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. 37. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 15, 1888. ESTABLISHED 1833.

## Trustees' Sale

OF A VALUABLE

## FARM!

Saw Mill Property

—AND—

Personal Property.

BY virtue of a deed of trust from Samuel Yingling, William H. Yingling and others to the undersigned, duly executed and recorded among the Land Records of Carroll county, we will sell at public sale, on the premises, now occupied by the said Samuel Yingling, situate on the Baltimore and Hanover turnpike road, about one mile north from Manchester and about three-fourths of a mile from Melrose, a station on the Bachman Valley R. R., and adjoining the land of Willoughby Rhotes, Charles Everhart and others, on

*Thursday, 20th of September, A. D.* 1888, at 10 o'clock, a. m., all that desirable farm, containing

158 ACRES, 1 ROOD AND 16 PERCHES of land, more or less. The improvements are a large Brick Dwelling House, 2½ stories high, large rooms, elegant porches in front; well with excellent water in the yard; large brick summer-house, dairy, ice-house, wood-house, smoke-house, bake-oven, hog-house, large brick bank barn, with two threshing floors, 2 horse-stables, one double and single cow-stable, granaries, wagon-shed attached to the barn; wagon-shed also separate, with ample room for storing machinery, and other necessary outbuildings, such as are needful on a first-class farm; two orchards of bearing apple and other fruit trees; running water at the barn. There is also a good SAW MILL in excellent repair on the premises. About 20 acres is in Timber and about 15 acres is superior Meadow Land. All the buildings are in excellent repair, large and conveniently located; the land is in a high state of cultivation; all the fields are supplied with running water except one. The superior condition of the buildings on this farm, the quality of the land and its location to railroad, public and private roads, market, schools, churches, &c., render it in every respect worthy the attention of purchasers, and any one wishing to purchase an excellent farm is invited to this sale. The buildings, with 130 acres, more or less, will be offered separate, and the saw mill property, with 28 acres, 1 rood and 16 perches, more or less; also separately and as one entire parcel of 158 acres, 1 rood and 16 perches, more or less, with all the buildings, and will be sold in such quantities as above stated, as may appear for the best interests of the parties concerned.

Also at the same time and place the following valuable Personal Property, to-wit: One sorrel horse, one black horse, both good work horses; 2 milch cows, 2 broad-tread wagons and stone bed, hay carriage, one-horse wagon, one-horse spring wagon, reaper and mower combined, "Champion" threshing machine, hay and grain rake, wind mill, lot of shovel and furrow ploughs, 2 harrows, cultivator, 5 sets wagon gears, lead and breechbands; set of buggy harness, hay and bark carriages, cross-cut saw, halter and cow chains, log and fifth chains, jackscrew, turning lathe and chisels, 2 copper kettles, cooking and "template stoves and pipes, 2 iron kettles, and a large number of other articles too numerous to mention.

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.

The property will be shown to persons desiring to view it previous to the day of sale by calling upon William H. or Jeremiah Yingling, who reside a few hundred yards distant from it, or any information can be had in reference to the farm upon application to the trustees at Westminster, Md.

JAS. A. C. BOND,
CHAS. T. REIFSNIDER,
Trustees.

Jacob Hoffman, Auct. John R. Strevig, Cl'k.
aug-18-ts

## Public Sale

—OF A—

## VALUABLE FARM.

BY virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, the undersigned, administrators with the will annexed of Amos Caylor, late of said county, deceased, will sell, at public sale, on the premises, near the Uniontown turnpike, 3½ miles from Westminster, on

*Tuesday, 18th day of September,* 1888, at 1 o'clock, p. m., a valuable farm, containing 160 ACRES, 2 ROODS, 17 PERCHES of land, more or less, adjoining lands of Hon. Charles B. Roberts, John Boyer and others. About 10 acres is good Timber Land and a due proportion Meadow, the balance being arable land in a high state of cultivation, and all under good fencing. The improvements consist of a good two-story Brick Dwelling House, containing nine rooms, with pantries, porches, &c.; large brick bank barn, 60 by 36 feet; with all necessary outbuildings, such as a two-story wash-house, smoke-house, wood-house, good stone spring-dairy, wagon-shed, hog-house, poultry-houses, granaries, &c., in good order.

This is a very desirable farm, the land being productive, and its location convenient to markets, schools, churches, &c., and in an excellent neighborhood. It is well worthy the attention of those desiring to purchase a good farm.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third cash on the day of sale or on the ratification thereof by the Court; balance in two equal payments at one and two years, on notes, with approved security, bearing interest from the day of sale; or, cash, if preferred.

Possession will be given on April 1st, 1889.

Any person desiring further information, can call upon C. J. Hull, residing upon the premises, or either of the undersigned, at Westminster.

DAVID D. BONSACK,
URIAH BIXLER,
au-18-ts Administrators W. A.

## Public Sale

—OF—

## RealEstate

BY virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Carroll county the undersigned, administrator, with the will annexed, of Edward Kinstler, deceased, will offer at public sale, on the premises, adjoining the town of Greenville, two miles north of Taneytown, on

*SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15th,* 188 at 2 o'clock, P. M., a valuable tract of la containing

50 ACRES, MORE OR LESS,

improved with a two-story rou cast Log House, Barn, Wag Shed, Hog House, and other nece sary outbuildings. A never-fa ing well of water convenient to the building large apple orchard. The land is in a goo state of cultivation and enclosed with goo fencing. The property is convenient churches, schools, mills, postoffice, &c., and well worthy the attention of persons co templating the purchase of real estate.

Any further information in regard to t same will be cheerfully furnished by applyi to or addressing the undersigned at Harne Carroll county, Md.

Terms of Sale.—One-third of the purcha money to be paid to said administrator, W. A on the day of sale, or on the ratificatio thereof by the said Court, and the residue two equal payments, the one payable in s months and the other payable in twel months from the day of sale; the credit pa ments to be secured by the bonds or sing bills of the purchaser or purchasers, with su ficient security, bearing interest from the d of sale.

BENJAMIN F. BOWERS,
aug-25-ts Administrator, W. A.

## FURNITURE MANUFACTURE AND UNDERTAKER.

O. M. HITESHEW, as agent, Uniontown Md., resumes the manufacture of Furniture as formerly. Carries in stock all classes of Undertaker's supplies. Bodies Embalmed and preserved any length of time. sep-1-3t

SALE BILLS, and all kinds of Job Printing done at this office, on reasonable terms.

## Select Poetry.

### A CONFESSION.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

Do you remember, little wife,
How years ago we two together
Saw naught but love illumine life
In sunny days or winter weather?

Do you recall in younger years
To part a day was bitter pain?
Love's light was hid in clouds of tears
Till meeting cleared the sky again.

Do you remember how we two
Would stare into each other's eyes,
Till all the earth grew heavenly blue
And speech was lost in happy sighs?

Do you another thing recall,
That used to happen often then:
How, simply passing in the hall,
We'd stop to smile and kiss again?

Do you remember how I sat
And, reading, held your hand in mine,
Caressing it with gentle pat—
One pat for every blessed line?

Do you recall how at the play
Through hours of agony we tarried?
The lovers' griefs brought us dismay;
Oh, we rejoiced when they were married.

And then walked homeward arm in arm,
Beneath the crescent moonlit new,
That smiled on us with silent charm:
So glad that we were married too.

Ah me, 'twas years and years ago
When all this happened that I sing,
And many a time the winter snow
Has slipped from olive slopes of spring.

And now—oh, nonsense! let us tell;
A fig for laugh of maids or men!
You'll hide your blushes? I'll not. Well—
We're ten times worse than we were then.

## Select Story.

### HIS NIECE NELLIE.

Mr. Will Hammond was apparently reading the morning paper. He was in reality thinking of Pretty Rena Browning, and wondering if he would ever have the courage to tell her how passionately he loved her, when his sister, Mrs. Tom Stevens, came rushing into the library with an open telegram in her hand.

"Will!" she cried, in a sharp voice.

The dreamer sprang to his feet, and his face reddened guiltily, for he was one of the most bashful of men; but at last he managed to say,—

"Well, May?"

"I've just got a telegram from Tom. Bernhardt plays "Theodora" to-night. It's her farewell performance, and he wants me to see her. I'm to take the ten fifteen, and meet him at the office. The railway communication is so wretchedly poor that we'll have to remain in the city over night. The last train leaves for Glendale before the theatres close."

"Hope you'll enjoy yourself, May," said Will, with an ill-concealed yawn.

"Oh, I shall be sure to; but—I have a favor to ask of you, Will."

"Well?"

"We can't take Nellie, of course, and I want you to take charge of her."

"Me! Why, May, I don't know any more about children than the man in the moon does about the Irish question."

"Nellie is no bother at all. Nurse will give her her supper and put her to bed. All you'll have to do will be to amuse her."

"Me amuse Nellie?" he cried, in a tone of irony that was lost upon his sister.

"Yes. You'll find her easily entertained; and if she cries for me you must sooth her. I hate to steal off from the angel, but the carriage is at the door, and I am all dressed. She is busy with her playthings now, and it may be an hour before she will require your attention. Now be a good boy, and keep Nellie's thoughts diverted from me."

She wafted a kiss to her brother on the tips of her pink fingers, and tripped away, not hearing or not heeding the agonized groan that burst from his lips.

If there was one thing that exceeded Will's bashfulness in the presence of pretty Rena Browning, it was the unmitigated terror with which he regarded his niece, Nellie, who was bad-



She had already captured his riding whip, and although his soul rose in rebellion, the imperiousness of Nellie carried the day, and he trotted out on the lawn, trying in his awkward way to imitate a prancing horse, all the time feeling very foolish and angry with circumstances, himself and his juvenile tyrant.

She soon tired of this sport, however, and asked for a story. Seating himself on one of the rustic benches on the lawn, he took her on his knee and told her all he could remember. He was fond of story telling, and with her golden head nestled on his shoulder, and her innocent blue eyes looking into his, he began to think his task was not such a hard one, after all.

"May's baby talk has ruined the child," he said to himself." If you treat children like grown persons, it is no trouble in the world to manage and amuse them."

He had just finished an exciting story about a fairy princess and a valiant prince, and Nellie's eyes were humid with the wondering thoughts the story had conjured up.

"Uncle Will," she asked suddenly, "do you love that pretty lady what come to see mamma yesterday?"

Will's face flushed scarlet.

"What put that idea into your head, Nellie?" he asked.

"Because," she answered, gravely, she told mamma about you just what I think."

"And what was that?" he asked, with quickened interest.

"That you was so amoosin'!"

"Oh, I am, am I?" and Will burst into a sarcastic laugh.

"Do you tell her fairy stories sometimes?" persisted Nellie.

"Well—hardly."

"Then I don't see how you amoose her."

"Nor I."

"Well, pretend that I'm her, and that you talk to me like you do to her."

"Indeed!"

How had he talked to her? He hardly knew, for the speeches that he had rehearsed until he knew them by heart, he could never remember at the critical moment, and the story of his love had remained untold.

"Uncle Will," continued his inquisitor, breaking in on his thoughts, "was the story I heard you saying to yourself yesterday the one you tell her was so amoosin'?"

"What story?" he cried, feeling very uncomfortable.

"This one."

Slipping from his arms, she fell upon one knee on the grass and extended her dimpled hands with an appealing, love lorn expression on her baby face, so close an imitation of his own position, expression and gesture, that a savage light at being made fun of came to his eyes.

"Get up, Nellie!" he said, sharply.

"Dear Miss Rena," she prattled on; "I love you. I have loved you for months. Be my wife. I will devote my life to your happiness. Rena, darling, smile upon me, for I—"

"For Heaven's sake, stop, child!" cried Will, in wrath.

"I'm only tellin' your story."

He caught her up with such force that she began to cry.

"There, there, Nellie!" he said, soothingly. "I didn't mean to hurt you. Come, we'll go down and look at the white chickens, and you shall play with them."

"Oh, my!" she cried, clapping her hands, and the tears vanished.

She skipped along by his side, clinging to his hand as they walked along toward the poultry yard. To tell the truth, Will Hammond began to have a mortal fear of his niece, and he exerted himself so much to please her that she declared again and again that it was the most splendid day she had ever seen.

When dinner was over, the nurse took Nellie off for her afternoon nap, and Will reclined in a hammock, stretched on the porch, to smoke his cigar and dream of Rena Browning. He fell into a doze, and was aroused by a merry peal of laughter that caused him to spring from his hammock. He stared about him, and there on the lawn, not twenty-five yards from the porch, were his niece Nellie and



bit of acting of yours that was quite Romeo-like."

There was not a flush on her face as she raised her soft gray eyes; but his face was scarlet with mortification. He had never before been aware of any homicidal tendencies in his nature; but at that particular moment he could have strangled his niece, Nellie, with great pleasure. He glared at her so savagely that the poor child's lips began to tremble.

"I was only amoosin' her, Uncle Will," she faltered.

What could he say? What apology could he make? He tried to think, but his thoughts were all confused. He knew he had been placed in a very rediculous light, and it was perhaps with the courage born of desperation that he stepped quickly forward and caught Rena Browning's hand in his.

"It was not acting, Rena," he said, unsteadily. "I was in dead earnest, and these were the words I would have spoken could I have plucked up the courage. If you were the Juliet, what answer would you make?"

"I don't know," she said, blushing, her hand trembling in his.

"Would it have been yes?" he said, bending towards her.

"I—I think so," she whispered, and he caught her in his arms.

Mrs. May Stevens thoroughly enjoyed the play. Her pleasure was increased by this telegram, received by her husband before leaving the office:

"Congratulate me. R. has accepted. Thank little Nell for bringing it about. Bring her the handsomest doll to be found. I'll pay for it. WILL."

### THE ROMANCE OF A RING.

From Toledo Blade.

A few months ago a traveling salesman named Woods, who was a guest of the Boody House in this city, was sitting upon the sofa in his room, absorbed in reflection. While carelessly running his hand behind the upholstery in the sofa he felt a small finger ring, which he drew forth and discovered to be a gold finger ring with a diamond setting. He knew enough about diamonds to observe that the stone was a gem, exquisitely cut and perfect.

He naturally began wondering how the little treasure found its way into so remote a place, and after considerable thinking came to the conclusion that it had either been hidden intentionally, or that it had slipped from a finger of the owner—evidently a lady, for it was a lady's ring—while she had thoughtlessly been playing with the upholstery in the same manner. He looked for initials or a name in the ring, but found nothing that would lead to the identity of the owner. He went to the office and inquired if a ring had been lost, but the clerk had heard of none, and upon inquiry no one else was found who knew anything of it.

The next morning, Mr. Woods was preparing his toilet before the dresser when he noticed the letters "M. C. F." and the date "Sept. 17" delicately cut in the bevel of the mirror. He thought nothing of it at the time, but shortly afterward the idea entered his mind that the initials might possibly be those of the owner of the ring he had found. They were certainly cut by a diamond, and it was reasonable to suppose that they were carved with the very ring he had found. Anyhow it was interesting. From the clerk he obtained the register for last September and looked through the list of names for one, the initials of which were M. C. F. Nothing satisfactory was found. He asked for the register for the September previous, and after a little search it was procured. Under the date of Sept. 16, he saw the name, in a lady's handwriting, "Miss May C. Fowler, Madison, Wis.," and she was assigned to room 45, the very one he had occupied.

Then he was certain that this young lady was the same who had engraved her initials on the mirror. The doubt still remained if she was the owner of the ring he had found.

His first intention was to address a letter to the lady named, but as he was going to Chicago and Milwaukee he concluded to run over to Madison and investigate in person.

He did so. From the city directory he found several addresses of Fowlers and noted them in his order book. He selected the address of Russel M. Fowler, attorney at law, judging that attorneys, as a rule, being men of wealth, their daughters would more likely wear diamonds than those whose parents were newspaper men or followers of other callings.

He presented himself at the residence and asked if Miss May Fowler was at home. He received an affirmative reply, and was ushered into a room where the young lady was sitting with her father, who was reading a paper.

Woods introduced himself, and asked Miss Fowler if she had ever lost a diamond ring. After hesitating a moment, she said:

"Yes, sir. I lost one two years ago on a visit East. I don't know where, though."

"Were you ever in Toledo, Ohio?"

"Yes. I stopped there over night while on my trip, and waited until the next morning for papa. You remember, don't you, father?"

"Quite well," the lawyer replied.

"Where did you stop?" asked Woods.

"I don't remember the name of the hotel, but it was in the centre of the city, and was the leading house in town. It was about two blocks from the river."

Mr. Fowler then eyed Woods suspiciously and asked why he was so inquisitive.

The drummer replied by handing the young lady the ring and asking if it was hers.

"Oh, the very same," was the reply. "Where did you get it, Mr. Woods?"

Woods related the circumstances as recorded above, and concluded with the remark that he hoped Miss Fowler found as much pleasure in obtaining the ring as he had derived in following the little mystery.

Mr. Fowler gave himself up to a hearty laugh, at the same time thanking Woods for his kindness and remarking that it was one of the cleverest pieces of detective work he had ever seen. As a criminal lawyer he had observed many of them, too.

Woods was invited to remain for dinner and he did so. He made himself very agreeable, and succeeded in creating a favorable impression. He was cordially invited to call again if he ever happened to return to the city.

About three weeks later, he found himself in Madison again on his return trip from the West. He was well received by the Fowlers, and was introduced by them to some of the best people in Madison.

It was nearly three months before his next trip in that vicinity, and he was surprised at the anxiety he seemed to feel to accept the invitation he had received to present himself at the Fowler mansion.

But what is the necessity of saying anything more? It was the most natural thing in the world for the young people to fall in love with so romantic an introduction. And they did.

And to-day Miss Fowler's name is changed to Mrs. Greene Woods.

### Interesting Petrifactions.

About half a mile from the village of Brooklyn, Susquehanna county, Pa., on the farm of Harvey Tewksbury, laborers have been at work some time in making an excavation for stone. Nothing unusual was discovered there until one day, when the fossiliferous remains of some very large animal were found, and near them fossilized portions of a human body. What is peculiar about the find is the location of these fossils, within a stratum of shelly rock and earth, with solid flagstone rock above and below them.

The feet and part of the legs, and what is taken for the head of the large animal, indicate that they belonged to a creature somewhat resembling a rhinoceros. The portion of the human body found are the trunk, with the neck almost entire, and the arms broken off at the shoulder.

### A Living Barometer.

From Brooklyn Eagle.

Frankford, Pa., has what might be called a living barometer in the shape of a live tree frog. The little fellow dwells in a glass jar, two-thirds filled with water, that stands on a shelf in the bar of a hotel. Inside the jar is a little ladder of ingenious construction. When the weather is dry and fair the little fellow crawls up the ladder and gazes pensively at the bar room loungers, but when his intuitive power tells him that a rain storm is coming he dives to the bottom of the jar and stays there till the sun shines again. His movements are made twenty-four hours in advance of the change in the weather and he is considered an unerring barometer.

### As Few Fixings as Possible.

An authority on raising fowls declares that there should be as few "fixings" as possible in the poultry house. The roosts, nests, and dust boxes should be movable. Every piece of wood that crosses another serves as a hiding place for lice. Have only enough nests to suit. Too many nests are in the way. One nest for four hens is sufficient. Fill the poultry house with sun-light, and allow all the space on the floor possible, but in order to do this, do not crowd it with useless material that serve only as harbors for lice.

For the Sentinel.

### UP THE HUDSON.

BY AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.

The Hudson River has been famous in song and story for more than a century, and if one takes the steamer of the New York and Albany Day line he realizes that everything is being done for the comfort of those who wish to view the historic waterway. We go aboard at Vestry street in order to to get a view of New York from the Hudson River side and in twenty minutes are at the Twenty-Second Street Pier where a stop is made for up-town folks to get aboard. It is Saturday and many propose to stay over the next day at West Point, Newburgh, Poughkeepsie, Rhinebeck or Albany. You may stop for three hours at West Point, or go on further till Newburgh is reached and there remain one hour and three-quarters till the down boat comes along, or go through to Albany as you may desire. The amount of baggage on board may be compared to a cargo of cotton. There are all the usual types to be met with—the boy in Knickerbockers, who is looking for Rip Van Winkle; the lovers, who live in an atmosphere of their own, and the touring pilgrim who is on the lookout for "sights" and who wishes to have verified his theories regarding this noble river—said theories being made up from much Washington Irving, less E. P. Roe, and so on. Belonging to this latter class and having neither sentimental or material appendages—being neither on a courting trip nor vexed with baggage—we could study the human genus all around us and watch the bank on either side. Before leaving Twenty-Second Street Pier we went up to the hurricane deck to see if George W. Cable had correctly described a steamboat leaving her pier. Yes, it was just as he has said in "Dr. Sevier." "The gong clangs in the engine-room; the walking-beam silently stirs; there is a hiss of water underneath; the gang-plank is in, the wet hawse ends whip through the hawse holes;—she moves; clang! goes the gong again; she glides—or, is it the crowded wharf that is gliding? No! Snatch the Kisses! Rush on board! Adieu! Adieu! She's off! Huzza! She's off!" And by one of those strange anachronisms of language that floor a foreigner, the steamer is *off* and at the same time is *on* her way up the River. As we are passing New York Island all eyes are turned in looking for Riverside Park. It is reached and among other objects may be seen a building which, from the steamer, looks more like a country bake-oven than anything else. Above it from a tall staff floats the flag of our Country. "What government property is that?" asks some one—recalling the fact that the government appears to enjoy a monopoly of displaying the flag. "What do you mean?" "Why, where that flag is waving?" Why, that's Grant's tomb." Instantly there is a hush, as all take a long lingering look at the resting-place of the hero of Appomattox. We are reminded of that historic group in the Eden Musee depicting the surrender of General Lee, in which the "Silent President" holds such a conspicuous posture. Fitting is it that he should sleep here on this great island—the greatest city of the country that he served so long and so well, both on the field and in the executive chair.

But the steamer is on its way while patriotism pauses, and the end of the great island comes at length. Spuyten Duyvil, the scene of the great railroad disaster "on the road that Vander-built" is given more than a mere glance. Yonkers is at hand, but one does not get a thoroughgoing idea of the town from the waterfront, and as our boat does not stop till West Point is reached, we must rest content with a glimpse here and there and a mental retrospect thrown in. We can see and hear the trains running along on the banks. On the east side is the New York Central, whose President, Chauncey M. Depew, has carried a bee in his bonnet buzzing for the Presidency of a much greater corporation of Territories and a District. The west side is traversed by the West Shore Railroad.

"There's Tarrytown!" screams some one and we march over to the side of the boat and stare away steadily at the little country borough amid the hills. Here Andre was captured and one reads with a feeling of pride of how his captors repudiated all attempts at bribery, valuing their own and their country's honor more than dollars and cents or pounds, and pence as the case might have been in those days. There is a monument here which is "surmounted by the statue of a minute man, gun in hand, with an eager, alert look upon the clear-cut features." The inscription upon the base tells us that "On this spot, the 23rd day of September, 1780, the Spy, Major John Andre, Adjutant General of the British Army, was captured by John Paulding, David Williams, and Isaac Van Wart, all natives of this county. History has told the rest." This capture prevented, according to the best authority—that of General Washington—a severe stroke against the cause of liberty, the capture of West Point by the British. Here Andre was hanged, his last words being those of courage itself: "All I request of you gentlemen, is that you will bear witness to the world that I die like a brave man." Arnold, the Iago of the little drama, was not punished except upon the rack of a traitor's conscience. We are told that his last words were: "Bring me, I beg you, the epaulets and sword knots which Washington gave me. Let me die in my old American uniform in which I fought my battles. God forgive me for ever putting on any other." A tree formerly stood upon the site occupied by the monument, and upon it Andre is said to have been hanged. But there is another spirit abroad here. Under the historic tree, now almost a tradition, "the heart of the unfortunate Ichabod Crane sank into his boots" as he approached the haunted precincts, "as he wended his way to Sleepy Hollow, after the quilting frolic at Baltus Van Tassel's farmhouse." For it was here in Tarrytown that the genial Washington Irving lived for many years, and here it was that his fancy ran riot and peopled these hills, dales and nooks with an elfish throng who came and went at his bidding. Here he lies buried, his tomb being easily found because pilgrims have beaten a path to it from the cemetery gate. Here is the pretty little Gothic church where he worshipped, upon the north side of which is a tablet to his memory. He it was who made this noble river famous the world over. He was certainly the American Goldsmith, and like that great Irishman his pure English is beyond compare. In babyhood the hand of Washington was laid upon his head, and for him was he named, and here at Sunnyside came from his pen that "Life" of the greatest American which was indeed a tribute of patriotic love. One is tempted to linger here, but what use is it? Irving's fame is secure beyond all peradventure, and he sleeps on the same bank with the great General whom he would have also loved to celebrate in majestic prose had they been contemporaries. As it is, General Grant waits for some one to do for his fame what Irving did for Washington and Columbus.

While we have been poetizing Peekskill is reached and passed; and "Anthony's Nose" has been rounded. The railroad tunnel really gives the impression of a nostril on either side of the promontory supposed to resemble a human nose. In the distance on the Western shore rise the Catskills. The steamer is now swinging into the wharf at West Point. More historic memories are aroused. Recollections of men who have carved their names in marble might be given, *ad libitum*. The view here is simply superb. Again we are on our way. These mountainous hills are all full of memories. Yonder is Storm King, and nestling a little further up the the river is Newburgh, and across the water is Fishkill. Our boat puts into the Newburgh wharf and we go ashore to visit Washington's headquarters. This little town is well worth a visit. The grounds around the headquarters command a view of the river for miles, and the sagacity of the Revolutionary leader in choosing it as a base of operations is at once manifest. After registering our name, at the urgent importunity of the officer in charge, we "do" the building. As true Americans we climb to the top story and pry into everything within reach and sigh for things above and beyond us. We handle the teapot and camp kettle from which Lafayette drank like any other human being; we sit in Washington's chair; around and about us on all sides are enough relics of the olden time to satisfy the most intense lover of the antique. In an outbuilding may be seen the old wooden and iron framework and chain that was stretched across the river a few miles below this point to keep out the redcoats. It does not look old enough but it is undoubtedly genuine. There are also relics here of the Civil War; a monument in the grounds is in memory of both Continental troops and Boys in Blue from the country round about. One coming from a Southern clime is oftimes surprised at the manner in which the two wars are blended in the hearts of the people at the North. "The times are ripening for a lasting peace," but let it be a peace with honor, and let the heroes of both wars have their meed of praise and honor. The visitors to the Headquarters are a study. They are not allowed to lunch in the venerable building but scattered through the grounds may be seen groups refreshing the inner man and the inner woman, and as you approach you can hear them discussing American history. The children have the best of the argument, as they are fresh from the study of the Revolutionary period.

We wander about the town, get lost, just get back to the wharf in time to get on board the boat coming down the river, and are on our way Southward. The trip down the river is uneventful. The magic of Irving is abroad again. The drowsiness of sleepy Hollow is over all. The beautiful river is more charming, if possible, than ever, and with confused memories of Irving, Boucicault and Joseph Jefferson we glide away into unconsciousness. We sleep, if not for twenty years for as many minutes at least. We journey in this way till the New York Pier is reached, when we rush ashore to catch a train on the New York, Lake Erie & Western Railroad and are whirled away into New Jersey to be flayed by mosquitoes. As we sit in the cars we sum up thus: Whether he be on his way to Canada with doubtful record; or whether he be on an idle, vagabond tour, the man who does not remember his first trip up the Hudson is "fit for treason, stratagems and spoils."

LAMARTINE.

### Practical Results for Temperance.

From New York Tribune.

Three counties in New Jersey have voted to close up the liquor traffic entirely. Thus the Local-Option law, which the misguided allies of the liquor saloons who call themselves Prohibitionists have denounced as a cheat, has already borne fruit in practical and permanent gains for the cause of temperance in three counties, whose aggregate population in 1880 was about 100,000. All the agitation of political Prohibitionists for many years, in all parts of the United States, has not resulted in so much solid gain for the cause of Prohibition as the Local-Option law in New Jersey has already accomplished, and yet General Fisk has the temerity to declare the law a humbug and a deliberate deception. Is it not General Fisk's third party which is the deliberate deception, helping the saloons while crying temperance?

Cumberland county voted in August 1,750 majority for no license; the county is Republican, and gave 1,024 plurality for Mr. Blaine in 1884. Salem and Warren counties voted on Tuesday, Salem 997 majority for no license, and Warren about 900 the same way, after a very exciting struggle. Salem is a close county, which gave only 158 plurality for Mr. Blaine. Warren is a Democratic stronghold which gave 2,149 plurality for Mr. Cleveland. Making Prohibition the basis of a political movement, the St. John-Fisk party polled just 1,202 votes in these three counties out of 24,000, or one vote in twenty, and at that rate of progress might have been expected to do some practical thing for the people in the latter part of the next century. A Republican law has enabled the people to vote for no license without distinction of party, and the results are reached already.

Yet the political Prohibitionists are striving in these same counties and others in New Jersay to elect Democrats to the Legislature by running separate candidates against the Republican nominees. Every Democrat so elected will be pledged to his party to vote for the repeal of the law under which these results have been attained, and the Democrats and liquor men know that their only chance of carrying the Legislature for that purpose is in the running of separate candidates by the political Prohibitionists. Is it not time for every true friend of temperance in New Jersey to see that he has no right to be thus used as a cat's-paw by the liquor interest?

### Farmers Saving Garden Seeds.

The question whether farmers can profitably save seed for their own garden planting must depend upon circumstances. One thing is always certain. The best seed, however secured, is cheapest in the end. As a rule, farmers do not give the care to preventing admixture with other varieties that the best seedsmen do. In a small garden the different varieties of melons and cucumbers grown near together are necessarily unreliable for producing seed. On the other hand, the careful farmer can save out a certain portion of his early pea patch, and reserve the earliest for seed, with the advantage of securing greater earliness in the after crop. The same is true of tomatoes, corn and other vegetables. If the first of these are used or sold, and only the last saved for seed, it is safer to buy seed of some reliable seedsman.

Sunflower seeds are a valuable food for horses and cows as well as for poultry. An occasional half pint placed in a horse's or cow's feed will prove of great benefit in regulating bowels and making digestion more active, not to mention actual increase of flesh. A half-pint twice a day for two or three weeks is said to be good treatment for the heaves.

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