Trustees' Sale
OF A DESIRABLE
FARM!
AND VALUABLE
PERSONAL PROPERTY.

BY virtue of a deed of trust from Josephus O. Shriner and Elmira J. Shriner, his wife, to the undersigned, duly executed and recorded among the Land Records of Carroll county, we will sell at Public Sale, on the premises, on

THURSDAY, AUGUST 2D, A. D. 1888,

at 9 o'clock, a. m., all that valuable farm now occupied by the said Josephus O. Shriner, containing

122 ACRES, 3 ROODS AND 11 PERCHES OF LAND, MORE OR LESS.



The improvements thereon are a large two-story Brick Dwelling House with basement and cellar, large bank barn with two threshing floors, ample stabling, wagon shed with corn crib on each side, dairy, hog house, carriage house, smoke house, and other necessary outbuildings, all in excellent repair, and have been erected within the past few years; are substantially built and are conveniently located. About 10 acres is in excellent Timber; 12 to 15 acres is superior Meadow Land. The balance is in a high state of cultivation and crops with any of the land in the neighborhood.

This farm is in Taneytown district, Carroll county, Md., on the road leading from Taneytown to Union Bridge, is about 2½ miles southwest from Taneytown, about 3 miles from Union Bridge, and adjoins the land of Oliver Garner, the Mehring mill property, known as "Otter Dale Mill," and others, is convenient to the Frederick and Pennsylvania Line Railroad, market, schools, mills, churches, &c. The superior condition of the land, buildings and desirable location of this farm renders it worthy the attention of purchasers.

Also, at the same time and place, will be sold the following valuable Personal Property: Five superior work and driving



Horses, 2 Mares, 3 Geldings, all of which are young and of good stock; 1 sorrel Colt, 2½ years old; 1 roan Colt, 1½ years old; 1 Colt, about 4 months old; 4 good Mileh Cows, 1 Bull, 2 Calves, 2 brood Sows, 7 Shoats, separator and horse power combined (Hughes make), Bickford & Huffman grain drill, hay rake, riding corn plow and double row planter combined, with Cahill sulky plow attached, 4-horse narrow-tread thimble skein wagon, stone bed with side boards, spring wagon, two-seated jagger and falling-top buggy, both of which are nearly new, sleigh, hay carriages, new spring-tooth harrow, 4 furrow plows, 2 corn forks, 2 square harrows, reaper and mower combined, feed cutter, buggy spred, sled, wheelbarrow, single and double trees, lime, dirt and scoop shovels, mattocks, barrels, half bushel measures, lime boxes, grindstone, forks, rakes, hoes, axes, scythes, iron jockey sticks, Enterprise sausage cutter and stuffer, Keystone washer and wringer, 2 sets breechbands, 4 sets lead gears, wagon saddle, bridles and collars, housings, lead lines, riding saddle and bridle, buggy harness, fly nets, log, breast and cow chains, halters, butt traces, and a large variety of farming implements. About 20 acres of growing corn. Also household and kitchen furniture, consisting in part of bedsteads and bedding, lounge, half-dozen chairs, carpets, coal stove, carpenter tools, and a large number of other articles too numerous to mention. The farm will be offered at 9 o'clock, a. m.

Terms of Sale of the Real Estate.—One-third cash on the day of sale or on the ratification thereof; one-third in one year and the other one-third in two years 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.

Terms of Sale of the Personal Property.—All sums of $10 and under, cash; on all sums above $10 a credit of six months will be given, on notes, with approved security, bearing interest from the day of sale.

CHAS. T. REIFSNIDER, } Trustees.
BENJAMIN REAVER. }
Geo. A. Fleckner, Auctioneer. jy-7-ts

Trustee's Sale
OF VALUABLE
Real Estate
In Wakefield Valley, Carroll county, Md.

BY virtue of a Deed of Trust from Fletcher R. Cassell and wife, dated the 27th of February, A. D. 1888, and recorded among the Land Records of Carroll county in Liber W. S. M., No. 67, folio 218 &c., the undersigned, Trustee therein appointed, will offer at Public Sale, on the premises, on

SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, *A. D.* 1888,

at 1 o'clock, p. m., all that valuable little farm lying in Wakefield Valley, Carroll county, adjoining the lands of Joseph Hoover and Catharine Nicodemus, containing

41 ACRES OF LAND, MORE OR LESS.

This farm is located in one of the most fertile and best farming regions of the county, and is in a high state of cultivation; well watered and improved by a two-story stone



Dwelling House, bank barn, corn crib, and all other usual out-buildings, in good state of repair; and is conveniently located as to schools, churches, railroad stations, &c. It has two fine young orchards of choice fruit.

Also, at the same time, or immediately thereafter, the Trustee will offer at public sale, on the first and above named premises, a Wood-lot, containing

2 ACRES OF LAND, MORE OR LESS,

lying on the road leading from Wartfieldsburg to Mt. Airy, and about one mile south of Wartfieldsburg.

The Trustee will also sell, at public sale, on the same day, a lot of Timothy and Clover Hay.

Terms of Sale for Real Estate are: One-third of the purchase money cash on the day of sale, or upon the ratification thereof by the Court; the balance in two equal payments of nine and eighteen months, secured by the notes of the purchaser or purchasers, with approved security and bearing interest from day of sale.

Terms of Sale for the hay and personal property will be made known on the day of sale. HENRY N. CASSELL, Trustee.

Jas. A. C. Bond, Solicitor.
Samuel Crawford, Auctioneer. jy-14-ts

Mortgagee's Sale of a
HOUSE AND LOT
In Westminster, Md.

BY virtue of the power of sale contained in a mortgage from Amanda J. Kirby and George W. Kirby to the undersigned, dated October 14th, A. D. 1878, and recorded among the Real Estate Mortgage Records of Carroll county, in the State of Maryland, the undersigned will offer at public sale, on the premises, to the highest bidder, on

MONDAY, AUGUST 6, 1888,

at 1 o'clock, p. m., the property described in said mortgage consisting of a lot of ground containing 6461 SQUARE FEET OF LAND, more or less, and which is improved with a two-story frame Dwelling House. This



property is situated in the city of Westminster, in said county and State, on the Manchester road, on York street, about 150 yards from Main street.

Terms of Sale, cash.

EDWARD LYNCH, Mortgagee.
Chas. E. Fink, Solicitor. jy-14-ts

Notice to Creditors.

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.

NOTICE is hereby given to all the creditors of George W. Pennington and James H. Pennington, jointly, separately and individually, who were such on or prior to the 16th day of February, A. D. 1888, the date of the deed of trust, a copy of which is filed in the above entitled cause, to file their claims, duly proven and authenticated, with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Carroll county, on or before the 17th day of September, A. D. 1888.

JNO. J. BAUMGARTNER, Jr.,
july-14-4t Auditor.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

THIS is to give notice that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, in Maryland, letters of administration on the estate of

JACOB C. BRUBAKER,

late of Carroll county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 3d day of February, 1889; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 3d day of July, 1888. LYDIA E. BRUBAKER,
jy-7-4t Administratrix.

Notice.

It will be necessary for the creditors of David Witter, deceased, to file their claims in a proper Court in Virginia to participate in any benefits resulting from closing up same in that State, and I have been just informed it should be done on or before the 25th inst. For any further information that I can give, please address HARVEY S. WITTER,
Administrator,
jy-7-3t Medford, Md.

AMERICAN SENTINEL.

VOL. 55, NO. 29. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 21, 1888. ESTABLISHED 1833.

Select Poetry.

DAY OF ENCOURAGEMENT.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS.

"Oh! what if the prospect be clouded?"

Oh! what if the prospect be clouded,
And what if the sunlight be fled?
The bright Sun himself may be shrouded,
And the bright crown torn from his head.
But he yields never long to the legions
Of the tempest that beats on his form:
And he comes forth anon full of vigor,
More glorious because of the storm.

From the Sun let the Soul take its moral,
Nor shrink 'neath the battle of life;
Near the cypress grows ever the laurel,
And we pluck, as we please, from the strife!
Though the foe presses fierce with his legions,
And ye stoop for the hour at his will,
Keep your calm in the turbulent legions,
And the triumph inures to you still.

Select Story.

THE MERCHANT AND THE MILLER.

A TALE OF NORTHERN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

Have you ever sat, reader, when the autumn evenings were growing cool and long, by some glowing birch wood-fire in an old farm kitchen among the mountains of New Hampshire? Those grand, old druidical mountains, about which the summer streams hang their silver necklaces, and over which the winter storms weave their garments of snow! Then, while the fire-flames dashed their yellow light over the great, brown rafters, and with every break of wind, the withered leaves rattled against the panes, have you listened to the story of some "old settler," whose memory reached back to the time when the bear and the wolf came down to the fields; and sometimes of an autumn morning the little children would go softly through the woods, to school, almost expecting to see a pair of wild glaring eyes among the bushes; and whispered how they had heard, the night before, of some neighbor's sheep-cote which had been broken into, and the blood-draggled grass had told the story next day.

Well, listening to just such tales, in the autumn evenings, we dreamed among those gray old mountains, the story we are about to tell you.

"I guess we shall have a real warm day of it, to-morrow," said the widow Pease, as she stood a moment in the kitchen door of the old farm-house at the close of an April day, some two score and a half of years ago; just as the sun was resting on the tops of the mountains that bounded the horizon. Sixty years' observation of the winds and clouds, had made Mrs. Pease a kind of weather oracle in the village; and the good woman prided herself no little upon her elemental foresight.

"Well, Letty," she continued, as she closed the door, and returned to her knitting and her chair by the fire-place, "I guess it'll be a first rate day to bile the sap. I'll tell Enoch and Cyrus to pile up the boughs to-night, and hang on the kettle, so you can have it all ready to kindle in the mornin'. You know they said the trees was runnin' briskly to-day, and they'd have two tubs full afore night."

"They didn't though, mother?" said Letty, pausing a moment in her work, for she was setting the supper-table. "Goody! I'm so glad, for I do love to have a sap boilin'."

Letitia was the child of her mother's old age, and a daintier bit of nature's handiwork you have seldom looked upon. The next summer would count her twentieth, and her blue eyes were clear and bright as her New Hampshire skies, and the mountain winds had kindled a ruddy glow in her fair cheeks. She was rather short, but straight, with a finely-curved figure, and plump as health and a hearty appetite could make her.

For her character—she was a right down, good-hearted, light-spirited New England girl. That pretty little head of hers had been slightly turned by the flattery that sundry swains had poured into it; but considering that she was the handsomest girl in the village, and knew it, too, Letty conducted herself remarkably well. And perhaps, after all, it was not so much her fair face as it was the smiles that broke up from the warm fountains of her nature and always dimpled it, that won so many hearts towards her. She was not sentimental, or inclined to the blues. Alas! the damsels of fifty years ago had not so intimate an acquaintance with these matters as their descendants.

But now, reader, in order to do full penance for this latter remark, we just admit that, for one, we don't believe our grandmothers were any better than we are—not a bit!

Nicer pies and puddings they could indisputably make, thirfty housekeepers, faithful wives, and loving mothers they surely were, and for these things blessed be their memory! But, after all, spinning wheels alone cannot enlarge one's sympathies, or daily darning stockings enrich one's intellect; and instinct and habit narrowed down to the circle of their own families, the views and feelings of the women of the last century.

And the true woman of the present time has broader social sympathies and richer life; and although she must acknowledge that her first duties are in her home, she will not think they end there, as her grandmother did. *Knowledge, that is true to itself, expands the moral as well as the intellectual life; and the world hasn't gone backward with the substitution of botany for butter churns, and mathematics for milking pails!*

But to turn to our heroine. When Enoch and Cyrus, two tall, sunburnt, but fine-looking, young farmers, came in to supper, they were full of a story which quite drove out all thoughts of the sap boiling from the head of widow Pease and her daughter.

Some terrible depredations had been committed the night before, on Squire Hubbard's sheep and lambs—the dog had been devoured, and two large bears had been seen prowling around Blueberry hill, just in the edge of the previous evening.

The young men were greatly excited, for a large party had been organized to go out that very evening to Squire Hubbard's who lived in an adjoining town not more than ten miles off, for the purpose of destroying the wild animals, as it was apprehended their former success would stimulate them to fresh depredations. So, with that belligerent propensity which is so strong an element of Anglo-Saxon character, Cyrus and Enoch descanted glowingly on the best method of surprising and dispatching the animals; while the mother and sister listened with the indefinable mixture of wonder admiration, and terror, which woman always awards to manly courage and skill.

"But, dear me," said Letty, as she poured Cyrus' third glass of milk, "what if a bear should come around here some of these days!—You know

[redacted]

"Nonsense, sis!" said the hearty voice of Enoch, as he spread a double stratum of butter on his fourth slice of rye bread, "there's no sort o' danger around here. Nobody in these parts was ever touched by one of them 'ere chaps. I reckon they're smart enough not to venture their heads far into *this* town. They wouldn't stay on long if they did that's sartin."

Now whether there was much philosophy in this speech or not, it had the effect of greatly quieting Letty's fears; though if Enoch had been called on to give his reason for exempting Berrygate from bear incursions, he could probably have found no better one than the propensity indigenous to human nature of supposing ourselves less liable to ill fortune than our neighbors.

Well, after supper the boys started off in high spirits, duly equipped with rifles and long knives, receiving many solemn injunctions from their mother to look out that them critters didn't get hold of their skins, maternal warnings, which have a remarkable faculty of going in at one ear, and ont at the other.

"I declare, Letty, we'd forgot all about that sap boiling!" suddenly remarked the widow to her daughter, who, having washed up the tea dishes, was busily smoothing down the wavy folds of her hair, at the little mirror on one side of the kitchen, while some pleasant thought was shyly dimpling round her ripe lips, and brightening through her blue eyes.

"So we have, and they haven't piled up any boughs. It's too bad, with such nice weather for boiling, and it's likely to set up and rain a week steady at this time of year."

"Supposin' you run down to the woods, and heap up some boughs to-night, Letty? The moon shines, so it's as bright as day. The boys could hang up the kettle early for you, you know, but they couldn't stay to do anything else, for they've got to be off by sunrise to see about them calves; and they won't be home before midnight, I reckon," concluded Mrs. Pease, with an oracular shake of her head.

"But I'm expecting company to-night, mother," answered Letty, with the rosy tinge widening and deepening through her cheek; "and it wouldn't be very polite to be off when they come."

"Well, it's likely you'd have time to get back afore they do, child. If it's any o' your beaux, I can send 'em out to the maples."

Now, if the truth must be told, Letty Pease had two admirers, for whom there had often, of late, been a severe struggle between her affections and her pride.

Jason Williams was a country merchant, a smart-looking young man, who had recently gone into business for himself. He was always dressed in broadcloth, stood behind the counter with the politest bow and smiles imaginable, and was voted at the winter singing school, the "greatest catch" in the town.

Then there was Seth Peters, the miller—away down in the silence of Letty's heart was a voice that plead for him as it never did for the merchant. Seth was certainly good-looking and intelligent, while a nobler heart never beat for the woman it loved; but then his bow wasn't to be compared with Jason's, and he wore blue-gray overalls, which were dusted over with flour from Monday morning till Saturday night, except when he visited Letty. It was certainly a great contrast, and the girl felt it keenly (as any maiden of twenty would) when she rode past the old mill and saw its young owner in his powdered clothes, lifting up the great bags of wheat by the rope that dangled from the front window, or pouring the corn into the large trough, under which the great wheel plashed and groaned in the stream all day;—it was, as we said, a great contrast to go on a few rods farther to the new store, with its green shutters and large sign, and see Jason standing in the store, dressed better than the minister, and receive one of his inimitable bows.

Then it would be such a conquest, and all the girls would envy her so. She would be "*Mrs. Williams, the merchant's wife!*" It sounded exceedingly well, and yet, when she thought of it, that low voice would rise up and speak for the miller again. Poor Letty! no wonder it was so severe a struggle between her affections and her pride.

She looked out of the window, and the full moon was shining down on the bare earth, and whitening the naked branches of the tall trees. The sweet, pensive light stole softly into the girl's heart, and drew her towards it.

"I guess I'll run down to the grove. If anybody comes, you can talk to 'em, mother, till I get back, for I won't be gone long," was her sudden conclusion.

The girl had not been absent for more than five minutes, when there was a knock at the door, followed by the entrance of Jason Williams. He took a seat by the great fire-place, and chatted a few moments with the old woman about the new meeting-house, and the prospects of an early spring, when suddenly there was another light tap at the door, and in answer to widow Pease's "come in," the miller made his appearance.

It was not so remarkable a coincidence, after all, that the young men should both visit Letty this evening, for it was bright enough with its balmy air, and large, round moon to woo any man to vist the woman of his seeking. Of course, the merchant and the miller could not have regarded each other with peculiarly complacent feelings; and probably each wished the other a thousand miles off, notwithstanding they met quite as cordially as rivals could be expected to do.

But somehow the conversation lagged exceedingly, and at last Jason proposed to Seth that they should go down to the grove in search of Letty, to which the latter gladly consented.

She did look like a picture, as she knelt there, piling up the dead, old tree boughs, while the shadows and the moonbeams danced restlessly over her figure, as restless as they.

The young men came suddenly upon her, and she sprang up with a little shriek and a bounding of the blood into her cheeks—but her laugh, oh, that was like all sorts of sweet sounds, as it ran rippling off to the echoes of Blueberry hill!

"Well, you've come, and now I shall set you straight to work, young gentlemen," said the girl, with that dainty, fluttering motion of the head so natural to, and so graceful in some women.

"Of course you will. We're ready to obey orders, Letty" was the simultaneous response of the young men; and the dainty merchant and the handsome miller set themselves vigorously to work; and the voices of the trio mingled loudly and merrily, as they piled up the branches of pine, and birch, and hemlock, Letty affirming that the sugar boiling was likely to be the easiest she ever tended, now all the trouble of gathering the fire-wood would be over.

"Hark! didn't you hear a strange kind of noise?" and Letty lifted her head suddenly, and stared eagerly around her.

"It's nothing, Letty, only the sap dropping into the tubs," answered Jason, as he added a fresh handful of boughs to the rapidly increasing pile.

"No, it isn't the sap. There, I hear it again. It's rustling among the branches."

They all heard it now; it was a strange, stealthy, mysterious sound that, heard in the woods, and at night, is perhaps more startling than any other.

A faint shriek suddenly broke from Letty, which drew the gaze of both the young men to her. She was standing a few paces from them, her face white and rigid, as though death had struck suddenly at her heart. There was something in that stony face that chilled both the young men, and they sprang eagerly toward her, crying, "Letty! what is the matter?"

They saw what it was, then, and the faces of those two strong men grew white as the girl's; for there, peering out with their wild, glaring, hunger-lighted eyes, from the low underbush, were two large bears, ready to rush upon them.

The young men's question broke the spell of horror which had transfixed Letty Pease. With a low shriek she sprang past her companions, and with a cry, fearful in its rage and hunger, the animals rushed out.

Jason Williams followed her, for the men had no weapons—those beasts were wild, savage, hunger-mad, and the love of life was strong within him—no wonder that he soon outstripped the girl, whose trembling limbs were a poor match against her pursuers.

It was a fearful race. They gained upon her in the first few rods. "God of Heaven, help her!" groaned the white lips of Seth Peters. And God heard that prayer, moaned out in that terrible agony. There gleamed out suddenly upon him, from among the gray tangled grass of the last year, a large axe, which Enoch had ground sharply, three days before, to make an incision in the maple trunks, and thrown down there in haste or forgetfulness.

Seth caught it up eagerly, and with a loud shout he bounded forward. Letty was nearly half across the lot, but it was not a large one, and in her blind terror she had taken a circuitous route, which the bears had followed, so the distance between Seth and them was only a few rods. He shouted to Letty to turn round into the meadow; it was strange that she heard him, but she did, and instinctively obeyed.

A run of a few yards, which the young man accomplished quicker than our pen has written it, brought Seth face to face with the wild animals. It required a stout heart to confront those two raging, ravening animals, but Seth Peters thought only that death was close to the woman that he loved!

A moment more and it would have reached her. The hot breath of the beasts drifted across her flying feet, as the miller rushed by her; for in turning toward the meadow she had shortened the distance between him and herself; indeed, at the farthest it had been only a few rods. The foremost animal came up to the young man—the heavy paws were planted on his shoulder—now, Seth Peters, a stout arm and a brave heart will only avail you—the axe comes down heavily—it has done its work well! Do you see the bear sink back, with that growl of terror and of pain, while the hot blood gurgles up from its cleft throat!

Its mate sees all this, and with a responsive howl of fright and despair, rushes back to the woods, and Seth is safe!

"Letty! Letty! they are gone!" The voice swells loud and triumphant to the ear of the poor girl, who, still imagining the bears are pursuing her, rushes on wildly in the direction of her home! She pauses a moment. But that clear, strong, triumphant voice sends a new tide of hope bounding through her soul. She turns back. A few minutes later, and her white face steals up close to Seth's, as he stands there watching the last gasps of life heaving the huge black frame of the bear.

"Letty! let us thank God for this strong deliverance."

They kneel down there together, and the sad moon and the sweet spring stars look on them, as the young miller's deep voice sends up its eloquent thanks to the All-Father!

But Letty's fair head droops lower and lower; and when Seth looks once more in her face, the blue eyes do not answer him. Poor Letty! the terror has been too great for her. No wonder she has fainted with the great joy of deliverance from death!

Suddenly across the fields breaks the sound of many voices. There is a quick stamping of feet. Jason has given the alarm, and friends and neighbors are rushing wildly to the rescue. In less than five minutes they find the miller seated on the damp earth, with Letty lying senseless in his arms, and the dead bear at his feet!

Oh! but there were smiles and rejoicings that night at widow Pease's, where, but for the brave heart of Seth Peters, there had been wailing, despair, and death! It was long past midnight when Cyrus and Enoch returned; and somehow their faces did not look so bright as when they left, and they settled themselves down wearily by the fire, saying, "What, mother, up watching for us all this time! Well, we haven't killed the bear, after all!"

"No, but we have here, you see!" was the old woman's triumphant response; and then, to their ejaculations of doubt and surprise, the old lady detailed the whole story—indeed, she had sent off Letty to bed half an hour before, for the exclusive enjoyment of this pleasure. Cyrus and Enoch listened in amazed silence, and at the conclusion thus briefly and characteristically expressed their opinion of the miller's heroism: "Waal, now, if that don't beat everything all hollow!"

Three days had passed! It was a wild, sobbing night, with one of those storms that furrow the sweet face of April with wind, and drench it with tears.

This time the miller and Letty Pease sat alone together, in the ruddy birch fire-light of the old kitchen, while the storm moaned and battled without.

"Well, Letty, how did you get on with the sugar-boiling?" asked the young man, drawing his chair a little nearer the girl's.

"Oh, nicely, I assure you, though I couldn't help starting and looking around every time the wind stirred the branches!" and Letty shuddered, for even in the dancing fire-light, she seemed to see again those wild eyes glaring upon her. "Oh, Seth! how can I ever be grateful enough to you for taking care of me then!"

The miller drew his chair still closer to hers, and his voice trembled in its deep tenderness as it answered, "I should like to take care of you always, Letty."

The girl must have forgotten at that moment how very nicely *Mrs. Williams, the merchant's wife*, sounded, for she laid her hand in that of Seth Peters, and the birch flames were not ruddier than her cheeks, as she whispered, "*You may*, Seth."

And through all her happy after life, we are very certain Letty Pease never regretted marrying the *miller instead of the merchant.*

KANSAS LETTER.

ON THE FRONTIER.

How strange it would seem to you old Marylanders if all the trees were chopped down, all the stumps grubbed out, all the holes filled up, all the fences swept away, all the houses and barns removed, all the rocks pulverized and spread out evenly, and then a luxuriant growth of green, wavy grass covering hill and vale as far as the eye could see. Then suppose, further, that this was all government land and 160 acres were offered to every man, free, who would agree to reside upon, improve and cultivate it; how long do you think the State of Maryland would be in settling up? Your answer will give you the key to the marvelous emigration to, and the rapid development of, the Great West.

"Ah!" you say, "that certainly must have been a great bonanza. Pure and unalloyed bliss it would be if I could just squat squarely on 160 acres of Maryland's choice farm land and hold it down with a warranty deed from Uncle Sam, being lawfully seized, &c., and forever defended against all and every person or persons whomsoever. What a legacy to my heirs and assigns forever!" Hold on: Have you forgotten that "there is no rose without a thorn?" Remember there is not a stick of timber this side of Little York, the nearest grist mill is at Philadelphia, the lumber yards at Gettysburg, the nearest postoffice and grocery store is away down on the bay at a new and obscure little place called Baltimore, the railroad whistle is not yet heard this side of the mountains.

But you have just arrived with your family and all your effects packed in a covered wagon. You stop with your jaded ex-team and camp on the southeast side of a "draw" and you are "monarch of all you survey." While the oxen graze you dig a little hole in the ground, plant two little crotches to hold up the kettle, your camp fire is built, supper ready, and, with wife and children, seated on the grassy carpet around the little repast, you proceed to satisfy "the keen demands of appetite." The fire was supplied with a few sticks that you hauled with you in the wagon all day and you wonder what will supply the fuel for breakfast. A wolf is interviewing you from the top of the hill and, with his band, he will serenade you to-night. It was a rattlesnake that made the oxen jump just now; he was only sounding his *a priori* and they were lucky to take warning. There may possibly be centipedes and tarantulas crawling around; but no matter, there is only room for your wife and children in the wagon and your lodging must be under the wagon "on the cold ground."

Out of a few dead branches gathered from the ravine you boil your coffee for breakfast and now, leaving the family in camp, you start out, not to trace the zigzag lines of somebody's "Resurvey on Small Beginning," but to find the government corners and pick out your claim. This is a good piece; that piece has a little water on it; this is a square quarter; that lays in the shape of a T; this is too rongh; that has a spot of hard-pan; this looks like alkali land; here is a good quarter but too gravelly; that would suit me first-rate if it wasn't cut up with so many "draws." What I want is a piece with timber and water on it and I'm a'goin' to have a good piece or none. Back to camp; pull for timber; fall in with some other families and "prospect around." The weather is chilly and damp—threatens to rain. What if the children should get sick! There's not a doctor within forty miles. I never thought of that, but no matter, we must "sure" have a claim. Over into Frederick county, down into Baltimore, to Cecil, to Harford, to Howard, to Montgomery, all around, and finally back and settle on Little Pipe Creek on a piece not one whit better than the one you just looked at.

Two or three families are left together in camp while the men take the teams and go to the land office and file their claims, which are contignous, and come back, each the happy possessor of 160 acres of "raw land" which costs them in actual cash just fourteen dollars and fifty cents each. They have laid in a supply of provisions and fuel and brought a "break-plow" along back and now the improvement begins. A marvelous thing is that "break-plow." It furnishes lumber for the walls and shingles for the roof of the house. It takes the place of handsaw, square, jackplane and compass, and furnishes all the nails, screws and bolts, together with the entire finishing material for the walls inside and out. Having done this it breaks up a garden patch and then rolls the furrows over for corn.

Suppose now we call on you in your new house, fresh from the sod. Shall we ring the bell or knock? Neither; for the door is made of a faded bed quilt, and while we approach the quilt is drawn aside and a cordial, whole-souled, hearty "hello!" greets us with a "come in; take seats," &c., that the prairie winds have entirely purified from all their former aristocracy and conventionalism. We are quickly shown through the new parlor, library, sitting-room, bedrooms, pantry, &c., and the next thing is, one of the most hearty, glad-to-see-you meals is prepared and placed on the big store box, while the lesser boxes are used for chairs; everything has the air of "I'm so glad to see you," and we know our company is enjoyed. At bedtime, when we go to bed we do not have very far to go, for by this time we find you have become so attached to us that you are unwilling to part with our company and we just turn into the spare bed in the corner of the dining-room.

Good night. Let us take a rest.

J. L. S.

The two sides of the face are not alike. As a rule, says a German professor, the want of symmetry is confined to the upper part of the face. The left half of the brain overweighs the right half; the nose leans a little to the right or to the left. The region of the right eye is usually slightly higher than that of the left eye while the left eye is nearer the middle line of the countenance. The right ear is also higher, as a rule, than the left ear.

A little girl while on a visit to her grandmother, had been seriously ill, and, as she grew better, was spoken to as convalescent. Thinking it would be very smart to use a long word, she wrote home, "Dear mamma, I happy to say that I am convulsive."

A lady writing on kissing says that a kiss on the forehead denotes reverence for the intellect. She doesn't say so, but a kiss on the back of the neck is a proof that the young woman didn't hold still.

HIS ANCESTRY.

The Grandfather and Great-Grandfather of Hon. Benjamin Harrison.

FROM THE BALTIMORE DAILY SUN.

In writing of Hon. Benjamin Harrison, the republican nominee for President, every one seems to be called upon to note that his grandfather was once President of the United States and his great-grandfather a signer of the Declaration of Independence. There are many interesting reminiscences of Benjamin Harrison, the illustrious great-grandfather of the Republican presidential candidate. Among all the great and patriotic men who stood up for American liberty at the eventful era of the revolution there was none that entered into the noble contest with more determined spirit than Benjamin Harrison. When a very young man he honorably represented his native district, Berkeley, in the House of Burgesses for many years, and on the 14th of November, 1764, was one of its distinguished members chosen to prepare an address to the King, a memorial to the Lords and a remonstrance to the House of Commons in opposition to the stamp act. He was a member of the Mercantile Association of Virginia of 1770, a member of the committee of correspondence, and a member of all the conventions held until the government under the constitution was adopted. He was a delegate from Virginia to the first Continental Congress, which assembled at Philadelphia September 1, 1774, where he had the gratification of seeing his brother-in-law, Peyton Randolph, placed in the presidential chair. At the Congress of the following year, 1775, after the death of Mr. Randolph, it was the wish of nearly all the Southern members that Mr. Harrison should succeed him in the presidency, but as the patriotic John Hancock, of Massachusetts, had likewise been nominated, Mr. Harrison, to avoid any sectional jealousy and unkindness of feeling between the Northern and Southern delegates at so momentous a crisis, with a noble self-denial and generosity relinquished his own claims and insisted on the election of Mr. Hancock, who accordingly had the honor of being unanimously chosen to that high office. It is reported that when Hancock was reluctant to accept the chair, Harrison, who was remarkably athletic, took him up in his arms and placed him in it, declaring at the same time: "We will show Mother Britain how little we care for her by making a Massachusetts man our President whom she has excluded from pardon by a public proclamation."

When Congress met at Philadelphia in 1775 measures were taken for the publication of a solemn declaration for the purpose of justifying the resort to arms. Mr. Jefferson was on the committee appointed to this duty, also Mr. Dickinson, of Pennsylvania. "I prepared," says Mr. Jefferson, in the first volume of his memoirs, "a draft of the declaration committed to us. It was too strong for Mr. Dickinson. He still retained the hope of reconciliation with the mother country, and was unwilling it should be lessened by offensive statements. He was so honest a man and so able a one that he was greatly indulged, even by those who could not feel his scruples. We therefore requested him to take the paper and put it into a form he could approve. He did so, preparing an entire new statement, and preserving of the former only the last four paragraphs and half of the preceding one. We approved and reported it to Congress, who accepted it. Congress gave a signal proof of their indulgence to Mr. Dickinson and of the great desire not to go too fast for any respectable part of our body in permitting him to draw their second petition to the King according to his own ideas and passing it with scarcely an amendment. The disgust against its humility was general, and Mr. Dickinson's delight at its passage was the only circumstance that reconciled them to it. The vote being passed, although further observation on it was out of order, he could not refrain from rising and expressing his satisfaction, and concluded by saying: 'There is but one word, Mr. President, in the paper which I disapprove, and that is the word *Congress*,' on which Benjamin Harrison rose and said, 'There is but one word in the paper, Mr. President, of which I approve, and that is the word *Congress*.'"

Nothing could show more happily than this characteristic anecdote the spirit of compromise and mutual forbearance which distinguished the deliberations of our revolutionary statesmen. The true patriotic sentiment, the love of liberty, exalted and generous, inspiring noble thoughts, dwelt as an active principle in the midst of their councils, pervading all hearts, and blending, uniting and concentrating all feelings, purposes and aims in one grand object.

Benjamin Harrison, as chairman of the committee of the whole in Congress, reported to that body the resolution that declared the colonies free and independent, and subsequently in the same capacity signed that great charter of liberty. The distinctive merits of Harrison, though he both wrote and spoke readily and ably, lay not so much in his strictly intellectual qualities as in the force of his character, his practical sense, his fearlessness and his love of country. Great presence of mind, a temper whose cheerfulness the innumerable vexations of a civil war could not cloud, and his downright candor, which knew no compromise, and which led him to say plain things in plain words, were also among his leading characteristics. Even on the greatest occasions his humor sometimes moved the mirth of his associates. He was a very large man, and by the side of Elbridge Gerry, of Massachusetts, who was very spare, he was almost a giant, and overlooking Gerry as he affixed his name to the Declaration of Independence, which he had previously signed, observed to him: "Gerry, when the time of hanging comes I shall have the advantage of you; it will be over with me in a minute, but you will be kicking in the air half an hour after I am gone."

Harrison was throughout his long term of service in Congress almost invariably chairman of the committee of the whole, and especially while the articles of confederation were under discussion. He was one of a committee of three sent to Washington at Cambridge to concert plans for the supply of his army. He was chairman of the board of war, and of the committee of foreign affairs until a bureau was formed with a secretary at its head. He was sent by Congress on a mission to Maryland to concert with the Governor of that colony a scheme for the defense of the Chesapeake. He was sent to New York to arrange with General Lee a plan of defense for that city and for the selection of sites for forts on the East and North rivers. He was also chairman of the committee on marine affairs, which included the regulation of the navy. He was chairman of the Canada expedition committee. Indeed, the numerous and important trusts committed to him during his prolonged term show the unlimited confidence placed in his military skill, practical sense, and unflinching patriotism.

On his return from Congress, in 1777, he entered the House of Delegates, of which he was chosen speaker, an office which he filled until 1781, when he was elected Governor of the Commonwealth. He was a member of the first council of State, and was a member of the convention which ratified the federal constitution, casting his vote against it. He was afterwards elected a member of the Legislature, and died the next day of a severe fit of the gout at his residence in Charles City, Va., in April, 1791. His third son, William Henry Harrison, who was left under the guardianship of Robert Morris, the distinguished revolutionary financier, was elected to the presidency on the whig ticket in 1840, and died a month after his inauguration.

Little Things.

I have often thought how much our lives are made up of "little things." Each day as it dawns upon us brings new cares and perplexities, here a little and there a little, and we go on doing, often finding at the close of it, as our tired heads are laid upon the pillow, that nothing has been done after all, and we have worked all day in vain. The fact is, that but few lives are remarkable for great things, but are made lovely and blest by many little duties well performed, by little joys often repeated, or little troubles, real or imaginary, overcome before they cause a frown upon our faces. It is only by this "here a little and there a little," of patient study, that many in this world attain mental culture, or find time for the making of the many adornments that go so far towards forming a beautiful home.

In warm weather the vermin will multiply rapidly and increase their activity. Extra precaution should be taken to counteract them. The roosts should be washed with kerosene oil; the nest material should be thrown out and burned, fresh hay or straw placed in the boxes and a heaping teaspoonful of sulphur sprinkled in each nest; the dust baths should be replenished and a teaspoonful of sulphur added to the dust; the setters should be thoroughly cleansed of body lice by Dalmation powder sifted through their feathers.

An ounce of generous praise will do more to make a man your friend than a pound of fault.

Our prayers are sometimes best answered when our desires are most opposed.

Little duties are given to fasten the mantle of God's love securely about us.

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