AMERICAN SENTINEL.

VOL. 55, NO. 38.

WESTMINS[redacted]URDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 22, 1888.

ESTABLISHED 1833.

FERTILIZERS

FOR

WHEAT AND RYE!

The season for seeding Wheat and Rye is at hand and we have at various times called the attention of farmers to the many advantages they will have by getting their Fertilizers from us, and we would say that we always have it on hand. No house can show you a greater variety of Fertilizers.

CALL AND EXAMINE OUR SAMPLES.

The following are some of the Brands we sell:

Our No. 1 Ammonia Bone, at $29.00 per ton.

Our No. 2 Dissolved Raw Bone Phosphate, at $23.00 per ton.

Our Royal Compound, at $21.00 per ton.

Our Alkaline Bone, at $20.00 per ton.

Our High Grade Bone, at $26.00 per ton.

Whitelock's Vegetator.

Baker's No. 1 Bone.

Lorrentz & Rittler's Pure Dissolved Bone.

Pure South Carolina Bone, Kainit, Tankage, and all Chemicals for mixing any formulas Desired.

Very Respectfully,

N. I. GORSUCH & SON.
Westminster, Md.

jul-14-3m

EXCURSION

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF

BURNS POST, NO. 13, G. A. R.,
OF WESTMINSTER,

TO

GETTYSBURG

ON

THURSDAY, OCT. 11, 1888,

At which time the monuments erected by the State to Maryland troops engaged in the battle at that place will be dedicated.

The Governor and Staff and all the State Militia have been invited and there will doubtless be a large number of them present. The Fifth Regiment M. N. G. has accepted and will have 300 men in line, with its full Band and Drum Corps.

FARE FOR ROUND TRIP.—Mechanicstown, Graceham and Loy's, $1.25; Double Pipe Creek and York Road, $1.20; Frederick Junction, Middleburg and Union Bridge, $1.15; Linwood and New Windsor, $1.10; Medford, Emory Grove and intermediate stations, $1.00; Arcadia, Hampstead and Greenmount, $1.00; Lineboro, 95c. Children under 12 years of age half fare.

The time-table will appear later.

By order of
COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

sep-8-te

EXCELSIOR
COOK STOVES!

ALWAYS SATISFACTORY!

EIGHTEEN SIZES AND KINDS.

All Purchasers Can be Suited.

MANUFACTURED BY
ISAAC A. SHEPPARD & CO., Baltimore, Md.
AND FOR SALE BY
Babylon & Gilbert,
WESTMINSTER, MD.

oc-8-1y

A DESIRABLE FARM
AT PRIVATE SALE.

The heirs of Robert D. Gorsuch, deceased, offer at private sale, for the purpose of closing up the estate, that valuable farm situated on the road leading from Westminster to Mount Airy, containing 180¼ ACRES OF LAND, 20 acres in TIMBER. Improved with good Brick Dwelling of 10 rooms, large Bank Barn, outbuildings of all kinds, in good repair. One of the best watered farms in the county. Terms easy. For further particulars call on or address

SARAH A. GORSUCH,
or E. B. GORSUCH,
Warfieldsburg, Md.

aug-18-8t

SEED WHEAT!

"BREITSTEIN FULTZ."

THIS is an improved variety of the well-known Fultz Wheat, the result of ten years' careful cultivation and selection. IT IS WARRANTED CLEAN.

The large yields per acre from this Wheat, during past seasons, as well as this season, on my farm, is the best practical evidence of its value for seed.

Price, $1.10 per measured bushel, cash.

Apply to H. WIRT SHRIVER,
Union Mills, Carroll Co., Md.

se-8-3t*

Notice to Those Having Land for Sale.

THE undersigned offers his services to those having land for sale, and believes, from experience had, he can be of service in dividing up and putting in shape for sale to advantage of parties wishing to dispose of lands, especially frams near towns or cities.

E. LYNCH,
Westminster, Md.

ja-28-tf

EXECUTOR'S SALE
OF A
VALUABLE FARM
AND WOOD LOTS
In Myers' District, Carroll County, Md.

BY virtue of the last will and testament of Abraham Nusbaum, late of Carroll county, deceased, and by virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of said county, the undersigned, surviving executor of said deceased, will sell at public sale, on

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1888,

at 1 o'clock, p. m., on the premises, that valuable farm situated on Big Pipe Creek, in Myers' district, Carroll county, Md., on the Stone Road, about 8 miles from Westminster, the county seat, about 6 miles from Littlestown, 1½ miles from the village of Silver Run and about 3 miles from Schue's Station, on the Pennsylvania Line railroad, and adjoining the mill property of James E. Dudrer (formerly Grove's Mill) and the lands of Absalom Leppo, Samuel Myers, Jesse Lemon and others, containing

195 ACRES OF LAND, MORE OR LESS.

The improvements are a large two-story rough stone Dwelling House, with back building (1½ stories high), laid off in fine rooms, well finished and ventilated, in good condition and well located, with a good cellar under the whole house; a large bank barn, lately built and finished in the best mechanical order and well laid off; hog-house, smoke-house, and all other necessary outhouses. There is a pump of pure water at the door and a good rough stone dairy with spring of excellent water near the dwelling. About 70 acres of this farm is covered with prime White Oak, Hickory, Oak and Chestnut Timber that cannot be surpassed in quality. About 30 acres of this land will be laid off into wood lots averaging from 3 to 5 acres.

Said farm is under good fencing and in a high state of cultivation, is laid off into fields of convenient size and well watered, Big Pipe Creek flowing along one end of the farm. There is running water in every field, and the farm has lately been well limed. There is a due proportion of meadow land which produces heavy crops of timothy and other grass. There is also a fine orchard of apple and other fruit trees on the premises.

A plat of these wood lots will be exhibited on the day of sale. It will be offered as one entire parcel, or said lots separate, and will be sold as may be determined best for the estate.

The above is one of the most desirable farms in the district, the superior quality of the land and its convenience to market, mills, schools, churches, &c., making it a most desirable property in all respects.

Any person wishing to view the said property previous to the day of sale will please call on George Eckerd, residing on the same, or the undersigned, surviving executor. The sale of the above property will be positive as it must be sold.

Terms of Sale as prescribed by the said Court:—One third part of the purchase money to be paid to the said surviving executor on the day of sale or upon the ratification thereof by the Court, and the residue in two equal payments, the one payable in one year and the other in two years from the day of sale, the credit payments to be secured by the bonds or notes of the purchaser or purchasers, with approved security, bearing interest from the day of sale.

CHARLES E. NUSBAUM,
Surviving Executor.

Wm. Brown, Auctioneer.
J. Wm. Earhart, Clerk.

au-25-ts

Executors' Sale
OF A VALUABLE
SMALL FARM.

BY virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, the undersigned, as Executors of the last will and testament of Jacob Yon, late of said county, deceased, will sell at Public Sale, on the premises, on

Tuesday, the 25th day of September, 1888,

at 1 o'clock, p. m., that valuable small farm, of which the said testator died seized and possessed, lying in Uniontown district, one mile and a quarter north of Uniontown, near the road leading from said place to Taneytown, and containing

69 ACRES OF LAND, MORE OR LESS,

of which 12 acres are woodland, covered with heavy oak, hickory and other very valuable timber; and the residue arable land, in a good state of cultivation, with a due proportion of meadow, and under good fencing. The farm is well watered, and has an abundance and variety of fruit.

The improvements consist of a large double two-story Dwelling House, built partly of bricks and partly of logs weatherboarded, in good repair, and sufficiently commodious for two families; a log barn, wagon-shed, corn-crib, smoke-house, dry-house, hog-pen, and other necessary outbuildings, including a large brick dairy, with a constant and abundant flow of pure fresh water piped to it from a never-failing spring, one of the finest in the county.

This property is convenient to churches, schools, stores and markets, and lies in the immediate vicinity of two mills. It is in all respects a very desirable property for any one wishing to purchase a small farm.

Persons who may contemplate purchasing this farm can view the same by calling on George Himiller, who resides thereon. For further information call on or address the undersigned executors, at Union Bridge, Carroll county, Md.

Possession will be given April 1st, 1889.

The Terms of Sale as prescribed by the order of the Orphans' Court are as follows:—One-third of the purchase money to be paid to said executors on the day of sale, or on the ratification thereof by the said Court, and the residue in two equal payments, the one payable in twelve months and the other payable in eighteen months from the day of sale; the credit payments to be secured by the bonds or single bills of the purchaser or purchasers, with sufficient security, bearing interest from the day of sale.

HANNAH S. GARNER,
JASPER C. GARNER, } Executors.

se-1-ts

[redacted]

Personal Notice.

CONTRARY to the false reports circulated by persons known by me, that I am locked up and unable to attend to business, I am still Undertaking and engaged in the Furniture trade. I give special attention to Embalming bodies. Friends and patrons can always find me at my residence in Uniontown, Md.

O. M. HITESHEW, Agent.

sep-15-2t

Registered Alderney Bull for Sale.

GENTLE and quiet—has cut all our chop feed on "Tread Power" for the past two years. Also two Tread Powers for sale. Apply at SENTINEL Office, or to

BOX 71,
Uniontown, Md.

se-8-3t*

Notice to Creditors.

ALL persons indebted to M. Senft will come forward and settle their accounts with the Trustees, and all creditors will file their accounts at once.

LAWRENCE ZEPP,
JOS. A. WAESCHE,
Trustees.

sep-8-3t

SUNNYBANK FEMALE SELECT SCHOOL
Reopens September 17, 1888.

Address MISSES A. & C. MERING,
Linwood, Carroll Co., Md.

sep-8-3t*

JOB Printing such as Sale Bills, Posters, Books, &c., printed at short notice at the SENTINEL Job Office. Orders solicited.

Select Poetry.

SUNSET.

BY JULIA E GOODWIN.

The wild bird sings its vesper song
Which, clear and strong,
Upon the night air's fragrant breath
Is borne along.

The shadows deep and deeper grow;
The winds are low;
The distant mountain-tops have caught
The western glow.

Between the clouds of crimson dye
That deck the sky,
There bursts a light from shining realms
That further lie.

O glory of the dying day,
Fade not away,
But send us, from yon golden heights,
A parting ray!

O day, whose hours were fraught with care,
How wondrous fair
Your close, so full of quiet peace
And beauty rare!

May life's last sunset be as bright,
As filled with light,
Till, in its glory, all earth's cares,
Are lost from sight.

—SPRINGFIELD (MASS.) REPUBLICAN.

Select Story.

Blossoms Changed His Life.

From CHRISTIAN UNION.

"Oh, Frank, how lovely this air is! How I pity the people in the city! To think anyone should live in a city from choice!"

"I wouldn't damp your enthusiasm, Kate, but, after all, a man does not see much of the country; he is only like a chicken which comes home to roost, and everyone does not delight in catching the train twice each day—I can't say I'm quite reconciled to it myself. But I must be off! Good-bye, both of you," and giving his young wife and little daughter a parting kiss, Mr. Travis ran for the train, whose warning shriek could be heard in the distance.

Kate Travis lingered on the porch. It was her first experience of a whole year in the country, and every day brought new delights. She had discovered "pussy-willows" down by the brook, and had learned how warmly Dame Nature blankets the tender grapevine leaves. She had found the shy violets' and anemones' favorite hiding-places, and decked her little home with laurel, and revelled in the delights of lettuce and raddishes of her "own raising." This particular May morning was a day in which the mere fact one was alive was a joy, and as the young wife looked at the fleecy clouds, the hillsides bright with rye, and the orchard one mass of lovely blossoms, she sighed for very excess of happiness.

"I wish I had given Frank a branch of apple-blossoms—they would have brightened up that dreary office," thought Mrs. Travis. She, like the rest of us, often had these after-impulses, but somehow this one would not be shaken off. Kate Travis was not a superstitious woman, yet such a burning desire to send her husband some of the bright, delicate blossoms grew upon her that she feared to resist it. Just before the starting of the next train, a happy thought struck her, and, donning her garden hat, having hastily gathered three or four beautiful sprays of the blossoms, she hurried to the train. Yes, Jack Dorset was there—he took the later trai quite often, Kate thought, regretfull for she knew by many little signs th Jack was not quite so attentive business, not quite so true and man as he had been.

Jack, on his side, watched t bright, eager face as it came ne "That Travis is a lucky fellow," thought. "After all, what a fool fellow is to waste time or money cards and theatres!"

"Oh, Jack!" exclaimed Kate, breat lessly—"I beg your pardon, Mr. Do set! Could you drop into my hu band's office and give him these blo soms? This branch is for you."

Jack had only time to sieze t flowers and call out his thanks for h share before he was whirled away that relentless fate—the train.

There were two reasons why Ja Dorset had taken this later trai though even to himself he acknow edged but one—that, as business w slack, it was just as well to sleep little later this spring weather. B hidden far out of sight was another reason and Jack had not been well seated when that reason became apparent.

"Hello! Thought you'd be on this train. Come along in the smoker; we're just making up a hand."

"No, thank you," said Jack, with a decision that surprised himself quite as much as his comrade.

"Why, what's up? Turned rusty? Come, you'll have your revenge on me to-day. I shouldn't wonder if you won enough to have a lark to-night."

The perfume from the apple-blossoms had given Jack a wonderful pleasure, not unmixed with bitterness, [redacted] of stale tobacco and liquor seemed unbearable. Jack fairly blushed with manly shame.

"No, no!" he said; "I'll have none of that sort of thing this morning," and, with a sudden realization of his own helplessness and this bad fellow's power over him, Jack deliberately walked over to old Deacon Taft and seated himself by him.

The deacon was surprised. Young men did not take much to him. Perhaps he knew he was, at times, the mark for their jokes. But the flowers helped matters.

"Them's beauties, I do declare," said the deacon, "and I'm glad to see a young fellow like you think enough of 'em to carry 'em to town. Why, I remember when a flower just changed my hull future."

"Tell me about it, Mr. Taft," said Jack, with a sense of having escaped from imminent peril.

"Wa'al, I don't know as I've told a person about Mary's rose in years, and ef anybody had told me five minutes ago that I'd ha' been telling it to you, I'd ha' just laughed at 'em, 't would seemed that ridikerlous. But seein' them apple-blossoms has brought it all back mighty strong, and I feel sorter drawn to you, Jack Dorset, seein' you with 'em."

Jack felt almost as if he ought to make some disclaimer; yet surely he deserved some credit for turning from temptation, After a few moments the Deacon began:

"I was a boy about fourteen—I s'pose you think old Deacon Taft has been country born and bred; but at that time I'd never seen the country; never seen grass I could tromp on; never seen birds 'cept in cages; never seen anything—I was goin' to say—but misery, dirt and poverty. But then, that wouldn't be true, for there was one lovely thing before my eyes, night and morning, and that was my sister Mary. She was a beautiful girl, but she'd been sick for a long time, and so, though she did all she could, she couldn't do much more than keep herself sweet and clean. Mother had died when I was a baby, and I suppose it was the hard work and father's drinking that had sickened the poor girl. But I was tellin' you about that day. It was a hot June day. Father had been special hard on us, and the last thing he'd done was to get me a place in a drinking-saloon, where there was a lot of gambling goin' on, too. My boy, you're an innocent, well-brought-up young fellow," (Jack lifted the mass of blossoms to his face, and their delicate pink seemed reflected in his cheeks,) "but if you ever knew what I know of the wickedness that cards and liquor may lead to, you'd not wonder at the old deacon's 'narrowness.' Well, as I was a-sayin', my father'd found me the place, and I'd been at it for just a week. That Friday evenin' I was to be paid, and I had a great plan in my head. Mary was just crazy over flowers. A missionary lady had brought her a bunch once and again, and the way she doted on 'em was just surprisin'. Dear, dear, how often I've thought of Mary when I see the youngsters pull-

[redacted]

rose-bush!"

"I guess I looked mighty airnest, for they both looked at me, and then the man said: 'Yes, bubby, I sold it yesterday afternoon. But there's other flowers—this man's just bargaining for me to buy some of his'n.'

"'Are you so fond of flowers, sonny?' said the strange man.

"I told him I wanted the rose for my sister, who was sick, and then I had told Mary how pretty the rose was, and, though she didn't know I was to get it, I'd meant to buy it—I'd borrowed the money from Tom 'cause I wouldn't be paid off till midnight.

"'Midnight! A little fellow like you!' exclaimed the big man. 'And where do you work till midnight?'

"'At the big saloon around the corner,' I said. 'I ain't so young—I'm fourteen!'

"'And working in a saloon? What does that sister o' yourn say to that?' said the big one.

"'She feels mighty bad about it. She cries and cries. But I tell her I wouldn't drink, not if they killed me, nor I won't play cards; and to-night I'll have three dollars for Mary.'

"The groceryman had gone to another customer. The big stranger stood lookin' me over for a minute or so, and then he laid his hand on my shoulder and said: 'How'd Mary like you to live on a farm, sonny?'

"I told him that that was just what made Mary feel so bad. A lady had told her to pray about everything, and Mary had prayed and prayed that I might go to work on a farm—as if there were farms in New York City!

"'Now, see here, sonny,' said the man, 'you just look in that covered wagon and pick out the flowers you'd like for Mary, and then tell me where she lives, and I'll go and see her.'

"You'll believe I stepped up to that wagon pretty lively. It was just full of roses—little pots and big ones. But I hadn't a minute to spare, and I pulled out a beautiful pink rose that made me think of Mary's cheeks at night, and told him where we lived; and then I just flew around the corner. I was late, and the man was mighty cross. The police had been in the night before, and I got hard words and some blows, but I didn't care—Mary would have that rose! I haven't time to tell you how the men took a fancy to make me drink that evening, and how my own father, half tipsy as he was, helped 'em on; but at last it was time for me to leave, and I asked for my pay. Jack, just think how I felt when that saloon-keeper told me my father had taken my pay in liquor! I was stiff and sore—I had been up late for seven nights; and now I hadn't a cent for Mary!

"Dear, dear! How it all comes back to me! Well, I got home somehow, and crept up softly, hoping she was asleep but she was sitting up in bed, her cheeks like the rose by her side and her eyes shining. I just threw myself on her bed and cried—though I was a boy—and she had sense enough to let me. But pretty soon I began to listen to what she was saying and she certainly had news. The big man was coming for me the next day and I was to live at his house. He hadn't chick nor child and his wife would be glad to have a boy around, besides his needing help.

"Well, the long and the short of it was, I went and I stayed; and when the dear old man and his wife died, they treated me like an own child and left me all."

"And Mary?"

The Deacon wiped his face as if it were a June day instead of a May day.

"Mary? Mary was like these here blossoms—too tender and delicate to last long. Yet perhaps the fruit has come in place of the blossoms—I wouldn't ha' been much use in this world if it warn't fer Mary."

Jack sat silent looking at the blossoms. Was not fruit coming from that far-off life even now? Another life was changed that day by means of a flower—only a blossom picked before it could fructify, but shall we say "What a pity!"

From that day Jack Dorset dated two friendships. Before long Deacon Taft knew the story of another flower, for Jack confessed to the old farmer his progress on the downward road, and how a branch of apple-blossoms had stopped him, while Kate Travis and her husband learned to look for Jack's coming as one of the simple pleasures of their quiet home, little dreaming how God-given was the impulse to send the apple-blossoms to town.

◆

"Why can't they make these dummies more lifelike?" said a facetious chap halting with a friend in front of a clothing store and slapping a figure a vigorous blow on the cheek. The "dummy turned suddenly let fly his left, and knocked the facetious chap off his pins. The latter concluded that the dummy was a little too lifelike.

◆

In a paper recently read before one of the English associations of engineers, the writer asserted that according to the present methods of dealing with the motive power of the steam engine, only some 20 per cent. was made available, 80 per cent. of the energy developed in the furnace being thrown away.

◆

Most sea captains are called "jolly old salts," but some of them are rather peppery.

ARTIFICIAL LANGUAGES.

Every cultivated language shows more or less of art in its construction, but it is unconscious art. Some recent attempts to frame a universal language are made without any concealment of artifical contrivance. The inventors of these strange tongues seem to take pride in their ingenious schemes.

Readers have seen numerous notices of Volapuk, one of the candidates for universal favor. The name illustrates well the formation of the language. It is formed from the German *Volk*, people, and the English word, *speech*. The material is taken chiefly from English, French and German, but the parts are worked down a good deal before they are put together again.

It may not be so generally known that already several rivals to Volapuk have appeared. The most prominent of these is *pasilingua*, which differs from the former in taking its material from the Greek and Latin languages. Its name is compounded of the Greek *pas*, all, and the Latin *lingua*, meaning tongue or language. The name indicates a language for all, or the language of all; almost a perfect synonym for Volapuk. A comparison of the two tongues will show wherein they differ. Thus: What o'clock is it? is in Volapuk: *"Dup kimid vinos?"*

In Pasilingua the question is: *"Quota horn er al?"*

Where do you live? is in Volapuk: *"Kiplace lodens?"* in Pasilingua: *"Ubi habitirs tus?"*

Not even do these two complete systems have the field all to themselves. A more recent dialect, for that is what it is, appears under the name *Spelin*. Some explanation may be needed to show that this name is formed from Pasilingua, and has nothing whatever to do with spelling. The syllable *lin* represents in a more lazy way than *lingo* the word *lingua;* but *pe* is a slovenly representation of *Pas*, and the prefix *s* as a sign of a collective noun is no improvement upon the methods of the most highly inflected languages.

There is still another system devised ed for universal use, which is called *Lingualumina*. This name is clearly descriptive, and means the language of light. Whether it really possesses any light of its own depends upon the acquaintance the person who uses it may have with the languages from which its elements are taken.

In fact, here is the difficulty with every one of the systems proposed. Those who devise them are familiar with all the languages upon which they draw for material, and to their view the meaning of their speech is plain; but those who know only one language find it requires about the same study to learn Volapuk, for example, as to learn a foreign tongue. While these experiments are being carried on, it is encouraging to note that the English language is gaining ground as rapidly as ever.

◆

Ben Hardin's Big Dog Speech.

Ben Hardin, the Kentucky lawyer, was an orator possessed of such skill in moving the hearts of men that very few who had heard the beginning of one of his speeches had inclination or ability to leave before its conclusion.

He once hit upon the ingenious device of describing the conversations which had taken place among the dogs of the town about his client's adversary and the opposing witness. This speech occupied the greater part of the day.

A farmer's wife, living in the country, had sent her negro boy to town on an errand, with orders to return as soon as it was completed. The boy, however, did not appear again until nightfall, and his mistress, out of all patience, asked her husband to take him out for a whipping.

The master, intending to comply, thought he would, nevertheless, hear what the negro had to say in self defence.

"I'll tell you how it was, massa," said the boy, "I went to town, and was starting home, and I heard Mr. Hardin speaking. I put my head into the court house door, just to hear what he was talking about. He was telling what some dogs had said, and I got to listening, and the first thing I knew it was night."

"Well, George," said the master, "If that was what was keeping you, I shall have to let you off this time. I was caught by that same dog speech myself."

◆

Water which circulates or stands in leaden pipes or vessels, not only takes up particles of lead through mechanical action due to friction, but attacks the metal, the result of this being generally lead carbonate.

◆

The most confirmed old salt on the sea may be fresh when he gets ashore.

A Peculiar Target.

Four Europeans who had been out after tiger in the Maimensing district were returning at the close of a long day, and had almost reached the factory where they were to dine and pass the night, when the Captain ordered a halt. "The "line" at once pulled up, and he said: "I hate seeing loaded rifles taken into a house [it was the old muzzle-loading days], more especially where there are children. I propose that we fire ours off." "All right," said another, "but we have not had a shot all day; what do you say to a 'pool?'" "There's nothing to fire at," observed a third. "There's that ghurral," said the Captain, pointing to an earthen vessel which some ryots who were working at a little distance had as usual brought their day's supply of drinking-water in. "Good," said the fourth, "but, what with bad light and the distance, it's by no means an easy shot. I propose we each put a chick on." "How shall we decide as to the order of firing?" said one. "O," replied the Captain, generously, "commence at your end of the line." The mark was by no means an easy one to hit, for the distance was well nigh a hundred yards, the guns smooth bores, and the light that deceptive kind which one gets just between daylight and dark. But, on the other hand, the hunters were exceptionally good men, and excellent shots, either of whom could hit a running deer from the back of an elephant twice out of three times. "Fire away," said the Captain. No. 1 grazed the right side of the vessel, and it was thought must have hit it. No. 2 went just over it. No 3 went a little to the left. "Thank you, gentlemen," said the Captain. "I'll trouble you for those twelve rupees." He raised his gun as he spoke, and the next moment the jar was covered with earth; the bullet had cut the ground beneath it. Presently the vessel was seen to wriggle, and then to kick, while a feeble cry proclaimed it to be a baby. Consternation was depicted on every face. The elephants bolted, the Sahibs jumped down and rushed to the spot, the parents running from the opposite direction. The little mite hadn't been touched, and was carried off by the father and mother with great rejoicing. They also took the "pool" along with them, and right glad the Sahibs were, under the circumstances, to part with it.

◆

The Story of Annie Laurie.

From Geneseo (N. Y.) REPUBLICAN.

I was raised on the next farm to Mr. Laurie, Annie Laurie's father. I was personally acquainted with both her and her father, and also the author of the song. Knowing the facts, I have been requested by my friends to give the benefit of my knowledge, which I have consented to do. Annie Laurie was born in 1827, and was about seventeen years old when the incident occurred which gives rise to the song bearing her name. James Laurie, Annie's father, was a farmer who lived and owned a large farm called "Tharaglestown," in Dumfriesshire, Scotland. He hired a great deal of help, and among those employed was a man by the name of Wallace to act as foreman, and while in his employ Mr. Wallace fell in love with Annie Laurie, which fact her father soon learned and forthwith discharged him. He went to his home, which was in Maxwelton, and was taken sick the night he reached there, and the next morning when Annie Laurie heard of it she came to his bedside and waited on him till he died, and on his deathbed he composed the song.

◆

No Straddle is Possible.

The Mills bill declares for—

Free trade in lumber, which we produce to the value of three hundred millions of dollars annually;

Free trade in wool, of which we produce over three hundred millions of pounds annually;

Free trade in salt, of which we produce nearly forty millions of bushels annually;

Free trade in flax, hemp, jute and other fibres;

Free trade in cement, potash, lime and brick;

Free trade in meats, game and poultry;

Free trade in vegetables, peas and beans;

Free trade in marble and stone;

Free trade in at least one hundred other articles produced in this country, most of which would be produced in sufficient quantities for home consumption if properly protected.

This bill is supported by nearly every Democrat in the fiftieth Congress; is approved unanimously by the National Democratic convention at St. Louis, and yet—"No Democrat in this country desires free trade."

ADULTERATED SPICES.

From New York MAIL AND EXPRESS.

"Rice flour and white meal can be mingled with white pepper in reasonable quantities and experts in spices can not detect it," said a leading grocer to a reporter. "In fact, there is no trade in which adulterations for pecuniary profit can be carried on more profitably and with less chance of detection than in spices. Terra alba, a fine marble dust, is exported from Italy to this country in considerable quantities to mingle with white pepper. Mustard mixes with sago flour, rice flour, and a bit of aniline coloring without detriment to the appearance of the mustard. Treat the mixture with iodine and you expose the adulteration; but the average consumer of mustard is not apt to apply that test. The German and French mustards are an interesting mixture. They are compounded of cracker dust, mustard, cayenne pepper, white vinegar, oil and sugar flavoring. Old crackers are sometimes baked brown, then ground into dust and mixed with ground cinnamon and nutmeg, and the whole is sold for nutmeg at a price that drives pure nutmegs out of the market.

"Ground pepper is frequently sold for less money than the unground article, which makes the naturally suspicious suspect at once that the ground goods are loaded with pepper dust, which is made from cocoanut shells or buckwheat hulls, charcoal, white meal and mustard bran. Lack of taste is as desirable, in an adulteration of spices as adaptability of color. For that reason the cocoanut shell, ground up very fine, is desirable. Venetian red, salt and white meal can be ground together and made into a valuable addition to cayenne pepper. A dull, red pepper, exported from Africa, is often heavily adulterated with that mixture. It is worth only about 10 cents a pound when pure, but when well adulterated it can be sold to a green dealer and a green trade for genuine Natal pepper, worth from 25 to 35 cents a pound. You can buy ground ginger at almost any store for 7 cents a pound, when the unground article commands 10 cents for the same quantity. That means that the goods offered for 7 cents a pound is a mixture of white meal, starch, cayenne pepper and manilla rope flavored with ginger. The grocery trade, especially the country people, want to see the ginger fibres, and the ingenuity of the dealer supplies them the form of threads of manilla rope."

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A Chinese Romance.

From Chi Nan Fu comes these stories which illustrate Chinese life. First is the marriage of the daughter of the Governor, Chang Yao. Years ago, when his excellency was an official of much less importance, he became acquainted with a person of the rank of prefect, who had a son who seemed worthy of being engaged to his daughter. Since then the prefect died, while Chang Yao advanced from one position to another, until by a rare fortune he has become the Governor of Shantung.

The one family became poorer and poorer, while the other gained a relish for pomp and wealth, ease and honor. The intended son-in-law being urged by personal friends, appears at last at the Governor's yamen. Being dressed in unseemly costume, he was ignored by some, but at last got his letter in to the Governor. The Governor seemed to forget the plan of the past, but in due time came to the conclusion that it was better to follow out the engagement than bring himself into disrepute. A house was secured, and in a few days—now a week ago—the marriage occurred. All the inferior officials appeared ready with presents, and now the young man is higher up in the world. Such is a romance of Chinese life.

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Portable electric lights, arranged to hang on a button of one's coat and a parabolic reflector to concentrate the light, with storage batteries weighing one and a half pounds each, are made to enable persons to read in railroad cars by night.

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The surface of the Mediterranean has been found by accurate measurement to lie a little below that of the ocean, it resembling somewhat a shallow funnel with greatest depth coinciding with the region where the water is most salt.

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Professor Daniel Kirkwood points out that seven of the twenty known comets of short period have disappeared, either by breaking into fragments, like Biela's comet, or by the transformation of the orbit.

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Cats are the poets of the lower animals—they alone cultivate the mews.

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

Many farmers who have planted orchards on hill-sides have spent much time resetting and doctoring. Able writers say that a hillside where the water runs off quickly is the very place for the worms to hatch their young.

A garden trowel, or a round stick about one and a half inches in diameter, and about one foot long, with a cross-piece fastened on top and the other end well sharpened, is a very convenient implement for making the holes in which to set the plants.

To secure good seed corn for next year the farmer should begin while the corn is growing to make observations. He should note and mark all prominent stalks, as the early maturity, vigor and prolificacy are as important as the germination of the seed.

It is a Southern fashion to cook green corn in the husk, and I have never eaten any more delicious. Remove only the coarse outer husks, leaving on the inner ones. Strip these down so as to remove the silk, then tie them in place again and boil. Serve with a bowl of melted butter and season well with salt and pepper.

Do not be tempted to grow two plants on the space that should only be occupied by one. An extra undesirable plant becomes a weed, and when the two are of the same kind they injure each other more than if of different species, as they demand the same food from the soil and must struggle with each other.

Vaseline makes a very clean, odorless application for light harness, riding bridles, saddles, etc. After giving it a chance to dry in, go all over the surface with a rag dipped in the white of an egg. This gives it a waterproof coating that will last for some time and prevents the oil from staining the hands or clothing. Have the leather perfectly clean before oiling.

The digestive organs soon get out of order when grain is fed to the exclusion of grass or bulky food. This is true of all classes of stock and also of poultry. It is better to feed hay alone than allow a surfeit of grain, especially in summer. A variety of food promotes digestion and prevents disease. It is also more economical to give a variety, as less food is then required.

Caramels: One and half pounds sugar, one cup of cream, one tablespoon butter and half cake of sweet German chocolate. Mix all together in a stewpan and cook, stirring frequently until done. Just before pouring it out of the pan, flavor with vanilla or lemon. Pour into a buttered dish, and before it gets perfectly cold, cut into squares by running a knife up and down the dish. It will break nicely when cold.

Parched rice is very good in the case of bowel troubles. Roast it to a nice brown, as you would coffee, throw into salted boiling water and cook rapidly until done. Rice water for a drink is made by stirring a tablespoon of rice flour, wet with cold water, into a quart of boiling water. Season with salt, let it get very cold and flavor with lemon juice or nutmeg, sweetened to taste.

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A Plain Tariff Lesson.

E. P. in MAIL AND EXPRESS.

Last summer, in Brussels, Belgium, I stood watching some skilled blacksmiths welding a steel car spring such as we see on all our freight trains. When I asked a strong fellow how much he got he wiped the streaming sweat from his brow on his shirt sleeve and said:

"I get 50 cents a day."

"Is it enough to support you?" I asked.

"I have a wife and five children," he said, sadly, "and we do not starve."

When I asked the proprietor of the machine shop, an hour afterwards, why he didn't pay those skilled men more, he said:

"Because I'm handicapped. I sell my car springs in America, and when I get into New York harbor with $100 worth of car springs I have to salute your American flag and give up $50 as duty. I only get $50 for what your manufacturer gets $100.

"Where does this $50 that you pay as duty come from?" I asked.

"Why, it comes from my men's wages. That is why I can only pay 50 cents per day, while you Americans pay $1.50."

"But suppose our government should take off this tariff and let your car springs come in free?" I asked.

"What!" he exclaimed, "and let me receive $100 where I now get $50?"

"Yes, that's it."

"Why, I'd flood you with car springs. I'd double my works here. I'd fill New York harbor with them," he continued enthusiastically.

"But would not this break up our workmen who are getting a dollar and a-half a day for making these same car springs in America?" I asked.

"Yes, it would break them up for a while, but—"

"But how long would it break them up?" I interrupted.

"Why, sir, until they were willing to work for 50 cents a day like our men."