**THE GREAT SALE**

—OF—

**Heavy Winter Goods**

WILL COMMENCE

**Monday, January 7th, 1889,**

—AT—

**THEO. DERR & SON'S**

EVERYTHING IN

**Ladies' and Misses' Coats and Wraps,**

IN

**Plush and Cloth Goods,**

Must be sold at a price to make them go.

ALSO

**Blankets, Comforts, Underwear, Gloves, Muffs and Fur Goods, Ladies' and Children's Hoods and Toboggans, Winter Dress Goods,**

and everything in the Winter line will be cleaned out to make room for Spring Stock. We ask all to call early and get the choice of the bargains.

Respectfully,
THEO. DERR & SON,
jan-5-1y 79 E. Main Street.

**TO THE PEOPLE!**

I wish to call your attention to my large stock of

**STAPLE & FANCY GROCERIES**

—ALSO—

**Provisions, Flour, Fruits and Confectioneries.**

I would not have you ignorant of the immense and complete stock which I carry, and will try to suit and accommodate my patrons.

**MY PRICES**

are without a doubt as low as they can possibly be, and will suit everybody. I would like to have you call and be convinced. My line of

**Fancy Delicacies is complete.**

I HAVE

**The Largest Line of Confectioneries in the city.**

**Fruits of all Kinds, Foreign and Domestic.**

**My Staple Grocery Department is unsurpassed.**

Having a share of your patronage the past year, and hoping, the present year, to receive a continuance of the same, I am,
Very Respectfully,
JOHN D. BOWERS,
jan-12 47 East Main St.

**REMOVAL.**

**ABOUT APRIL 1st**

I WILL MOVE

**TO THE ZIEBER BUILDING,**

**11 West Main Street.**

And for the next 60 days

**OFFER-:-GREAT-:-BARGAINS**

IN

**Heavy Leather and Rubber Goods.**

Those wanting Bargains should avail themselves of this oppotunity.

A FULL LINE OF THE

**Latest Style Hats and Caps and the Best Shoes**

For men, women and children; also

**Umbrellas, Trunks, Valises, Satchels, &c.**

Prices as Low as First-Class Goods Will Warrant.

U. L. REAVER,
feb-2 At the Depot, Westminster, Md.

**GREATEST BARGAINS!**

**LOWEST PRICES**

**FOR**

**ALL GOODS THE NEXT**

**THIRTY DAYS**

—AT—

**FRANCIS J. DEVILBISS',**

NEW WINDSOR, MD.

jan-19



# AMERICAN SENTINEL.

VOL. 57, NO. 6. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 9, 1889. ESTABLISHED 1833.



**Executor's Sale**

OF VALUABLE

**RealEstate**

**And Personal Property.**

THE undersigned, executor of the last will and testament of Thomas Webster, late of Carroll county, deceased, by virtue of the power therein contained, and by virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, will sell at public sale, on the premises, on *Wednesday, 20th day of February*, 1889, at 10 o'clock, a. m., the following property:

A small farm containing
45 ACRES, 1 ROOD AND 12 PERCHES
of land, more or less, and a parcel of land, adjoining the above, containing
14½ ACRES, MORE OR LESS.

This property is on the Washington road, adjoining William Fenby and others, about 1½ miles from Westminster. It is improved with a substantial log dwelling house, a good bank barn and other outbuildings, and has a thriving young orchard and a great variety of choice fruit. There is a fine spring at the dwelling and a pump at the barn.

Also a lot of land containing
22 ACRES, 3 ROODS AND 16 8-10 PERCHES,
more or less, situated about 5 miles from Westminster, adjoining farms of Elias Shipley, George Lamotte, Elias Davis and others. About 10 Acres are in thriving young timber. The lot is well watered, with a running stream.

This lot will be sold on the premises of the home farm

There will also be sold, at the same time and place, the Personal Property of the deceased, to-wit: 2 milch cows, 1 heifer, a young bull, 1 bay mare, 1 set front gears, bridles and harness, 1 wind mill, thresher and power, lot of hay, 1 spring wagon, 1 falling-top buggy and buggy harness, grain drill, combined reaper and mower, two-horse wagon, lot of corn, 6 hives of bees, 9½ acres of growing rye, 10½ acres of growing wheat, and a large variety of other articles too numerous to mention; together with ALL THE HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE.

TERMS OF SALE:

REAL ESTATE:—One-third cash on the day of sale, or on the ratification thereof by the Court; one-third in one year and the other one-third in 18 months 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; or, all cash at the option of the purchaser.

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 day of sale.

ISAAC E. PEARSON,
ja-26-ts Executor.

**Mortgagee's Sale**

OF A DESIRABLE

**LITTLE FARM**

In Freedom District, Carroll County, Md.

BY virtue of the power of sale contained in a mortgage from Noah Fossett to The Westminster Savings' Institution, bearing date June 2, 1885, and recorded among the Real Estate Mortgage Records of Carroll county in Liber G. A. M., No. 22, folio 340, &c., the undersigned, the attorney and agent therein named, will sell at public sale, to the highest bidder, at the Court House door, in Westminster, Carroll county, Md., on *Monday, 11th day of February, A. D.* 1889, at 2 o'clock, P. M., all those parcels of land lying contiguous to each other, being parts of tracts of land called "Bachelor's Refuge" and "Belly Ache Thicket," containing
26 ACRES, 2 ROODS AND 22 PERCHES
of land, more or less. The improvements thereon are a comfortable two-story log dwelling house, smoke house, dairy, and other outbuildings; stream of running water, also two good springs on the premises.

This property is near the county road leading from Winfield to Woodbine, about 4 miles from Woodbine Station, and adjoins the land of Henry Welsh, Thomas Buckingham and others.

TERMS OF SALE.—Cash; or, if desired by the purchaser, one-third cash on the day of sale or on the ratification thereof; one-third in six months, and the other one-third in nine months 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.

CHARLES T. REIFSNIDER,
Attorney and Agent named in Mortgage.
R. C. Matthews, Auctioneer. ja-26-ts

**Private Sale.**

THE subscriber offers at private sale his property, about 2½ miles from Westminster, on the road leading from the Manchester to the Gorsuch road, containing 35 ACRES, fifteen of which are in growing Timber. The improvements are a good Frame Dwelling, Bank Barn, Smoke and Hog House, and other outbuildings. The land is in a good state of cultivation, under good fencing, has a young orchard, water, &c.

Also 3 ACRES OF LAND, adjoining the above property, improved by a two-story Frame Dwelling House, &c. For further particulars apply to J. L. STORMS,
sep-22-6m* On the premises.

**Private Sale.**

A SMALL FARM, half a mile from Westminster, on the Manchester road, containing 46½ ACRES OF LAND, well watered and under good cultivation. Six acres in fine Chestnut Timber; an orchard of choice Fruit Trees. A Brick Cottage of seven rooms, double porches and pantries. The lawn set with choice fruits, vines, evergreen trees, and shrubbery of every description. A well of water at the door. Apply to the subscriber, or Arthur Kemp, on the premises.

MARTHA WORLEY,
feb-2-3t Green St., Westminster.

**VALUABLE FARM**

**At Private Sale,**

About 5 miles north of Westminster and containing 92 ACRES OF LAND, more or less. Ten acres is good TIMBER LAND; balance under good cultivation, with Dwelling House, barn and all necessary outbuildings. Spring of never-failing running water. An abundance of fruits of all kinds. If desired the farm can be bought with all the farm stock, machinery and growing grain, included. For further particulars inquire at the SENTINEL office de-29-tf

**For Rent.**

12-Room House, No. 144 Pennsylvania Avenue. Water, Range, Heater, Gas; all modern conveniences. Rent low. Also a fine Dwelling, No. 136 Pennsylvania Avenue, containing 7 rooms; good garden; water at the door. Terms $6 per month. Also, Tenant House on Sunny-Side Farm, 1 mile east of Stonerville; $2 per month. Possession given of the above properties at once. Apply to
E. J. LAWYER,
de-22-tf Westminster, Md.

**For Rent.**

DWELLING HOUSE, No. 26 W. Green Street, opposite Belle Grove Square, containing 7 rooms, kitchen and double cellar, and is furnished with gas; garden, water and fruit. Possession given February 1st, 1889. For further particulars apply to
J. Q. STITELY,
de-29-tf No. 13 Liberty Street.

**Dwelling for Sale.**

A two-story Frame Dwelling House, on Pennsylvania Avenue, Westminster, containing 6 rooms, cellar and other conveniences. Possession given at once. Price, $750. Apply at No. 77 Pennsylvania Avenue. jan-26-3t

**For Rent.**

DWELLING HOUSE No. 170, on West Main St., Westminster; 8 rooms; 60-foot lot; good stable and carriage-house. Apply to
JOHN W. NELSON,
jan-19-tf* 164 W. Main St., Westminster.


## Select Poetry.

From the STURGIS DAILY RECORD.

### HARNEY'S PEAK.*

BY CHAPLAIN DAVID WILSON, U. S. A.

Oh giant mountain, thou that sit'st enthrone
Majestic in thy solitary might,
None rivals thy domain. Illimitless!
O'er azure plains unswept, from north to sou
From east to west, the eagle scars afar,
Down from his eyrie 'neath thy craggy cli
Serene thou sit'st amid yon ether heights
'Neath lightning-splintered minarets and ta
Far down the tallest mountains seem but ste
Cloud-canopied in palaces of stone
In grandeur such as monarch never kne
Whereby the genii climb thy winding stairs,
And whence the tawny deer, with timid glance,
Watches the sun-lit shadows, upward flight,
Where naught that's living e'er essays to climb.
When didst thou rear thy high imperial throne?
What nations tremble, mighty conqueror?
When down amid the granite rocks thou laidst
The deep foundations of thy kingly realm?
What navies ploughed the seas; what Titans bold
Built these grand pillars tier on tier above
Hiding the "gold of Ophir" in these caves
'Mid silver veins of quartz and iron bound?
The wealth of India, locked within these heights.
What nations here at uncreated shrines,
Awed by thy peerless majesty alone,
Have bowed in worship and upraised have kept,
In wanderings far, thine image fixed, sublime?
Thou wast an Ararat in ages past,
Towering aloft above adjacent hills,
Where nations sheltered 'mid the surging floods;
Mayhap thy tallest cliff the place where grew,
The leafy emblems of a ransomed world.

Still fancy lingers 'mid ages past:
What tribes of men from out the Orient lands,
Migrating thither, saw thee from afar,
Lone warden of their solitary way,
Or washed by seas no longer flecked by sails,
Wast thou their guide o'er waters long assuaged.

Oh! Ancient Toltec, Aztec long entombed
Amid the debris of a tropic clime,
Here didst thou pause, erstwhile to greet the sun,
And worship as on Persia's plains afar!
Image of Him whose fiat made the world.
Oh! Sun shed forth thy beams, encrown this mount
With morning lustre, richer, brighter far
Than gems of Ind in Russia's diadem.

*Fort Meade, Dakota.*

*Highest mountain peak in the Black Hills.

## Select Story.

### HEPSIL'S VALENTINE.

BY MANDA L. CROCKER.

"I wish to be alone to-night wi
only the blaze for company."

Hepsie Seymour sighed and s
down near the window of her apa
ment to watch the sunset redden t
western snow-clad hills before
dropped into the crisp February nig

Jane turned away from the hear
after replenishing the fire, and tipto
out of the room and down the soft
carpeted stairs, cogitating:

"I wonder what her sorrow m
be," she murmured, running her ha
thoughtfully along the heavy waln
balustrade. "It must be a love tro
ble, for every time St. Valentine's
Day comes around she grows paler
and keeps her room, wanting to be
alone."

And the observing Jane was correct
in her conclusion.

Truly the blaze was all the com
pany Miss Seymour cared for to-night
of all nights, for out of the gleaming
west seemed to come a tenderly uttered
"Good-bye, Hepsie; I can never for
get."

And to-night, as the dusk of Val
entine Eve deepened around her,
Hepsie Seymour sobbed up against
the window-pane: "I think he still
remembers. I have remembered until
my heart is cankered through with
the bitterness all its own."

The stars were coming out now,
one by one, and great shadows trailed
through the shrubbery and crept
around "The Oaks."

A pained face seemed to rise out of
the night and search her soul with its
dark, yet kindly eyes, as once, on a
Valentine Eve, six years ago. She
turned to the hearth with a sigh once
more. "How I suffer!" she moaned,
rocking to and fro, with the blaze for
company.

So the time which brings loving
avowals and sweet remembrances for
the world of happy-hearted youth,
and warmer pulsations to the hearts
of the elderly lovers, only brought an
agony of regret to the heiress of Oak
Hill.

This was why, then, that in her
elegantly-appointed rooms, with arms
folded over her bosom, she rocked
wearily to and fro, recounting the
brilliant and saddest of life's mem-
ories. Up from the valley came a
chime of silvery, musical notes. She
paused. "Wedding bells," she mur-
mured, impatiently, going back to the
window and throwing open the sash
to listen.

"Six years ago to-night," she con-
tinued, "I sent my heart's truest and
best away because he was poor! O,
that I could recall the past and wel-
come Horace back once more; but I
can not; woe is me!"

The bells ceased ringing; but Hep-
sie, heedless of the cold, wintry air,
stood silently clasping her hands, and
gazing far down the shadowy vale of
St. Catherine and time together.

"Yes," she said, presently, "I have
written, and, though he may spurn
my confession, coming so late as it
does, I am glad I sent the letter. He
has made no sign; perhaps even now
[redacted]
clasped her hands passionately and
continued: "All the wealth of the
Oaks might go at one sweep of for-
tune's wave did the returning tide
but bear Horace Winter's love to me.
But, alas! I can not undo."

"God only knew; and with Him
'all things were possible.' It might
be yet—and to-night was the anni-
versary—what is it, John?"

The polite servant stood at the
open door with cap in hand.

"There's an old man at the gate as
wants a cold bite, ma'am, and cravin'
a shelter from the bitter night."

"An old man? Well, bring him
into the sitting-room below and I will
see about it."

Hepsie sighed again, this time al-
most contentedly—if she could not
comfort herself she would comfort an-
other—and, following John down-
stairs, she waited. "A tramp, possi-
bly," she said, wearily; "but tramps
have souls."

An old, gray-haired man followed
John into the pleasant comfort of
cheery warmth.

"You are hungry?" Miss Seymour
said the words with a mist of sympa-
thy in her dark eyes. Before her sat
a shivering man, with the snow-flakes
sprinkling his whitened locks and
poor attire. Despite his rough ex-
terior, she felt instinctively that he
[redacted]
sat very still.

"God be merciful!" She let go the
curtain with this petition and turned
toward the occupant of the hearth.
He had also heard the prayer, but he
made no betrayal of his knowledge;
he only raised his head, looked steadi-
ly into the grate and said, slowly:
"It must be such a great blessing to
be wealthy; so satisfying."

"I disagree with you," answered
Hepsie, almost impatiently.

The old man gave a little start, and
without taking his gaze from the fire,
he asked in tones of astonished in-
quiry: "Can it be possible that you
are not happy in this beautiful home?"

Hepsie looked at him pityingly. "It
can be and is possible;" then, with
quivering lips she quoted: "The heart
knoweth its own bitterness."

"Forgive me!" said the old m
hastily; "my selfishness, I fear,
me to wrong views."

Miss Seymour made no reply, a
Jane coming in at that moment w
a bountifully-loaded tray, the c
versation was dropped.

"Would you please carry this
of paper to your mistress?" timid
asked the wayfarer of John, as
showed him his room for the night.

John took the paper without a
word. Evidently this was a crazy
old wanderer, but he would humor
him. Then, after bidding him good-
night, he left the old fellow sitting on
the edge of the bed with a strange
look on his face.

Miss Seymour took the scrap of paper
with curious misgivings. Why shou
an utter stranger write her a no
Had she, in her resolve to be ki
but let a terrible character into
house? No; he was only a destit
old man, that was all.

She opened the crumpled note a
staggered back, reeling into a s
with a short, little cry.

The alarmed servant rushed
ward. "Great heaven, ma'am,
you dying?"

"No; only so glad, John—this
of paper is my valentine. You m
go now."

The mystified servant withdrew
his own quarters, wondering at it
especially the bright, beautiful
pression on the face of his mistre
he hadn't seen such a happiness
years.

"Incognito," whispered Hepsie wh
alone. Then she ran her glad e
over the paper again. "Once I s
'good-bye, Hepsie; I can never for-
get.' Now I have come at your bid-
ding, having never forgotten. But
forgive me, darling, for dawning a
little early and incognito, for I am
your faithful valentine, Horace."

This was what she read; then she
went to the stairway and called,
"Horace!" in a clear, joyous tone.

"Yes, Hepsie; I am coming," came
promptly in answer.

Miss Seymour waited at the stairs
with outstretched arms; an angel of
peace she seemed in the soft light of
the hall lamp.

"You dear old Valentine!" she ex-
claimed, putting her arms around
the neck of the handsome, well-dressed
young man who descended. "You
shall never leave me again."

"No," said he, reverently; "but,
Hepsie, darling, I am poor yet. Not
quite so destitute as the aged beggar
whom you fed, who consists now only
in a long, ragged coat and wig of
gray; but poor, Hepsie, poor!"

"I am glad," she whispered on his
breast; "I am so glad of it. Had
you possessed wealth there might have
come doubts, you know, Horace."

And when the silvery-toned bells
rang out St. Valentine's morn from
the valley Hepsie Seymour whispered
in the gray dawning: "There comes
a sound of marriage bells."

### SHUT YOUR MOUTH.

From PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

"You snore, don't you?" asked a
Pittsburg doctor of a patient who was
afflicted with a throat trouble.

"My wife says that I do."

"And you laugh quite often?"

"Yes."

"And your mouth's open a good
deal of the time—just as it is now—
when you are not talking, laughing
or snoring?"

"I suppose so."

"Well, that is what ails you.
Break yourself of the habit and your
throat will get well. Breathe through
your nose—that is what it was made
for. When you draw the air through
your mouth you receive it with all
the dust and impurities it contains.
Professional runners understand this;
they know they can not hold out in a
race unless they keep their mouths
closed. The savages understand it
and an Indian mother who sees her
babe sleeping with its mouth open
will press its lips together, so that its
respiration may be natural. You
have heard the story of the Indian
who was matched against a white
man to run a race. 'Me beat um,
sure,' he said before the contest be-
gan. On being asked his reason for
so believing, he replied that he had
no fear of a man, either in a race or
a fight, who kept his mouth open.

"If people generally knew how
many diseases of the throat and lungs
are brought on by wrong habits of
breathing, I think they would be
more cautious. Why, even a horse
can't stand it. I wouldn't buy an
animal that kept its mouth open all
the time, nor would any man who
knew any thing about horses."

### PRESERVING FENCE POSTS.

From HOME AND FARM.

In building a fence around our
young orchards, several years ago,
we tried many plans for preserving
the posts. Having occasion to re-
[redacted]
kerosene were equally sound and
good for setting. Let the posts get
thoroughly dry, and then, with a pan
of cheap kerosene and a whitewash
brush, give the lower third of the
post, the part to go in the ground,
two or three applications of the oil,
letting it soak in well each time.
Posts so treated will not be troubled
by worms and insects of any kind,

### TWO EXILES.

The following pathetic passage is from Mr. Kennan's article in the February *Century*: "Two of the most interesting politicals whom we met in Irkutsk were Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Cherniavski, who were banished to Siberia by administrative process in 1878. I became very well acquainted with them, and for Mrs. Cherniavski especially I came to feel the profoundest pity and regard. Few women, even in Russia, have had before the age of thirty-five so tragic and heart-breaking a life, and still fewer have maintained through hardships, sickness, and bereavement such cheerfulness and courage. She was arrested in Odessa in the early part of 1878 at the age of about twenty-five, and after a long term of imprisonment was sent by administrative process to the province of Tobolsk. In the city prison of Kiev, on her way to Siberia, she was detained for a few days, and while there was forced to be almost an eye-witness of the assassination of her dearest friend. A young man of English descent named Beverly, whom she had known from childhood, had been arrested shortly before upon the charge of living on a false passport and carrying on a revolutionary propaganda, and he was at that time in the Kiev prison. The night before Mrs. Cherniavski was to resume her journey to Siberia, Beverly, with a comrade named Izbitski, attempted to escape through a tunnel which they had succeeded in digging from their cell to a point outside the prison wall. The prison authorities, however, had in some way become aware of the existence of the tunnel, and had posted a squad of soldiers near the place where the fugitives must emerge from the ground. Late at night, when they made their appearance, they were received with a volley of musketry. Beverly was mortally wounded, and as he lay writhing on the ground he was dispatched by a soldier with several repeated bayonet thrusts. Izbitski, wounded and severely beaten, was taken back into prison. The next morning when Mrs. Cherniavski started with her party for Siberia she had to march past the bloody and disfigured body of her dearest friend, which was still lying where it had fallen, in plain sight of the prison windows.

"'I can bear my own personal torment,' she said to me with a sob as she finished the story of this tragedy, 'but such things as that break my heart.'

"I need not recount the hardships and miseries that she, a cultivated and refined woman, endured on the road and in the roadside etapes between Kiev and the small town in the Siberian province of Tobolsk where she and her husband had been assigned a residence. They reached their destination at last; a child was there born to them, and they lived there in something like comfort until March, 1881, when Alexander III. came to the throne, and Mr. Cherniavski was required to take the oath of allegiance. He refused to do so, and they were sent farther eastward to the town of Krasnoyarsk. A second refusal to take the oath of allegiance resulted in their being sent to Irkutsk. By this time winter had set in, and they were traveling in an open tarantas with a delicate baby thirteen months of age. It was with the greatest difficulty that Mrs. Cherniavski could keep her baby warm, and at the last station before reaching Irkutsk she removed the heavy wrappings in which she had enveloped it and found it dead. With the shock of this discovery she became delirious, and wept, sang pathetic little nursery songs to her dead child, rocked it in her arms, and prayed and cursed God by turns. In the court-yard of the Irkutsk forwarding prison, in a temperature of thirty degrees below zero, Mr. Cherniavski stood for half an hour waiting for the party to be formally received, with his wife raving in delirium beside him and his dead child in his arms.

"Mrs. Cherniavski lay in the prison hospital at Irkutsk until she recovered her reason, and to some extent her strength, and then she and her husband were sent 2000 miles farther to the north-eastward under guard of gendarmes, and colonized in a Yakut settlement known as the Bataruski ooloos, situated in the 'tiaga' or primeval wilderness of Yakutsk, 166 miles from the nearest town. There, suffering almost every conceivable hardship and privation, they lived until 1864, when the Minister of the Interior allowed them to return to a more civilized part of Siberia.

"Mrs. Cherniavski when I made her acquaintance was a pale, delicate, hollow-cheeked woman, whose health had been completely wrecked by years of imprisonment, banishment, and grief. She had had two children, and had lost them both in exile under circumstances that made the bereavement almost intolerable; for seven years she had been separated by a distance of many thousand miles from all of her kindred; and the future seemed to hold for her absolutely nothing except the love of the husband whose exile she could still share, but whose interest she could do so little in her broken state of health to promote. She had not been able to step outside the house for two months, and it seemed to me, when I bade her good-bye, that her life of unhappiness and suffering was drawing to a close. I felt profoundly sorry for her,—while listening to her story my face was wet with tears almost for the first time since boyhood,—and hoping to give her some pleasure and to show her how sincerely I esteemed her and how deeply I sympathized with her, I offered her my photograph, as the only memento I could leave with her. To my great surprise she sadly but firmly declined it, and said: 'Many years ago I had a photograph of a little child that I had lost. It was the only one in existence, and I could not get another. The police made a search one night in my house, and took away all my letters and photographs. I told them that this particular picture was the only portrait I had of my dead boy. The gendarme officer who conducted the search promised me upon his word of honor that it should be returned to me, but I never saw it again. I made a vow then that it should not be possible for the Russian Government to hurt me so a second time, and from that day to this I have never had a photograph in my possession.'

"I do not know whether Mrs. Cherniavski is now living or dead; but if she be still living, I trust that these pages may find their way to her and show her that on the other side of the world she is still remembered with affectionate sympathy."

### THE CURRICULUM AT ANNAPOLIS.

From ST. NICHOLAS for February.

Outside of the technical studies, the course of instruction at the Naval Academy is comprehended in the one word, "Math." "Math" is the cadets' abbreviation for mathematics, the rock upon which many an aspirant for naval honors is wrecked. Of course there is instruction in other branches—modern languages, English studies, natural sciences, etc—but a cadet soon realizes that the great stepping-stone is mathematics. When a graduate looks back upon what he has passed through, his most vivid recollections are of this hydra-headed "Math"; of the algebra and geometry that worried him as a "plebe," and of the applied mechanics that took away half the pleasure of his senior year. What a struggle it was to weed out all youthful imagination from the mind, and to plant there only those ideas that could be expressed in mathematical formulæ! And yet "Math's" importance is not overrated, for it is the groundwork of many of the professional studies. Naval Architecture, which teaches the cadets how to design and build a ship; Navigation, which teaches them how to guide this ship across the trackless ocean; Ordnance, which teaches them the methods of constructing and using the great guns; Steam Engineering, which teaches them the many applications of that great motive power—all require a thorough knowledge of mathematics.

While the theoretical part of the education may prove irksome to those who are filled with a spirit of adventure,—who might have succeeded better in the days of the old navy, when there was wider scope for such temperaments,—these will find the practical instructions more to their liking. Here they can satisfy their longing to hang by their heels on a royal-yard, or to put a pistol shot through a wooden soldier at twenty paces. These drills are based on the general principle that before a cadet can become an officer he must be thoroughly familiar with all the duties of those who will be under his command. The only way to attain this familiarity is by actually performing these duties in every detail.

The drills afloat, in which there is quite a large fleet engaged, are particularly novel and interesting. Every Saturday the cadets embark on the "Wyoming," a ship-rigged steamer, and make a cruise in the bay. They do all the work. Down in the fire-room some of them are heaving coal into the roaring furnaces, others are in the engine room looking out for all the machinery. On deck, youthful sailors are running up and down the rigging, ready, at the call of the boatswain's pipe, to handle the light spars or heavy sails.

Kansas has twice the area of growing wheat this season that it had last.

### THE INDIAN SCHOOLS.

Under the above title the New York *Times* says: It is so apparent that the permanent improvement of the red men and their adequate preparation for citizenship must be largely influenced by the instruction of the rising generation that the condition and progress of schools of Indian youth become a matter of national importance. A growth in this respect during the last year is indicated by an increase of six in the number of schools and of 879 pupils in the average attendance. This, however, is a far smaller gain than that of the year preceding, which had been twenty-seven in the number of schools and 2,377 in average attendance. The government supplements the schools conducted directly under the management of the Indian bureau with others operated under contracts entered into with different religious societies. This system reduces the expenses, since the benefit of the buildings and other educational appliances established on the reservations by the religious and philanthropic bodies is secured at a smaller cost per pupil for the number introduced by the government than that of the bureau schools proper. It is also a great help to the work of the private societies, since the funds thus provided enable them to educate many more pupils than their unassisted resources could do.

Of the day schools, accordingly, there were during the last fiscal year eighty-five conducted by the bureau, with an average attendance of 1,729 pupils, and twenty-two under contract, with an average attendance of 786. Of boarding schools, which of course are much more expensive, there were sixty-nine belonging to the government, with an average attendance of 4,821, and forty-nine contract schools, with an attendance of 2,948. The aggregate expense to the government of all the boarding schools was $820,325.50, and that of the day schools was $72,244.92. Then there are eight industrial schools in various parts of the country, five of which, including the well-known one at Carlisle, are conducted by the interior department, while for three others—one at Hampton, a second in Philadelphia, and a third on the Flathead Reservation—there are special appropriations. The aggregate gives 233 schools, with a capacity for 16,464 pupils, an enrollment of 15,212, and an average attendance of 11,420. The cost, exclusive of expenditures for the construction and repairs of buildings, the transportation of pupils, and so on, was $1,203,738 for the last year, which is an increase of about $37,823 over the year preceding.

There are no doubt difficulties in the way of rapidly extending this work of education. Many of the Indians are opposed to it, and dread to see their children brought up in the ways of white men. Then the law fixing a maximum of $10,000 as the cost of a boarding school building, including furniture, and of $600 for a day school building, has prevented the construction of such buildings on several reservations, where labor is hard to procure and materials must be hauled a long distance. It is also evident that although the enrollment of pupils falls a little short of the capacity of the schools, and the average attendance considerably short of the enrollment, especially in the day schools, there would have to be a large increase in the number of buildings to accommodate the 40,000 additional children whose age and situation might properly make them pupils. Still, the problem is one that grows smaller year by year. To see the gain effected we need only note that as recently as 1883 there was a total of only 142 boarding and day schools, with a total average attendance of only 4,042. Railroads make the reservation more and more accessible, and the prejudices of the Indians against schools grow less and less. With the spread of the severalty allotment system and the consequent concentration of the Indians, the establishment and maintenance of schools will become easier and less costly. The subject is one, however, which should receive liberal treatment at the hands of congress.

The writer of a book on dancing estimates that eighteen waltzes are equal to about fourteen miles of straight work. The fatigued girl, too languid to help her mother about the house, can do eighteen waltzes in an evening when she wishes to be particularly agreeable.

There are a good many editors giving learned opinions about hog cholera, who do not know enough about the disease to tell the difference between a cholera germ and a sugar-cured ham.

### FURS WORTH MILLIONS.

Since John Jacob Astor, the elder, made his vast fortune in the fur trade, the business of collecting, buying, preparing and selling furs has become one of the great industries of this country. Millions upon millions of dollars are now invested in this business in New York alone, which is the principal market of the country, and its importance is increasing.

London and Leipzig, however, are the two great markets of the world. The prices that obtain in the former city are the standards by which fur dealers all over the civilized world are governed. Every March fur dealers from all the big cities of the world gather in London at the auction sales of the great commission houses, and millions of dollars' worth of all kinds of furs are then disposed of. These sales occur also in November and January. American dealers and manufacturers buy nearly all their furs then. Said a fur importer who had just returned from the November sales:

"London still holds the lead in dyeing and preparing of sealskins; but Leipzig is ahead on all the black-dyed furs. The prices of furs have not changed much from those of last season. The most expensive, as usual, is sea otter, and I saw some sold at $150 for a skin. That is the jobbing price, too. It was Siberian otter. Silver fox skins are very expensive also, and brought as high as £80. The other popular furs this season are Russian, white hare, dyed silver and black, and sealskin. Beaver's popularity is decidedly on the wane."

American manufacturers are placed at a great disadvantage, because they have to import all the fine furs after they are dyed. That compels them to pay 20 per cent. duty. If the methods of dyeing and dressing were as good in this country as they are abroad, this duty would be saved, as there is no duty on the raw skins. Fortunes have been sunk in the attempt to improve our methods, but it is said that the difficulties lie in our air and water.

It may interest the ladies who are anxious to possess sealskin cloaks to know that the best are obtained from the seals of the South sea, and not from the Alaska animals, as is popularly supposed. The Alaska skins are very fine, however, and not nearly so high priced. The poorest are secured around Cape Horn, and these are used almost entirely for caps and gloves. It pays the customer to go to a first-class dealer and pay an honest price. Dishonest dealers resort to a great many little tricks, which only an expert can discover. One of these is to palm off skunk as sable.

While foreigners are able to boast superiority in dyes, the American manufacturers can claim the lead in making and finishing. An English-made sealskin cloak looks coarse and bungling when compared with the American. This is true also of the cut and style.

### TO REVOLUTIONIZE MODERN SURGERY.

T. S. Tinsley, a prominent architect and inventor of Kansas City, is reported to have discovered a method of producing sterilized air. The value of the discovery is seen when it is stated that all surgical operations can be performed by its use without danger of subsequent inflammation. Mr. Tinsley says that the sterilized air will destroy all germs and microbes which exist in the atmosphere. His idea is that the inflammation in the wounds is due to the action of microbes, and that if they are eliminated the wounds will heal rapidly at the first invention without suppuration. Dr. Halley, a well-known surgeon of Kansas City, has become deeply interested in the discovery and is having constructed an operating room adjoining his house, and other prominent physicians of that city express the belief that the discovery will revolutionize the present way of treating wounds. The first experiment, to which leading surgeons of the country and members of the press will be invited, will take place in a short time.

### GROWTH OF TEMPERANCE SENTIMENT.

The Temperance cause made progress during the last year encouraging enough to stimulate the hopes of all its friends. It can not be said, perhaps, that any one way, either of regulation or suppression, make a gain distinctly greater than any other; but the spirit of opposition to the traffic has been more widely diffused among the people and largely increased in intensity. Some practical ends have been reached, of course, with more or less hope of permanent success, but the main advance has been that of extended and deepened conviction, the actual result of which will be realized in the near or more remote future. It is but natural that they who have thorough hostility to the drink traffic, and who have long made war upon it, should be impatient, but they need not be so. Hardly any real reformation, involving so great a change in the habits of the people, has gone on so rapidly and triumphed over so many obstacles in its way. Success of a radical sort must be waiting in the near future.

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