S. Kann, Sons & Co's

GRAND SPRING OPENING!

To-Day, (Saturday)

We open the Spring Season with a stock of NEW and SUPERB and POPULAR PRICED goods, such as has never been offered in this section. Having unlimited CAPITAL and UNLIMITED FACILITIES and direct and IMMEDIATE CONNECTIONS WITH THE LEADING COTTON and WOOLEN MILLS OF THE COUNTRY, we're enabled to offer you goods of every description—the finest as well as the medium and RELIABLE GRADES—at as LOW PRICES as MOST RETAILERS can buy them.

This season we start off with rare bargains in

Dress Fabrics,

Domestic Goods,

Notions, Carpets.

As a sample of the way we're going to sacrifice things generally, we'll submit a few figures for your consideration. Let us start with

CASHMERE,

ever popular, and more so this season than ever before.

☞We'll give you a 36-inch CASHMERE, HENRIETTA FINISH, at 25 CENTS. Just a quarter for a new and lovely Cashmere sold everywhere for 35 and 40 cents.

☞WE'LL give you something finer—something distinctly our own—at 50 CENTS. In Philadelphia and New York the same goods are sold at 65 cents.

☞And for a magnificent 46-inch Henrietta—something as rich as it is rare—will only charge for this week $1. You cannot buy the same anywhere else for less than $1.50, and we doubt if you get it at all.

☞In Tricots, PLAIDS, LADIES' CLOTH CHECKS, and every description of Dress Fabrics, we'll make the same sweep during this opening week. We like to begin the season with low prices—the very lowest that can be made—so that those who buy early will get as much for their dollars as those who buy late.

☞In Trimmings of every description we're going to give you your own way. It's hardly worth while quoting prices—when you buy the Dress of us for a trifle you can have the Trimmings for a mere song.

☞We want you to call, if only to look around you and see what we've got. If you don't want to buy now you'll know where to come when you do want to buy. We want to meet you, and we assure you we'll treat you right—much better than any store in town. We have always done so and we shall continue to do so. Tell your friends who may not happen to see this that our SPRING OPENING takes place to-day, and be with us early and late. EVERYBODY is welcome.

S. KANN, SONS & CO.,

NO. 11 E. MAIN STREET,

WESTMINSTER, - - MARYLAND.

AMERICAN SENTINEL.

VOL. 55, NO. 19. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 12, 1888. ESTABLISHED 1833.

Spring Has Come

—AT—

F. J. DEVILBISS,

New Windsor, Md.

Another spring has opened its contrasting beauties before us, and with it comes the whirl and excitement of spring trade. The ladies are on the alert looking for the novel and cheap. Our line of goods to-day stands unsurpassed. Everything was purchased in New York and from first hands. Buying on a spot cash basis, and from the commercial centre of the United States, if we do not sell you cheap it is our fault. To-day we can show you the handsomest and cheapest line of

DRESS GOODS

in Carroll county. We fear neither pioneer nor prestige. No one can show as pretty a line of Armure Cloths, Henrietta Cloths, Tricots, Cashmeres, Plushes, Felts, as low as ours. Get samples elsewhere and compare. We have money to squander that our $1 Black Silk is not equaled, never has been, and times must be worse than now if it ever will be. Yard-wide Satines at 11½c. Good Dress Goods 5c. Good Calico 4c. and 5c. Ginghams, good, 5c. All Linen Toweling, 6½c.

CARPETS AND MATTING.

Splendid Matting at 12½c. per yard. Splendid Brussels at 60c., worth 75c. Rag Carpet at 20c., 23c., 27c. No one can meet these prices.

The prettiest line of

SHOES! SHOES! SHOES!

ever seen, New York styles. Remember Slesinger's Shoes for Tender Feet. They have taken the lead here. As a crusher, we have a lot of Women's Button Shoes that we intend to mark down to a starvation price of $1. Another lot, bought in New York, at $1.25, sold everywhere at $1.75.

HATS! HATS! HATS!

Newest styles, lowest prices.

We have a job lot of CORSETS at 50c., sold everywhere at $1. They will soon be gone. Verily, I say unto you, Ball's Corsets lead the world for comfort and durability.

Don't forget Thompson, the tailor. He is now putting up Spring Suits that take your breath. He is making havoc of our fancy styles of Cassimeres, which maketh glad the hearts of the young.

TOBACCO AND CIGARS.

Here is the best Navy Tobacco at 30c. per pound. Cigars that will soothe your care and brighten the fancy at $1 per hundred.

In fine, we ask you to call on us, look around,—we will all be glad to see you. If you don't see the sledge-hammer bargains, one of us must pay the penalty.

Very Respectfully,

FRANK J. DEVILBISS.

N. B.—We want 10,000 pounds Lard, 10,000 dozens Eggs, 10,000 pounds Wool. Will pay you highest price. oc-8

THE EARTH

FOR $1.25!

I have a Man's Good Plow Shoe that I call the Earth for $1.25. A regular drive.

Try my $2.00 line of Ladies' Buttoned Shoes,

In Bright Dongola, Tipped and Pebble Goat. The finest for the money.

Having added numerous lines to my stock I am now prepared to offer for inspection a complete line of

Men's, Boys' & Youths' Shoes.

My Men's and Boys' Shoes are acknowledged to be the best made and the latest styles. Agent for Slesinger's Tender-feet Shoes.

AGENT FOR THE FINEST HAT MANUFACTURERS IN NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA.

NEW COLORS. NEW STYLES, NEW SHAPES.

Full line of Novelties. Something nobby and natty in every new shade of colors in Stiff Hats. See

My Line of New Crush Hats

and the latest thing in Straw Hats.

I have a complete variety of

Umbrellas in all Grades,

from 52 cents to $5 in silk.

I invite the public to come and see the truth and fact of the above advertisement.

U. I. REAVER,
Railroad Depot.

ap-21-3m

WESTMINSTER

FLOURING MILLS.

W. S. MYER & BRO. Proprietors.

Manufacture and have on hand and for sale

FLOUR, FEED,

—ALSO—

Seeds, Salt, Kainit, S. C. Rock, Plaster,

AND ALL KINDS OF

Standard Brands of Fertilizers

At Manufacturers' Prices.

HIGHEST CASH PRICES PAID FOR GRAIN.

Grain of all kinds on storage.

Mar-26-4y

NOTICE

Of the Registrars of Voters of their respective May Sittings for the year 1888.

NOTICE is hereby given to all persons qualified to be registered as voters in the various election districts of Carroll county, and State of Maryland, and to the registered voters of said county in the various districts of said county, that the undersigned, Officers of Registration for the respective election districts in said Carroll county, will hold their respective May sittings in each of their respective election districts hereinafter named, from 8 o'clock, a. m., to 6 o'clock, p. m., on each day of

MONDAY, THE 14th, AND TUESDAY, THE 15th, DAYS OF MAY, 1888,

for the purpose of registering in their said respective election districts all persons who will be qualified to vote at the next ensuing election in said respective election districts, and for the purpose of revising and scrutinizing the said registries of voters of said respective election districts, and for noting and making out a list for striking off their respective registries of voters the names of all persons whom from their, the said registrars', own information, or from information furnished to them from others, they have good reason to believe to be proper to be stricken off said registries of voters. The places and days of said respective sittings will be as follows:

IN ELECTION DISTRICT NO. 1 OF CARROLL COUNTY, CALLED TANEYTOWN DISTRICT,

John P. Gardner, officer of Registration of said district, will attend and sit for the purposes aforesaid on Monday, the 14th, and Tuesday, the 15th, days of May, 1888, during the hours above named, at the residence of the said Officer of Registration, on Frederick street, in Taneytown.

IN ELECTION DISTRICT NO. 2 OF CARROLL COUNTY, BEING UNIONTOWN DISTRICT,

Harry Weaver, the Officer of Registration of said district, will attend and sit for the purposes aforesaid on Monday, the 14th, and Tuesday, the 15th, days of May 1888, during the hours above named, at the residence of the said Officer of Registration, Main street, in Uniontown.

IN ELECTION DISTRICT NO. 3 OF CARROLL COUNTY, BEING MYERS' DISTRICT,

Jacob P. Hull, the officer of Registration of said district, will attend and sit for the purposes aforesaid on Monday, the 14th, and Tuesday, the 15th, days of May, 1888, during the hours above named, at the residence of the said Officer of Registration, in Silver Run.

IN ELECTION DISTRICT NO. 4 OF CARROLL COUNTY, BEING WOOLERY'S DISTRICT,

John H. Taylor, the Officer of Registration of said district, will attend and sit for the purposes aforesaid at Samuel Stansbury's Hotel, in Patapsco, on Monday, May 14th, 1888, and at Jacob M. Long's store, at Carrollton Station, on Tuesday, May 15th, 1888, during the hours aforesaid.

IN ELECTION DISTRICT NO. 5 OF CARROLL COUNTY, BEING FREEDOM DISTRICT,

Wade H. D. Warfield, the Officer of Registration of said district, will attend and sit for the purposes aforesaid on Monday, the 14th, and Tuesday, the 15th, days of May, 1888, during the hours aforesaid, at Warfield & Donovan's office, in Sykesville.

IN ELECTION DISTRICT NO. 6 OF CARROLL COUNTY, BEING MANCHESTER DISTRICT,

George Shower, the Officer of Registration of said district, will attend and sit for the purposes aforesaid on Monday, May 14th, at Jacob Blocher's store, at Alesia, and on Tuesday, the 15th day of May, at his residence in Manchester, during the hours aforesaid, for said purposes.

IN ELECTION DISTRICT NO. 7 OF CARROLL COUNTY, BEING WESTMINSTER DISTRICT,

Charles R. Miller, the Officer of Registration of said district, will attend and sit on Monday, the 14th, and Tuesday, the 15th, days of May, 1888, at the residence of George W. Miller, No. 296 East Main street, Westminster, for the purposes aforesaid, during the hours aforesaid.

IN ELECTION DISTRICT NO. 8 OF CARROLL COUNTY, BEING HAMPSTEAD DISTRICT,

James W. Hann, the Officer of Registration of said district, will attend and sit on Monday, the 14th, and Tuesday, the 15th, days of May, 1888, at E. Snyder & Son's store, in Hampstead, for said purposes, during the said hours.

IN ELECTION DISTRICT NO. 9 OF CARROLL COUNTY, BEING FRANKLIN DISTRICT,

Lewis C. Franklin, the Officer of Registration of said district, will attend and sit for the purposes aforesaid during the hours aforesaid, on Monday, the 14th, at David Cover's store, Winfield, and on Tuesday, the 15th at the residence of the registrar, in Franklinville.

IN ELECTION DISTRICT NO. 10 OF CARROLL COUNTY, BEING MIDDLEBURG DISTRICT,

George W. Shank, the Officer of Registration of said district, will attend and sit at the Lynn House, in Middleburg, on Monday, the 14th, and Tuesday, the 15th, days of May, 1888, at the said hours for the purposes aforesaid.

IN ELECTION DISTRICT NO. 11 OF CARROLL COUNTY, BEING NEW WINDSOR DISTRICT,

William D. Lovell, the Officer of Registration of said district, will attend and sit for the aforesaid purposes, on Monday, the 14th, and Tuesday, the 15th, days of May, 1888, during said hours, at C. H. Sellman's Store, corner of High and Church streets, New Windsor.

IN ELECTION DISTRICT NO. 12 OF CARROLL COUNTY, BEING UNION BRIDGE DISTRICT,

Theodore A. Clay, the Officer of Registration of said district, will attend and sit for the aforesaid purposes, on Monday, the 14th and Tuesday, the 15th, days of May, 1888, during the aforesaid hours, at his place of business in Union Bridge.

IN ELECTION DISTRICT NO. 13 OF CARROLL COUNTY, BEING MT. AIRY DISTRICT,

Oscar M. Spurrier, the Officer of Registration, will attend for the aforesaid purposes during the aforesaid hours, on Monday, the 14th, and Tuesday, the 15th, days of May, 1888, at Rudy's Drug Store, in Mount Airy.

JOHN P. GARDNER,
Officer of Registration 1st Election District.
HARRY WEAVER,
Officer of Registration 2d Election District.
JACOB P. HULL,
Officer of Registration 3d Election District.
JOHN H. TAYLOR,
Officer of Registration 4th Election District.
WADE H. D. WARFIELD,
Officer of Registration 5th Election District.
GEORGE SHOWER,
Officer of Registration 6th Election District.
CHARLES R. MILLER,
Officer of Registration 7th Election District.
JAMES W. HANN,
Officer of Registration 8th Election District.
LEWIS C. FRANKLIN,
Officer of Registration 9th Election District.
GEO. W. SHANK,
Officer of Registration 10th Election District.
WILLIAM D. LOVELL,
Officer of Registration 11th Election District.
THEO. A. CLAY,
Officer of Registration 12th Election District.
OSCAR M. SPURRIER,
Officer of Registration 13th Election District.
my-5-2t

SPECIAL NOTICE

To the Registered Voters in the 9th Election District of Carroll County, called Franklin District.

THE General Assembly of Maryland having passed an act creating a new election district in Carroll county out of a portion of said Franklin district, to be known as Mt. Airy district, No. 13, embraced within the following lines, to-wit:

Commencing at Parr's spring and running northeast, in the middle of the Patapsco river, to the point of the entrance of Gillis' Falls, on said river; thence with the said Falls to where the Cabbage Spring Branch enters said Falls; thence west with said branch to the Roop road; thence with a straight line to the plank bridge on the Buffalo road, opposite Albert Jones' gate; thence in a southwestern direction, along the line between Frederick and Carroll counties, to the place of beginning, Parr's spring.

The undersigned, having been appointed and qualified as the Officer of Registration of said 13th district, this is to notify the registered voters of the said 9th election district to obtain their transfers from the said 9th election district, and the Officer of Registration thereof, in order that they may be transferred and registered in the registry of qualified voters and poll books of the said 13th election district during the times provided by law for the sitting of said officer of Registration, of which the May sitting of said Officer of Registration will be on Monday, the 14th, and Tuesday, the 15th, days of May, 1888, in accordance with the notice of the Officers of Registration published in two of the newspapers of Carroll county and by handbill.

OSCAR M. SPURRIER,
Officer of Registration for the 13th Election District in Carroll county. my-5-2t

Public Local Law.

AN ACT to authorize and direct the County Commissioners of Carroll county to provide for a special term of the Public Schools in said county.

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland*, That the County Commissioners of Carroll county, be and they are hereby authorized and directed to provide immediately either by special levy, or some other means as they may deem best, and to pay over to the Board of County School Commissioners of said county, the sum of ten thousand dollars to pay the expense of a special term of the public schools in said county, to begin within ten days after the passage of this Act, and continue during eleven weeks; which said term shall take the place and be in lieu of the regular Spring term of said schools in said county.

SECTION 2. *And be it enacted*, That this Act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

Approved February 7th, 1888.

ELIHU E. JACKSON, Governor.

GEORGE PETER, President of the Senate.
GEORGE M. UPSHUR, Speaker House of Delegates.

I hereby certify, That the foregoing is a true copy of an Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed January session, 1888.

W. G. PERNELL, Secretary of the Senate.

ap-28-3t

NO. 2607 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County, sitting as a Court of Equity.

Charles T. Reifsnider, Assignee, vs. Ada F. Barnes and Joseph D. Barnes, her husband, Mortgagors.

ORDERED this 3d day of May, A. D. 1888, that the sale of the mortgaged property in the above entitled cause by Charles T. Reifsnider, Assignee, under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in a mortgage from Ada F. Barnes and Joseph D. Barnes, her husband, to Jacob M. Zimmerman and Lewis H. Schultz, dated May 1, A. D. 1885, and recorded among the Real Estate Mortgage Records of Carroll county in Liber G. A. M., No. 22, folio 316, &c., and duly assigned to him, be finally ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 6th day of June, next: Provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper published in Carroll county, Maryland, once a week for three successive weeks prior to the 29th day of May, inst.

The Report states the amount of sale to be $1,100.

WM. N. MARTIN, Clerk.

True copy—Test:
my-5-3t WM. N. MARTIN, Clerk.

NO. 2620 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County.

Charles B. Roberts, William L. Seabrook, Trustees, vs. George W. Pennington and James H. Pennington.

ORDERED this 3d day of May, A. D. 1888, that the sales of real and personal property made by Charles B. Roberts and William L. Seabrook, Trustees, and reported in the above cause be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 4th day of June, next: Provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper published in Carroll county, once in each of three successive weeks before the 28th day of May, instant.

The Report states the amount of sales of personal property to be $1,349.92 and of the real estate $5,850.84.

JNO. E. SMITH, Judge of the Circuit Court.

True copy—Test:
my-5-3t WM. N. MARTIN, Clerk.

NO. 2604 EQUITY.

[redacted]

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County.

Alfred T. Buckingham, Plaintiff and Trustee, vs. Mary E. Pool, Defendant.

ORDERED this 4th day of May, A. D. 1888, that the corrected account of the Auditor, filed in this cause, be finally ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 21st day of May, inst: Provided a copy of this order be inserted for two successive weeks before the last named day in some newspaper published in Carroll county.

WM. N. MARTIN, Clerk.

True copy—Test:
my-5-2t WM. N. MARTIN, Clerk.

WANTED.

500 Tons each of Timothy Hay and Rye Straw. Price of Hay $8 to $10; Rye Straw $10 per ton in bundles.

N. I. GORSUCH & SON,
ap-28-3t Westminster, Md.

For Sale.

THREE six-weeks-old thoroughbred Berkshire Male Pigs for breeding purposes. Apply to

JAS. W. BEACHAM,
ap-28-3t Avondale, Md.

Select Poetry.

Written for the SENTINEL.

IN THE NEST.

BY W. H. Z.

Gather them close to your loving heart,
Cradle them close to your breast;
They will soon enough leave your brooding care,
Soon enough mount youth's topmost stair—
Little ones in the nest.

Fret not that the children's hearts are gay,
That their restless feet will run;
There may come a time, in the by-and-by,
When you'll sit in your lonely room and sigh
For a sound of childish fun;

When you'll long for a repetition sweet,
That sound through each room
Of "mother! mother!" the dear love calls,
That will echo long through the silent halls,
And lighten their gloom.

There may be a time when you'll long to hear
That eager, boyish tread,
The tuneless whistle, the clear, shrill shout,
The boyish bustle in and out,
And pattering overhead.

When the boys and the girls are all grown up,
And scattered far and wide,
Or gone to the undiscovered shore
Where youth and age come never more,
You will miss them from your side.

Then gather them to your loving heart,
Cradle them on your breast;
They will soon enough leave your brooding care,
Soon enough mount youth's topmost stair—
Little ones in the nest.

Select Story.

AN INCIDENT IN SCHOOL LIFE.

Never Twit a Boy for What He Can't Avoid.

FROM ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

Incidents trifling in themselves often have an important influence in determining the character of a life. A word spoken in season, a cruel taunt, wounding the heart to its core, have been the turning points in destiny, and put a young mind on the high road to fortune, or sent it downward to ruin. Almost every person can recall some occurrence in early life which gave tone and impulse to effort, and imbued the mind with principles whose influence is even now controlling. We give place to the following true narrative, as an illustration of this fact, and because it inculcates a truth which every man, woman, and child, may profitably bear in mind.

Years ago, when I was a boy, it was customary, and probably is now, to some extent, among district schools in the country, to have spelling school during the winter term. These gatherings were always anticipated with great interest by the scholars, as at those times was to be decided who was the best speller. Occasionally one school would visit another for the test of scholarship in this regard. Ah! how the little hearts would throb, and big ones thump, in their anxiety to beat the whole.

Once on a time, a neighboring school sent word to ours, that on a certain day in the afternoon, they would meet in our school-house for one of these contests. As the time was short, most of the other studies were suspended, and at school and at home in the evenings, all hands were studying to master the monosyllables, dissyllables, poly-syllables, abbreviations, &c., &c., which the spelling-books contained.

At length the day arrived, and as our visitors were considered rather our superiors, our fears and anxieties were proportionately great. The scholars were ranged in a standing position, on opposite sides of the house, and the words pronounced to each alternately, and the scholar that "missed," was to sit down. His game was up.

It did not take long to thin the ranks on both sides. In a short time our school had but eight on the floor, and theirs but six. After a few rounds, the contest turned in their favor, as they had four standing to our two. For a long time it seemed as though these six had the book "by heart." At length the number was reduced to one on each side. Our visitors were represented by an accomplished young lady, whose parents had recently arrived from town, and ours by myself, a ragged little boy of ten summers, who had sat up night after night, while my mother, with no other light than that produced by pine knots, pronounced my lessons to me. The interest of the spectators was excited to the highest pitch, as word after word was spelled by each. At length the young lady missed, and I stood alone. Her teacher said she did not understand the word. She declared she did; that the honor was mine, and that I richly deserved it. That was a proud moment for me. I had spelled down both schools, and was declared victor. My cheeks burned, and my brain was dizzy with excitment.

Soon as school was dismissed, my competitress came and sat down by my side, and congratulated me on my success, inquired my name and age, and flatteringly predicted my future success in life.

Unaccustomed to such attentions, I doubtless acted as most little boys would under such circumstances, injudiciously. At this juncture, master G., the son of the *rich man* of our neighborhood, tauntingly said to me, in the presence of my fair friend, and a number of boys from the other school—"Oh, you need'nt feel so big—your folks are poor, and your father is a drunkard."

I was happy no more—I was a drunkard's son—and how could I look my new friends in the face? My heart seemed to rise up in my throat, and almost suffocated me. The hot tears scalded my eyes, but I kept them back as soon as possible, I slipped quietly away from my companions, procured my dinner basket, and, unobserved, left the scene of my triumph and disgrace, with a heavy heart, for my home. But what a home! "My folks were poor—and my father was a drunkard." But why should I be reproached for that? I could not prevent my father's drinking, and, assisted and encouraged by my mother, I had done all I could 'o keep my place in the class at school, and to assist her in her worse than widowhood.

Boy as I was, I inwardly resolved never to taste of liquor, and that I would show master G., if I was a drunkard's son, I would yet stand as high as he did. But my resolves could not allay the gnawing grief and vexation produced by his taunting word and haughty manner. In this frame of mind—my head and heart aching, my eyes red and swollen—I reached home. My mother saw at once that I was in trouble, and inquired the cause. I buried my face in her lap, and burst into tears. Mother, seeing my grief, waited until I was more composed, when I told her what had happened, and added passionately, "I wish father wouldn't be a drunkard, so we could be respected as other folks." At first, mother seemed almost overwhelmed, but quickly rallying, said:

"My son, I feel very sorry for you, and regret that your feelings have been so injured. G. has twitted you about things you cannot help. But never mind, my son. Be always honest; never taste a drop of intoxicating liquor; study and improve your mind. Depend on your own energies, trusting in God, and you will, if your life is spared, make a useful and respected man. I wish your father, when sober, could have witnessed this scene, and realized the sorrow his course brings on us all. But keep a brave heart, my son. Remember you are responsible only for your own faults. Pray God to keep you, and don't grieve for the thoughtless and unkind reproach that may be cast on you on your father's account."

This lesson of my blessed mother, I trust, was not lost upon me. Nearly forty years have gone since that day, and I have passed many trying scenes, but none ever made so strong an impression on my feelings as that heartless remark of G.'s. It was unjust, and so uncalled for. Now, boys, remember, always to treat your mates with kindness. Never indulge in taunting remarks towards any one, and remember, that the son of a poor man, and even of a drunkard, may have sensibilities as keen as your own.

But there is another part to this story. The other day a gentleman called at my place of business, and asked if I did not recognize him. I told him I did not. "Do you remember," said he, "of being at a spelling-school at a certain time, and a rude, thoughtless boy twitted you of poverty, and being a drunkard's son?" "I do, most distinctly," said I. "Well," continued the gentleman, "I am that boy. There has not, probably, a month of my life passed since then, but I have thought of that remark with regret and shame; and, as I am about leaving for California, perhaps to end my days there, I could not go without first calling on you and asking your forgiveness for that act." Boys, I gave him my hand as a pledge of forgiveness. Did I do right? You all say yes. Well, then, let me close as I began. Boys, never twit another for what he cannot help.

A farmer's son, who had been bred at college, coming home to visit his parents, they being at supper on a couple of fowls, he told them that by logic and arithmetic he could prove those two fowls to be three. "Well, let us hear," said the old man. "Why, this," said the scholar, is one, and this is two; two and one, you know, make three." "Since you have made it out so well," answered the old man, "your mother shall have the first fowl; I will have the second, and the third you may keep for your great learning."

The note that is not due till two years will be harder on you than the note due in a year.

When sauce boils from the side of the pan, the flour or corn-starch is done.

THE BALANCE AHEAD.

He was not a mathematician, but from his youth up he had been "figgerin'," as he pronounced it, a form of expression common to most business men, and some women, not Bostonian in elegance, but very popular with the masses."

He did some figgerin' when he made up his mind to marry sweet Nelly Marlow, who taught in the primary department of the public school, and had known him since she was a wee toddler, and he was a gawky, freckled-face school boy.

"I've been figgerin'," he said to his landlady, as he sat one night with pencil and paper before him. She had looked in to collect his board bill, a week before it was due, to protect herself. "I've figgered it out that it's as cheap for two to live as one. I mean it won't cost me any more to get married and take care of a wife than it does to live single. You see, I've figgered it all out. The same fire will do for both, and I won't have to pay out for mending, and there's a lot of ways a young man spends money with his friends that he can save if he has some one to look after him. I've got it all down here and added up, and there is a balance in favor of my plan on the credit side."

"He's figgerin' on the rule that what ain't enough for one is plenty for two," thought his landlady. "T'won't work, but it's none of my affair."

Seth Dakin married the little school mistress, and for a brief year they boarded with his former landlady in such a pinched and subdued style that they were comfortably wretched most of the time, and had it not been for the genuine love that existed between them, could never have survived their domestic hardships. At the end of the year Seth did some more figgerin'.

This time he figured himself into a house and lot, on some installment plan, and it looked so feasible that Nellie clapped her hands with enthusiasm—very thin, white hands they were, too.

"Are you sure it can be done," she asked anxiously, as she reckoned up the long column of items. "Can we ever pay for them?"

"Easiest thing in the world," Seth answered gently. He was very fond of Nellie. If she had no cloak fit to wear, neither did he have any overcoat, but went out on the coldest day buttoned up and trim.

"You've forgotten your overcoat, Mr. Dakin," said a polite friend to him one day, "aren't you cold?"

"N-n-n-ever w-wear o-o-ne," said the poor fellow, shivering like a hungry dog over a bone. "I s-s-should d-despise to r-r-roll up l-l-like an o-o-old w-woman."

You see he was only a clerk on a beggarly stipend, in a time and place that demanded luxuries; carpets instead of bare floors; meat and pie instead of brown loaves or cabbage and beans; he could as well have turned cannibal as to have to do without the kind of food they have been reared upon.

"Figures don't lie," he said cheerfully. "Nellie, we'll have a home."

The house was built for them and they moved in. For another year they pinched and saved, and pared down to the bone. Then Seth began to "figger" again.

This time it was the baby.

He was as cheerful and light hearted—not the baby, but Seth—as if the debt on the house was not staring him in the face. He whistled and sung, and one night he sat down by Nellie and showed her two long columns of credit and debt.

"I've been figgerin'," he said gaily, "and that little shaver over there isn't going to cost us a cent. I've put everything down that he can possibly need for a year, and it only adds up $50. Why, I can make that by writing up books in the evenings this winter."

Nellie smiled, but it was a sad, wan smile. She began to see how Seth's "figgerin'" came out—always a deficit instead of a balance, but she hadn't the heart to discourage him.

The baby grew and thrived. His mother was his nurse. She was also chief cook and seamstress, as well as mistress and housekeeper.

"I've been figgerin'," began Seth one evening, "that the baby is the best economist in the family. He keeps us from going anywhere, so we can't spend any money for outside pleasures if we try. And we're ever so much happier together, ain't we, little woman?"

The little woman looked very tired, but she assented with her whole heart to what Seth said. Here was her world. These two were treasures.

They had barely been able to pay the interest on their home, with all of Seth's "figgerin'," when her baby was taken very ill and a doctor was called in.

Then followed a dreadful siege of sickness. The doctor came three or four times a day. The father and mother were watchers and nurses themselves, but at last the little fellow was saved and the long and dreadful anxiety was over.

Then Seth brought out that well known pencil and paper.

"I've been figgerin'," he said, but this time more gravely than was his wont, "and it seems to me now, if nothing happens, that we'll have the house and lot paid for inside of five years—that ain't long, Nellie, is it?"

Nellie did not answer. She was looking at the thin hand—oh, so much thinner than hers had ever been—that held the fatal pencil in such a jaunty way. Her eyes were full of tears.

"You're worn out," he said kindly, "but you needn't worry, dear; the baby's all right now, and I've been figgerin'."

"I've been figuring, too," said Nellie, "and after this I am going to be accountant of the firm. You've lost your place, Seth, at the store, but I've taken it. I am glad I learned book keeping, and I need a change of work. Sister Alice is coming to take care of the house and the baby, and you are to take a vacation."

He gave her one stricken look, then bowed his head on his arms, and if he wept it did honor to his manhood and was naught to be ashamed of, since it was God's will that he should be laid aside.

The doctor was at the bottom of it all. He saw that worry and privation and hope deferred had sapped the very depths of Seth Dakin's life, and that now the end was very near.

Bravo, Nellie! true little wife! She went down to the store every morning, swallowing hard all the way to keep down the sobs she had no time to utter. She is there yet, clad in her widow's weeds, working daily with one strong resolute purpose—to keep Seth's home for Seth's boy—and she will do it, never doubt.

The end came happily to Seth. He was propped up in bed, looking at the sunset with fading, wistful eyes. Suddenly he turned to Nellie.

"I've been figgerin'," he said, in the old cheerful way; "I've figgerd it all out—and there's—a—balance—Nellie, dear—ahead."

Wearing Out Cows.

It is sometimes said that the cow is a machine for the manufacturing of milk and butter. This is true, with some important limitations. The cow is a living mechanism, and therefore requires more careful management than an insensate machine could need. There is such a thing as wearing out cows by injudicious feeding. Good cows have enormous appetites and demand abundant and nutritious food. But they should not be forced or tempted to eat more than they naturally will. While the coarser and less palatable ration should be given freely, yet grains and meal must be limited. Some of the great milk and butter records for periods have been made by stimulation with food which for animals is almost as destructive to health as stimulation by drink is to men. The only correct test of cows is their yearly product. Another way in which good cows are spoiled is by deficient nutrition during those times when they are not giving milk. The owner thinks that less and poorer feed will do then, and so the cow while bearing her calf is fed largely on straw and becomes poor.

Creameries.

The creamery question is the issue of the day in butter-making sections. We believe most heartily in having these creameries run on the co-operative system. Upwards of 100 of the New England creameries that pay the largest net return to their patrons are managed co-operatively. We believe it will pay every community to investigate this matter. It means less work in the household and more money in the pocketbook. It is bringing about a gradual revolution in our dairying that speaks well for the future. Proprietary creameries are well enough in their place, and in many localities will succeed better than the co-operative system, but when the farmers of a neighborhood get educated up to the benefits of co-operative dairying they can make it pay and get all the profits there are in the business.—*Farm and Home.*

The number of fowls kept in France is said to be nearly 44,000,000. The average product of chickens raised is estimated at three to each hen, and the average product of eggs per hen at 100 per annum.

The National Republican Convention will consist of 820 delegates.

Life in Libby.

From the story of the celebrated escape from Libby in the *Century* we quote the following: "At night the six large lofts presented strange war pictures, over which a single tallow candle wept copious and greasy tears that ran down over the petrified loaf corn-bread, Borden's condensed milk can, or bottle in which it was set, and where it struggled on until 'taps,' when the guards, with unconscious irony, shouted, 'Lights!' at which signal it usually disappeared amid a shower of boots and such other missiles as were at hand. The sleepers covered the six floors, lying in ranks, head to head and foot to foot, like prostrate lines of battle. For the general good, and to preserve something like military precision, these ranks (especially when cold weather compelled them to lie close for better warmth) were sub-divided into convenient squads under charge of a 'captain,' who was invested with authority to see that every man lay 'spoon fashion.'

"No consideration of personal convenience was permitted to interfere with the general comfort of the 'squad.' Thus, when the hard floor could no longer be endured on the right side—especially by the thin men—the captain gave the command, 'Attention, Squad Number Four! Prepare to spoon! One—two—spoon!' And the whole squad flopped over on the left side."

The Nurses of the War.

The ladies, heaven bless them! did all they could to nurse and care for the wounded soldiers. Many noble women devoted all the years of the war to this humane duty, but now and then young ladies would drop into the hospitals and play nurse in an amateur way for an afternoon, and it must be said such girls were more ornamental than useful.

One of the girls became interested in a good-looking soldier, who was wounded in the arms, and she addressed him in this way:

"My brave friend, can I do anything for you?"

"No, madam, nothing," said the soldier.

"I should like to do something for you," she persisted; "may I sponge your brow?"

"Well," he said, "you may if you want to very bad; but if you do you'll be the thirty-ninth gal that's done that blessed thing this morning."

A girl seeing a soldier lying asleep on a hospital bench, thought him dead, and whispered as she bent over him:

"Poor boy, let me kiss him for his mother!"

To her surprise, the soldier leaped to his feet, and, catching her in his arms, called out:

"Never mind the old lady; kiss me on my own account!"

Lincoln's Costly Inkstand.

Perhaps the most elaborate and costly inkstand in the country is the one now in possession of Robert T. Lincoln, of Chicago, and which stood for a time on the private desk of his father when the latter was the occupant of the White House. It seems that one of the delegates from Arizona in Congress in 1865 had become so fond of President Lincoln that he wished to give him some memento of his friendship. He sent to Arizona for 400 ounces of silver, which was moulded by Tiffany & Co. into a handsome and uniquely decorated inkstand. The material itself cost $500 and the bill for the work upon it was $862. It had not been used a month before the assassination occurred, and for twenty-two years since then it has lain in a vault.

Lucky 1888.

Perhaps it has never occurred to you, that years with three eights in them are lucky years. They come only once in a thousand years, but it is a lucky person who lives to see one of them. There is an old Chaldean superstition that a year with three eights is one of unlimited blessings. None but lucky stars are in the ascendency, fields blossom with abundant harvests, the cattle are lowing on a thousand hills, shepherds lead their flocks through green pastures and by still waters, all business enterprises prosper, everything you touch turns to gold, want and famine sknlk into hiding places until these days of universal prosperity are over, pestilence seals his lips and foul breaths do not poison the atmosphere, mirth holds high carnival and for twelve months sorrow and sighing flee away.

A young miss, aged ten, whose sister had just become engaged to a physician, was seated at the supper table with the family. There had been remarks made and opinions expressed about the M. D., when the young miss gave her opinion as follows: "I think it will be a very good thing for the doctor, as he can [illegible] leave his babies with Carrie, and [illegible] give them all away to strangers." Supper was adjourned.

Texas has over 25,000,000 acres of public land that can be had for four dollars an acre.

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