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.

Several Cases of Very Fine Print Remnants,

each piece makes a dress, guaranteed fast colors, at 5 cents a yard, can't be bought in the State of Maryland under 8 cents a yard.

A Lot of Extra Heavy Canton Flannels

at only 10 cents, and hundreds upon hundreds of small Wears, Ladies' and Gents' Furnishings, &c., at equally low prices.

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. 43. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 27, 1888. ESTABLISHED 1833.

Select Poetry.

JUST A YEAR AGO.

Just a little year ago
You were all to me;
Even yet I scarcely know
How such things can be.

Did you mean it all the time?
Were you false or true?
Is it change of place or clime
That has altered you?

Did you think to love me still?
Did your fancy stray?
Did you change against your will
When you went away?

Do you still remember this,
Many miles apart?
Ah! you left your careless kiss
Printed on my heart.

Little did my soul divine
That the year would see
Your dear heart, close knit to mine,
Drift away from me.

Yet I dream you brave and true;
Through the mists of pain
Still I stretch my hands to you
Till we meet again.

Just a year ago!
Ah! my eyes are wet!
Cruel love! do you not know
I can ne'er forget?

—Chambers' Journal.

Select Story.

MY INHERITANCE.

How, Upon Search, It Proved Worth Possessing.

From Chambers' Journal.

"If Mr. Frank Heathcote will call on Messrs. Pounce, Parchment & Co., Old Square, Lincoln's Inn, he will hear of something to his advantage."

This brief note in a legal hand astonished me, the above-named Frank Heathcote, one morning on sitting down to a modest breakfast. To hear of *any thing* to my advantage was surprising and delightful, as I was unfortunately one of the unemployed, with little expectation of something turning up.

An hour or two later saw me searching in Lincoln's Inn for the offices of Pounce & Co. On finding the house, I duly presented myself. Mr. Pounce had not arrived; but would I step in and see Mr. Parchment? The lawyer did not belie his name, for I have seldom seen so dry and yellow-looking a man. On presenting my note, Mr. Parchment surveyed me in silence for a few minutes.

"So you are the nephew of the late Mr. Horace Oldcastle, young gentleman, I presume?"

I replied I had that honor.

"Allow me to congratulate you on your good fortune," said the lawyer, with a lurking smile.

Opening a desk, he produced the copy of a will, by which my lamented uncle left me Hernmere Place, an old Hall in Sussex, on condition that I should occupy it.

"Pray, sir," said I, "can you give me any information respecting this property?" for, truth to tell, my uncle had never invited me to see him, and I had only an indistinct recollection of the old gentleman.

"The Hall," replied the lawyer, "is an interesting place from an artist's point of view; but the situation is just a trifle secluded; and the building is, I am afraid, a little out of repair; but a small outlay would render it habitable, and doubtless you will soon get over the loneliness."

Being furnished with the necessary credentials, and agreeable to the terms of the will, I set out for Sussex. Upon inquiry, I found that Hernmere Place was some five or six miles from the nearest railway station; so, having my effects packed in a knapsack, I thought I might as well walk that distance. The way lay along a beautiful bend of the South Downs. The season was spring, and the cool breeze that came sweeping over the hills was most exhilarating and laden with perfume. After climbing a long gradual ascent that wound round a spur of the Downs, I reached the summit. The view that opened out was wild and splendid. Long slopes of flower-spangled turf alternated with dense patches of furze; while on every side the ground rose and fell in wave-like swells. Near at hand, a shepherd was watching a large flock of sheep, the tinkling of whose bells sounded quite musical. In the far distance the sea sparkled under the keen bright sky. Overhead, light, fleecy clouds floated peacefully, while two larks made melody.

On asking the shepherd the way to Hernmere Place, he directed me in the quaint dialect of the district. Keeping his directions in view, I soon came to the rusty gate of Hernmere Place. The house was of brick, in the Tudor style, and, from the signs of decay, evidently of great age. A moss-covered buttressed wall extended on both sides of the gate and shut in the front of the house completely.

Entering, I came to what had once been the lawn, but was now a wilderness of weeds. The path leading to the Hall door was damp and grass-grown; and the aspect of the whole place was picturesque, but melancholy. There was no sign of life or welcome in the old house, many of the window shutters being closed. The walls were blotched and lichen-covered, and in some places long straggling branches of ivy hung in neglected festoons. Going round the house, I came to a tangled and overgrown garden, at the farther side of which, through an open wicket, I could make out an old man busy with a small patch of vegetables. On presenting myself to this venerable person, who was the custodian, Griggs by name, I was welcomed in a somewhat peculiar manner. My new acquaintance first rummaged in the pocket of his coat, which lay on a wheelbarrow, and produced an antique pair of spectacles, which he presently adjusted. Looking me very attentively in the face for some time, he at length said: "You be main loike old Muster Oldcastle. I moined him well when he was as young as you. But walk in, sir, and my missus will get you a bit of summat to eat." Putting on his coat, the old fellow hobbled up the steps leading to the garden-door of the house.

Inside, the signs of age were if anything more apparent. The old wainscoted passage was hung with cobwebs, and our footsteps echoed loudly along the stone floor. Passing up a twisted staircase, we entered a small room on the first floor.

"This was the room in which your uncle spent most of his time, and it was here he died," said Griggs.

I gazed around, and felt a sense of dread creep over me. The walls were paneled with dark oak; along one side was an old cabinet, black with age, and on a shelf above it was arranged a small collection of ancient-looking books. Close to the window was a writing-table, on which stood an old desk. A few highbacked chairs were placed by the walls, and some ancestral portraits looked down with eyes that seemed to follow my every movement. By the fire place stood a capacious arm-chair, shut in with an old screen covered with stamped leather.

The view from the window was very striking. Beyond the garden lay a large pool of water, surrounded by drooping trees and bushes, and fringed with a tangled growth of rank weeds. The afternoon had become suddenly overcast, and dense masses of clouds were rolling up; while a cold wind ruffled the surface of the water and tossed about the trees growing around. Beyond the pool was a flat marshy valley, on the opposite side of which a range of hills shut in the view.

Meanwhile Mrs. Griggs, an ancient dame of gnarled and knotted aspect, was endeavoring to make a fire blaze in the rusty grate. Accomplishing this, in course of time a plain meal was set before me, and I was left in peace to discuss it. The walk having given me a fine appetite, I fell to, nothing loth. When I had finished, I made a closer inspection of the contents of the room. A cupboard in the wall was filled with old lumber of various descriptions. Opening the cabinet with one of the keys given to me by the lawyer, I found drawers filled with old accounts done up in a methodical manner, a pair of silver-mounted pistols of a bygone date, some odds and ends of curiosities, but nothing of any special interest or value. At length I opened a small drawer with the smallest key of the bunch, and took out a sealed packet, which was addressed to me. Unfastening it eagerly, I found it to contain a miniature of a lady and child, and also a short letter, which ran as follows:

Nephew Frank—I leave you the old house, which has been in our family since it was built. Though it is desolate enough now, it once echoed the voices of those very dear to me. See that you do not suffer any thing to be destroyed. I parted in anger with your mother, my only sister; but now would prove if you, the only remaining descendant of the old house, are worthy to bring back its former state. Patience and perseverance are necessary; but if you strive, you will in the end be rewarded. My blessing rest on you, if you obey. Horace Oldcastle.

After reading the letter several times, I rang for old Griggs, to try to get some information about my uncle.

"He were a close man, were Muster Oldcastle," said he, "living here by himself since his wife and child died years ago. He left the old place exactly as it was when they were alive, and could not bear to see strangers. My idea is that the trouble made him a bit queer. He caused the west wing to be shut up; and they do say as some of the old Oldcastles walks there. I never see any of 'm; but there's strange noises o' noights."

I made an inspection of the house and pitched upon a bedroom next to my uncle's study as being most convenient. Mrs. Griggs lit a fire there, and bringing in some bedclothes, made the room in a little while as comfortable as circumstances would permit. The wind had now increased to a gale, and heavy drops of rain dashed against the window. Returning to my uncle's study, I settled myself before the fire to enjoy a snug evening before turning in for the night. The old couple, who occupied some rooms in a distant part of the house, having retired, I felt myself cut off from the world. A pair of candles flickered on the table, and the changeful light of the fire lit up and threw into gloom the dark walls and furniture. Taking a book, I was soon deep in its pages. It was an old collection of legends and romances of Spain. One tale took my fancy. It related how a certain Don Alfonso made a search in the Alhambra in Granada and how, after many strange adventures, at length was successful in breaking the charm that held a great treasure guarded by enchanted Moors, and became possessed of the whole. I became deeply interested in the old world legends. After awhile I closed the book, and leaning back in my chair, fell into a brown study. Suddenly I became aware of a strange thing. An old man, whom I knew to be my uncle, though I had only seen him once years ago, was standing by the cabinet, looking intently at the books on the shelf. I stared at him with all my eyes, and yet, though full of amazement, I felt no fear. After a short time he took down a book, opened it, and seemed to make a mark inside. He then replaced it, and took down the next, and, by slow degrees, went through most of the library. Suddenly, I heard a loud knock at the door, and breaking the spell that held me, I started up and confronted Mrs. Griggs. Turning to the cabinet, I saw no one there; the books were on the shelf, and I noticed the empty space from which I had taken the Spanish legends. For a time I could do nothing but stare at Mrs. Griggs, who kept courtesying and asking me if I would take any supper. Asking her if any one was in the house except her husband, she said no, and that the door had been locked for more than an hour.

Dismissing the old woman with a goodnight, I seated myself by the fire, and on thinking quietly over the strange event, came to the conclusion that I must have fallen asleep and dreamt it.

A sudden thought struck me that perhaps I might find something in the books about which my uncle had seemed so busy. Looking at the backs, I saw that each book was marked with a letter stamped in gold under the title. Beginning at the left hand volume, which was marked A, each was marked in alphabetical order, ending with the last volume Z. Looking over the pages of the first volume, I could find nothing written in it, the only mark being a red cross on one of the leaves. Reading this particular part threw no light on the mystery, as the text related to legal matters about the possession of land. Having no more relish for reading that night, I retired to my bed in the next room, and soon forgot my uncle in a sound sleep.

In the morning I rose early, greatly refreshed, and strolled out to view my domain. The sun shone brightly, and it was impossible to feel gloomy under the clear fresh sky, with the sweet breeze playing over the peaceful hills. Returning, after a short walk, to breakfast, I then set myself to consider my position and arrange matters as to my new mode of life. I had been left, some few years back, with an allowance which barely sufficed to keep me, but had unfortunately been put to no profession. The outlook was not promising, and I did not feel very hopeful regarding my future. To try and cheer myself up, I made a tour over the old house. The rooms were mostly in a state of decay; but the furniture and decorations, in spite of the ravages of time, were handsome, and showed that my ancestors kept great state at one time. My uncle was reputed to have been very rich, but what he did with his money was a mystery, for he had only left some paltry legacies. The west wing of the house had been shut up for years, in consequence of some dreadful occurrence which had happened there. I did not care to investigate the gloomy chambers.

As time went on, I became more resigned to my new home, but still found it very dull; and my occupations being so limited, the days dragged slowly by. I made a few acquaintances, but found no congenial companion to fill up my empty hours. Spring blossomed into summer, and summer, with all its beauty, mellowed into autumn, when an event occurred which turned the current of my life.

One morning in September I received a letter from Tom Saxon, an old chum and schoolfellow, saying he would like to spend a few weeks with me in Sussex, if agreeable. I was delighted for two reasons; because Tom was a good fellow; and because Tom's pretty sister Clara and I were waiting till my prospects would entitle me to hope for a favorable reception at the hands of Mr. Saxon senior. I was in a fever of impatience to meet Tom. I went to the station long before the train was due, and when it did come in, I could have rushed into his arms. After dinner our time was taken up with questions and answers on both sides.

"By the by, Frank," said Tom, suddenly, "you mentioned something strange about your first night here—connected with your uncle. Tell me all about it."

He listened attentively whilst I related my dream. When I had finished, he rose, and going to the cabinet, took one of the books from the shelf. He looked over it carefully, and then inspected more of the volumes. When he had spent sometime in this way, he came back to the fire with a disappointed look.

"Can't make anything out of the books," said he, standing with his back to the blaze and with his hands thrust deep in his pockets, "except that the old boy had a peculiar fancy to letter the backs of the volumes with the alphabet instead of numbering them. Some of the pages are marked with a red cross, but the matters on them don't appear to throw any light on the subject."

After giving vent to his feelings in several vigorous pulls at his pipe, Tom fixed his eyes thoughtfully on the old desk on the table. "This seems a curious desk. Perhaps you may have overlooked some clue to the mystery contained in it. Would you mind me looking in it?"

I opened the desk, but we could find nothing of consequence in it.

"You haven't looked in the secret drawer," said Tom. "All desks have one. Let me try my hand." Suiting the action to the word, he gave the bottom of the desk such a blow that a small compartment which had escaped my notice flew open, and something fell with a ringing sound on the floor. Tom uttered a satisfied sound, and picked up a key of curious and antique workmanship. "This will most likely unlock the mystery, since your uncle seems to have put it away so carefully."

We started on a voyage of discovery over the old house. Many of the cupboards and boxes were unlocked; and those which were fastened could be opened by some of the keys with which the lawyer had furnished me. After a long hunt we gave the thing up as a bad job. Tired out, we retired to rest, and forgot our disappointment in sleep.

Next morning, after breakfast, Tom commenced a sketch of the front of the mansion, at which he worked hard till dinner time. In the afternoon we went for a walk. Thus a week went by, varied only by a little fishing in the pool. The picture was finished and another begun. One afternoon, Tom said he should like to have another shy at the mysterious library. "I have been thinking it over all the week, and I fancy I have made a discovery. You will notice, on looking through the books carefully, only one page in each is marked, and that all the marks occur in the first score or so of leaves in each volume. Now, what set me thinking was the whim of your uncle having the alphabet marked on the backs of the books. This one marked A is crossed under the number of page 19; the next book, B, under 5; C, under number 1; D, under number 18; E, under number 3; and F under number 8. Now, taking the numbers of the pages to represent corresponding letters of the alphabet, we get the word SEARCH. I haven't got any further yet, but we must work it out together."

I jumped up and seized Tom's hand. "You have hit it now for certain, my dear fellow."

"Don't be premature. It may only turn out a mare's nest after all. However, here goes to get at the root of the matter."

Working eagerly, yet carefully, through all the volumes, we got the following results. Numbers of pages marked with the red cross, and the corresponding letters:

19, 5, 1, 18, 3, 8, 3, 1, 18, 5, 6, 21, 12, 12, 25,
S E A R C H C A R E F U L L Y
20, 8, 5, 7, 15, 12, 4, 15, 15, 15, 13,
T H E G O L D R O O M.

"Well," said Tom, when he had made out the above, "this certainly looks like a find. Let us set about examining this same Gold Room at once."

There was a chamber on the second floor of the house having the walls covered with leather, on which a great number of elaborate designs were stamped with gold; hence its name. He hurried to this room and set to work to try and discover the secret. There was scarcely any furniture; what there was, we carefully examined, but to no purpose.

"Never say die," said Tom. "We must now try the walls." He commenced tapping and feeling in all the odd corners; went into a cupboard; tried the window-seats; and, as a last resource, turned his attention to the chimney-piece, which was very large and highly carved. The mantel was high, and projected a good way over the hearth. The panels on either side were ornamented with grotesque figures cut in bold relief. Tom looked up the chimney, rapped the wood-work, and pried into each little nook. I was similarly engaged, but with no success. An exclamation from Tom caused me to rush to his side, when I saw him pushing at a small grotesque head enclosed in a wreath of leaves and flowers. "This seems to give a little, Frank," said he; and exerting his whole strength, the projection sank into the panel, which slid a little to one side and disclosed a dark opening.

"Stop here a moment, Tom," said I, highly excited, "while I get a light. We must be on the eve of a great discovery." Hurrying down stairs, I got old Griggs to light a lantern; and snatching up a chisel and a hammer made my way back as fast as I could.

We forced the panel far enough to allow us to enter, and groped our way along a dark, musty-smelling passage, only feebly illuminated by the lantern. Stumbling along in what seemed nearly one direction we came to a steep flight of stairs, evidently built in the thickness of the wall, and ending in a small door, at which we stopped. Feeling no latch, we gave a simultaneous heave, and, bursting the obstacle, fell forward into a room. Recovering ourselves, we searched about on the floor for the lantern, which we discovered in a crushed condition, and the light extinguished.

"Here's a pretty go!" cried Tom. "It's so dark we can't find anything. One of us had better go back and fetch a light." I volunteered to stay. Tom felt his way slowly down the stairs, and after what seemed an age, returned with a candle and a box of matches.

"I wouldn't trouble Griggs," said he. "I got these from my bedroom, as we had better manage this business quietly by ourselves."

We gazed about in a bewildered was on the room we had discovered. It seemed to be close under the roof, and, from the direction of the passage, was evidently in the west wing of the house. The walls and floor were covered with dust; and the little air the place contained came through a small grating over the top of the door. In one corner, fastened to the floor by strong iron clamps, was a ponderous-looking oak chest, girt with bands of iron, studded with nails, and fastened with a curiously-ornamental lock.

"I have it!" said Tom. "That curious key we found in the desk will very likely fit this lock; the ornamentation seems very similar in design."

In a few minutes I returned with the key, and after a vigorous wrench, managed to unlock the chest. We pushed open the heavy lid, and a perfect mine of wealth was disclosed to us. My uncle must have had an old-fashioned prejudice against banks, for here was evidentally the hoarded riches of years, stowed away in a secret chamber, and further protected by being in the part of the house supposed to be haunted. In the chest we also found a letter, addressed to me:

Dear Nephew—If you find this money, as I believe you will, take it as the reward for obeying my wishes. As the Hall has been in our family since its foundation, I solemnly charge you to adopt the name of Oldcastle; and may the old line be revived in you—Your loving uncle. Horace Oldcastle.

This letter was dated only a few weeks before my uncle's death; and it seemed strange and sad to be hearing as it were, the words of a dead man in that dark and ghostly chamber.

With the help of Tom I was soon placed on a friendly footing with his father, and the dreariness of the past was forgotten in the light that beamed from Clara's dear eyes.

We had a regular cleaning and polishing up of Hernmere Place; the west wing was thrown open to the light of day; and a few months after saw Clara enthroned as mistress of the old Hall.

My uncle has never again visited me in my dreams, and this I take to be a proof of his satisfaction with the way in which I have carried out his wishes.

Every time you worry your horses you shorten their lives and days of usefulness.

ONE OF MILLS'S MISTAKES.

From New York Tribune.

Washington, Oct, 15.—On Saturday Roger Q. Mills, chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, wrote a letter to the chairman of the County Democratic Committee at Evansville, Ind., respecting a statement made by Mr. Blaine in his speech at Goshen, Ind., which was reported as follows:

The president of the Sugar Trust, Mr. Havemeyer, a well known and active Democrat of New York, appeared before the Ways and Means Committee, and, according to the statement in open Senate by Mr. Allison, of Iowa, obtained such an arrangement of duty as was equivalent to $6,000,000 in the pockets of the Trust. If, therefore, the price of sugar has been unduly advanced to the consumer, the responsible parties, according to the President's doctrine, are the President himself and the Ways and Means Committee, who concocted the Mills bill in the interest of that Trust.

On this Mr. Mills offered these comments:

The statement of Mr. Blaine is devoid of truth. Mr. Havemeyer never appeared before the Ways and Means Committee at all. He never obtained any arrangement by which $6,000,000 was put into the hands of the Sugar Trust. The Sugar Trust was formed under the existing tariff, made by the Republican party in 1883; and when the bill, recently passed by the House, was laid before the Ways and Means Committee for its action, every one of the five Republican members of that committee voted to strike out the reduction we proposed, and to continue the tariff rates under which the Trust was formed.

It is putting it mildly to say that "Premier" Mills is guilty of an attempt to misrepresent the facts. His statement that Mr. Havemeyer never appeared before the Ways and Means Committee is a mere quibble; everybody in Washington knew that there was no meeting of the Ways and Means Committee, in a legitimate sense, while the "Dark Lantern" bill was in course of preparation. "The Committee" never granted a hearing to anybody on that measure and refused even to read or consider protests and petitions of workingmen, manufacturers, farmers and others.

When the bill was submitted for the inspection of the members of the minority of the committee and given to the press, in March, the sugar schedule had been so changed as to admit all sugar below No. 16 Dutch standard, testing not above 75 degrees, at 1 15-100 cents per pound, with an addition of 3-100 of a cent per pound for each additional degree. This change from No. 13 to No. 16 was bitterly opposed by the Sugar Trust, because it would admit at a low rate of duty sugars fit for consumption without refining. The paid agent of the Trust, who had been in Washington for weeks, enjoying the privilege of frequent consultations with the Democratic members of Ways and Means, and giving costly "revenue reform" dinners, had opposed with all his power the change of classification in the sugar schedule, and he had been unsuccessful. The Trust was playing for a heavy stake. Millions of dollars were involved. President Havemeyer and Attorney Parsons came to Washington, and according to the admissions of Breckinridge, of Arkansas, and Breckinridge, of Kentucky, in open House, they were granted "informal hearings, at which certain Democratic members of Ways and Means were present."

A few days later, namely, on April 2, the "Dark Lantern" bill was reported to the House; when, behold; it was found that the old classification of the sugar schedule had been restored, and "fixed" so as to comply with the demands of the Sugar Trust.

All the facts were brought out, and the admissions of the Breckinridges were made in a spirited colloquy which took place in the House on July 9, as the result of certain questions asked and charges made by Mr. McComas, of Maryland.

"Premier" Mills took part in that colloquy, and consequently he cannot have forgotten the nature of the confessions made by his colleagues or the sensation which they produced. The statement of Senator Allison, as to the effect upon the profits of the Sugar Trust of the change of front by the Ways and Means Committee, cannot be successfully controverted, and Colonel Mills knows it. The increased profits of that Trust on account of that action would be likely rather to exceed than fall below $6,000,000.

Mr. Mills states in his letter that the Republican members of Ways and Means voted in committee to retain the present rates on sugar. This statement also is disingenuous, and is designed to create a false impression. The "Premier" carefully refrains from stating the fact that the Republican members of Ways and Means, and every other Republican member of the House present, voted for the Dingly amendment to reduce the sugar duties 50 per cent. and the amendment was defeated by a solid Democratic vote.

It will be seen, that, when Mr. Mills pronounced Mr. Blaine's statement to be "devoid of truth," he himself made a statement at variance with the truth, and one which, apparently, was intended to mislead all persons who might read this letter.

CARE OF DAIRY COWS.

From Ohio Farmer.

Winter is approaching and it is the proper time to talk about the winter care of farm stock, especially when any preparation is needed. In order for dairy cows to do their best they should have early cut hay, or as Mr. Terry says, "dried grass" in abundance, supplemented with plenty of good, bright fodder corn, also corn, oats, and oil meals, and plenty of bran. As a rule, dairymen understand the quantities of each for a ration of two feeds per day. In feeding for butter expressly, a good proportion of corn meal will give the best results.

No herd of cows can be comfortable in a cold barn or stable, lying on the bare floor, constantly accumulating fertilizing material every time they lie down. It is almost impossible to keep cows clean on a level stable floor. The floor should have three inches slant toward the tight gutter in the rear made expressly for holding all liquids and solids. With plenty of good bedding and proper care cows can be kept clean. The card and brush should be used daily. When once broken in, cows enjoy it. A good clean heard of cows, with their hair all smooth, lying in the right direction, their sides and udders free from filth of all kinds, is a beautiful sight to look upon. One can take pleasure in sitting down and milking such cows.

"But," says one, "I have no time to spend brushing and currying." Just try the experiment once and satisfy yourself. Another says, "I don't believe C. W. K. practices what he recommends to others." Any one is at liberty to stray into my stable and see. I shall be glad to show them that cows when stabled can be kept clean, which is very essential to their comfort. I also have the satisfaction of having clean milk. One can take pleasure in sitting down and milking such cows, and when he gets through he has a pailful of milk that is free from what some call "animal odor." The true secret of having good milk and butter is first in good feeding, second in keeping the cows and stables as clean as possible, third in care and watchfulness while milking. The udder should be carefully brushed with the hand before the pail is put between the knees. No loud talking should be indulged while milking. There is plenty of time for silent reflection, and I am not sure but it would be perfectly proper to silently meditate upon some of our past mistakes or misdeeds, if we have been guilty of any such? I often see the dairy cow carrying about more fertiliizng material in the winter time than is absolutely necessary for her comfort or convenience. I sincerely believe that if she could make a few remarks upon this subject she would declare this fertilizing business burdensome and overdone.

Probably the first prohibition petition issued in this country has been discovered in the State archives of North Carolina. On May 26, 1756, King Hagler of the Catawabas thus petitioned Chief Justice Henley: "I desire a stop may be put to the selling of strong liquors by the white people to my people, especially near the Indians. If the white people make strong drink let them sell it to one another, or drink it in their own families. This will avoid a great deal of mischief which otherwise will happen from my people getting drunk and quarreling with the white people." The Chief Justice as appears from an endorsement promised to bring the matter to the Governor's notice.

The great coffee-growing country of the world is Brazil. She grows about two-thirds of the world's annual crop. Her best customer by far is the United States. In 1837 this country imported 1,445,830 bags, while all the other countries of the world took unitedly only 795,925, or about one-half as much as this country did. Last year's crop was a poor one, hardly 2,000,000 bags, while in good years double that amount has been grown.

FATTENING HOGS.

From Indiana Farmer.

As a rule farmers do not commence fattening hogs early enough in the season. They are allowed the run of the stubble-fields and meadows as soon as harvest is over, but corn is not given them till it is well matured. I will briefly give the plan I am pursuing with my hogs this season, which I consider about right, in the main. My pigs were fed up to May 15, when they were turned on clover pasture. Upon this they thrive very nicely. I mowed my clover early, and by the 15th of July the second crop was headed out nicely, and the hogs are now in that, and it is high enough to quite hide them. One of my neighbors remonstrated with me for thus slaughtering and wasting my second crop of clover, when it could have been valuable for seed or hay for the cattle. I figured on it considerably, but came to the conclusion that the hog could take it most profitably, and it would be better for the ground to hog it off. During the last week of July I had an acre of early sweet corn, too hard for roasting ears, which I have been feeding my swine once a day, and by the time this is exhausted I will have two acres of Stowell's evergreen to run upon till the main crop of corn will do to begin on. I find that green sweet corn is excellent hog feed and they relish it, devouring stalk and all, excepting blades. I don't think that I shall ever be without an acre or two of sweet corn, planted as early as the season will admit, to start my hogs on. As a usual thing pastures get very short about the first of August, and from that time till corn is ready to feed our hogs go back instead of gaining all the while as they should be doing. The farmer that has plenty of old corn left over might use it instead of growing a small crop of sweet corn to start his hogs, but ordinarily I think it best to start a hog on green corn, and it is cheapest. Farmers don't begin feeding hogs so early as they should, as a rule. The fall months are the best part of the year to feed in. The corn is in the best condition. More pounds of meat to the bushel, with less labor, can be made in the fall better than at any other season. The farmer does not get the very best of pork who puts off feeding until corn matures, and then feeds on all dry-corn diet. Green food should be provided as late in the season as possible. A late planting of evergreen corn comes in and lasts up till cold weather sets in. For a later green food resort must be had to roots.

The Landlady and the Parrot.

The Bowery parrot opened its eyes yesterday morning, rubbed the near eye with the off claw, shook its feathers and tested its voice by saying:

"The tariff is a tax!"

"What's that?" exclaimed old Mrs. Hashmadam, who keeps a boarding-house on West Twenty-third street. "Do you know what you are talking about?"

"The tariff is a tax," replied the parrot.

"Laws a massy!" ejaculated the old lady. "I've been in the boarding-house business nigh onto 35 years. I paid $5 for an English Chiny tea set in 1858. They raised the tariff on chiny during the war, and then American chiny come into the market. Chiny kep' a goin' down, and now I kin git the same sort of tea set for $2.50."

The parrot reiterated, "The tariff is a tax."

"Yes," said Mrs. Hashmadam, "and I buy it of Harry Stafford, who used to work in the Staffordshire potteries for $7.50 a week. When he went to Trenton to work he made $15 a week, saved money and went into business for himself. The tariff didn't tax him, I guess."

"The tariff is a tax," said the parrot.

"If it don't tax him and if it don't tax me," asked the landlady, "whom on airth does it tax? Tell me that, you ugly green squawker."

But the parrot only said, "The tariff is a tax."

Mrs. Nancy Conch, of Jasper county, Ga., says she is 120 years old. She may be wrong, but she is certainly very old and very remarkable. She lives with her granddaughter, Mrs. Halloway, who is 80 years old, and this is what Will Harden, her great-great-great-grandson, says about her: "She is just as spry, lively, and quick as most women of 50 or 60, and when I saw her last looked as healthy, pretty, and young as most of the women around. You can't tell that she is so old, as she is lively and young looking, but when you talk to her of her childhood it looks like you are hearing about the creation. She just knows lots, and they tried to get her to go to the Centennial, in Philadelphia, but she just would not go, and she said she did not want to play the part of a mummy."

The English rarely drive their draught horses faster than a walk. Trotting a cart horse would seem barbarous to a cockney.

Sheep are better scavengers for all unripe, wormy apples than swine are, it is claimed.

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