SPECIAL

Cloak and Wrap

SALE

—FOR—

NOVEMBER.

☞ The following letter fully explains the importance and urgency of this sale:

Messrs. S. Kann, Sons & Co., Westminster, Md.:

GENTS:—We have sent you 250 Medium and Low-priced WRAPS and JACKETS for Ladies, Misses and Children (all this season's make), in fine Seal Plushes, French Cloths, Plaids, Stripes, Mixtures and Jersey Cloths, in all the newest and loveliest styles. We're so perfectly overstocked that we're afraid we cannot sell all our Winter Garments in season; so, to make sure of doing so, we send you 250 OF THE BEST SELLERS we have in stock. You can make a big thing out of this special sale, for you can sell these garments AT LOWER PRICES than similar goods can be bought anywhere.

S. KANN, SONS & CO.,
Baltimore, Md.

LADIES OF WESTMINSTER AND CARROLL COUNTY:—We don't feel that anything further need be said by us in this connection. The letter of our Baltimore House explains the situation very clearly. This is a rare opportunity to buy FINE WINTER GARMENTS AT A SACRIFICE PRICE.

In addition to the above we'll make a special drive on

Heavy Dress Stuffs,

such as Ladies' Cloths, Tricots, Broadcloths, Henriettas, Cashmeres, etc., all in correct shades and effects. We'll also offer at a sacrifice a large lot of Heavy Blankets, Lap Robes, Comforts, Horse Covers, etc.; and we'll include in this special sale our entire stock of

Ladies' and Gents' Furnishings,

Carpets, Rugs, Oil Cloths, and also a nice quantity of Tweeds and Cassimeres for Men's and Boys' wear.

To give you an idea of the fearful reductions which will sweep the house during this sale, we'll sell

20 PIECES WOOL KERSEYS,

in plain Brown and Gray, Brown and Gray Stripes and Mixed effects, at the never-known price of

35 CENTS.

Everything else similarly reduced. This sale will be without a parallel. You should visit us at once.

S. KANN, SONS & CO.

NO. 11 E. MAIN ST.,

WESTMINSTER. MARYLAND.

N. B.—We're opening daily large invoices of Holiday Goods and Notions.

AMERICAN SENTINEL.

VOL. 55, NO. 46. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 17, 1888. ESTABLISHED 1833.

Trustees' Sale
OF A
DESIRABLE FARM
AND
PERSONAL PROPERTY,
Near Hampstead, Carroll County, Maryland.

BY virtue of a deed of trust from David Burns and wife to the undersigned, duly executed and recorded, we will sell at public sale, on the premises, on

Saturday, 24th of November, 1888,

at 10 o'clock, A. M., the following property: First, that desirable farm containing

101 ACRES, 1 ROOD AND 30 PERCHES

of land, more or less. The improvements thereon consist of a large and conveniently arranged two-story log and frame Dwelling House, with backbuilding; large bank barn, with wagon shed attached; dairy, smoke house, carriage house, hog house, blacksmith shop, frame tenant house, large grain barrack and other necessary outbuildings; nearly all the buildings have been recently erected and are all in good repair. The buildings are supplied with superior water and the fields are conveniently watered; fences are all in condition; about 10 acres is good meadow land, and about 13 acres is heavily covered with good timber. There is an orchard of apple and other fruit trees on the farm which is not surpassed in the vicinity, besides, also, an extensive variety of choice grapes. The land is in a high state of cultivation. This farm is now in the occupancy of Mr. Burns, is situate on the county road leading from Brilhart's mill to the Baltimore and Hanover turnpike road, is about one-quarter of a mile from Greenmount Station, on the Baltimore and Hanover Railroad, is about one mile from Hampstead, and adjoins the land of Daniel Yingling, Benjamin Bosley and others. The location of this farm to the railroad, market, schools, churches, &c., renders it worthy the attention of purchasers.

Also, at the same time and place, the following Personal Property: Rockaway buggy, horse, 2 cows, set of harness, halter chains, &c.; lot of carpenter tools, half interest in about 25 acres of growing wheat, lot of hay, lot of wheat and corn by the barrel, household and kitchen furniture, and a variety of articles too numerous to mention.

Terms of Sale of the Real Estate.—One-third cash on the day of sale or on the ratification thereof, one-third in one year and the other one-third in two years from the day of sale; the credit payments to be secured by the notes of the purchaser or purchasers, with approved security, bearing interest from the day of sale.

Terms of Sale of the Personal Property.—All sums of $10 and under, cash; on all sums above $10 a credit of six months will be given on notes with approved security, bearing interest from the day of sale.

JESSE LONG,
MICHAEL S. BRILHART, } Trustees.
Reifsnider & Reifsnider, Solicitors.
oct-27-ts

VALUABLE
FARM,
TIMBER LAND
AND PERSONAL PROPERTY,
AT PUBLIC SALE.

BY the authority of Cornelius Buckley, and as trustee, I will offer at public sale, on the premises, one mile west from Finksburg, on the Baltimore and Reisterstown turnpike, and within 1½ miles of Finksburg station, on the Western Maryland Railroad, on

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1888,

at 1 o'clock, P. M., the farm upon which the said Cornelius Buckley resided at the time of his death, containing

200 ACRES OF LAND, MORE or LESS.

The improvements thereon are a large and substantial two-story Stone Dwelling House, with basement, cellar, &c.; large bank barn, newly built, with threshing floors, ample stabling, granaries, &c.; spring of excellent water and stone dairy and other outbuildings. The fields are of convenient size and well watered. The land is of good quality and in a high state of cultivation; a large portion is of the best quality of bottom land, producing heavy crops of timothy and other grasses.

A survey has been made of the above mentioned land, which is so divided as to leave with the buildings 230 acres, more or less. The balance, about 70 acres, more or less, is to be divided into two lots, one containing about 45 acres and the other about 25 acres. Both of these lots are beautifully situated on the Baltimore and Reisterstown turnpike, 1½ miles from Finksburg station, on the Western Maryland Railroad, and are heavily covered with valuable Timber. If the above division of the land is not desirable to purchasers it will be offered as a whole.

A plat of the survey will be exhibited on the day of sale, and any further information in reference to the same will be furnished upon application to the undersigned, at Westminster, Md.

Also, on the same day, at 10 o'clock, A. M., will be sold all the Personal Property of Cornelius Buckley, deceased, consisting of horses, cows, wagons, and all kinds of agricultural machinery. Also household and kitchen furniture, such as beds, bedsteads and bedding, tables, chairs, carpeting, &c.

Terms of Sale of Real Estate.—One-third cash on day of sale, one-third in one year and the other one-third in two years from the day of sale; the credit payments to be secured by the notes of the purchaser or purchasers, with approved security, bearing interest from the day of sale.

Terms of Personal Property.—All sums of $10 and under, cash; on sums over $10 a credit of six months will be given, on note with approved security, bearing interest from the day of sale. No property to be removed until settled for.

EDWARD LYNCH, Trustee.
D. N. Heaning, Solicitor. no-3-4s

NO. 2611 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County.

Hannah P. Moore, mother and next friend, &c., vs. Mary H. Moore and Helen P. Moore, infant defendants.

ORDERED this 31st day of October, A. D., 1888, that the sale of the Real Estate in the proceedings in the above cause mentioned, made by Thomas A. Forney, Trustee, and this day reported to said court, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 3d day of December next: Provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper published in Carroll county, once in each of three successive weeks before the 26th day of November next.

The report states the amount of sale to be $1060.00.

WM. N. MARTIN, Clerk.

True copy—Test:
no-3-3t WM. N. MARTIN, Clerk.

The Marsh House.

JURORS and others having business with the approaching term of Court, are respectfully informed that I am prepared to entertain them at moderate rates. My table is always abundantly supplied with good, substantial food and the luxuries of the season also. Good rooms and comfortable beds are provided for my guests. Call and see and learn that my accommodations cannot be surpassed in the city, at terms that will be entirely satisfactory.

JOHN MARSH,
Corner Main and Centre Sts., two squares from Court House, Westminster. no-3-3t

Road Carts.

I have now on hand a supply of Road Carts, of my own make, which, for comfort and superiority, cannot be excelled for the money. Everybody should have one. Just the thing for traveling over bad roads. A complete line of stylish Cutters cheap.

JNO. E. ECKENRODE,
Coach Builder, No. 70 Liberty St.,
no-3-3t Westminster, Md.

For Sale.

A THOROUGHBRED HAMBLETONIAN STALLION; 4 years old; about 16 hands high; weighs 1100 pounds; Chestnut Sorrel with star in forehead; thoroughly broken and a good mover. Will be sold low because the owner has no use for him. Terms to suit purchaser. For particulars inquire at the SENTINEL office. no-3-3t

BEST Lanterns at BABYLON & GILBERT'S.

The day is long, the day is bright,
But soon will come the snow!

Select Story.

"SUSAN NIPPER."

Story of a Cow That First Caused Discord and Then Concord.

From FRANK LESLIE'S NEWSPAPER.

"Uncle Smith is gone."

"Gone where?"

"Why, Kate? John means that he is dead!"

"O-oh!" She tried to look sober, but smiled. It was very silly.

"There, mamma—I know I'm a dunce; you needn't frown to emphasize the fact; but in a case like this, where is the use of repining?"

"When did it occur?" asked Mrs. Emslie.

"About two weeks ago. I received word yesterday that I was mentioned in the will."

"Sensible old gentlemen. I think I could have mourned him, if—I had known him! I hope your portion was large."

"As large as that of all the rest."

"How much?"

"Katharine! I'm disgusted with you. So will John be."

"Not a bit, mother, dear. Leave me to manage Jack. I shall have to soon, you know."

The handsome fellow beamed upon her; he had no fear of her management.

"You needn't smile, sir. It's going to be serious for *you*. See here." She held forth a volume with a glittering title: "How to Manage a Husband. By One of the Managers."

"Where did you get that thing?"

"Letty Stone sent it. She is the author, and it's making her famous."

"She is an old maid."

"That doesn't matter, it sells all the same. But tell me about your legacy; what is it?"

"A cow."

"A—*what?*"

"A cow; neither more nor less."

"Was the man insane?"

"Not at all. He really hadn't much to dispose of, and he portioned it out equally."

"Humph! What did the rest get?"

"One had the cottage; another, a few bank shares; Henry, a few acres of ground. The division was fair enough. I am satisfied."

"Inheriting a cow! It's the most ridiculous thing I ever heard!"

Off Katherine went in a gale of laughter, but presently observed that her mirth was unshared by the others.

Mrs. Emslie looked perplexed; she was practical, and any thing out of the common annoyed her. Jack seemed perfectly serene and content.

"Perhaps you would like to hear about 'Susan Nipper'?"

"And who is she, pray?"

Kate sat down beside him to listen.

"My legacy. She is a valuable Holstein."

"And why 'Susan Nipper?'"

"Because she is a registered thoroughbred. No other animal can ever bear her name."

"None in its senses would wish."

"Perhaps not. She is young; she will be more famous by and by. Even now she is worth two thousand dollars."

"John Lansing—a cow! Humph!"

"Yes. I was offered that this morning by Mr. Sampson, of Holbridge Farm."

"Well—but why didn't you take it?"

"I preferred 'Susan Nipper.'"

"And what are you going to do with her?"

"Keep her."

"As an attraction, in the store?"

"I fancy there was sufficient 'method' in Uncle John's 'madness.'" He knew me when a little shaver, and how I loved a farm; and was always an advocate of every one following 'their bent.' Agriculture was my desire—a dry-goods store my fact. Now, I'm going to sell out and buy some land."

Katharine was speechless with astonishment, and Mrs. Emslie prudently left the scene.

"You do not seemed pleased, darling."

"I am not, I assure you."

"Then I am very sorry."

He drew her close, and smoothed the pretty curls in his tender, awkward way.

"You can't be in earnest, Jack, dear."

"Never more so in my life. It is generally a trifle which turns the course of a man's life, and uncle's legacy has turned mine. You know I have often talked of this."

"O, yes! when you are old and retired from business. I wouldn't mind that. Cousin Walter has a farm and an elegant Queen Anne house, and lots of servants. That is nice enough, and the only kind of farming which would suit me."

"You don't know, dear. Why, my sweetest dream is to see you flitting about, caring for our simple but comfortable home, with plenty of room to live, without stifling ourselves in a 'flat,' our own brown fields about us, and no restrictions on enjoying 'the grass.' Then, in the winter, with a cozy sleigh and good horse to carry us over the glittering roads. *Here* a sleigh-ride is an extravagance for us."

For a moment the pleasant picture her lover drew woke a mild enthusiasm in the gayety-loving heart, but it soon vanished.

"Jack, I will never marry a farmer." The angry flush in the beautiful face emphasized the tone.

"Hush, Kate! don't say things without thinking.

"No, I will not 'hush!' and I am thinking."

She sprang up and paced the narrow parlor, whence—in true city fashion—God's daylight was excluded, her dainty, white tea-gown trailing over the carpet. Finally she paused before the long mirror.

"I look like it, don't I?" *A farmer's wife*—I!

Now, Katherine Emslie was in truth a lovely girl, not a bit more vain than was good for her; just enough so to make her study her own apparel to achieve the best results, and she succeeded in being always charming. She shrank from things ugly and coarse, and—well, she had seen this despised class of women times and times! She knew.

Last summer at Neversink, and the year before among the Berkshires; in those long, delightful drives, when Jack was taking his vacation with mamma and her, he would stand and gossip with the men, till every old "hayseed" in the community knew and had a kind word for him; while she would watch and pity the wives, in untidy gowns and barren of "frizzes." She be one of them?—never! Still, there was a piece of work before her, if she was to banish "agriculture" from that obstinate Lansing head over on the sofa-pillow. Preparing to begin the siege, she was disconcerted by the first remark.

"She has beautiful eyes, large and mild."

"Who, pray?"

"Susan Nipper.

"Indeed! my rival."

"Ridiculous, Kate!"

"Isn't it true?"

"Certainly it is not. I thought, at first, that I would sell her, but she looked at me——"

"And that settled the matter."

"Exactly. Depend upon it, 'there *is* a destiny,' etc. I was a farmer born. I love the soil; the very odor of it is sweet to me; and to own it, to work in it, to enjoy the freedom of a life in the open fields—Oh! I wonder I have ever imprisoned myself in town so long."

"If you had not, you would not have met—*me!*"

"True, sweetheart—another proof of 'destiny'—but now that I *have* you, I am free to live out my nature."

"I thought a wife—that is to be—had an interest in—in—her husband's plans." The shyness and the blushes were irresistible. John did what any other lover would have done.

[redacted]

prefer Finksbury, where your Cousin Walter lives."

"Jack," very slowly and bewitchingly, "I am not going to marry a farmer."

"So you said. Pardon my contradicting you." He tried to kiss her pouting lips, but she drew back.

"No; you are in earnest—so am I. I will not be like those dreadful women."

"You can never be anything but the sweetest woman in the world."

"Then you won't give up the notion?"

"I can not; it is not a 'notion.' In such a life lies my success. We are made what we are; we can not remodel ourselves."

"Then *eccentricity* runs in your family, and—excuse me—I am afraid of it. Though you may have had a fancy for it, you had no intention of farming till your uncle died and left you—a cow! Immediately you gave up a good business——"

"Which I detest!"

"And you put your fortune into a *pasture* for your cow! I object to have my life ruined, and you forthwith trample my prejudices under foot to indulge the desires of 'a beautiful, mild-eyed' cow! If I rightly understand, the line has now to be drawn between your—wife—and this *cow?*"

She had risen and gone away from him, speaking with a distinct, inimitable sarcasm.

"Come, darling, don't let us keep this up any longer. Of course it is to make no difference in our lives together; our wedding-day is fixed, thank God! and *our home* shall be ready."

"No, John." She put out her hand with a forbidding gesture, and all the color left her face. "You have chosen your life, and I choose mine; they do *not* lie together. Here is your ring. I wish you success and joy—of 'Susan Nipper'!"

"Sweetheart!" But the slim figure ascending the stair did not turn back, and there was temper as well as obstinacy in "the Lansing head;" so the door was closed between them.

* * * * * * *

"Mamma, I have 'broken off' with Mr. Lansing."

"Very well dear. Then we will go abroad for a year or two."

They did; and for many a month neither heard or knew aught more of the would-be farmer, though Katharine wisely opined, that since he was quite free to select his own "locality," it would *not* be Glastonbury, or any place near relatives of hers.

They tired of Europe at last, for though Kate was gay, she was restless, and her mother was glad enough to improve the first suggestion to "go home." There they found a letter waiting.

"My dear, Cousin Walter writes that Emily is miserable, the children and the servants running wild; and he wants us to come up for a few weeks and help him out. Are you willing?"

"It doesn't matter."

"Don't be so indifferent. I, too, would prefer the quiet of home, but I feel under obligations to him. He has managed my business most kindly and faithfully since your father died."

"We will go, of course."

Mr. Emslie's hobby was scientific farming, and the Long Acre estate a magnificent one: and he who had not visited this "lion" of the county had missed a glimpse of fairy-land.

"You are not going to send those beautiful animals to a country fair?" expostulated Katharine.

"Certainly; I believe in this kind of life and all farmers, great or small, must make and exhibit of their best to encourage their neighbors."

"I should think it would discourage them to compete with your stock. It is a foregone conclusion that you will capture all the prizes."

Cousin Walter smiled; he would rather take "first premium" at the forthcoming exposition than be bank president.

"I don't know—I don't know," he said, complacently rubbing his hands. I thought I had the finest of every thing in my line; but, perfect as my herd is, there is one creature I covet."

"And what is that?"

"A beautiful Holstein-Friesian, whose record beats even my 'Maggie Darragh's.' She is owned by a long-headed chap who runs the small farm next mine."

"Why don't you buy her?"

"Can't. Have offered him four thousand, but money seems no inducement. However, she and 'Maggie' are to compete at this fair, and if my neighbor comes out ahead—why, I'll have her, if I have to double my offer."

Katharine felt but little interest in the "Farmers' Show;" yet when the pastures of Long Acre were emptied of their splendid herds, they looked strangely lonely to her; and on the second morning of the exhibition she was quite ready to accept her cousin's invitation to visit the grounds.

"I shall have to leave you alone, though, most of the time. You see, I have so many 'entries' to look after."

"Is your neighbor's cow here?"

His face fell. "Oh, but she's a royal beauty! Not a blemish in her, and at yesterday's milking contest five quarts ahead of famous 'Maggie Darragh.' I don't know how it will be to-day, but I fear the issue."

"There is no perfect happiness, Cousin Walter. All the world envies you, and you—envy a poor farmer."

"Can't be very poor and own 'Susan Nipper'!"

Kate visibly started. "Who?"

"'Susan Nipper.'"

"Strange! I knew a cow—I mean, I heard of one—of that name."

"Must have been this one, then."

"Why? Can't there be two?"

"Not in registered thoroughbreds. Names may be similar, not identical. But the animal you—were acquainted with—may it not have been a Holstein?"

"Yes, it was."

"Then it's my neighbor's, and you'll have an opportunity to renew civilities. Was it in Holland?" The girl did not reply: she was too busy wishing herself at home.

It was a noisy, crowded place; and finding "Exhibition Hall" and the numberless tents uncomfortable, she wandered off towards the rear of the grounds, and found herself among rows of frame cattle-sheds, where were her consin's "quarters." An attendant brought her a camp-chair, and placed her comfortably, where she was glad to rest and watch the midday milking. Now she was here, she wondered about "Susan Nipper," and wished she could see that fateful animal just once, herself unseen. "Where is the cow that rivals 'Maggie Darragh'?"

"Behind you, miss, in the shed on the left."

Katharine glanced furtively over her shoulder. What if "her rival's" owner should be present?

But he was not, and she ventured to approach and gaze upon *her enemy*. Here, too, the milking had just been accomplished, and she found herself listening to the discussions of "the judges."

She fancied that there was something a little strange about "Susan's" attendant; he was evidently indifferent to the success of his side, and—she thought he needed watching.

"Where is the owner?" asked the gentleman decorated by a "badge."

"Couldn't come to-day," replied the employe, carelessly.

"No man ought to leave a creature like that in inexperienced hands," said another. "That fellow doesn't understand his business; her yield falls below 'Maggie Darragh's,' yet she's by all odds the finest creature. Well, we'll get around here by six and see her milked again."

They did, and Mr. Emslie and his fair consin as well. If her—her old friend, Mr. Lansing, could not be present, there was no impropriety of her availing herself of this amusement, sheltered behind Cousin Walter's responsibility. The operation was carried on with spirit in the two rival stalls. Mr. Emslie and "the judges" flitted from one to the other; but Katharine was stationary, watching with eager eyes, the attendant of "Susan Nipper," who, supposing himself to be the object of special interest, "lost his head" in his clumsy vanity.

"You have made a mistake in that measurement."

The rustic was doumbfounded. I reckon not, miss."

"Yes I watched you. It must be done over."

Cousin Walter and the others drawing near, she appealed to them, and one in authority commanded, briefly: "Try it over."

The accused refused to obey.

"O, but you shall!" cried Kate. "It's cheating else. 'Maggie Darragh's' owner is here to look after his own affairs, and his men are honest; but you, either ignorantly or purposely, have blundered."

"Quite right," said "Judge" Denniston. "If there's a question of fraud, we'll see that milk measured. Is this beautiful creature yours, madman? Are you Mrs. Lansing?"

Poor Katharine's face was scarlet; but a well-known voice replied for her—for she was dumb.

"Thank you dear. You have filled my place bravely."

He lifted his hat to the assembly, drew her arm within his own, and led her away. In a dream, she suffered this masterful intrnder to place her in his own carriage, and carry her out from the crowded, dusty place to the sweet and open country; and not till he drew rein before the gateway of a vine-embowered villa was silence broken.

"This is where I and 'Susan Nipper' live—waiting for you to come and make a *home*. Are you ready yet, sweetheart?"

The words were not much, but they roused her from her reverie. After all it was quite natural, and in the old order of things, for Jack and her to be riding through green lanes and byways; and it was quite the old Kate who turned her tearful eyes, but smiling lips, towards him.

"I'm tired, John, and—I guess—I—am ready."

And the way he drew her head upon his shoulder—well, that was quite natural, too!

"But, sir," she cried, suddenly sitting erect, "that man is a cheat. You must discharge him."

"You shall have that privilege, darling—you have earned it."

Cousin Walter drove home very much astonished, and not a little wroth. Mrs. Emslie received his report calmly.

"There they come now—the impudent pair!"

Kate sprang lightly out, and tossed a kiss to her irate relative; then whispered in his ear:

"Patience; you shall have the creature yet."

When the brief wedding journey was over, and Mrs. Lansing was home at "The Meadows," she dispatched a note to Long Acre.

For Sale.—One Holstein Friesian, 'Susan Nipper.' Price, $8,500."

The millionaire whistled, laughed, and returned answer:

"Check ready when goods are delivered."

"But, little wife, you won't sell her—my wedding-gift to you?"

"Indeed, and I will, sir. That money is better in bank than in a homely, awkward thing, that is likely to get the—the—I don't know what."

"But *I* am really attached to her."

"Exactly. That is why I hate her. She'll have to go."

And "Susan Nipper" went.

Bob Burdette Gives Some Practical Advice to Young Men.

My son, you may not be missed a great deal by a very wide circle of people when you die. It won't be necessary for you to leave much money for a tombstone. The few people who love you, who tenderly and dearly and truly love you, will know which mound covers your sleeping figure, and they can find it just by the ferns and grasses that wave above it; and a monument ninety feet high won't make strangers care for you, or make them love you, or make them remember you. You may not be missed a great deal by very many people when you die, my boy; but that isn't what you want to think about. You want to make yourself felt and noticed while you are here. That's what you want to do. And that is more than most men do. Just run your eye over this paragraph again, if you have time, and think over it a little while you are waiting for morning service to begin. Now and then you will meet a man who actually rejoices, in a mean envious sort of a way, to think that in a few years his more popular, prosperous, successful neighbor will be dead and forgotten. It may be true. The big, wide world is so busy with the living, that she does seem to forget her children when they fall asleep. But you will notice that the man who rejoices in this is really a mean man whom she has forgotten while he yet lives; who is not felt or heard in the world at all. Now, do you go ahead, my boy, and don't stop to wonder if the world will remember you and miss you one hundred years from now. Little you'll care for this old world in a hundred years from now; Heaven grant it may be under your feet then! You just go ahead and make yourself felt now. When you are gone the world will get along without you, my boy; but while you are here do you make it understand that you are running part of this show yourself, if it is nothing more than standing at the tent-door, and directing the people to pass to the right, and move along in front of the cages.

How to Feed Young Pigs.

The man who throws a few ears of corn to his pigs three times a day and expects them to "laugh and grow fat," writes a correspondent, will be disappointed. They squeal and grow thin. I had this year a sow that raised only two pigs, but those two grew faster than any pigs I have fed for a long time. This is why they grew: Their parents were not scrub stock, but sleek, clean-cut Berkshires. There were not thirteen pigs crowding in a trough that would only accommodate twelve. No, there were only two, and they ate slowly, quietly and comfortably. They were not filled up with dish-water at breakfast and then compelled to wait till noon for their next meal. No; they had rich milk, and when they wanted more they trotted off to their mother until she gave it to them. They were not shut up in a nasty, ill-smelling pen, but had range of the farm (while they were small) and had dry quarters in which to sleep. I profited by those observations, gave my pigs rich slop—not too much—five times a day, and sometimes oftener; let them have a lot in which to graze and exercise, visited them between feeding times, and if no unfortunate calamity happens to them, the pigs will be a profit to me.

LINCOLN AND THE LITTLE GIRL.

From YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Will the world ever know what depth of tenderness there was in the heart of Abraham Lincoln? An anecdote, which has never been published, brings out one more instance in which his sympathies, awakened by a little child, nobly controlled his action. In one of the first skirmishes of the Civil War, a young Union soldier was so severely wounded in the leg that the limb had to be amputated. On leaving the hospital, the young soldier, by the aid of influential gentlemen, obtained a position as a Government weigher of hay and grain. Not long after he had entered upon his duties, his superior officer said to him:

"See here, Mr. M——, this hay weighs so much on these scales, but to the Government it weighs so much more."

"I do not understand, sir, that way of doing business. I can enter but one weight and that is the correct one," answered the young weigher.

His superior walked away, uttering threats. The young man from that day suffered many petty persecutions for his honesty, and it was not long before he received notice that the Government had no further need for his services. The summary dismissal made him so down-hearted that when he told the story to his family, he seemed a man without hope.

"Father," replied the eldest daughter, a girl of thirteen, "cheer up! I am going to see President Lincoln. I know he will make it all right."

Her father and mother tried to turn her purpose, saying that it would be useless to see the President, as he would not attend to such a petty matter as the dismissal of a weigher of grain. But her faith in the President's sense of justice was so strong that she went to the White House, and, after three days of patient waiting in the ante-room, was admitted to Mr. Lincoln's presence.

The hour for receiving visitors had nearly expired, and as she entered the room the President, throwing himself on a lounge, said wearily, "Well, my little girl, what can I do for you?"

She told her artless story. Mr. Lincoln listened attentively, and with a smile asked, "But how, my dear, do I know that your statement is true?"

"Mr. President," answered the girl, with energy, "you must take my word for it."

"I do," replied the President, rising and taking her hand. "Come with me to Mr. Stanton."

"Stanton," said Mr. Lincoln, as they entered the office of the great War Secretary, "I wish you would hear this child's story."

"I have no time," answered the over-worked man.

"But you must," replied Mr. Lincoln.

"I have not a moment to spare today, Mr. President."

"Come again, my dear, to-morrow, and Mr. Stanton will hear you then," said the President, leading her away.

The next day she was admitted at once to the President, who took her over to Mr. Stanton's office. The Secretary listened to the child's story and was so moved by it that he indignantly exclaimed before she had finished: "The infernal rascal!" He went to his desk and wrote an order for the immediate dismissal of the dishonest official, and for the appointment of the little girl's father to the vacant place.

Mr. Lincoln never forgot the child; he told her story to several Congressmen, and through their influence her two brothers were enrolled among the pages of the House of Representatives.

In "making up" newspapers, or the piecing together of different paragraphs into columns, two separate items will sometimes be jumbled together and most amusing results appear. A French newspaper had a good specimen of this kind of mixture: "Dr. X. has been appointed head physician at the Hospital de la Charite. Orders have been issued by the authorities for the immediate extension of the Cimetiere de Parnasse." The New Haven *Journal*, some time ago, made a curious jumble of two items. One read: "A large cast-iron wheel, revolving nine hundred times a minute, exploded in this city yesterday after a long and painful illness. Deceased was a prominent thirty-second degree Mason." The other paragraph detailed how "John Fadden, the well-known florist and real estate broker, of Newport, R. I., died in Wordiner & Russell's sugar mill, at Crystal Lake, Ill., on Saturday, doing three thousand dollars' damage to the building and injuring several workmen severely."

HORSES IN BATTLE.

War horses, when hit in battle, tremble in every muscle and groan deeply, while their eyes show deep astonishment. During the battle of Waterloo some of the horses, as they lay upon the ground, having recovered from the first agony of their wounds, fell to eating the grass about them, thus surrounding themselves with a circle of bare ground, the limited extent of which showed their weakness. Others were observed quietly grazing on the field between the two hostile lines, their riders having been shot off their backs, and the balls flying over their heads and the tumult behind, before and around them caused no interruption to the usual instinct of their nature. It was also observed that when a charge of cavalry went past near to any of the stray horses already mentioned they would set off, form themselves in the rear of their mounted companions, and, though without riders, gallop strenuously along with the rest, not stopping or flinching when the fatal shock with the enemy took place. At the battle of Kirk, 1745, Major McDonald having unhorsed an English officer took possession of his horse, which was very beautiful, and immediately mounted it. When the English cavalry fled the horse ran away with its captor, notwithstanding all his efforts to restrain it, nor did it stop until it was at the head of the regiment of which apparently its master was commander. The melancholy, and at the same time ridiculous figure which McDonald presented when he saw himself the victim of his ambition to possess a fine horse, which ultimately cost him his life upon the scaffold, may be easily conceived.

A TOWN RIGHTLY NAMED.

Persons who cannot abide tobacco may be glad to know of one town, Economy, Pennsylvania, where not only are smoking and chewing prohibited, but the prohibition is actually carried into effect. The story is told by a writer in the *American* magazine.

Alighting from the train at the handsome modern station-house of stone, close by the riverside, we start up the roadway leading over the bluff to the village. A middle-aged German accosts us, smiling.

"Welcome," he says pleasantly. "I shall be delite. I haf many people shown Economy."

He laughs and we laugh; there is a general shaking of hands. No other introduction is necessary. As we resume our walk, one of our party lights a cigar.

"Vot you do?" asks the guide, stopping, with eyebrows raised with surprise.

"Smoke," replies the astonished gentleman.

"Ve smoke not tobacco here," says the guide.

"But I use it."

"So? Vell, not in Economy. Ve haf no use mit tobacco."

Objections are useless, the cigar is thrown away. The guide places his foot on it in triumph. For many years no tobacco has been used in Economy, except by stealth. An edict was issued against it because the practice was deemed an evil one, and these sturdy Germans must have credit for self-sacrifice, as it is a national characteristic dearly to love a pipe.

The boom which was recently started in Jerusalem still appears to hold its own. Several handsome public buildings have been erected on Mount Zion. The Rothschild hospital for Jews, on a neighboring hill, is a striking building, although its cruciform shape is a source of grief to faithful Jews. A girl's school has been built by Italians, and a stately building for Russian pilgrims is now in course of erection. Similar buildings for German, French and Italian pilgrims are already erected. On the top of the Mount of Olivcs the Russians have built an ugly tower, with the sole object of seeing the Mediterranean and Dead seas from its top; but their church in Gethsemane makes up in beauty for the ugliness of the tower. A company of German Protestants, calling themselves "The Friends of the Temple," which has been in existence for many years, is now to take definite steps for the restoration of the ancient temple.

"I see," said Mr. Barkins, "that there are a million more women than men in Germany." "Yes," said Mr. Smarty; "they do that to evade the military requirements of the German Government."

A man will dislocate his arm trying to hit a base-ball, and spend an entire day in deliberating efforts to make a home run—but he wont beat a carpet. Not much.

When you know all about a thing it loses all interest. It is the imagination playing upon a suspicion that gives it those beautiful colors which gossip delights in.

Besides preventing consumption, the boiling of milk is important otherwise. It reduces the amount of water that has been pumped into the milk cans.

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