GREAT

BARGAINS

—IN—

Summer :: Goods!

Entire Stock of Summer Goods Must be Sold.

Prices on All Goods Reduced.

CALL EARLY AND SECURE THE CHOICE.

REMEMBER, the only reason we are making such great reductions is on account that we have only a short time to close out our entire stock of Summer Goods to make room for our great Fall and Winter Stock.

Here we only mention a few Prices:

20 Pieces Imported India Linen, our regular 15c. Goods, go at **10c.**

10 Pieces White Satin Plaids reduced from 20c. to **12½c.**

Embroidery and Flouncing Reduced 25 per cent.

50 Pieces Dress Ginghams and Scotch Zephyrs, fine quality, former price 12½c. and 15c., choice at **10c.**

Another Lot of 12½c. Ginghams Reduced to 9c.

20 Pieces 15c. and 18c. Satteens, French designs, at **12½c.**

2,000 Dress Patterns Fast Colored Calicoes, in all the newest Light and Dark Styles, cannot be bought elsewhere for less than 8c., going at the great reduction sale at **5c. only.**

10,000 yards 36-inch Muslin, sold at 7½c. and 8c., reduced to **5c. only.** This small lot will be closed out in a hurry. The very best **Bleached Muslin,** in short lengths, all at **8c.**

25 dozen Corsets, regular price 65c., now going at **47c.**

20 dozen Ladies' Gauze Under Vests, regular price 35c., reduced to **23c.** A large lot of **Gent's Fine Gauze Shirts** to be sold regardless of cost.

Mattings at 25 per cent off.

Don't forget to ask to see our 25c. Rag Carpet.

S. Kann, Sons & Co.,

NO. 11 E. MAIN STREET,

WESTMINSTER - - MARYLAND.

AMERICAN SENTINEL.

VOL. 55, NO. 30. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 28, 1888. ESTABLISHED 1833.

WE BELIEVE

In the old maxim that the early bird catches the worm and we have decided to

CUT THE PRICE ON ALL SUMMER GOODS,

Now, to make room for our Fall Stock.

Just think of it:

Any Straw Hat in the House for 25c.

Lot of them worth $1.50.

Children's Straw Hats, 10c.,

Former price 25c.

$3 LIGHT STIFF HATS, $1.50.

Think of it.

Splendid Kid Fox Ladies' Shoe, $1.25, worth $1.75.

Splendid Kid Lace Tip Ladies' Shoe, $1.25, worth $1.75.

Splendid Boys' Shoe, 1 to 5, $1.25, WORTH $1.75.

BOYS' AND CHILDREN'S

Light Cassimere and Cheviot Suits at Cost.

Men's Cassimere and Cheviot Suits,

Beauties, for only $8.50, former price $12.

Men's Seersucker Coats and Vests, $1, WORTH $1.50.

Boys' Seersucker Coats and Vests, 75c., WORTH $1.25.

A Baseball and Bat given with every Boy's Suit.

Call early and secure some of these bargains. The stuff must go.

Fred. D. Miller & Co.,

Albaugh Building, near Railroad,

WESTMINSTER, - - MARYLAND.

PENNSYLVANIA COLLEGE,

GETTYSBURG, PA.

FOUNDED in 1832. Large Faculty. Two full courses of study—Classical and Scientific. Special courses in all departments. Observatory and laboratories. Three large buildings. New buildings and chapel in course of erection. Libraries 22,000 volumes. Expenses low. Accessible by frequent railroad trains. Location, on the BATTLEFIELD of Gettysburg, most pleasant and healthy. PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT, in separate building, for boys and young men preparing for business or College, under special care of the Principal, Rev. H. G. Buehler, and two assistants, the latter residing with students in the building. Fall term opens Sept. 6, 1888. For Catalogues, address

H. W. McKNIGHT, D. D., President, or
REV. H. G. BUEHLER, Principal.
jy-14-4t Gettysburg, Pa.

Ice Cream, Water Ice

—AND—

Pure Spring Ice,

THE attention of the citizens of Westminster and vicinity is called to my well known Ice Cream and Water Ice. New Machinery has been added and none but the best will be supplied. Private families furnished by the gallon or half-gallon. Special attention given to furnishing Festivals or Pic Nics. Orders delivered in the city or at the railroad station free of charge.

I have 500 tons of Ice from Pure Spring Water and free from all washings from the turnpikes or country roads.

Send orders to Postoffice, Box 14. Those wanting Cream for Sunday should send in their orders by 3 o'clock Saturday afternoon.

J. D. CROWL,
ap-14-6m Westminster, Md.

E. C. YINGLING,

of Pleasant Valley, manufacturer of

ICE CREAM,

having secured the room of Mrs. Harteock, No. 80 East Main Street, Westminster, will be prepared to serve the public with pure Ice Cream by the plate, pint, quart or gallon. Families, parties, picnics and celebrations served in quantities to suit, at liberal terms. Orders for cream to be delivered on Sunday received up to 5 o'clock on Saturday afternoon. Also, orders received for pure spring-water Ice.

ap-21-tf

Mutual Fire Insurance Company OF CARROLL COUNTY.

OFFICE, - - WESTMINSTER, MD.

J. W. HERING.....President.
RICHARD MANNING.....Sec'y and Treas.
J. T. DIFFENBAUGH, Gen. Agt., Westminster, Md
DIRECTORS.

Dr. J. W. Hering, Alfred Zollickoffer, Edward Lynch, David Frugh, Granville S. Haines Granville T. Hering, Dr. Samuel Swope, R Manning, Chas. B. Roberts David Fowble.

jan-21-tf

Magistrate's Office.

I take this method of informing my friends and the public that I have opened an office for the transaction of the duties of a Justice of the Peace in the Haines & Co's building (next door to the store), nearly opposite the First National Bank, and respectfully solicit patronage. I shall also continue the business of Fire Insurance upon very liberal terms, being Agent for the Royal of Liverpool, North America of Philadelphia and Aetna of Hartford, Conn.

GEO. W. MATTHEWS, J. P.
my-8-tf Westminster, Md.

BEST GASOLINE STOVES, cheap, at BABYLON & GILBERT'S.

Select Poetry.

THE LONG WHITE SEAM.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

As I came round the harbor buoy,
The lights began to gleam;
No wave the land-locked water stirred,
The erges were smooth as cream;
And I marked my love by candlelight
Sewing her long white seam.

* * * * *

I climbed to reach her cottage door:
Oh, sweetly my love sings!
Like a shaft of light her voice breaks forth,
My soul to meet it springs
As the shining water leaped of old
When stirred by angel wings.

Fair fall the lights, the harbor lights,
That brought me in to thee;
And peace drop down on that low roof
For the sight that I did see;
And the voice, my dear, that rang so clear,
All for the sake of me.

For O, for O, with brows bent low,
By the candle's flickering gleam,
Her wedding gown it was she wrought,
Sewing the long white seam.

Select Story.

MR. DOWNING'S HAY-MAKER.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

"It is no use, papa—none in the world! I can't help it if you do call me disobedient;" and Edith Ainsworth's pretty red mouth took on a decided pout, and she tossed her brown curls with an air of determination very becoming in the spoiled child of an indulgent father.

"Edith, my dear, do not be unladylike," said aunt Lucy Allen, Ainsworth's fashionable sister.

"Excuse me, auntie. But it vexes me so to be disposed of like a piece of merchandise; as if I hadn't a mind of my own. And I was nineteen last Sabbath!"

"Edith," said her father, "Harry Melville is all that any woman could ask for in a lover—young, handsome, wealthy, and traveled; and his habits are good, too. I have taken particular pains to ascertain about him, and am entirely satisfied with the accounts I receive. Osmond, who was his traveling companion in Europe, says he is the best-hearted fellow he ever met with."

"Oh! I dare say he is perfect! I wonder Barnum isn't after him!"

"Now, Edith, my love," said Mrs. Allen, "don't be disrespectful. I have seen Mr. Melville, and am pleased with him. He has fine eyes, and a very becoming mustache."

"I hate men with fine eyes and mustaches!" said Edith, spitefully.

"Edith, hear me a moment," said Mr. Ainsworth, drawing her down on his knee, "John Melville, Harry's father, was my best friend; and his last dying wish was, that you and Harry might marry at a suitable age; his last dying wish, Edith."

"Papa, dear, don't talk that way. It is impossible for me to love this Mr. Harry Melville; and I will not marry a man I do not love. I know I have never seen him, but I have got such a prejudice against him that I never could overcome it if he should prove to be the Apollo Belvidere come to life. So, please don't urge your little Edie, and say that I shall not be kept at home to meet this dreadfully perfect gentleman, but shall go out to Hadley and pay nurse Downing a visit."

Then she kissed him, and smoothed back his slightly silvered brown locks, and the day was won. Edith Ainsworth was to have her own way this time as usual.

A week later she was put down by the stage-coach at the door of nurse Downing's pretty cottage.

A very charming place it was; and Edith put back her coquettish little black veil, with the white border, and looked around her in delighted surprise. The house was small, with a wide veranda, over which climbed a luxuriant grape-vine. By the door-step bloomed a white rose, and und its shadow a gray kitten was playi peep-o' with its mother; and a cu ning-looking old speckled hen, wi a whole host of yellow chickens, w sunning herself close by.

Far to the north stretched a li of the hills, misty with the distanc a broad meadow lay back of t house, reaching down to the whi thread of a river that looked li silver in the bright sunshine.

Edith felt that she could be ve happy here, away from that odio Harry Melville, whom she would not marry for all the world.

She met with a warm reception from nurse Downing, and the two went out and sat on the veranda, and watched the hay-makers in the meadow as they raked up the swaths of richly scented clover.

By-and-by it was supper-time, and nurse Downing went into the kitchen to set the table for the laborers; and Edith sat on the veranda, and saw the men come up to the pump and wash their faces. They were rough, sun-burned fellows, all but one—and he was sun-burned enough; but still he was different from the others—tall and well built, with curling chestnut hair, brown eyes, and a blonde beard.

She asked nurse Downing who he was.

"Oh! Mr. Downing hired him yesterdey. His name is Jenkins, I believe."

"Jenkins? Oh, horrid!" cried Edith.

"Yes; I knew a man by that name who was hanged once," said nurse Downing solemnly.

After that Edith and Mr. Jenkins met frequently. She had a wonderful faculty for getting into difficulty, and he had quite as wonderful a faculty for appearing just at the right time to rescue her.

Once a cow chased her, and once the turkey-gobbler would not let her pass because she wore a red scarf; and then again she got her dress caught in the brush on the pasture-fence.

But Mr. Jenkins never presumed; and when Edith thanked him for his favors, he had a way of whistling snatches of tunes, which was anything but polite or agreeable.

Edith wore her prettiest dresses, and put rose-buds in her hair every day; but Mr. Jenkins went on with his work as if there were no such things as pink muslin dresses and rose-buds in the world.

So she took to cultivating him. She carried his luncheon into the field, and put flowers in a little white vase in his room, and read him the city gossip contained in her letters from Mattie Torrey, her dearest friend.

But by-and-by, when one of the city admirers, Mr. Fitz Ludlow, came out to visit her, she ignored Mr. Jenkins, and went out riding with Ludlow. On their return, they came through the meadow where Mr. Jenkins was at work. A gate obstructed their progress.

"Here, you fellah!" sung out Mr. Ludlow, "come and open this gate, quick!"

Mr. Jenkins took no notice, but went on with the tune he was whistling.

"Mr. Jenkins, the gentleman asked you to open the gate," said Edith, a little haughtily.

"Oh! did he?" returned Jenkins, with provoking coolness. "I was not aware that any gentleman had addressed me."

"The insolent puppy!" exclaimed Ludlow; "but I will not bandy words with him in the presence of a lady!" and he dismounted and opened the gate himself, while Jenkins went on with his whistling.

After that, Edith was as cool as an icicle, and Mr. Jenkins did not make any attempt to thaw her into sociability. He brought all the wild blossoms he found to nurse Downing instead of Edith; and coaxed the kitten so much that the little ungrateful quadruped never would go to Edith when Jenkins was within call.

One day he came up from the river with a splendid cluster of cardinal flowers in his hand. Only a day or two before Edith had been wishing for some, and now she felt sure these were for her. She ran down the path to meet him.

"Brilliant, aren't they?" said the imperturbable Jenkins, holding them off and gazing at them admiringly. "I promised Mary Devon yesterday that I'd get her some. They are so becoming to persons with black hair, you know."

Edith ground her white teeth together; but her voice was very sweet as she said,

"Yes, to be sure. Contrasts are very elegant."

Then she called the dog, and went singing into the garden, and Jenkins sauntered off [illegible]

[redacted]

"Thank you for your kindness, Mr. Jenkins," Edith said, haughtily: "I am not afraid of a horse. Come, Mr. Ludlow, let us be off."

Jenkins released the bit, shouldered his rake, and went off toward the rye-field, whistling, "Auld Robin Gray."

Edith was cross, and answered all Mr. Ludlow's attempts at conversation tartly. She felt as if she did not wish to be spoken to. She whipped Fairy, and got the beast into a nearly unmanageable condition. When they turned to go back home, Edith insisted on going the Pond road. It was a shorter cut, but considered somewhat dangerous on account of the steep hills, and the half mile of cliffs overhanging the water, and across which the road ran.

Of course, she had her way, and they dashed along, Fairy at the top of her speed, and Ludlow keeping up as well as he could. Just before they reached the most perilous descent on the road, a huge bird swooped down from the trees which bordered the path directly in front of Edith's horse. The animal started and plunged forward. Edith was a good horse-woman, and did not lose her presence of mind, but she realized her danger. Her slight strength was a small check to that headlong speed; and half way down the hill the road curved sharply amid a group of jagged rocks, and she had little hope that she could save herself. She never thought of asking Fitz Ludlow for help; but she uttered an inward cry to heaven for preservation.

And simultaneously Jenkins sprang out of the copsewood just ahead of her, and seizing Fairy by the bridle, was borne along for a few yards before he brought the beast to a dead halt.

"I came across this way to go home," he said, quietly; "and thinking you were riding a little too fast for safety, I took the liberty of stopping you."

"Oh! I thank you—" she began, her face glowing with feeling, but Jenkins cut her short in that hateful way of his.

"Oh! it's of no consequence at all, thank you—not the slightest;" and gathering up his rake, and his striped frock, he climbed the fence and was lost to view.

Edith decided that he was a brute, and made a resolve never to speak to him again. And so when it occurred that Mr. Jenkins ventured any remark to her, she was talking to the kitten, or the chickens, and did not hear him.

In September there was a great storm—the equinoctial; nurse Downing said such a storm had not been known for years. It rained and rained, and all the brooks swelled to rivers, and the river itself become a wild torrent, spreading ruin and desolation all over the lowlands.

Edith was beside herself to go down to the old mill, which stood on the same side of the river as the house. She wanted to see the water boil over the great rocks on the other shore; but Mr. Downing refused to permit her, and Jenkins looked up from his plate, at breakfast, when she urged her plea, and remarked,

"It is dangerous to attempt such a thing, Miss Ainsworth. Herm brook is quite a river now, and you know that must be crossed to get to the mill, and there is only a single piece of timber across it. It would require a steady head to walk that now, I'm thinking."

Edith made no reply, but Jenkins' remarks decided her. She would go now, at any cost. She was a willful little thing, you see, and fond of her own way. So, before the family had finished breakfast, she threw a shawl over her head, and flew down the path to Herm brook. The meadows were very wet, and Edith's dainty gaiters were soaked through, but she would not be deterred by a pair of wet feet—not she.

The brook was a roaring flood, and the frail "string-piece" trembled with every dash of the water. But Edith had a steady head; and with a light step she crossed it, clambered up the rough bank, and reached the mill.

The scene was wild and fearful enough to merit the breathless admiration which prevaded the spirit of Edith Ainsworth. She clasped her hands and gazed silently out at the mad host of waters, which tambled against the old mill, making it quiver and tremble in every ancient timber, and then went breaking into yellow swirls of foam over the sharp rocks below.

Suddenly she felt a severe shock, and turning quickly from the window where she had been standing, she saw that the east wall of the mill had been torn away and was being borne rapidly down the stream. And, even as she gazed, she became conscious that the whole mill was being swept from its foundations. She started forward to make her escape, but it was too late. Already the structure was moving down the stream, for she saw that the great hemlock-tree which had stood close by the west door of the mill, was yards away!

And as she looked back, she saw just in the wake of the mill, half-hidden in the clouds of foam and spray, a human face! The tossing brown hair—the white forehead—she could not be mistaken! She understood it at once. Jenkins had followed her to the mill, had reached the platform just as it was swept away, and now he was at the mercy of the foaming flood.

She ran back to the extreme edge of her confined limits and flung out her silken scarf across the water.

She shouted to him so hoarsely that she hardly knew her own voice.

"Catch hold of the scarf! Quick! I can save you!" She threw her arm around a post of the mill to secure herself, and wound the end of the scarf which she still held firmly around her wrist.

"Do not hesitate a moment! Delay may be fatal!" she called to him.

He lifted his head proudly, his cheeks flushing, his eyes shining.

"Edith," he said, "I can accept aid from you on only one condition. If you do not consent to that, then I tell you solemnly I will drown before you shall help me."

"And that? tell me quickly!"

He did not speak very loud, but above all the roar and crash of the water she heard him.

"Promise to love me and you shall save my life!"

She flushed rosy red, drew back for an instant, and then bent toward him.

"I promise," she said; and, catching the scarf, he let her draw him to a place of safety.

He stepped upon the plank, and took her hands in his, looking down at her with those strangely luminous eyes, and the rare smile which made his face so beautiful. Only a moment thus, and he drew her into his arms and prisoned her lips with kisses.

"My love! my darling! Mine forever! Are you not!"

"Yes, dear——"

"Jenkins, Edith. Say 'yes, dear Jenkins.'"

"Yes, dear Jenkins," she said, obediently.

And the old mill sailed down the stream until it reached the "Birch Bend," and there it lodged against the hollow in the east bank. Jenkins put out a plank, and, after some difficulty, succeeded in getting ashore with his companion.

He got a farmer who lived near where they landed, to take himself and Edith home, where they were received as though they had been dead. Nurse Downing had firmly believed they had both perished in that dreadful mill.

Mr. Jenkins quietly announced his engagement to Edith, at the supper-table; and the next day he went to the city and brought up Mr. Ainsworth and aunt Allen.

And singularly enough, Edith thought, neither of these friends of hers made the slightest objection to having the wedding take place at the end of a fortnight, as Jenkins insisted.

The night before the bridal, Jenkins took Edith to the little grape-arbor at the foot of the garden.

"Edith, my darling," he said, "are you sure, really sure, that you love me?"

"Yes, I am sure."

"Then, if you love me, you will forgive me a little deception. Dear, I am not Mr. Jenkins! I am Harry Melville, whom you resolved to hate so much! No, I won't let you go. I came out here on purpose to win you in spite of yourself. And your father and aunt Allen were both in the plot. I believe I loved you before I ever saw you, and I would not lose you for a mere prejudice of yours. Forgive me, and call me dear Harry."

"You are a wretch!" she said, saucily; "and I would never forgive you in the world if it were not for one consideration—I shall not have to be called by the odious name of Jenkins! That is the only consolation."

Protect the Toad.

BY GEORGE ARNOLD, JR.

The toad declines to stay where he cannot find shelter from midsummer sun. A friend induced this gardener's assistant to dwell among his vines by burying a piece of hollow bark in each hill of melons and cucumbers, leaving one end at the surface and opening to the north. By the second day each piece of bark had at least one occupant, and within a few days there was a small family of toads of all sizes in each dwelling. And there they remained through the summer. There were no bugs on the vines.

A neighbor avoids much fighting of the potato beetles by colonizing toads under an inverted feed-trough in the middle of his potato patch. Examining some 250 squash hills on a showery day I found that about sixty of them contained one or more toads, taking refuge under the bit of board laid by each hill as a trap for the large black squash bug. About eighty hills contained bugs; but in no hill did I find both bug and toad. A short feeding trial showed that if they ever dwell together in unity it is as the lion and the lamb.

Colonel D. D. T. Moore, veteran agricultural editor, is quoted by "*The Hartford Times*" as saying that the most thrifty and contented farmers he ever knew occupied small farms—from ten to one hundred acres.

For the SENTINEL.

LETTER FROM CANADA.

Having made up my mind to take a trip to the much loved land of the absconding bank cashier, Canada, but without the usual accompaniment of spoils, and being an admirer and a visitor on several occasions to your hospitable town, I thought a few lines to your ever live paper, the "SENTINEL," would not be unwelcome, and might perhaps interest a few, particularly if they have any intention of leaving Westminster in a hurry—after a quiet but profitable visit to one of your many banks! Leaving Baltimore in the early morning, via the Pennsylvania railroad, I arrived in New York at noon, and, after taking dinner, started out on a tour of inspection, taking the Elevated railroad to 151st street, passing through the entire length of the upper part of New York city, which is growing quite a wealthy and fashionable suburb, and what was, not many years ago almost a wild stretch of uninhabitable country, overrun with geese, goats and the like. On arriving at the terminus I took the steam cars to High Bridge, some few miles further on, the fare on both roads only being 10 cents. I walked across the bridge and up on the Elevation on the opposite side of the ravine, and on which stands the pump-house and water-tower that supplies the Croton Water to the city of New York. There are several interesting points about this neighborhood, most of which I took a glance at. Returning by the same route down to Park Place, I crossed the city, only about 3 blocks, and took the Cable cars running across the Brooklyn Suspension Bridge, which is a magnificent piece of engineering skill, and, as I turned and walked back to the city, I stopped in the centre to admire it, and was almost dumb with astonishment at the panorama that met my view. But to enjoy and be charmed as I was by it, it must be seen. No words of mine are adequate to a description of its ever varying scences. But being fatigued with my long day, I returned early in the evening to my hotel, and "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," held me in her embrace until it was nearly time to contine my journey north. I took the New York and New Haven railroad at 9 o'clock, A. M., and passing through New Haven, Springfield, &c., &c., we entered the lovely Connecticut river route, passing along its ever winding and mountainous scenery and enjoying it, as only a lover of the beautiful can enjoy. The White River Valley presents to the eye of the tourist pictures of the rarest loveliness; the deep fertile valleys, the gently sloping uplands, the verdant hillsides, the cloud capped summits of the grand old rock-bound hills; all combine to furnish scenery unsurpassed in this country, in peaceful beauty and grandeur. I know of no railway route where more beautiful, impressive and charming scenery can be found than over the Central Vermont railroad and its numerous branches. Fresh surprises greet the traveller on every hand, and as we wend our way over the mountains, through the valleys, over the rushing torrents, past the peaceful prosperous farms, where contentment reigns supreme, along the fertile meadows, beside the loveliest of lakes, and through rocky gorges, the mind is lost in wonder that the skill of man should have placed it in one's power to witness such magnificent panoramas with ease and comfort. At White River Junction we had to change cars and were transferred to the Boston and Lowell express, and so continued our journey, but night coming on, and darkness shutting out my view of the outside scenery I naturally turned my attention to the next best thing, "the study of human nature," and had plenty to occupy me in this line until I arrived, at 11.30 P. M., in the time-honored British Canadian, three-fourths French populated City of Montreal, and drove to the "Windsor Hotel," where I made my stay. Before proceeding further I must say that a more handsome, better managed house of entertainment it was never my lot to encounter. Montreal is one of the most beautiful and attractive cities in the world, built on the broad St. Lawrence river, at the foot of the Lachine rapids, and at the head of ocean navigation, it possesses great advantages as a commercial centre, and hence its public buildings, churches, banks, store houses, &c., are remarkably fine; the natural scenery of the vicinity as viewed from the eminences of the Mount Royal Park is very beautiful and varied; the St. Lawrence and Ottawa rivers on either hand bounding the Island, of Montreal, St. Helen's Island, opposite the city, a fortified military post and public park. In the distance are the Belouih mountains, and the Adirondacks in New York state, while the white foam of the Lachine rapids can be distinctly seen towards the West. Mount Royal itself, clothed with fir, pines, and maples, and decked with flowers and ferns, has so far taken on but few of the artificial adornments of a park, yet its natural sylvan beauty is unequalled by any other city Park on the continent. The panorama of Montreal, at its base, suddenly revealed during the zig-zag drive to the summit, and as suddenly hidden by the dense woods, is in striking contrast to the river and mountain scenery stretching away to the horizon. Parties making a lengthened sojourn in Montreal, will find it abounding in resources of interest and pleasure. The descent of the Lachine rapid[redacted] can be made any morning, by takin[redacted] the train at Lachine at 7.45 o'cloc[redacted] running the rapids and reaching th[redacted] city two hours afterwards. Th[redacted] drives around the Mountain, an[redacted] along the banks of the St. Lawren[redacted] and Ottawa rivers, afford delightf[redacted] views. Montreal is particularly a[redacted] tractive in the winter season; t[redacted] weather is bright and bracing an[redacted] sleighing, skating and tobogganin[redacted] are enjoyed to perfection. Scores [redacted] parties from New York, Philadelphi[redacted] and Boston come here, every winter[redacted] to enjoy the sports and pastimes, and every year increases their number. But I must come to a close now, as I intend to write you again from other points of my journey.

E. Y. L.

KANSAS LETTER.

FRONTIER LIFE, NO. 2.

Now you are alone on the prairie. The days go by. The Sabbaths come and go. No relations come near to cheer you. No churchbell sends its inspiration through the air. The sound of prowling beasts at night becomes familiar. Once a party of hunters passed behind the hill. Were they Indians? Who knows. But you plow, you plant, you battle with the elements, you patiently wait. True you are not bothered with tramps and peddlers. They let you severely alone. It is a matter of secondary importance now how your dress sets. There's no one near to take account of it. A new bonnet is not so much desired as the privilege of going ten miles to hear a hearty sermon, and between times you sigh,

"Ye winds, that have made me your sport,
Convey to this desolate shore,
Some cordial endearing report
Of a land I shall visit no more."

Then you receive the mail from friends far off in the fatherland. This one has died, and that one has died. Others have gone to remote localities and you shall never see them more. They are scattering, departing, and after reading the loving epistles you only feel the more lonely, while the words of Cowper come the more forcibly to mind:

"My friends, do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me?
O tell me I yet have a friend
Though a friend I am never to see."

All alone on the great prairie far off, out in the wilds on Little Pipe Creek! You can plow and plant and hoe and dig. You need no fences. No cattle or hogs of the neighbors bother you. You'd almost love to see a neighbor's dog, but you must bide your time and wait till the tide of emigration sets in. Meanwhile the elements have not forgotten you. You are fanned and tossed, dried up and blown away. The winter blizzard succeeds the summer drouth. The cold pinches and makes the privation harder. The meal barrel sounds hollow and faith is wavering. What's a hundred and sixty acres in this snowfield worth to you now? "Nothing. I'll leave it in the spring. Think of it. Who'd stay here and starve and freeze for 160 acres of snowdrifts? I'll leave in the spring. This country will never be settled up. It isn't fit for a white man to live in anyhow. I'm going to leave."

No, you are not. When the snow melts away in the spring two little mounds lift their heads on the knoll to break your heart in two and tie it down forever. You have planted two little cherubs there. In addition to the Government price, you have paid the price of your sweetest little jewels for your venture, and you remember how the minister came for miles over the prairie and poured a soothing balm so earnestly over your bleeding heart. You rememeer the few scattered neighbors that gathered in from afar and with such touching sympathy aided you to bury the dead and bear your sorrow, and you loved them and you said "I will stay with you. I will not leave my dear departed ones." And to the minister you said, "I have never known before the power and sweetness of the tidings that you bring. Balm to me indeed your words have been; and here on the wilds afar I've found a treasure to my soul." You bathe afresh the little mounds with tears, plant wild flowers on the graves, and settle down to trust and wait till your summons comes, only wishing that you soon may go to join the little lights above.

After awhile, when the settlers begin to gather in and settle around you, and see your pretty piece of land, now furrowed and teeming with a reward for your consecrated labors, and they envy you and ask you how much your land cost you, what will you tell them? After awhile, when the money-lenders and usurers take your home and drive you ruthlessly from the graves of your little ones, and you are banished with tearful eyes and sorrowing hearts from all that earth holds dear; when others are entered into your labors, that have been consecrated by privation and sorrow, and relentlessly bid you depart, and then the question be put to you by the curious, "How much did your claim cost you?" what will you say?

In an old book called Border Life is a picture of "Indians weeping over their children's graves." Driven by the whites from their fatherland they gathered around the little mounds of their children to take a last and final farewell, and hanging their bows upon your labors. But this fair domain shall be mine. Pounds, shillings and pence must lose their potency beside the brawny arm of him who breathes the free air that plays among the folds of the star spangled banner. Therefore, the laborer shall be protected or he shall have an abundant chance to protect himself." This nation will rise up and say that thing for our motto is *Labor omnia vincit*, and "our bosoms are one."

J. L. S.

Minaona, Kas., July 16, 1888.

THE SPIRIT OF DISCONTENT.

From ZION'S WATCHMAN.

The other day we stood by a cooper who was playing a merry tune with his adze around a cask. "Ah!" said he, "mine is a hard lot—driving a hoop."

"Heigho," sighed the blacksmith on a hot summer day, as he wiped the perspiration from his brow, while the red iron glowed on the anvil, "this is life with a vengeance, melting and frying one's self over a hot fire."

"O that I was a carpenter!" ejaculated the shoemaker, as he bent over his lapstone. "Here I am, day after day, wearing my soul away, making soles for others—cooped up in this little seven-by-nine room. Hi-ho-hum!"

"I'm sick of this out-door work!" exclaimed the bricklayer, "broiling under the sweltering sun or exposed to the inclemency of the weather. I wish I was a tailor."

"This is too bad," petulantly cried the tailor, "to be compelled to sit perched up here plying the needle all the time. Would that mine were a more active life!"

"Last day of grace! Banks won't discount, customers won't pay—what shall I do?" grumbles the merchant. "I had rather be a truck, a dog, or any thing else."

"Happy fellows!" groans the lawyer, as he scratches his head over some dry, musty records—"happy fellows!" I had rather hammer stones all day than puzzle my head on these tedious vexatious questions."

For years Indian arrowheads have been found in such numbers on the shores of Bantam Lake, in Connecticut, that antiquarians thought that a battle must have been fought there once. Recently workers digging there found corroboration of the battle theory in the form of bones of men mingled with rare Indian weapons. Apparently the men had been buried in a sitting posture, and one grave, by its unusually large collection of weapons, indicated that its occupant had been a chief or mighty warrior.

A man in Westmoreland county claims to have picked up a live turtle with the inscription "Adam: year 2," engraved on its back. That might easily happen. It doesn't take a boy much longer to carve "Adam: year 2" on a turtle's back, than it does to put on the legend "G. W., 1776."

"Orchard and Garden" characterizes the Blackman plum as "no good." The same paper protests once more against continuance of the costly practice of supplying Congressmen at public expense with free seeds, to be used as bribes for their favorites.

"Ah, Jemmy," said a sympathizing friend to a man who was just too late for the train, "You did not run fast enough." "Yes, I did," said Jemmy; "but I did not start soon enough."

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2900_scm2296-0521