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.

NEW FIRM

—AND—

NEW GOODS.

HAVING purchased a portion of the stock of S. 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 wait 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.

☞ By the Insurance Department.

STATEMENT

Showing the condition of the Mutual Fire Insurance Company in Baltimore county, Md., December 31st, 1887.

ASSETS.

Stocks and bonds absolutely owned by the Company (market value)	$ 13,385.00
Interest due and accrued on stocks, bonds and other securities	34,105.90
Cash in Company's principal office and belonging to the Company deposited in Bank	700.00
Premium notes in force $568,431.63 All other admitted assets detailed in statement on file in this office..	1,600 00
Total cash assets	$49,190.90

LIABILITIES.

Losses reported, adjusted and unpaid	$ 10,000.00
Premium notes in force $578,431.63	
Borrowed money	25,330.99
All other claims	3,643.21
Total liabilities	$39,034.20
Surplus as regards policyholders	$10,156.70
Total income	$ 49,653.42
Total expenditures	49,165.61
Amount of policies in force in Maryland on 31st Dec., 1887	9,368,680.00
Amount of policies written in Maryland during the year 1887	632,663.00
Premiums received on Maryland business in 1887	23,453.75
Losses paid in Maryland during 1887	31,024.40

STATE OF MARYLAND,
Insurance Dep't, Commissioners' Office,
Annapolis, March 27, 1888.

In compliance with Act of 1878, Chapter 106, I hereby certify that the above is a true abstract from the statement of the Mutual Fire Insurance Company in Baltimore county to December 31st, 1887, now on file in this department.

JESSE K. HINES,
ap-7-3t Insurance Commissioner.

Assignee of Mortgagee's Sale
OF A

HOUSE AND LOT,

In Westminster, Md.

BY virtue of the power of sale contained in a mortgage from Sophia Zentgroft and Albert Zentgroft, her husband, dated May 12th, A. D. 1877, to Thomas E. B. Hartsock (and duly assigned to the undersigned), and recorded among the Real Estate Mortgage Records of Carroll county in Liber F. T. S., No. 10, folio 392, &c., the undersigned, as assignee thereof, will offer at public sale, at the Court House door, in Westminster, Maryland, on

Monday, the 23d day of April, A. D. 1888,

at 2 o'clock, p. m., all that lot of land, being one-half of lot No. 4 as heretofore laid out and designated on Hoppe's first addition to Westminster, 198 feet deep and fronting 50 feet on Pennsylvania avenue, in the city of Westminster, in Carroll county, Maryland, known as No. 90 Pennsylvania avenue, containing

5940 SQUARE FEET OF LAND,

more or less, and being the same land that was conveyed to the said Sophia Zentgroft by J. Henry Hoppe and wife by deed of lease dated October 24, 1871, and recorded among the Land Records of Carroll county aforesaid in Liber J. B. B., No. 40, folio 289, &c. This land is subject to an annual ground rent of twenty dollars, to be paid in half-yearly payments.

This lot is improved with a two-story frame Dwelling House, with a one-story kitchen attached, and other necessary outbuildings.

Terms of Sale:—Cash.

CHAS. C. GORSUCH,
Assignee of Mortgagee.
Chas. E. Fink, Solicitor. mr-31-ts

Trustees' Sale
OF A

VALUABLE PARCEL OF LAND

In Cranberry Valley, Carroll county, Md.

BY virtue of a Decree of the Circuit Court for Carroll county, sitting as a Court of Equity, passed in cause No. 2463, on the Equity Docket of said Court, the undersigned will sell at Public Sale, on the premises, on

SATURDAY, 21ST OF APRIL, 1888,

at 2 o'clock, p. m., a desirable and valuable Parcel of Land, containing

51 ACRES AND 1 ROOD, MORE OR LESS.

It is most advantageously located. The land is of superior quality, and is in a high state of cultivation. It is situated at the head of Cranberry Valley, in Manchester District, Carroll county, on the public road leading from Westminster to Manchester, adjoining the lands of David A. Snider, Noah Bixler, and others; is about 5 miles from Westminster and is conveniently located as to stores, schools, churches, &c. A portion of the land is in Superior Timber.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-half cash on the day of sale, or on the ratification thereof, and the other one-half in one year from the day of sale, the credit payment to be secured by the note of the purchaser or purchasers, with approved security, bearing interest from the day of sale.

CHAS. J. REIFSNIDER, } Trustees.
WM. H. WHEELER, }
Reifsnider & Reifsnider, Solicitors.
R. C. Matthews, Auctioneer. mr-31-ts

AMERICAN SENTINEL.

VOL. 55, NO. 16. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 21, 1888. ESTABLISHED 1833.

Select Poetry.

"THE HONEST LAWYER."

BY GEORGE LANSING TAYLOR, L. H. D.

[Hon. Morrison R. Waite, LL. D., of Ohio, Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, died at Washington, March 23, 1888.]

I.

Columbia's great Chief-Justice, Ohio's noble Chase,
Had bowed in death, and ended well his life's illustrious race;
Had gone to face that court supreme whose summons angles call,
Where peasants, judges, kings alike, must meet the Judge of all.

II.

Then glorious Grant gazed 'round the land on many an honored name,
Where legal lore and civic powers were blent with patriot fame;
In *one* ambition vaulted higher—nor dreamed of fall to come!
And *one*, when treason rent the land, had, like the sphinx, been dumb.

III.

Unfilled the awful judgeship stood, whose sentences, like Fate's,
Construe the nation's laws, and rule the throng of jarring States;
Then, far in grand Ohio's realm, her wisest statesmen met,
Her own great charter to revise, and make her grander yet.

IV.

And at their head, their chairman grave, sat proud Toledo's choice,
Whom every party's votes had sent, with one unchallenged voice;
"The Honest Lawyer," he who spared the "widow's ox"* to take,
But in his country's righteous cause made Europe's despots quake.

V.

Around their board the sages sat, when King, of storied name,
Sprang up and read a message flashed on lightning's wing of flame,
A word that flew o'er towns and farms, and thrilled the Buckeye State:
"Great Grant appoints the Nation's Judge, 'the Honest Lawyer,' WAITE!"

VI.

Then manly cheers like thunder shook Ohio's civic fane,
And manly tears of gladness fell like April's flowery rain;
"I move congratulations fit!" the gallant Hunt outspake;
"I second!" shouted every voice, and made the ceiling shake.

VII.

Then fell the gavel with a crash! and "*So ordered!*" cleft the air;
"That motion's out of order here, and void! so rules the chair!"
Then "*Leave of Absence!*" half a score of earnest patriots cry;
"The Nation needs! The Senate waits! To seal success we fly!"

VIII.

Again the gavel crashed! and then—no moments' wavering pause—
"The chair will not excuse; nor hear a motion for such cause!
To order! promptly! gentlemen!" the mandate rang out clear—
"We'll do Ohio's work, for which Ohio sent us here!"

IX.

The Nation's Senate met. The name—the tale likewise—they heard,
While 'gainst "the Honest Lawyer's" fame none spake a questioning word;
They vote: "Aye!" "Aye!" and ne'er a "Nay!" —all party barriers fail,
"*Unanimous!*" rang Wilson's word; shouts shook that solemn hall!

X.

And so "The Honest Lawyer" ruled earth's mightiest Court yet known,
Where Justice reigns, who first on God's breast erst had her birth and throne;
On Treason, Fraud, Kuklux, and Rum, alike his thunder fell,
And Freedom's broad-based pyramid he builded strong and well.

XI.

And now before "The Judge of all the earth" "reviewed" he stands,
Nor has Omniscience found the stain of bribery on his hands.
May he who next on that dread bench Law's sov'reign scales shall hold,
Begin and end as dead to self, to ambition, praise, or gold.

XII.

Let lawyer, priest, or layman join earth's scramble for high place,
With toils, ambitions, flatteries, bribes, all bent to win the race;
Do thou thy work where Duty calls, in prayerful, manful wise,
And trust success to *worthiness*, on earth—beyond the skies.

* Job XXIV, 3. The writer spent twelve years of his youth and early manhood in North-western Ohio, near Toledo, and was familiar with the name and fame of "Morrison R. Waite" as a synonym for professional honesty through all that country. It was a common saying that "*Waite*" was "*an honest lawyer*," one to whom the poorest and humblest client who had an "honest case" could apply with the certainty of receiving fair and generous treatment.

† Gen. XVIII, 25.

Select Story.

My Brother-in-Law's First Visit.

BY CARO E. T. CLARKE.

From GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

I was not long married. My husband was a rich bachelor of thirty-five, very fond of me, and very proud of my beauty; and *I* was very proud of my own family connections, and of my present position as the wife of one of the richest and most influential men of the place.

I was young and *pretty* (so it was said), and one of a numerous family; and, although my husband was nearly fifteen years my senior, all my friends and neighbors envied me my good fortune in securing "so excellent a match," and for once the world was right. My husband was a man of sound, plain, practical sense, and good temper, with a fund of sly, dry humor, that made him detect and sometimes lay bare with rather an unsparing hand the weaknesses and follies of those around him; but I must own that he was very lenient towards mine, and, except when he wished to correct some affectation or foible that threatened to impair the future excellence or stability of my character, he was very indulgent to me.

I said I was proud of my family and connections; I admit that there was a vein of weakness running through the whole kin on that score. My own father was in somewhat reduced circumstances at the time of my marriage; but on both sides of the house we could boast a pedigree scarcely inferior to the *F. F. V.'s*. We were connected by blood and marriage with the Van Helter Skelters, an old, proud race, distinguished since the first advent of the Hollanders for the possession of large *grants of land*, strong attachment to *hereditary opinions*, an undoubting faith in the great antiquity and purity of the Van Helter Skelter blood, and of course every branch of the family and *all* its collaterals were held in great veneration by themselves; and, as long as their large possessions and abundant means lasted, this amiable delusion was humored by all the neighborhood, and *others* beside. They had a great fame, far and near.

Now, when I look back from this distance, and after my more widely extended association with the world at large, I cannot distinctly remember that any individual or set of individuals were especially distinguished for *largely* developed *intellects*, or that they were particular benefactors of their race in any way. They were hospitable, liked spacious houses, and fine equipages, and good dinners; were fat, comely, and comfortable. My mother was of the Van Helter Skelter blood; my father's side were of English descent, and sometimes affected to feel themselves, if not *better*, at least as good as they. Their coat-of-arms was quite as conspicuously displayed, and their children—as is the wont of English parents—*quite* as carefully indoctrinated in all the merits of ancient blood and lineage.

But I must not dwell too long on this part of my subject, only to show how I became by birthright the inheritor of a becoming sense of family pride. I had, as I said before, no fortune, but in consideration of my youth and good looks (and I dare say he was influenced in a degree he would not admit, even to himself, by the great respectability of my connections and standing)—I suppose it must have been for that—my husband selected me out of a large family of girls, and took me to a very substantial, desirable home of my own.

The house was not really elegant, but I saw at a glance that it had capabilities, and I was eager and interested, for here was scope and a legitimate outlet for my peculiar genius. If I had a gift for anything, it was making the best of everything; in other words, putting the best foot foremost, and making things have an air of elegance and "outside show," my husband sometimes called it, with a slight curl about the mouth that I must own was occasionally rather a damper upon my best efforts. But I made allowances for the defects of his early education, and I hoped in time to bring him over to my tastes, and to cure him of some of his matter-of-fact ways that grated harshly on my feelings. However, I had too sincere a respect and regard for him rudely to violate any of his expressed wishes, and contented myself with gradually introducing alterations and fancies of my own, and he good-naturedly bore with my innovations; but in return I was often obliged to laugh—with a bad grace, I confess, sometimes—at a jest at my own expense; and frequently when I did join in the laugh I did not perceive at all the *point* of the thing; but, not liking to appear ill-natured or obtuse, I laughed as heartily as anybody, especially as I found by these means I warded off a more frequent repetition of his jokes; for my husband often kissed me affectionately, saying: "After all, you are a dear, good-natured little soul, and it is a pity to vex you and not let you have your own way."

I was very industrious, the busiest of housekeepers, and a good manager in the bargain; *that* he was fain to admit, though he took a malicious delight in exposing any little ruse or makeshift to have something appear what it really was not, and give an air of elegance to an ordinary article. For instance, I had converted a soap-box into a very nice ottoman, and on one occasion, after introducing a lady, an old friend of his, whom I was very desirous to impress favorably, he managed to overturn it, so as to expose the rough underside, and said: "Here, take a seat on the soap-box; you will find it very comfortable, thanks to my little wife's exertions."

I colored scarlet, as I saw a smile play about the mouth of my visitor, though she was too good-natured to wound my feelings by appearing to take notice of his remark. He would persist in styling my well-meant efforts in the production of curtains and other ornamental arrangements as "finery," "toggery," and the like, that savored somewhat of disrespect for the articles themselves; and he never seemed fully to appreciate the grace of a well-looped window-curtain; he straightened them back with a ruthless disregard to symmetry, and never seemed to make any progress in acquiring habits of arranging things to the best advantage. Nevertheless, he was an excellent husband and father, and I have always been grateful for his faithful kindness to me and mine through sickness and health.

The nearest that I ever came to think him unkind or too regardless of my feelings was upon the occasion, some months after my marriage, of his brother's first visit to our house. I had never seen any of his family. I forgot to state that I was in the habit of making these extra exertions in the way of producing all uncommon effects when he was absent from home on business. *Then* I made everything yield to *that*, and gave myself up to the freedom of loose dresses, abandoned for the time all little feminine artifices of dress, and regularly "boned down to it," as our old housekeeper and woman-of-all-work styled it.

I had a new carpet to make, and an old one to be turned and pieced, and renovated generally. I did not expect my husband home until evening, possibly not until the next day. Betty and I were deep in the mysteries of long seams and carpet stitch—dinner quite a foreign affair in our cabinet for that day. My sleeves were rolled up, my hands "crocked," and face "smouched," as Betty remarked, when the door opened and my husband entered, followed by a gentleman I had never seen, whom he introduced as his brother.

I was thunderstruck. All my visions of the fine impressions that I desired and intended to make upon his family of the grandeur and dignity of my own completely overthrown. And, in the midst of all, there flashed through my mind and heightened my confusion, the thought of the lateness of the hour (it was dinner-time then), and the impossibility of getting anything respectable in the way of dinner at that time without the aid of a regular market, for my husband's first *family* visitor.

I blushed crimson, neck and arms partook of the suffusion, and I am sure I looked more like a boiled lobster than a pretty young wife of twenty. I tried to utter some sound, but the words stuck in my throat. I heard my husband say: "Speak louder; *old ladies* are, you know, sometimes quite hard of hearing." I thought I should choke. I knew his brother was deaf, at least I thought I had heard him say so. I darted an indignant look at him, for the imputation increased my embarrassment still more; and when his brother repeated his salutation in a voice loud enough to raise the dead—"I say how are you, madam? I'm very happy to make your acquaintance"—I shouted back in a corresponding tone, as one might who was just coming out of a fit of hysterics—

"Thank you, sir, I am very well, and happy to see you." What a fib!

He started back, as my shrill treble pierced his ears.

"Bless my life, what a voice! Has the woman swallowed a tin trumpet?" he exclaimed in an aside to my husband; "she must think *me* as deaf as she is herself."

"I am not deaf at all," I stammered, putting down my sleeves and preparing to leave the room.

"Not deaf," he asked in the same key as before; "then why do you shout so loud?"

"Because I thought you were so," I replied, lowering my voice to its natural pitch.

"Pshaw!" he said, coloring with vexation; "that's one of your stupid practical jokes, Tom. Excuse me, madam."

I laughed, and made my escape from the room, my family pride and dignity fairly upset. I was vexed and angry, though I tried not to show it. I thought my husband might have informed me of his brother's visit. But everything seemed to go wrong that day. I would have been glad to make amends for my own disarray by a well ordered dinner, but there was really nothing in the house. I had some soup left from the day before; I told Betty to warm it over, and she, thinking to "liven it up a bit," as she said, let the cover fall off, and nearly the whole contents of the pepper-box went into the kettle.

"Oh dear! misfortunes never do come singly," I exclaimed, ready to cry from vexation; "how could you be so careless, Betty?"

I had better been silent, for *this* made her cross, and I found I had only added one more weight to my troubles.

I was in despair when she brought out the remains of the joint of meat left from yesterday's meal. I made a good rich cup of coffee—*that* I was sure of, for I prepared it myself; there was a dish of cold baked beans and a *very small* piece of pork. I surveyed it ruefully, almost tearfully; but I arranged a snow white tablecloth of fine damask and spread my table with the utmost neatness, and laid out on a side table my best china cups and saucers, and my best silver; but all would not do to cover the deficiencies, and no amount of exertion could make a nice dinner out of my pork and beans, bare mutton joints and peppery soup, which, though I had done my best a-skimming, nobody out of the Thompsonian practice could tolerate.

I was too bashful to attempt any apology. I felt ready to sink when I saw my new brother-in-law, after taking a few spoonfuls, push the plate away, and hastily swallow some water.

"Why, Mary, what have we here?" said my husband, following his example, while tears came into his eyes as he looked up, half strangled.

I stammered out something about not expecting anybody to dinner; and then perceiving my blunder, tried to cover it by offering some excuse for Betty's carelessness.

I saw my husband make a wry face over the beans; they had a slightly burnt flavor, not enough to actually ruin them—but oh! is there a young housekeeper who cannot appreciate my sufferings? The coffee was unmistakably rich and delicious, and the bread and butter white and sweet.

But the crowning disaster was yet to come, through my weakness of trying to make the best of things. Perhaps, now that I have had so many lessons and so much experience, I may call it by another name, and say it arose from the foolish love of making things appear better than they were—in fact, something they *were not*. In plain English, love of display had tempted me to purchase this handsome, showy tureen, because, having one handle broken off, I could get it at about half price. I thought I could fasten it on with cement, and make it sufficiently secure; at all events, the desire to possess so handsome an article had overcome my prudence, and I had bought it, instead of a plain, substantial one, and this day my mortification was to be complete by means of it.

When Betty came to remove the things to place our humble dessert, which consisted of a good plain pie, and some apples and dried fruit, upon the table, to my horror and consternation, the cemented handles gave way, and the tureen slipped from her hand, and the contents went pouring over the table, scattering upon and smearing the clothes of our guest, and trickling down the nice carpet.

Betty, whose tempter was never one of the sweetest, forgot herself entirely, and exploded, venting the little spite she had been nursing for the past hour upon me.

"There, I told you; Miss Barnard, that would happen some day. 'Pound foolish, and penny wise.' I never see any good come of puttied things yet; always waste more in the end. A good plain white dish 'd be a nuff sight better 'n one of them gilt and flowered things."

I knew well enough what my husband thought on the occasion, for he had many times, and in so many ways, tried to impress upon my mind the value of plain, substantial worth over outward show of any kind that I was humbled and mortified beyond expression. He hated pretension of any sort, and nothing disturbed and harrowed him like an attempt on my part to make things appear what they were not. I burst into a flood of tears, and left the room. I had plenty of leisure to reflect on my folly before I saw his brother again.

I discovered afterwards that he was *more* matter-of-fact, and hated outside show more heartily than my husband, and he would have liked me all the better for my blackened fingers, soiled with honest labor, if I had not been so weak as to be ashamed of it; and would heartily have relished my pork and beans, if they had been put on the table well cooked, and the truth told frankly, that I had nothing else, and was too busy to think about it. It was the useless attempt at display, and to make a show of something I did not possess that made him think that "Brother Tom had made a fool of himself, and married a girl for her pretty face, who had no common sense."

I have gained a good deal of experience since that time, thanks to my husband's kindness and forebearance. He has persuaded me that it saves a great deal of time and trouble, to say nothing of the morality of the subject, to pass things for just what they are worth, and to avoid *seeming* of every description.

Don't be discouraged with that boy of yours. There were many as bad and worse than he, and yet to-day they are holding important positions. Be patient with him. There are many ministers of the Gospel who were once regarded as candidates for the State's prison, but the Lord wanted them for his service and saved them. Don't try to impress upon him that he is the worst boy in the neighborhood. He will very likely glory in that. Be kind, patient, tender, yet firm. With the help of God you will accomplish more in this way than by harsh and unkind treatment. —*Christian World.*

GRANT WAS AMUSED.

Gen. Grant was rarely known to smile, and the occasions were few indeed when his dignity so far broke down as to permit him to laugh outright—though he was far from being devoid of a relish for a good story or joke. There was one time in his life, however, when he indulged in a roar of laughter that might have been heard for a quarter of a mile. It was while he was filling the Presidential chair and made his trip to Des Moines, Iowa, and delivered the famous speech on education—the first time it was discovered that he really could make a good speech. He had been in St. Louis, and came up the old Northern Missouri Railroad into Iowa. He passed through the little town of Bloomfield, twelve miles from the Missouri line, at 9 o'clock at night. A crowd had assembled, conspicuous among them being the village toper, who always filled up on great occasions, and had therefore risen to the emergency, and was in a condition on the arrival of the Presidential party to hob-nob with a king. The train halted at the station for several minutes, and in response to cheers President Grant appeared on the platform and lifted his hat in stiff, schoolboy fashion. The old toper looked at him with blinking eyes, and then deliberately clambered upon the platform, steadied himself by the railing and deliberately thrust his face close to the sphinx-like countenance before him. There was a dead silence, the audacity of the act causing the townspeople to stare in dumb amazement, while the few persons surrounding Grant were equally astounded. For a moment the drunken man swayed and stared, and then said:

"Ish zis Presbdunt Grant?"

The features of the hero of Appomattox relaxed a little as he nodded affirmatively.

"Come now, hones,' pardner," persisted the toper. "Shay, ol' man, y' ain't tryin' to fool a feller, are you?"

The scene was cut short by the Town Marshal reaching up and yanking the intruder to the ground, but it had such an inexpressibly funny side that the "silent man" burst into a hearty guffaw, in which those around him joined as the train moved away.

Educate the Coming Man.

From SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN.

We have often referred to the importance of training boys in some systematic and thorough manner for the serious business of life. It should be urged for not only the mechanical pursuits, but also for those who propose to embark in the higher paths of professional work. Many an architectural student in this country, wisely says the *Northwestern Architect*, would be better prepared for the struggle for success in his profession had he been the recipient of a sound technical education before entering upon his pupilage. In the past most of the hue and cry has been for the better technical education of the artisans, and it would be well for the architectural profession not to lose sight of the fact that the education of the master should increase in proportion to the advancement made by the workman. We want a better and more widely diffused method of technical education for both the artisan and the master. It is, however, expensive business, and while some of our schools and colleges have provided laboratories and workshops, there is a wider range of general technical education than has as yet found lodgment in the West. We know of no country where the lack of good preparatory schools into which the more promising pupils from the elementary grades could be draughted is more severely felt than in this, and the endowments of philanthropic gentlemen could not be better employed than by providing for this most necessary education. The benefit to the country would be so great that the establishment of the schools would become a matter of national concern, and if our country's prosperity is not to become a thing of the past, we must develop the latent resources of intellect and talent among our workmen to a greater extent than ever before.

"I think," said the minister who was visiting a parishioner, "that it is easier to coax children than to drive them. Gentle words are more effective than harsh ones." "I think so, too," said the lady tenderly. Then she raised the window and suddenly shouted to her boy: "Johnnie, if you don't come in out of that mud-puddle I'll break your back!"

Poultry are early risers, and they thrive best if an early feed is provided. Anyway don't permit them to be huddled in the poultry house, hungry and thirsty, for an hour or two after sunrise.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

The production of various colors from coal-tar is a well-known fact. There are of them about 16 distinct yellow colors, about 12 oranges, more than 30 reds, about 15 blues, 7 greens and 9 violets, and a number of browns and blacks, besides mixtures of the several chemical compounds, giving rise to an almost infinite number of shades and tones of color. Next in importance to the color industry comes the still more novel discovery of the synthetical production of antipyretic medicine. The initiative in the production of these compounds was given in the discovery by Professor Dewar in 1881 that quinoline, their basis, is an aromatic compound; from it he obtained aniline. Kairine, the first of the antipyretics in the order of discovery, is manufactured from quinoline. It effects a remarkable lowering of the temperature of the body which, however, is of much shorter duration than that effected by quinine but, with the exception of its burning taste, it exerts no such evil effects as are often observed after the administration of large doses of quinine. Antipyrine, the second of these febrifuges, was discovered in 1883. It is made from aniline and aceto-acetic ether. As a febrifuge, it is superior in many respects to kairine in the certainty of its action, while in its duration it resembles quinine. It is almost tasteless and odorless, is easily soluble in cold water, and takes the form of a white crystalline powder. Its use in medicine is accompanied by no drawback. A third artificial febrifuge is thalline, which is said to be used as an antidote for yellow fever. None of these substances are antiperiodics, and consequently they can not supplant quinine in cases of ague and intermittent fever. Another group of coal-tar products comprises the artificial aromatic essences. Among these are cumarine, the principal of "new-mown hay;" vanillin of vanilla, with its derivative vanille which is used in preparing "essence of heliotrope;" mirbane, a soap-perfume, and the artificial oil of bitter almonds. The most remarkable of all the coal-tar products is probably saccharine, a substance which surpasses sugar in sweetness. It is not a sugar, for it contains sulphur and nitrogen, nor does it act as a nutriment, but it is non-poisonous, and passes out of the body unchanged.

WHEN TO WED.

Girls, don't be in haste to wed. Build up healthy bodies by good food, plenty of exercise, and sleep. Learn all the useful household arts before you attempt to make a home. Cultivate your mind with the best books that you may be able to teach your children much that school training alone will never give you. Choose your amusements wisely, for youth must have pleasure, but need not waste itself in harmful frivolity. Above all, select your friends with care. Avoid girls who live only for fashion, flirtation, and enjoyment, and use the privilege all women may claim, to decline the acquaintance of young men whose lives will not bear inspection by the innocent eyes of woman. Let no delusion of wealth, rank, comeliness, or love, tempt you to trust your happiness to such a one. Watch and wait till the true lover comes, even if it be all your life, for single-blessedness is far better than double misery and wrong. Spinsters are a very useful, happy, independent race, never more so than now, when all professions are open to them, and honor, fame, and fortune are bravely won by many gifted members of the sisterhood. Set your standard high, and live up to it, sure that the reward will come here or hereafter, and in the form best suited to your real need.—*Louisa M. Alcott.*

Certain Biblical Terms.

A day's journey was thirty-three and one-fifth miles.

A Sabbath Day's journey was about an English mile.

A hand's breadth is equal to three and five-eighths inches.

Ezekiel's reed was nearly eleven feet.

A talent of gold was $13.809.

A shekel of gold was $8.09.

A talent of silver was $538.32.

A piece of silver, or a penny, was thirteen cents.

Three cents made a farthing.

A garah was about a cent's worth.

A mite, the same.

An epha, or bath, contains seven gallons and five pints.

A bin one gallon and two pints.

A firkin was seven pints.

An omer was six pints.

A cab was three pints.

Counting your chickens before they are hatched would not be so bad did we first candle the eggs.

The Farmer's Wife.

From COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

I paid a visit to a neighborin farmer's wife yesterday, and hav been haunted ever since by the re membrance of her tired, care-wor face. This woman has seven chil dren, and she not only does the sew ing for all, but she is frequent without help, and has all the work do, except the washing. Is it an wonder she looks pale, and that th children are neglected?

Her husband is what we call well-to-do man; owns his farm [redacted] hundred acres of good land;

selfish men (there are some) who look well to the comfort of their household, and have things convenient and kept in order.

Man's Average Weight.

Professor Huxley has given a table, in which is set forth what a full grown man should weigh, and how the weight should be divided. The arrangement is as follows: Weight, 154 pounds, made up thus—muscles and their appurtenances, 68 pounds; skeleton, 24 pounds; skin, 10 1-2 pounds; fat, 28 pounds; brain, 3 pounds; thoracic viscera, 3 1-2 pounds; abdominal viscera, 11 pounds; blood, which would drain from the body, 7 pounds. This man ought to consume per diem—lean beefsteak, 5,000 grains; bread, 6,000 grains; milk, 7,000 grains; potatoes, 3,000 grains; butter, 600 grains, and water, 22,000 grains. His heart should beat 75 times a minute, and he should breathe 15 times a minute. In twenty-four hours he would vitiate 1,750 cubic feet of pure air to the extent of 1 per cent.; a man, therefore, of the weight mentioned ought to have 800 cubic feet of well ventilated space. He would throw off by the skin 18 ounces of water, 300 grains of solid matter and 400 grains of carbonic acid every twenty-four hours, and his total loss during the twenty-four hours would be 6 pounds of water and a little above 2 pounds of other matter.

A young man who was examined for an appointment as a department clerk came across this question: "What States and Territories would you cross in going from New York to the Pacific coast?" He didn't know, and so he wrote: "None, I would go around by Cape Horn."

Pig pens should not be in the same locality every season. By having them movable much valuable manure can be secured from the saturated earth around the old sites, while the change to fresh places will greatly promote cleanliness and health.

Cut potatoes to two eyes. If they be desired early, for home use, thin out the plants to a single one in the hill. This will give earlier, larger and more uniform potatoes, but the yield will not be as large as when two plants are left to the hill.

How far has the soul, after it leaves the body, to travel to reach the spirit world? Just as far as when in this life it awakes out of a dream into full natural consciousness.

An English philanthropist says there are no fewer than 30,000 gypsy children in England, of whom not more than 5 per cent. are able to read and write.

Nice straight stems are all in place in the young apple, pear or other trees; but plenty of clean, bright roots are of much greater importance.

Mexican Mummies.

A family of mummies recently unearthed in Mexico have just been brought to San Francisco and placed in the State Mining Bureau. They were found in a stratum of lime several feet below the surface of the earth, not far from the Arizona border. The group, consisting of a man, woman, and two children, were close to-[redacted] distinctly, and his open mouth shows his tongue. Near the bodies were also found curiously formed beads, and the perfect form of a cat, which seems to have shared their burial place. From the appearance of the bodies and their surroundings it is thought that they must have been dead at least 800 years.

A Romance of the Custer Massacre.

Another romance originating in the Custer massacre has been discovered in connection with the gold watch worn by Lieutenant Crittenden, who also perished by the vengeful bullets and knives of Sitting Bull's people. The watch was a present which his father, Gen Crittenden, had purchased in England some time before. It became the booty of a Sioux warrior who, in due season, after crossing the line, sold it to a Canadian rancher or farmer. The purchaser, suspecting there must be some history connected with it, wrote to the maker in England, describing the watch and stating its number. The maker wrote back that the watch had been sold originally to General Crittenden, of the United States Army. Thereupon the Canadian communicated with the general, who promptly repurchased the watch, and it now hangs in his bedroom in New York city, a sad memorial of the fate that befell his brave boy.

The Wild Horses of Nevada.

Nevada horse raisers and ranchmen on the Pioche and White Pine ranges are complaining of the wild horses of that region. In the Shellback Mountains are bands of from 150 to 200 of these horses, each under the leadership of powerful stallions, and they make regular raids on the ranches and run off the horses of the ranchmen. A horse once gone is gone forever, the Nevada men say, for the wild horses are cunning and wary, and will not let a man get within rifle shot of them. Last spring fifteen experienced horsemen and hunters started out with the object of killing as many of the "hoss stallions" as possible. In a ten days' hunt they managed to kill just one horse. The wild horse of Nevada is said to be about the most ugly beast alive.

Professor Brown-Sequard has recently been making experiments to determine whether the human breath was capable of producing any poisonous effects. From the condensed watery vapor of the expired air he obtained a poisonous liquid, which, when injected under the skin of rabbits, produced almost immediate death. He ascertained that this poison was an alkaloid, and not a microbe. The rabbits thus injected died without convulsions, the heart and large blood vessels being engorged with blood. Brown-Sequard considers it fully proved that the expired air, both of man and animals, contains a volatile poisonous principle which is much more deleterious than corbonic acid.

B. Napoli, an Italian ranchman at Dayton, Nev., discovered one of his cows choking on a potato. He thrust in his hand and succeeded in pushing the obstruction down the cow's throat, but when he undertook to withdraw his arm the cow shut down on it like a vice, and kept her hold until her jaws were pried apart with a crowbar. The bones and flesh of his arm were so crushed that amputation was necessary.

Corn is a food abounding in starch—66 per cent. of corn is starch—and it is well known that starch cannot be dissolved in water blood warm or at the temperature of the animal stomach; but when the heat is raised to 140 degrees, a part of the grains of starch will completely dissolve. When the starch is in solution it must certainly be more easily digested than when undissolved.

An Irishman wrote home to his friends over the briny that, "in this blessed land everybody is so honest that a reward has to be offered for thieves."

Men may say of marriage and women what they please, they will renounce neither the one nor the other.

We can forgive freely, if we want to, but the will to forget is not so much at our disposal.

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