio 286, &c. This parcel is improved with a fine Dwelling House and all necessary outbuildings.

And also all the following Personal Property on the farm known as the Barton farm, as follows, to-wit: 2 rockaways, 1 black cow, 1 buffalo cow, 1 black horse, 1 bay horse, 1 black mare, 1 two-year-old colt, 1 cutting box, 1 lot of hay in mow, 1 old wagon and carriage, 4 forks, 3 drags, lot of single trees, 1 lot cow chains, 1 sow, 1 spotted sow, 2 pigs, 1 cart and harness, 1 set of lead harness, 1 saddle, 2 sets breechbands, 1 lot of plow harness, 1 lot of grain in bin, 1 wheat fan, 1 grain drill, 1 old mower, 1 buggy, 1 four-horse wagon, 1 cart, 2 double shovel plows, 2 baskets, 1 single plow, 1 road scraper, lot of corn in crib, 5 shoats, 7 pigs, &c.; and also all the following Personal Property in the warehouse occupied by the said Samuel R. Duvall, at Sykesville Station, on B. & O. R. R., as follows, viz.: 1 double heater and fixture, 1 double heater and fixture, 1 No. 9 stove and fixture, 1 parlor stove, 2 small parlor stoves, 1 small parlor stove, 1 Norman stove, 2 Sun parlor stoves, 1 parlor cook stove, 13 wash boilers, 3 bread pans, 3 hanging lamps, 1 small boiler, 3 five-gallon milk cans, 2 three-gallon milk cans, 6 milk coolers, 5 sprinkling pots, 8 small sprinkling pots, 4 strainer buckets, 4 bread pans, 7 dinner buckets, 5 lanterns, 4 milk coolers, 9 buckets, 21 buckets, 12 buckets, 8 saucepans, 5 saucepans, 2 steamers, 18 small buckets, 6 small buckets, 6 oil cans, 7 small cans, 45 stove elbows, 6 floor registers, 4 grates, 13 stew pans, 10 tea kettles, 52 iron pans, 6 wire clothes lines, 12 cake baskets, 1 large coffee boilers, 3 sets slop bowls and pitchers, 13 baking pans, 38 skillets, 4 cutting boxes, 7 wheat fans, 2 Elan stoves, 6 large Elan stoves, 1 Farmer Girl cook stove (No. 7), 1 double heaters, 3 hand boilers, 2 Bell feed cutters, 11 double shovel plows, 1 Farmer Girl No. 8 cook stove, 2 Orian No. 7 stoves, 4 No. 7 Farmer Girl cook stoves.

I hereby give notice that on

Tuesday, the 17th day of April, A. D. 1888,

on the premises, at Sykesville, in Carroll county, Md., at 9 o'clock, A. M., sharp, I will offer the above-named real and personal property, to the highest bidder for cash, but, if desired credit terms will be given on the real estate, said terms announced upon the day of sale. GEORGE N. FRINGER,

mr-24-ts Sheriff of Carroll county.

Mortgagee's Sale

OF A DESIRABLE

SMALL FARM

In Freedom district, Carroll county, Md.

THE undersigned, mortgagee by virtue of a power of sale contained in the mortgage executed to him by Celina W. Fogle and Sarah E. Fogle, his wife, dated on the 31st day of August, 1885, and duly recorded among the Real Estate Mortgage Records of Carroll county, in Liber G. A. M., No. 22, folio 503, &c., will offer at public sale, at the Court House door, in Westminster, Md., on

MONDAY, 16TH OF APRIL, 1888,

at 1 o'clock, p. m., all that farm described in and conveyed by said mortgage, consisting of

80½ ACRES OF LAND, MORE OR LESS,

being the same land and premises which the said Celina W. Fogle obtained from William E. Thomas and George M. Pearce, Trustees, by deed dated on the 31st day of August, 1885, and duly recorded among the Real Estate Records of Carroll county.

This land adjoins the land of J. M. Dorsey, John W. Shipley, Robert Hall and others, and is improved by a Dwelling containing 7 rooms, Stable, Corn House, Meat House, and all other necessary outbuildings. There is a spring of excellent water near the door. There is an orchard of choice fruit on the place and about 7 acres in good TIMBER. This property is under good fencing and in a high state of cultivation, and been recently limed. It is situated in Freedom district, Carroll county, Md., near Berrett P. O., on the Washington road. Persons desirous of purchasing a small farm a rare chance is here offered.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third cash on the day of sale or on the ratification thereof, one-third in nine months and the other one-third in eighteen months from the day of sale; the credit payments to be secured by the notes of the purchaser or purchasers, with approved security, bearing interest from the day of sale; or, all cash, at the option of the purchaser.

This property is offered at the request of those interested therein.

NOAH SCHAEFFER, Mortgagee.

Geo. M. Pearce, Solicitor.
P. A. Gorsuch, Auctioneer. mr-24-ts

Transfers and Abatements.

THE County Commissioners for Carroll county, will meet at their office, in the Court House at Westminster, on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, April 2d, 3d and 4th, and on Monday and Tuesday, April 16th and 17th, to make Transfers and Abatements.

All persons interested are requested to attend, as no Abatements or Transfers will be made after that time to affect the Levy of 1888. Persons making application for Transfers of and Abatements on property will be required to comply with Sections 16 and 17 of Article 11 of the Revised Code of Public General Laws.

By order of the Board,
CHAS. BRILHART, Clerk.

mr-24-4t

The Young Percheron Horse PILOT

Will make the season of 1888 at the following places:—Mondays and Tuesdays at Manro John's, near the Liberty Road; Wednesdays and Thursdays at T. J. Haines', McKinstry's Mills; and Fridays and Saturdays at the owners' stable, near Westminster. See bills for Terms and Description

JOS. I. GIST & BRO., Owners,
mr-31-3t Near Westminster, Md.

Notice to Tax-Payers.

THE undersigned hereby notifies all persons in arrears for Taxes that they must pay the same promptly, or he will proceed to collect the same according to law. He can be seen at the Commissioners' Office on Mondays, and at his residence, Westminster, on Saturdays.

WM. G. BINEHART,
mr-31-3t Collector 7th District.

Select Poetry.

MEMORY'S PICTURE.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

I see her now, the fairest thing
That ever mocked man's picturing.
I picture her as one that drew
Aside life's curtain and looked through
The mists of all life's mystery,
As one looks on the open sea.

The soft wide eyes of wonderment
That trusting looked you through and through;
The sweet arched mouth, a bow not bent,
That sent Love's arrows swift and true.

That sweet arched mouth! The Orient
Hath not such pearls in all her stores;
Not all her storied, spice-set shores
Hath fragrance such as it hath spent.

[redacted]

Select Story.

A LUCKY BLUNDER.

BY GERRIT SMITH.

FROM WAVERLEY MAGAZINE.

When I first saw Carrie Arnold I thought to myself, "Now I have met my fate." She was at church, and I saw her move majestically up the aisle, and as she sank into her pew I caught a glimpse of an oval face, serenely beautiful, and for an instant her dark gray eyes flashed into mine. It was enough.

"There is such a thing as love at first sight," I said.

I became a stranger in the neighborhood, [redacted] ed to hear me say so, and insisted that I should prolong my visit a week longer, at least. But no; I had decided to bid him adieu. Then I saw Carrie Arnold, on that quiet Sabbath morning in summer, when the birds were singing praises among the old elms about the quaint little church, and the golden sunlight crept through the window at her feet, and I changed my mind.

"I guess I will stay with you a while longer, Dick, old boy," I said as we walked from the church. "And, by the way," I continued, as we walked across the quiet fields, "who is that fine girl who came in late this morning—that tall, distinguished person in the stylish black silk, with pink roses under her pretty chin? Say, Dick, who is she?"

Dick threw back his curly head and indulged in a provoking laugh.

"So, ho!" he cried. "This is why you change your mind! Your old schoolmate has not the charm to keep you, but a glimpse of a pretty girl's face can hold you still among these solemn hills. Ah, friendship, how dost thou wane before the light of love!"

"Now don't get jealous," I said, for the fellow really liked me, and felt hurt that I had not seemed to desire a longer stay for his sake.

"Not at all," he answered. "But truly, Howard, you are wasting time if you remain here hoping to win the heart of old Captain Arnold's daughter. She is more cold and haughty than the old man himself, I have heard."

"And probably learned by experience," I suggested, slyly, never dreaming of the truth of what I hinted.

In a moment Dick looked thoughtful and fell to nipping off the clover heads that grew along our path with his cane.

"Yes," he said, "I have learned by experience. Howard, I confide in you as a friend. A few years ago I loved Carrie Arnold—at least, I thought I did—and we became engaged. About a month after our engagement I met her out driving with a strange gentleman, who, as I have since learned, was her cousin, and when I demanded an explanation, she drew the ring I had given her from her finger and placed it in my hand. Since then we have not spoken. I am determined never to humble myself to the proud beauty, and she is too haughty to relent toward me. There, you see how it stands."

"Why, Dick, old fellow, I am sorry," I said. But I could not quiet a great tumult of joy that rose in my heart on hearing my old friend's confession. "He never loved her," I said to myself, "or he could not give her up so easily."

I felt glad to know I had no rival, and the most miserably restless days I ever lived were the three long ones which passed before I had an opportunity to be introduced to my enchantress.

Finally we met, one evening, at a select ball, and some one presented me to the tall girl in pink satin and pearls, whose face had so haunted me since the first sight I had gained of its rare loveliness.

I danced with her. Oh, rare joy to hold her hand in mine, and feel her breath like a summer zephyr on my cheek!

Dick was there, too, but he did not notice us, or gave no sign of doing so; he seemed to be charmed with the society of a pretty young creature in blue.

The day after the ball I called on Miss Arnold. I had thought her charming at church, beautiful at the ball, but she was simply ravishing when she came down in her dainty white robe, with pink ribbons fluttering here and there. Pink was her favorite color, and it was becoming, too.

We sat and talked of many things, and my heart beat like a trip-hammer when she smiled and said she hoped I would stay all summer in Snowville.

After that not a day passed on which I did not send her some token of my regard. A book, a new song, delicious fruit, or a bunch of rare pink blossoms, always pink.

Jim, my colored boy, who had grown fat and lazy during our stay in the village, with nothing to do save to carry my fishing rod and bask in the sunshine, was nearly trotted off his feet carrying dainty notes and little gifts.

"'Pears like Mars' How'd done clean fo'got eb'ryt'ing 'cept dat fine gal," I often heard him mutter as he shuffled off on some errand to the big house among the oaks where resided the lady of my heart.

Day after day passed, and still I stayed, growing more desperately in love every moment, until finally I determined to learn my fate, be what it might.

Would I go in person and ask this beautiful woman to be my own? No, I would not. I could not fortify my heart to be able to bear a "no" from her lips, so I wrote:—

"DEAREST:—I can no longer bear the suspense of mind which I have endured since our first acquaintance. I must know if you love me. If you do, meet me this evening at the elm where we have so often sat and talked together, as I have something to tell you. You may guess what it is "Yours own. H."

"Now, if she loves me, she will be there," I said as I folded the note; "and if she loves me, she will of course be mine."

With rapidly beating heart I went to call Jim, to start him on the fateful errand.

"Jim!" I called. "Jim, you black rascal, where are you?"

After repeated calling the darkey lounged into view, with his old slouch hat perched on the back of his woolly head, and a fishing pole in his hand.

"Ha! you scoundrel," I exclaimed at sight of him, "where have you been? Why don't you come when I call you?"

"Ain't been nowhar," he returned sullenly, seeing the note in my fingers, and guessing what I wanted him for. "Pears like dis niggah doan get no time fer hissef any mo. I was jis a gitten ready fer to fish a little down at the deep hole, an'—"

"Hush, now, Jim," I interposed in a softened manner, seeing that he was half angry, and knowing how much now depended on this imp of darkness. "Take this note to Miss Arnold, and be sure you give it to no one else, and you may have the rest of the day for yourself. Be quick, and here is a quarter for you."

Jim looked relieved, and taking the note slowly, and the quarter with wonderful quickness, he sauntered off, and I heard him say,—

Mars' How'd, gwine to be in de sylumtic yet 'long ob dat gal."

But Jim had a habit of thus communing with himself, and I did not mind him.

I returned to my room, and sat down to read in order to pass the tedious time that must somehow be spent before I should go forth to meet my lady and learn my fate. I read awhile, I smoked awhile, and finally on awaking found that the time had come at last.

I stole from the house with never a word to Dick. Somehow I was afraid he might envy me, and find a way to thwart my plans.

Along green lanes and across fragrant fields I strayed, thinking of Carrie, and wondering if she would be there, when at last the tall old elm came in sight, and oh, joy! she was standing beneath it. Her back was toward me but I recognized the broad brimmed hat, with its fluttering pink ribbons, and her simple white dress. I stole softly nearer to her, but she did not seem to hear me. I came still nearer. Her head was bent; she was reading my note. How she must love me, to bend so intentively over my little missive!

I had not seen a black rascal steal from her side a moment before, and with fishing rod in hand skulk hurriedly into a neighboring thicket. I had not seen her first look of puzzled surprise when he thrust the note into her hand as she sat reading beneath the old elm. I only saw her as she read and re-read the lines I had written, and mistook her puzzled manner for love.

Softly I stepped to her side, and before she could turn, I murmured,—

"Dearest!"

A pair of startled, fawn-like eyes were turned to my face, and I saw that it was not Carrie Arnold I addressed.

"I beg your pardon," I exclaimed, in great confusion. "I thought—that is, I imagined—you were not yourself."

She smiled faintly at my distressed manner, and I thought I had never heard a voice so sweetly modulated as hers when she spoke, saying,—

"There has been some mistake. This was not intended for me."

I took the note from her fingers, and leaving her there beneath the elm, strode back home. I tore the note in twenty pieces and threw them out of the window, and like starlight before sunlight the face of Carrie Arnold faded from my heart, and a tender face, lighted by soft brown eyes, crept into its place.

Now you must not say I was fickle, for who has not imagined himself in love more than once, before the real love came! And when it came how the others paled!

Well, it was several days before I found out that the owner of the eyes was Miss Pearl Nelson, a friend of Miss Arnold, who had come to spend the rest of the summer at Oak Grove.

* * * * *

"Do you know," said Pearl, as we stood together one evening beneath the elm where we had first met, "I believe you must have mistaken me for Carrie that evening. You see, I wore her dress and hat. My trunk had been delayed. I admire your choice, Mr. Harper. Carrie Arnold is a sweet girl,"

"She is, but I know a sweeter," I replied.

My companion tried to look unconscious, but I noted the rosy bloom that crept into her cheeks.

"Dearest!" I whispered, in the same tone I had used a few weeks before.

She caught the sound, and her head dropped.

"Dearest," I repeated, "it is you. My little Pearl, my priceless jewel. Will you be mine indeed?"

She murmured "Yes."

As we stood together gazing on azure sky and green fields, too blissfully happy for words, I descried coming across the meadow two creatures of wonderfully limp appearance.

Slowly they approached, and finally I recognized in the man, whose garments betokened recent immersion, my friend Dick; and Pearl, after giving one startled glance into the face of the other figure, cried,—

"Carrie Arnold! Where have you been, and what is the matter?"

"Well," returned Carrie, "in answer to your first question, I have been in Fisher's Pond; and replying to your last, I have been almost drowned. In fact, I would have drowned had it not been for this brave fellow;" and she turned to Dick with a smile I would have died to have won a month before.

"And now you must hasten home," Dick said tenderly. "You might take cold standing here after your accident."

So together they hastened homeward, a sorry looking but blissfully happy couple, while I mentally ejaculated "Accident, indeed!" for I believed then, as I do to this day, that when Carrie Arnold, standing on the narrow log which crossed the small but deep pond, saw Dick Lane passing, fishing rod in hand, she lost her footing on purpose knowing that he would not be too haughty to jump in and save her.

Now, I would not say this to any one but you, and you need not repeat it; but I believe that it was a scheme on Carrie's part to make up the old quarrel between herself and Dick. Anyhow, they were married in a few weeks, and my old chum has confessed since that he loved the girl he married all the time I was raving over her.

I was able to wish the old fellow much joy at the wedding, at which I was best man, for the prettiest and dearest little woman in the world had promised to be mine in a few months.

One day, before I became the happiest man in the universe, I called Jim to me.

"Jim, some weeks since I sent you with a note to Miss Arnold."

The rascal was too black to turn pale with fear, but his knees shook visibly. He thought I had found out how he, so deeply absorbed in fishing, had forgotten the note until very late, and he quailed before the towering rage I appeared to be in.

"Please sah, Mars How'd—" he began, humbly.

But I interrupted him.

"Silence, you sooty-faced scamp!" I thundered. "Do you remember how you sneaked off to the Deep Hole and fished for hours, instead of going directly to Miss Arnold with the note?"

"Lo'd ha' mussy!" gasped Jim.

"Do you remember how you sneaked to deliver it near sundown?"

"Dis niggah gwine to hab his bones broke, shuah!" Jim again ejaculated under his breath, as I proceeded, in still more angry tones,—

"Yes, and you well deserve to have your bones broken."

"Oh, don', Mars How'd!"

"You are sure you gave the note to Miss Arnold, are you, Jim?"

"Clar fo' de Lo'd I is!" was the trembling answer.

"Well," I said, "you are mistaken. O miserable imp of condensed midnight—wretched and benighted being! You gave that important note to another lady!"

The culprit was a picture to see as I concluded, turning upon him fiercely, while within I was almost convulsed with laughter. His old cap was pushed to the back of his woolly head, his eyes were rolled up until little but the white was visible, and his knees smote each other.

"Now, sir," I continued, "you have made a blunder; so have I, but the luckiest blunder we ever made in our lives."

Jim began to look puzzled.

"Therefore, as it was a lucky blunder for me, I am indebted to you."

While the eyes of the guilty one stood out in delight and amazement, to see me smiling in spite of my gruff tones, I placed some shining pieces of money in his palm, and away he went, capering and singing snatches of song, one verse of which I caught as he hurried away:—

"I met ole Satan in de lane,
An' whaled him wid my gospel cane.
An' obber since dat day, you see,
Ole Satan hab kep clar ob me!"

Then fainter, from the distance, I heard him soliloquize:—

"Golly! dat war a fortshenate blunder for dis chile, too!"

Centre of Population.

FROM ATLANTA CONSTITUTION.

The centre of population in 1880 was located eight miles southwest of the heart of Cincinnati, and a half mile southeast of the village of Taylorsville; or still more definitely, it is lat. 39 deg. 4 min. 8 sec., and long. 84 deg. 39 min. 40 sec. The method of determining it is rather complicated, and is fully described in the census report. In brief it is this: A point is chosen as the assumed centre, and from it "moments" are computed north, south, east and west, a moment being the product of the population by the distance from the assumed centre. The population is grouped by square degrees (i. e., by areas included between consecutive parallels and meridians), and after deducting the population of 100 principal cities, the remaining inhabitants of each square degree were assumed to be grouped at its geographical centre. The moments of square degrees and cities north and south were computed, and their difference, divided by the entire population of the country, gave the correction of the latitude. In like manner the correction in the longitude is made from the subtraction of moments east and west, and division of the difference by the total population. In 1790 the centre of population was twenty-three miles east of Baltimore, Md. It moved forty-one miles westward during the first decade, and from 1850 to 1860, when the discovery of gold in California was urging so many to the Pacific coast, the centre traveled westward eighty-one miles. But the war retarded immigration again, and the next census recorded but forty-one miles of progress. During the years 1870-80 the movement westward was fifty-eight miles.

When the cream foams in the churn and will not make butter, it may be, and most probably at this season is, due to too much acidity in the cream. If the milk be set at a steady temperature at 60 degrees or 62 degrees for two days and the cream kept for two or three days longer at the same temperature, there should be no difficulty in churning. If there should be, the cow ought to be fed a little corn meal once or twice a day.

It requires a good deal of aptitude to amuse a child.

Practical Forestry.

This much certainly is practicable: That the land grow only valuable trees; and that land which cannot be cultivated profitably be put in trees. The average forest growth might be three times as valuable. It is badly distributed—bare spots and crowded spots. On the first, a thick sod prevents a natural growth; but enough trees can soon be planted. Thinning out a dense, stunted growth will much improve it, and usually only nearly worthless trees need be cut out. Our woodlands contain many trees that have no value for lumber, and scarcely any for fuel. Valuable trees ought to be growing in their places or have the space for their better development. If, to thin properly, valuable trees must be cut, take the worst-formed and least vigorous. No tree that will not make good rails or posts should grow; for a tree that will make good rails and posts will take its place, and the limbs and knotty parts of such trees will furnish all the fuel needed. It is best to foster the growth of valuable trees of the kind growing naturally on the land, for it is certain that the soil and climate are adapted to these trees. Nearly every nut tree makes valuable lumber, and the nuts will bring an income while the trees grow.

Dressing the woodland in the way contemplated above necessitates little extra labor; but it requires that the labor be intelligently applied. Trees for rails, posts and fuel must not be cut by chance. Those of least value and vigor are to be selected for fuel and such uses, and when trees furnishing the best timber must be cut, they should be taken from among the thickest growth. The usual winter timber cutting, thus directed, will accomplish at least two-thirds of the work; and of the other third, a good part can be done in the winter and early spring, when there is time for it. Not a little land now cultivated would better be in trees. Hillsides that wash easily, have been cleared of soil by rains, and fertilizers applied to them are half thrown in the creeks. These hillsides are hard to cultivate and yield poor crops. Some of them are so cut up that they can not be cultivated at all with horses. Trees do best in a good soil, yet they will grow on these hillsides. As soon as they have a fair start, grass may be made to grow by using fertilizers, and the grass and roots of the trees will prevent the washing by rain, while the leaves from the trees, and natural forces, will deepen and enrich the soil. Although the best timber growth can never be expected on these hills, yet trees that will yield more profit than cultivated crops can be grown by a little care. He who plants a tree puts labor out at a good rate of interest.

Spring Work.

FROM MASS. PLOUGHMAN.

The moment the ground is bare of snow the farmer can commence work that will count as work, which would, if neglected, have to be done in the busy season. There is no better time to look to the mowing fields than immediately after the snow is gone and the frost is out of a few inches of the top of the ground. At such a time with a wooden maul, the stones and sods that have been lifted above the surrounding land can easily be beat down so as to leave the surface level; the mower can then be run without injury to the knives. One or two hours spent in this way on some land at the right season, will not only enable the farmer to cut a larger quantity of grass to the acre, and do it in much less time, but it will sometimes save many dollars for repairs on the mower. Never leave the mowing fields to be looked after so late in the season that the surface has got hard and the grass high enough to make it difficult to see the stones or uneven places. Much can be done in repairing wall fences even before the frost is all out of the ground; there are always more or less stones that get misplaced on the top of the walls that if put back at the proper time would prevent others from being moved out of place. This work if left until the busy season opens is too often forgotten, until a gap in the wall becomes large enough to let the cattle through; then the farmer must tend to it, even if he has to leave his hay spread in the field. The wise farmer will see to it that his fences are all put in order as early in the season as the weather and the condition of the ground will permit.

About 2,000 species of insects, on an average, have been discovered yearly during the last century. One is almost excusable for thinking that the work of creation is still in progress.—*Chicago News.*

Your rumble servant—Thunder.

Feed or Breed.

It is a very popular subject just now for discussion whether feed or breed is paramount in the productive value of an animal, more especially in regard to the yield of butter. One enthusiastic believer in breed asks why any ordinary cow cannot be made to give two pounds of butter a day as a purebred Jersey does. Any one can ask questions which will puzzle a wise man to answer. But this question is no puzzle, and would be harder to answer if it were true that a Jersey cow as a rule gave two pounds of butter a day. So far, there are about 40 of these aristocrats among, perhaps, 40,000 Jersey cows in the country, all purebred, but not all recorded. But what of the other? It has been said that the average yield of the 30,960 plebeian Jerseys is about three pounds per week. How much does breed for these? On the other hand, native "scrub" cows have been known that, owing nothing to breed at all, have just doubled their yield of butter when fed as well as a Jersey cow usually is, and it is these native cows which have made the dairy so profitable as it is. Also, one might ask, was it breed or feed that made a noted Jersey cow die of milk fever after having been fed daily a bushel of crushed oats and 12 pounds of corn-meal and bran, besides other feed, to force her to give three pounds of butter a day? Perhaps it may be said most truly, that if our native cows had been fed and cultivated with as much care as the Jerseys have been, they might have outdone them in regard to their product. As it is, they have an excellent record, not in any book, but in the enormous aggregate yield of milk, cheese, and butter which has made dairying the most prosperous branch of farming.

Have You Neglected the Fruits?

Every farmer, and especially he who makes weekly trips to his market town with farm products, should have a continuous succession of fruits of the different kinds from the middle of May until the months of autumn, not only to add valuable variety to his commodities, but also to furnish a grateful and wholesome diet for his family. But we know many who have been content to go on from year to year without making so wise and economical a provision. The plea always was that they had no time to devote to the growing of any crops but those of corn, wheat, grass, potatoes and the like, excepting, perhaps, a few apples and peaches, and so they and their families went starving for many wholesome luxuries which might have been had for an outlay of time and money that in the long run would hardly have been felt. We are great believers in the doctrine that men and women and the boys and girl who toil early and late on the farm to feed the millions in the cities, ought to enjoy all the possibilities of the acres by which they are surrounded—all the good things which their labor and skill command. So we would recommend that more attention be given to the culture of strawberries, raspberries, plums, pears, peaches and grapes.

Stagnant Water--Bad Milk.

Professor Law, of Cornell University, caused some cows to drink for several days from a stagnant pool of water that existed in a swale, and having examined the milk found it full of living organisms. Then the water from the pool was examined and the same living creatures were found. Then the cows were examined, and they were found to be in a feverish condition, the result of their blood being charged with these minute organisms. Then some pure milk was taken and some of this pond water was put with it, and these same creatures multiplied within a few hours so as to take possession of the milk. After this test no one can dispute that living organisms may be introduced into milk by the use of improper food or drink. It also shows that there is a close relation between good, pure water and fine, good keeping dairy products. From a sanitary standpoint the lives and health of the consumers are, to a certain extent, dependent upon the character of the butter and milk. Radical cleanliness can alone be tolerated in the dairy of 1888.

A sportsman is a man who spends all day away from his business, $2 for powder and shot, and comes home at night tired, hungry and ugly, dragging a fourteen cent rabbit by the ears.

A scientist says: "If the land were flattened out the sea would be two miles deep all over the world." If any man is caught flattening out the land shoot him on the spot. A great many of us can't swim.

In this country nearly three dollars' worth of milk, cream, butter and cheese together are sold and consumed to every dollars' worth of beef. The market for dairy product is practically inexhaustible.

Before going into fruit culture find what varieties your land is best adapted to produce and give those varieties the preference. Situation as well as soil adaptation should be considered.

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