S. Kann, Sons & Co's.

FALL

Announcement!

WE BEG TO DIRECT YOUR ATTENTION TO OUR LARGE, NEW AND VERY DESIRABLE STOCK OF

FALL AND WINTER GOODS,

WHICH WE HAVE NOW READY FOR YOU. THE INCREASE IN OUR BUSINESS THE PAST YEAR ENCOURAGED US TO NOT ONLY ENLARGE OUR STOCK FOR THIS SEASON, BUT ALSO TO PUT IN A HIGHER AND MORE ATTRACTIVE GRADE OF ALL THE LATEST AND MOST CORRECT STYLES IN GARMENTS AND DRESS GOODS.

Our Stock of Ladies' and Gents' Furnishings

Is also replenished with everything new and desirable in that line.

Carpets, Oil Cloths, Rugs,

And sundry other articles for domestic use, are also newly replenished.

THERE'S HARDLY ANYTHING IN OUR LINE THAT YOU CANNOT BUY RIGHT HERE AS WELL AS YOU CAN IN BALTIMORE OR PHILADELPHIA AT EVEN LOWER PRICES, FOR WE ARE NOT UNDER THE EXPENSE THAT LARGE CONCERNS IN LARGE CITIES ARE, AND WE AIM THIS SEASON TO STILL FURTHER REDUCE.

This season we'll sell you a very fine quality of

Silk-Finished Henrietta at 45 cents.

These you'll find in every conceivable shade that is new and desirable.

All-Wool Ladies' Cloths,

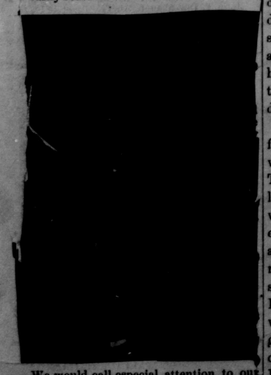
full 36 inches, in all the new shades, only 40 cents.

A Lot of 42-inch All-Wool Plaids,

Decidedly stylish this season, only 50c.

Lots of 6¼ lb. White Blankets

large size, we'll give you at $1.69. These are wonderful values. Lots of Double White Blankets will be sold as low as 88 cents. No one need go blanketless this winter at this price. Lots of fine all-Wool Blankets—Red, Blue, Gray and White—at a scale of prices that is easily reached.



We would call especial attention to our new stock of

Ladies' and Misses' Wraps and Jackets,

in all the new styles. Lower prices were never made on finer garments.

S. KANN, SONS & CO.

POPULAR STORE,

11 E. Main St., - Westminster, Md.

AMERICAN SENTINEL.

VOL. 55, NO. 39. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 29, 1888. ESTABLISHED 1833.

Select Poetry.

Give Us the True American.

Air: "Mary Kelly's Beau."

BY HARRY J. SHELLMAN.

I.

The peoples' voice is calling loudly from the Pine Tree State;
'Tis echoed from the prairie lands and from the Golden Gate,
It's heard to speak from Chesapeake and from the great lakes' shore;
It's censed to be a still, small voice—it's grown to be a roar.

CHORUS:
O, give us Harrison, the patriotic one,
The soldier true who wore the blue until the war was done;
The people now are calling, their voices joined as one,
"Give us the true American; oh, give us Harrison."

II.

The people want a candidate who'll ever faithful be
To rights of all Americans, upon the land or sea;
Who will not bully Mexico; in Africa back down;
Or sell us out to Canada for fear of Britain's crown.

III.

The people want a President, a bold, home ruler true,
Who thinks all men should have their votes, and have them counted, too;
Who'll strive to have the people all, wherever they may be,
Have equal rights before the law, and equal liberty.

IV.

They want a man for President who does not ask release
From loyalty in time of war, to rule in time of peace;
And one who thinks the veterans' work was nobly, bravely done,
And who will sign the pension bills for those who victory won.

V.

We want no red bandana, no British free-trade flag;
Give us our country's banner; tear down the foreign rag;
We stand for home protection to the workmen of the land;
Let those who wish for pauper wage go seek a foreign strand.

VI.

We want a man for President who's smart enough to know
The meaning of, and to enforce, the doctrine of Monroe;
One who can sympathize with all beneath oppression's ban,
Yet never cease to be, and is, a true American.

VII.

Remember, oh, remember! Hark to the peoples' call
For equal laws, for equal rights before the law, for all;
And ever keep the motto boldly waving in the van—
"Our flag, our faith, our candidate, are all American."

CHORUS—Then give us Harrison.

—INDIANAPOLIS JOURNAL.

Select Story.

FOUND IN AN OLD RUIN.

The Singular Adventures of Paul Limace.

From Cincinnati Inquirer.

When the widowed mother of Paul Limace died, her uncle and aunt, Mons. and Mad. Gozlin, adopted the little orphan. They lived away down in Bourgogne, France, near the town of Thoissey, on the bank of the Saone. They were well-to-do people, owned a finely-stocked farm, and had no children of their own. Paul was the only relative they knew, so they took great care of Paul, and saw that he had a fine education. When he grew up they put him in care of a pious cure, who prepared him to enter a seminary, for he was to become a priest. A very rigid and correct training had Paul, and he did well with his books and promised to become a learned cleric.

This went on until he was twenty-one. He was five feet ten, well built, healthy and good-looking. For some time he had made up his mind never to enter the clerical profession, and, as soon as he attained his maturity, he told his uncle and his aunt of his determination. They were in a dreadful way over what they considered Paul's defection from piety, and tried hard to dissuade him from his purpose. When they utterly failed they renounced him and told him to depart and shift for himself.

Paul's mother had left 5,000 francs, and he demanded and received what was left of it—675 francs. Then he started to Paris to make a living. He was innocent as to the ways of the world. When he reached the great city he hired a room and read the advertisements in the newspapers. He applied for many situations, but did not succeed. Finally he saw an advertisement which directed those who desired genteel employment and good pay to call at a certain place. Thither went Paul, and found that the advertisers were Richat & Co., who described themselves as commission agents.

Mons. Richat was a short, pompous gentleman, with a large display of shirt front and cuffs, and a clean-shaven face. He sat in the rear of the two rooms used by the firm. Mons. Bichat, the other member of the firm, was a tall young man, with elegant manners and a lovely mustache. He did the talking and received all comers. It struck Paul that it was rather singular that two gentlemen with names so very much alike should have come together into partnership—Richat and Bichat—but still it made no unfavorable impression on his mind at the outset.

After explaining that Paul's occupation—if they came to terms—would consist in copying papers and depositing moneys in the bank and drawing them therefrom Mons. Bichat said:

"So you see that the position is highly responsible, and in view of that fact we shall pay you liberally—one hundred francs a month. Observe: at the end of each month; that is how we pay. Observe further: to show your readiness to fall in with our usages it will be needed for you to deposit with us a certain sum, which at the end of three months will be returned to you."

Mons. Bichat turned to a pile of banknotes and counted them. Paul mused for a moment and then said:

"How much would you require?"

Mons. Richat went on counting the notes and took no notice for several seconds. Then he said:

"Ah, Pardon! How much did you say you could deposit if we employed you!"

Paul was just going to reply that he had named no sum, but he thought that, perhaps, it would be better to allow the gentleman to believe that he was mistaken; and so he replied:

"I think I might deposit two hundred francs."

"A small sum," Mons. Bichat said. "A small sum. Let me speak with my senior."

Mons. Bichat retired into the rear room and stayed there fully five minutes. When he returned he begged Paul to write from dictation, which he did. Then he gave him a column of figures to add and a sum in interest. Once more he retired to the rear room and did not return for fully fifteen minutes. On coming back, he said:

"We have agreed to engage you for three months at a salary of one hundred francs a month, paid as before stated, on your depositing with us the sum of three hundred francs."

Next day Paul came with the money and went to work. A man with a very red face came bouncing into the room about midday and asked for M. Richat.

"What is that!" asked M. Bichat.

"A note made by Francois Richat is protested, and I desire to see the gentleman," said the man.

"Francois Richat! That is very strange," said M. Bichat. "Who sent you hither?"

"I was told this was his business place."

"A mistake. My name is Francois Bichat, and I never made a note in my life."

The man examined the note and Monsieur Bichat and departed. This incident set Paul to thinking. Something happened the next day more singular still. In answer to an advertisement a gentleman came to borrow six hundred francs on security. He deposited some jewels, and signed a note for the amount also. Paul drew up the note. Monsieur Bichat said he would go inside for the money. Presently he returned, holding a paper in his hand all covered with ink.

"You will have to draw and sign another note," said Monsieur Bichat; "my partner, by accident, upset the ink over this one."

Paul saw at a glance that it was not the note which he had drawn, as it was on blue-lined paper, while the paper which Monsieur Bichat held in his hand was white.

"That is not the note," said Paul, innocently; "it was on blue paper."

Monsieur Bichat was evidently confused, and gave Paul a glance that would have come with effect from a brigand.

"Let me see," said the gentleman.

But Monsieur Bichat was too cunning to do that, and, after examining the paper, said:

"Well, now, Paul, you are right. What a funny mistake to make?"

Then he went in and brought out the genuine note, and began to explain how the mistake had occurred.

"By the way," said the gentleman, taking the note and examining it, "you might make the amount 80[illegible] francs. The three diamonds I have deposited are worth ten times this sum. Just look at them again."

Monsieur Bichat took the case out of his desk and examined the jewels. The gentleman took the case and held it to the light. Then he put it into his pocket, saying:

"On second thoughts I don't think I will borrow the money."

Then he tore up the note and went to the door. He stood with his hand upon it, and said:

"That little trick to get two of my notes into your possession didn't work."

With that Monsieur Bichat turned upon Paul like a wild animal robbed of its prey.

"That is your fault, you accursed whelp!" he exclaimed. "Get out at once and never return. I have lost over three hundred francs on this transaction, and I will keep what you have deposited towards making my loss good. Get out!"

And he seized the chair and rushed upon Paul, who would have fought and taken the consequences if Monsieur Richat had not appeared from the inside room and made a rush at him. Paul seized his hat and left the place. He informed the police the next day, but when he went to the number of the street, which he had carefully entered in his book, there was no such person as Monsieur Bichat or Monsieur Richat, and when he pointed out the right place and found the very offices, an old lady was seated in the back room directing circulars, and in the front room an old gentleman was painting lithographs.

Paul tried hard for several days to get employment, and then, as his money was nearly all gone, he determined to go back to Bourgogne and see whether an old college friend couldn't help in some way. He had money enough to carry him as far as Dijon, and then he would have to tramp it. He reached Dijon in the afternoon and started at once for the direction of Chalons.

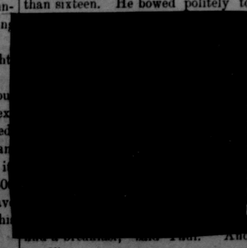
When night overtook him he had traveled some distance. He was tired and saw no place where he could procure shelter. Presently he saw an old ruin on the opposite side of a stream. That would be better than nothing, and he stripped and crossed the water, which was not much above the waist. When he had dressed he went towards the ruin. There was not much of it. It was evidently the remains of an old abbey or chateau, and a carpenter had worked there recently, for there was a bench and shavings lay upon the floor.

Paul made himself a bed on the bench and soon fell asleep. He awoke suddenly, as he supposed, about midnight. He heard voices in conversation. Turning his head in the direction, he saw a light and several forms collected around it. He lay motionless and watched. Presently he saw a man climb to the top of the wall at the end of the ruin. The lantern was handed to him and he disappeared. In a few minutes he returned and then he and three others, as Paul could now distinguish, left the place.

Paul lay thinking what he should do, and fell asleep. He awoke just as day was breaking. He arose and thought of what he had witnessed during the night. He went to the wall and examined it. It was very thick and substantial, despite its evident age. He climbed to the top with ease, and saw what looked like a a chimney hole. He lowered himself down gently and found that he was on firm ground. He saw he was in a cell about fifteen feet square. The light was very dim, but as he grew used to it he could distinguish things. On the floor were saddlesbags, a pair of stirrups, a large goblet, a small trunk and leathern bag. The bag was leaning against the wall. Paul took hold of it and found it was very heavy; he opened it without difficulty. It was full of gold and silver coins then in use in France.

Paul climbed from the cell with the bag in his grasp. In the valise he carried there was room enough for the bag, and therein it went. Then Paul started away along the bank of the river. When he came to a bridge he crossed; there was a road, and along it Paul went. As he turned a curve in the road he saw a man trudging along with a pack and a woman following.

When he overtook the woman he found she was a lovely girl not more than sixteen. He bowed politely to



you?"

"I and my daughter are looking for that, also," said the peddler.

So Paul walked on with the old man, and then he hung behind and walked the rest of the way to the nearest village with the peddler's daughter. Only she told Paul she was not the peddler's daughter and of no kin to him, the fact being that the peddler had married her widowed mother.

They came to a village betimes, and had breakfast. Paul went into a retired place and examined the contents of the leathern bag. It contained over 3,000 francs. The money was not his, that was certain; but he made up his mind to use it.

He was in love with Annette, the peddler's companion, and resolved not to leave her. He removed the money from the bag and put it in his own valise. Some of it he took out for immediate use. He paid for the breakfast like a lord, and brought away meat and bread and wine from the inn sufficient to last the three a whole day if needs were. Then the peddler went around the village to sell his wares, and Annette was to do the same with the small fancy articles she carried.

After the peddler had started, however, Paul persuaded the girl to stroll around through the woods with him, and, in order to deceive the peddler, insisted on paying Annette three francs for a bauble, so that she might have some money to show the old man as the result of her diligence. In the woods Paul told her how he loved her, and asked her to quit the peddler and go with him.

"I am rich," said he; and he showed her the gold and silver in the valise.

As for the girl, she was as much in love with Paul as he with her. So they agreed that they would wait for the peddler at the other end of the village, as they had agreed, and when he stopped at noon to eat and smoke and take a nap they would go off into the world together. When the peddler joined them and Annette handed him the three francs he was mightily pleased, saying that she had done better than he by over a franc.

At noon they came to a sweet, shady spot back from the road, and thither they went to eat their midday repast. Paul plied the old man with wine, and when he had taken and drank his fill and smoked his pipe he found a snug spot and lay down and slept. Just as the pair were about to glide away and leave the peddler in the lurch he awoke, swearing at the gnats which had disturbed him. Paul sat down beside him and chatted and took out his leathern bag and said:

"See, here is a present for you. You may find it useful, or sell it, if you meet with a good customer."

The peddler didn't much fancy the gift, but on opening it he found a gold coin sticking in the corner, and that induced him to take the bag with many thanks. Then he lay down once more, and was soon snoring. Paul and Annette cautiously crept into the wood and were miles away when the peddler awoke. But Paul, in a frenzy of love, hadn't observed the way they had taken, and so was afraid to seek the highway, lest they should come upon the peddler. So when night came on, they took their supper at the mossy foot of a tree, and passed the night within the shadow of the forest.

As for the peddler, when he awoke, he was wild. At first he thought that the girl and Paul would soon return, but as hours passed away and there was no sign of them, he grew frantic. Then he found Annette's basket under the skin of his pack and he knew that she had deserted him. Presently a body of horsemen came along the road in front of where he had slept. They were riding slowly and looking this way and that, as though looking for some one. When they caught sight of him they rushed their horses at the hedge, cleared it, and were upon him in a minute.

He turned pale with surprise and fear. What did they mean? They soon let him know. They dismounted and seized him. Then they searched him and his pack. In the latter they found the leathern bag.

"Here it is," they exclaimed. "We have caught our man."

And so they carried him off to a neighboring town some miles away and thrust him into jail. In the meantime he had learned that he was arrested as the wretch who had murdered and robbed a small farmer in the neighborhood the evening before. It was no use his denying it. There was the farmer's bag in his possession, and one of the many gold pieces it had contained was still in it. The fact that no more money was there proved nothing, except that he had either hidden the money or given it in charge of his accomplices.

The peddler denied the charge, and told how he came by the bag. At the inn where he and Annette and Paul had breakfasted the officers learned the fact.

"The girl and the young man were his accomplices," said they.

Then they made a search for them all over the country side.

In the meantime something strange had happened to Paul and his companion. Mons. Savieres, the former co"ege associate whom Paul was going to see, was five years his senior. He had entertained a very great affection for Paul, and was very much grieved to find that he had quitted Bourgogne without informing him of his intention. The first notification he had of Paul's absence was received from a notary who knew his relations with Paul. The notary wrote to inform him of the death within three days of Mons. and Mad. Gozlin, and to ask the whereabouts of Paul. Mons. Savieres went to Thoissey and made arrangements for the temporary protection of the dead couple until inquiries could be made for Paul. Savieres, however, had an important contract to attend to, and had to put off his inquiries for Paul for a few days. Now observe what came to pass.

Savieres, who lived at Chalons, was on his way home in his carriage from Besancon, and had reached the village of Seure, where he stopped to bait his horse. Whom should he see standing at the inn door, smoking, but Paul Limace!

The astonishment was mutual. It was increased on Savieres' part when he saw Paul's lovely companion.

"This is my wife," said Paul, "or rather will be my wife."

Paul was grieved to hear of the death of Monsieur and Madame Gozlin, although Savieres informed him that all their property was his. Savieres would hear of nothing but that Paul and Annette should drive with him to Chalons, promising Paul to accompany him subsequently to Thoissey, and see him put in possession of his new estate. On reaching Chalons, Savieres showed Paul the propriety of placing Annette in the care of some suitable person for the present. Paul didn't want to be parted from her, but he yielded to reason at last. In due time Paul was installed in the farm left by his grand uncle, and married Annette.

The secret of the leathern bag he had told to no one. These things happened in 1846, when there were no railroads, and news traveled slowly.

Three months afterward Paul went to Lyons on business. There, in a newspaper, he saw a very long account of a murder committed some time before, for which a peddler had been convicted and was shortly to be guillotined. Imagine his feelings as he read to discover that the peddler was his wife's stepfather, and that he was to be guillotined because there had been found upon him the very leathern bag which Paul had given him, and which had been stolen, full of money, from the murdered man.

Paul started to see Savieres, and made a clean breast of all. In company they went to Dijon, and laid the facts before the authorities. Paul went with the authorities, and pointed out the place where he found the bag.

The result was that Jean Philater and his three servant men were arrested for the murder, for it was shown that the ruin was on Philater's farm, and that he and his men were in the habit of using it for many purposes; and further still, proof was obtained that on the evening preceding the murder they were seen together within half a mile of the scene of the crime. Jacques Crinche, one of the servants, turned evidence against the others, and their conviction was rendered certain. Then the poor old peddler was released, and Paul took him down upon his farm and made him comfortable. Philater and his men were duly convicted and sentenced to imprisonment for life, while Jacques Crinche got off with two years' imprisonment.

Paul restored the 3,000 francs to the widow of the murdered man, and was very fortunate in escaping some slight punishment himself for failing to make known to the authorities the discovery of what was evidently the proceeds of a crime of some sort.

"Accept my hand, Augusta?" And the maiden looked at the hand, which was something smaller than an average sized salt fish, hesitated a moment and then said sweetly; "Isn't there something off, where you take so large an order?"

"Look here," said the railroad superintendent to the conductor, "passengers say you are not civil to them." "I'm just as civil as I know how to be," said the aggrieved conductor. "That's just what they complain of," was the reply.

Sable Island, in the north Atlantic, is fast disappearing. Some years ago it was forty miles long by two and a quarter wide, but it has shrunk to nineteen and half miles in length and less than one in width.

A Michigan man heard that his grandfather had left him a portion of his fortune, and at the appointed time went to the post-office to get his check. It was seventeen cents.

GEN. HARRISON AND THE STRIKERS.

THE RAILROAD MEN ISSUE A STATEMENT.

From New York Tribune, Sept. 4.

INDIANAPOLIS, August 30.—There has been so much misrepresentation by Democratic newspapers and speakers of General Harrison's connection with the railroad strike of 1877 that a true history of the affair, in accordance with information furnished by some of the leaders in the strike, has just been made public here in a printed address to laboring men, signed by eight railroad men. After detailing the causes leading to the strike, and setting forth the order of James D. Williams, the Democratic Governor of Indiana, appointing Daniel Macauley Brigadier General of the Indiana militia, with instructions to suppress the threatened lawlessness, General Harrison having refused to assume command of the troops because he had already accepted a commission as captain of a company, the history of the strike is continued as follows:

While these military preparations were in progress all peaceful means were being tried to secure order without a conflict. One of these means was the appointment, on motion of Franklin Landers, of a committee of ten of our most distinguished and prudent citizens to confer with a meeting of the strikers, in the hope of devising some basis of agreement between the strikers and their employers. General Harrison was also made a member of this committee. The conference with the strikers was had, and one of its chief incidents was a speech by General Harrison, which, as shown by the newspaper reports of that day, and distinctly remembered by many, was a masterful review of the situation. He took a bold stand in favor of the justice of the cause of the strikers, pledging his best efforts as one of the arbitration committee to obtain redress at the hands of the railroad managers. That portion of his speech which dwelt upon the rights of the employes stirred up the extremists among the railroad managers, eliciting much bitter comment, and even gross charges of demagoguery. But in the same speech he also reminded the strikers that, while their cause was just and commanded wide sympathy among the people, the violent methods resorted to to enforce their rights were a growing hardship and injury to the public. It was not denied that they had taken forcible possession of trains, preventing not only freight traffic, but passenger travel. Persons were virtually imprisoned in this city; others prevented from going to absent sick ones; drug stores were lacking remedies in a sickly season; that market supplies were running short, and that general distress and danger must speedily result if forcible possession of trains should be persisted in. He courageously urged that nothing could be hoped for from arbitration until the strikers themselves should come voluntarily under the rightful authority of law, and that lawlessness was the sure road to the defeat of their just and equitable demands in wages. General Harrison's judicious words were received with general approval, but two or three of the strikers, who had evidently not given heed to the entire speech, arose to withdraw, muttering something about not coming there to be insulted—not willing to brook what they thought to be an implied rebuke. But even these thought better of it afterward and remained, while the great mass of railroad men recognized the truth and justice of General Harrison's remarks. One of the strikers significantly remarked that "the railroad men themselves did not at heart respect the men who were too ready to approve everything they did for policy's sake, and perhaps to gain votes; that railroad men, like other men, were liable to mistakes, and in the long run had higher regard for a man like Harrison, who, in a kindly spirit, showed them their fault, and tried to lead them out of it."

The fact that General Harrison's speech did not, at the moment, please the extremists on either side, indicates the wisdom and soundness of the middle ground which he occupied. Indeed he is overwhelmingly vindicated since that time, in the eloquent fact that all the labor organizations, and the strikers themselves, have advanced and to-day occupy the identical ground upon which General Harrison stood eleven years ago. They have everywhere adopted for themselves the strongest measures against seizure and forcible possession of railroad property; the obstruction or forcible detention of trains or violence of any kind.

Continuing the narrative of incidents, on the day following the Governor's proclamation, July 27, the militia organization was about completed, citizens of all parties and religions rallying to take arms, not to interfere with a legitimate strike, but to prevent rioting. Citizens had assembled at various designated places, one under charge of General W. Q. Gresham, another of General Harrison, and other well-known citizen-soldiers at other places, but all under general command of the Governor's appointee, General Macauley. When ready for action the troops marched, not to the Union Depot where the strike was on, but more than a mile away, to the Arsenal Grounds, where they remained until the day they were disbanded. On the morning of that day, the 29th of July, trouble was expected, and they were summoned by the Governor to march to the city. When the bugle call to "fall-in" was sounded, General Harrison, standing at the head of his company, said: "Men, examine your guns to see if any one is loaded, and, if so, draw the load. Let us remember that our mission is to prevent violence, not to do violence. It would be an infinite pity if, on the march, or after we reach the city, one of these arms should, by accident even, become discharged, and some innocent person injured. I am still of the firm conviction that nothing more than the mere fact of our military organization will be required to secure the peace." The suggestion of General Harrison about loaded guns was adopted and made a general order by General Macauley.

When the city was reached the troops did not march to the depot, but stacked arms on Market street, fronting the Post Office Building, while General Macauley, with a part of his staff, unarmed, rode down to the depot among the strikers for conference and to see for himself if there were any signs of rioting.

While the troops were under organization and drill there was a notable conference in the United States Court room of the Post Office Building, which was witnessed by prominent citizens of both political parties, who will never forget the scene. There were hot-heads present, some who favored the immediate marching of the troops to the depot for the purpose of summarily dispersing the crowds. General Harrison having been summoned, with great emphasis opposed any such interference. There were loud words by those favoring dispersion of the mob, mingled with insinuations that not to march down and compel order, now that they had the power, was a policy of cowardice. In reply to this General Harrison for once lost his usual calm demeanor, and with the fierceness of a lion hurled back the unworthy insinuation of lack of any one's courage, intimating that the lack of that quality was rather with the parties who insisted on coming down, with now overwhelming numbers, on to the strikers. One of the number in favor of charging the mob shouted out: "If we wait another day they will all be gone." Instantly General Harrison exclaimed: "In God's name, gentlemen, isn't that just what you want? That they should be gone, and the threatened bloodshed averted." This noble expression fell like a thunderbolt of truth among them, and joined with the impassioned manner of the speaker commanded the judgment and assent of all. It was a dramatic moment. As prophesied, another day saw peace and order restored, and the wheels of traffic began to move again.

But the restoration of quiet did not end the trouble of the strikers. Some of the railroad property seized and forcibly held by them was in the hands of a receiver, and therefore in the custody of the United States Court, and United States mail had been interrupted, constituting a grave offence, for which numerous arrests and imprisonment of leading strikers followed. In this crisis of their need it was General Harrison who, unsolicited, took up their cause, first writing to Judge Hammond at Chicago, who was to sit in the trial, and when he came down and opened court, appearing in an appeal for the men charged, exonerating them from "intent" in contempt of court, and emphasizing the injustice against which they were striving in the question of wages, and, in short, succeeded in so placing their cause before the court that the Judge, after a wholesome lecture, discharged them from custody without prejudice. On gaining their liberty the men gratefully sought General Harrison's hand with thanks for his friendly intervention, one of them remarking: "If we had taken your advice we would not have got into trouble."

The foregoing facts are either matters of record or otherwise so witnessed as to defy successful contradiction. It is true that General Harrison gathered with other citizens at the sound of alarm. But why should those who seek to make political capital against him on this account assume that laboring men are incapable of thinking? Why should they be supposed to be lost to a sense of truth and justice? Will it not occur to them, as well as any other class of men, that there must have been just cause of alarm when all the authorities up to Governor united in the call to arms? Then what sort of a citizen would laboring men have thought General Harrison to be if he had stood back, refusing to respond simply because a Democratic Governor issued the call? What shall the laboring man think of the campaign methods that will thus attempt to distort the highest acts of duty and citizenship in a man's life, and use them against him?

Being night yard master for the I. C. & L. R. R. in Indianapolis, before, during, and after the strike of 1887, I cheerfully concur in this statement of facts, knowing as I do General Harrison's conciliatory actions during this trouble. | John O. Hicks, general yard master, C., I., St. L. & C. R. R.

We also bear testimony to the truthfulness of the above statement: Joseph Averill, general yard master, Vandalia Line. Joseph Sanger, secretary Yard Masters' Association. Alexander R. McAlpine, superintendent Western Car Company, late Master Mechanic Bee Line Road. Augustus D. Shaw, assistant yard master, C. C. C. & I. R. R. David S. Crawford, yard conductor, Vandalia Line. John Wethers, switchman, Big Four Road, corner Louisiana and Mississippi streets. William P. McBride, engineer, C., St. L. & P. R. R.

THE PERFECT FARM HOG.

A committee of experts at the American Swine Breeder's convention gave the following as a standard of a hog best fitted to meet the requirements of the market: "Such a hog must have a short head, heavy jowl and thick, short neck; ear small, thin and tolerably erect, but is not objectionable if it droops slightly forward. It must be straight on the bottom from the neck back to the flank, let well down to the knee in the brisket, and possess good length from head to tail; back broad and slightly curved or arched from the shoulder to the setting on the tail; ribs rather barrel-shaped; tail small. The hams should be long from the back to the letting off at the loin, and be broad and full; shoulders not large, and yet sufficient to give symmetry to the animal; hair smooth and evenly set on; skin soft and elastic to the touch; legs short and small, set under the body, and the space between wide; a good depth between the bottom and top of the carcass."

Pans of water placed in fruit and berry patches will keep birds from eating the fruit. An English naturalist claims that the reason birds eat cherries and strawberries is because in the blazing heat they get dreadfully thirsty. If the birds can easily get at water they soon leave off taking the fruit.

To disgust rats and mice away from a building make a strong solution of oxalic acid and soak newspapers in it until they are in a pulpy condition; cram this into the holes through which the rats or mice pass, and they will get such sore mouths and feet that they will give the holes a wide berth.

An easy way to prevent horses from jumping fences is to put a strap with a ring on it around the near fore leg, above the knee, and a surcingle or belt, with a ring, around the body. Then by a short strap or piece of rope attach the two rings so as to make a harmless yet perfectly effective hobble.

The manner in which the human being progresses in intelligence is very simple and clearly illustrated. Take a child and give it a quarter. He immediately tries to swallow it just as it is. Give a man a quarter and he prudently converts it into a liquid before attempting to swallow it.

The successful farmer must be a good business man. There is as much in the selling of farm products as in the raising, so far as the profit is concerned, and, in order to sell well, the farmer must understand value, and be reasonably well posted in business matters.

A Highland custom is that of ushering in the morning by the music of the bagpipe; the piper plays under the windows of the castle and thus arouses the inmates. The American custom of ushering in the morning by the hand organ is equally effective.

Nothing better aids economy than keeping an exact account of the expenditure. It is surprising how really well it is possible to dress on a small amount, provided the little things are looked after, and nothing is bought unless paid for at the time.

A lot of guinea fowls are as good as a watch dog. The appearance of a prowler about the premises sets the whole brood to chattering, and thereby the family are roused to the fact that something unusual is going on.

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