# AMERICAN SENTINEL.

VOL. 57, NO. 12. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 23, 1889. ESTABLISHED 1833.

## Trustees' Sale
OF DESIRABLE
# FARMS
AND
## Personal Property,
At Sykesville, on the B. & O. R. R.

BY virtue of a deed of trust from Samuel R. Duvall and Mary A., his wife, to the undersigned, duly executed and recorded, we will sell at public sale, on the premises, on

*Wednesday, March 27th*, 1889,

at 10 o'clock, a. m., the following desirable Real and Leasehold Property: First, a farm known as the "Barlow Farm," containing

124 ACRES, 2 ROODS AND 15 PERCHES OF LAND, MORE OR LESS.

The improvements thereon are a newly-built two-story frame Dwelling House and Bank Barn and other necessary outbuildings; about 30 acres are in Timber, and there is a due proportion of Meadow Land; the fields are conveniently watered, laid off in convenient size, and are enclosed by new post and rail fences. The land is in a high state of cultivation, has been recently heavily limed, and is not surpassed in production of wheat, corn and grass in the vicinity; is most desirably located, and is worthy of the attention of purchasers.

Second, a farm adjoining the above containing

90 ACRES, 2 ROODS AND 29 PERCHES OF LAND, MORE OR LESS.

The improvements thereon are a two-story frame Dwelling House, Barn, &c., all of which have been recently erected. This farm is also in a high state of cultivation, and has a due proportion of Meadow and Wood Land. About 30 Acres of this last-mentioned farm fronts on Hotel Avenue, leading directly to the Railroad Station at Sykesville.

The farms will be offered separately, also as one entire parcel of 215 Acres and 4 Perches. These farms are most desirably located for farming purposes, being but a few minutes' drive from Sykesville, on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, and one farm is about five minutes' walk from said station. These lands are located in Carroll county, Md., on the road leading from Sykesville to the Washington road, and opposite the land of Trusten Polk, Esq. The convenience of this property to market, railroad station, churches, schools, &c., presents superior inducements to purchasers.

Third, that desirable BUSINESS PROPERTY in Sykesville, immediately on the B. & O. R. R., and about 50 yards from the station, containing one-quarter of an Acre and 17 41-100 Perches of Land, more or less. This is leasehold property, and subject to an annual ground rent of $50, payable in semi-annual payments of $25 each on the first days of July and January. There is on this lot a frame storehouse, three stories high, under excellent repair; is well adapted to any public business, canning, phosphate, or grain and commission business.

Also the following Personal Property: 4 good work horses, yearling colt, 2 milch cows, 2 heifers, sow and pigs, 5 shoats, four-horse broadtread wagon, two-or-three-horse broadtread wagon, hay carriage, horse rake, wheat drill, potato planter, Champion mower, Champion binder, 2 seed plows, springtooth harrow, two-horse tedder, lot of double shovel plows, drag, wheat fan, sled, cart and harness, corn sheller, wagon and plow gears, set of breechbands, collars, bridles, wagon saddle, trace chains, forks, rakes, 60 bushels of rye, 20 bushels of wheat, 50 barrels of corn, 600 bushels of potatoes, 10 tons of mixed hay, timothy and clover, fodder, lot of chestnut rails, 37 acres of growing wheat, and a variety of other articles too numerous to mention.

The above-mentioned Personal Property will be sold on the first-mentioned farm, and the following articles will be sold at the storehouse in Sykesville: Eight-horse portable steam engine, one-half steam well drill and fixtures, with four horse power engine; Champion reaper, 3 Syracuse seed plows, Oliver chilled plows, complete set of tinner's tools, lot of tin spouting, lot of coal and wood stoves, new and second hand; 4 wheat fans, 3 grindstones, lot of stove-brick, lot of stovepipe, collars, sheet zinc, large iron pots, straight and bulged; lot of tinware, lot of hinges, screws and bolts, broiling irons, pot lids and covers, frying pans, plough shares, points and cutters, buggy clips, butt hinges, carriage bolts, wood screws, elevator, &c., &c. The above-mentioned articles are in part of the stock of merchandise on hand. All the goods are well kept and in the best possible condition. The attention of merchants is invited to this sale.

The property, real and personal, will be shown to persons wishing to view it at any time before the day of sale by calling upon Mr. Duvall, at Sykesville, Md., or any information in regard to the same will be furnished upon application to either of the trustees.

Terms of Sale of the Real Estate and Leasehold Property.—One-third cash on the day of sale or on the ratification thereof, one-third in nine months and the other one-third in eighteen 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.

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 note, with approved security, bearing interest from the day of sale.

J. OLIVER WADLOW,
CHAS. T. REIFSNIDER, Trustees.
Reifsnider & Reifsnider, Sol'rs. mr-16-ts

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## Executrices' Sale
OF VALUABLE
# PERSONAL & REAL
## PROPERTY
AT WESTMINSTER, MARYLAND.

BY virtue of the power contained in the last will and testament of David Wantz, deceased, and in pursuance of an order of the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, the undersigned will sell at public sale, on the premises lately occupied by said testator, being the home of Wm. H. Yingling, situate on Pennsylvania Avenue, in the city of Westminster, on

*SATURDAY, 23d day of MARCH*, 1889,

at 12 o'clock, m., all of the following Personal Property:

One two-horse wagon, 1 two-seated jagger, 1 winnowing mill, 1 horse rake, 1 one-horse wagon, 1 coal stove, 1 cutting box, 1 cart, a lot of posts and rails, 1 pair scales, 1 fish seine, a lot of brick, a lot of shingles, a lot of lumber and old iron, beehives, fork, cradle and sled, 3 axle trees, 1 eight-day clock, 1 corner cupboard, 1 sewing machine, chest, shotgun, 2 cords of wood, and other articles.

There will be sold, at the same time and place, a desirable Ground Rent, well secured, and paying annually the sum of $10.50.

Immediately following the sale of the personal property there will be sold a House and Lot of land on Pennsylvania Avenue, adjoining the lots of James Boylan and William Lippy, fronting 40 feet on Pennsylvania Avenue and running back 198 feet to an alley. The house is a two-story Frame Dwelling with back building and outbuildings.

There will next be sold, on the premises, situate between the Littlestown Turnpike and the Sullivan Road, adjacent to the city of Westminster and adjoining the lands of Jacob F. Elgin and others, the following valuable lots of land:

Lot No. 1, situate as above described, contains 1 Acre, 3 Roods and 28 Square Perches of Land, more or less.

Lot No. 2 adjoins Lot No. 1 and contains 1 Acre, 2 Roods and 38 Perches of Land, more or less.

Lot No. 3 adjoins Lot No. 2 and contains 3 Acres, 1 Rood and 2 Perches of Land, more or less.

Lot No. 4 adjoins Lot No. 3 and contains 2 Acres, 2 Roods and 30 Perches of Land, more or less.

Lot No. 5 adjoins Lot No. 4 and contains 1 Acre and 4 Square Perches of Land, more or less, and fronts on the Sullivan Road.

Lot No. 6 adjoins the lands of Henry Gunther and Lydia A. Hann, and contains 1 Acre, 3 Roods and 29 Perches of Land, more or less.

Lot. No. 7 adjoins Lot No. 6 and the lands of said Gunther and contains 1 Acre and 3 Roods of Land, more or less.

There will next be sold a Lot of Land on Parr's Ridge, separate and apart from the above land, containing 3 Acres and 7 Square Perches of Land, more or less.

There is on Lot No. 3 an excellent grain shed that will be sold immediately following the sale of said Lot.

The above described Lots have been recently surveyed and a plat of the same can be seen at the store of Wm. H. Yingling, on Pennsylvania avenue, prior to the sale, and the same will be exhibited on the day of sale.

Persons desiring further information can obtain the same by calling upon Mr. Yingling, or upon Charles B. Roberts, attorney-at-law, Westminster, Md.

Terms of Sale of Personal Property:—All sums of $5 and under, cash; on all sums above $5 a credit of six months will be given by purchasers executing their notes to the undersigned, with approved security. No property to be removed until settled for.

Terms of Sale of Real Property:—One-third part of the purchase money to be paid cash on the day of sale or upon the ratification thereof; the balance to be paid in equal installments of six and twelve months, with interest, and to be secured to the satisfaction of the undersigned; or, all cash, at the option of the purchaser.

LAVINIA J. YINGLING,
ELLA WANTZ,
Executrices of the last will and testament of David Wantz, deceased.
John T. Diffenbaugh, Auctioneer. mr-2-ts

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## Order of Publication.

NO. 2715 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County (Md.).

Rebecca Myerly
versus
Thomas Myerly and others.

The object of this suit is to procure a decree for the sale of the real estate whereof Ellen Hiner, late of Carroll county, died seized, intestate, to pay the claims of Plaintiff, and other creditors of said deceased unsatisfied by her personal estate.

The Bill states, in substance, that a certain Ellen Hiner, widow of Samuel Hiner, departed this life in Carroll county, Maryland, about the 27th of December, 1888, leaving a small personal estate, now in the hands of Andrew Myerly, her Administrator, and quite insufficient to pay the debts due and owing by her at her death to the Plaintiff and other creditors of said deceased.

That in consequence thereof it is necessary to resort to a sale of the real estate whereof said intestate died seized and possessed, consisting of nine and a half acres of land, with improvements, situated in Carroll county, Maryland, conveyed to her in fee by David Routzahn and wife, in 1874.

That said Ellen Hiner, the intestate, left at her death no children, or descendants, but the following collateral heirs her only heirs at law, now entitled to said real estate, to-wit: Her brothers, Thos. Myerly, Wm. Myerly, and Andrew Myerly (the latter also her Administrator); her sister, Catherine Powell, wife of Jacob Powell; her niece, Ellen Tagg, wife of Perry Tagg, and only child of intestate's deceased brother, Andrew P. Myerly; her nephews and nieces, William Myerly, Benjamin Myerly, Mary C. Shriner, wife of Thomas Shriner; Sarah Ann Myerly, and Emma Slonaker, wife of George Slonaker, the only children of intestate's deceased brother, George Myerly; and her nephews and nieces, David Stone, Lewis Stone, Francis Stone, William Stone, Catherine Hann, wife of Alfred Hann; Jennette Stone and Augustus Stone, only surviving children of intestate's deceased sister, Mary Wantz, late wife of David Wantz, by her first husband, Daniel Stone, deceased.

That all said heirs at law, and husbands of said married female heirs, are defendants in this suit, are all of legal age, and all reside in the State of Maryland, except said Catherine Powell and husband, who live in Miami county, Indiana, and said Jennette Stone and Augustus Stone, who are non residents of the State of Maryland, but in what State, or where they reside, is unknown.

The Bill prays for an account of said personal estate, for a sale of said real estate or so much thereof as necessary to supply deficiency of personal estate to pay said debts, for the usual process against resident defendants, and an order of publication against said Catherine Powell and husband, Jennette Stone and Augustus Stone, who are non resident Defendants as aforesaid.

It is thereupon, this 27th day of February, 1889, ordered by the Circuit Court for Carroll county, in Equity, that the plaintiff, by causing a copy of this order to be inserted in some newspaper published in said Carroll county, not less than once a week for four successive weeks, before the 30th day of March, 1889, give notice to the said non resident Defendants of the object and substance of this bill, warning them to appear in this Court, in person or by Solicitor, on or before the 16th day of April, 1889, to show cause, if any they have, why a decree ought not to pass as prayed.

WM. N. MARTIN, Clerk.

True copy—Test:
mr-2-4t WM. N. MARTIN, Clerk.

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## Sheriff's Sale.

BY virtue of six writs of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Carroll county, four at the suit of Joseph Bollinger, assignee of Charles Niner; one at the suit of Josiah Q. Stitely, and one at the suit of Elias O. Grimes, Josiah Q. Stitely and Isaac W. Weaver, partners trading under the name and style of E. O. Grimes & Co., against the goods and chattels, lands and tenements of James B. Kimmey and Christy A. Kimmey, and to me directed, I have seized the following property, viz:

All those two parcels of land situate, lying and being in Carroll county, Maryland, being parts of a tract of land called "Kinsfanns," containing in the aggregate

15 ACRES AND 32 PERCHES

of land, more or less, being the same two parcels of land which were conveyed to the said James B. Kimmey by Charles Niner and wife by deed bearing date January 3rd, A. D. 1884, and recorded among the Land Records of Carroll county in Liber F. T. S., No. 60, folio 140, &c.

Second, a parcel of land situate, lying and being in Carroll county, aforesaid, containing

18 ACRES, 1 ROOD AND 17 PERCHES

of land, more or less, being the same parcel of land which was conveyed to the said James B. Kimmey by Elizabeth Markel and others by deed bearing date March 3rd, A. D. 1884, and recorded among the Land Records of Carroll county in Liber F. T. S., No. 60, folio 257, &c.

Also the following Personal Property, viz: Two bay mares, one sorrel mare, one bay colt, one roan cow, one spotted cow, two heifers, one shoat, one wagon, one spring wagon, one falling-top buggy, one sleigh, one sled, one self-binder, one mower, one grain drill, one horse rake, one grain fan, one cutting box, one fodder cutter, one separator and power, one plow, one shovel plow, three forks, buggy harness, breeching, a lot of harness, three collars, one spreader, a lot of hay, a lot of straw, a lot of fodder.

And I hereby give notice that I will sell the above lands and premises, goods and chattels, so seized and taken in execution, to the highest bidder, for cash, on the premises, on the Deer Park Road, near the junction of the Washington and Deer Park Roads, in Westminster district, Carroll county, Md., on

*Tuesday, March 26th*, 1889,

at 1 o'clock, p. m.

GEORGE N. FRINGER, Sheriff.
fe-23-ts

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## Administrator of Assignee of Mortgagee's Sale of a
# HOUSE AND LOT
In the City of Westminster, Maryland.

THE undersigned, by virtue of letters of administration granted him on the personal estate of Henry Guster by the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, and authority of a power of sale contained in a mortgage executed by Catherine M. Dell and Elias J. Dell to Edward Lynch, and assigned by him to the said Henry Guster, recorded among the Real Estate Mortgage Records of Carroll County, in Liber F. T. S., No. 10, folio 246, &c., will sell at Public Sale, on the premises, on

*Saturday, March 23d, A. D.* 1889,

at 1 o'clock, p. m., all that lot and parcel of land and premises situate on the Southwest edge of Webster street, in the city of Westminster, Carroll county, containing 7941 square feet of land, more or less, improved by a two-story Frame Dwelling House; it being the same lot of land and premises described in the aforesaid mortgage, and now occupied by Catherine M. Dell.

TERMS:—Cash on the day of sale or upon the ratification thereof.

EDWARD LYNCH,
Administrator of the Personal Estate of Henry Guster, Assignee of the Mortgagee.
D. N. Henning, Solicitor. mr-9-ts

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## Public Sale.

THE subscriber, intending to quit farming, will sell at public sale, on the farm of Samuel Roop, on the plank road, about 2 miles from Westminster, on

*Tuesday, March 26th*, 1889,

at 10 o'clock, a. m., 6 head of good work horses, 1 fine young driving mare, can't be beat; 8 milch cows, 2 with calves by their side, and the others will be fresh by day of sale; 1 young thoroughbred Durham bull, 2 sows and pigs, lot of fine shoats, 2 broadtread wagons, for 4 or 6 horses, one a new Western wagon; 2 narrow-tread wagons, for 2 or 4 horses; spring wagon, nearly new; cart, 1 two-horse carriage, spread, 1 new Champion reaper, 1 Osborne binder, Champion mower, Hoosier corn planter, springtooth horse rake, plows, harrows, roller, gears of all kinds, household and kitchen furniture, consisting of bedsteads, bureaus, chairs, tables, ten-plate stove, cocking stove, and many other articles, all of which are nearly new, having been in use only a few years.

For full particulars see hand bills.

ELI N. HULL, Agent.

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## S. H. Crawford, Auctioneer,

OFFERS his services to the public for the sale of Real and Personal Property. Engagements can be made in person, by letter or telephone, at New Windsor, Md. feb-2-tf

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# Select Poetry.

## THE TITMICE OF NEWBERN.
### An Episode of the Rebellion.
BY HARRY J. SHELLMAN.

In sight of the spires of Newbern town,
Where the guns of Fort Thompson were frowning down,
The men in gray,
The legends say,
Threw crumbs to titmice that came that way
One bright spring morn—new-mated bliss
In the haunts of death. Strange irony this:
Seeking a place for a young love's nest,
They chose a cannon as suited best;
Then with a flip,
Flip, flippety hip,
Hoppety, hippety, trippety, trip,
In the mouth of the implement made to kill
They built their brooding nest with skill,
Before the battle of Newbern.

But so it happed ere the work was done,
And the bird home made in the mouth of the gun,
The men in blue
Came marching through,
And balls and shells hissed, whistled, and flew;
And the men in gray fired the chicadee's gun,
Which scattered the birds' nest just begun,
'Mid the fire and smoke, when a solid shot
Dismounted the cannon. The birds, harmed not,
With flutter and skip,
And a trip, trip, trip,
A hippety, hoppety, flippety, flip,
Had flown with the screech of the first wild shell
Far into the woods where 'twas safe to dwell
During the battle of Newbern.

And on that day, so the soldiers say,
After the blue had succeeded the gray,
The birds once more
Came as before
Back to the haunts of those men of war;
After the smoke and the carnage and death,
Almost in the cannon's fiery breath,
They gathered once more moss, feathers, and hair,
And went to work their nest to repair,
With their hoppety hip,
And their busiest skip;
In the now dismounted cannon they'd trip,
Beneath the mild spring sun in the South,
Rebuilded their nest in the cannon's mouth,
After the battle of Newbern.

These small chicadees they cared not a mite
Which soldiers were wrong and which were right,
The blue or gray,
Who came that day
To wrangle and slay in their own rude way;
They only sought for the ways of peace,
And waited aside for the noise to cease;
Then built in the gun they had used before,
And showed contempt for the ways of war,
With their hippety hip,
Flip, flip, flip, flip,
With their teetering tip and hoppety skip;
And this is the legend the soldiers tell
About the titmice, and what befell
After the battle of Newbern.

Was this a presage of what would be,
This home rebuilding by bright chicadee?
For they display
The blue and gray
In the feathery suits they wear every day.
Was this an auspice of what would come
After the hush of the rifle and drum,
When war and its horrors had passed away,
Commingled as one the blue and the gray,
With a hip, hip, hip,
And a brotherly grip,
Joined in to rebuild what the war let slip?
Was this a lesson of life to be
Taught to men by the small chicadee,
After the battle of Newbern?

—HARPER'S WEEKLY.

# Select Story.

## THE DIAMOND RING.

Like a drop of dew it sparkled on Cora Vane's slender forefinger, catching the slanting reflection of the afternoon sunshine, as if every sunbeam loved to linger within the crystal-hearted jewel, as the young girl sat there, her fair head drooping like a lily bell, and the lashes hanging low over her flushed cheeks.

"It's so strange that he loves me," thought Cora, her scarlet lips half apart, and the sweetest dream-like shadow of a smile hovering about her mouth. "He, so wealthy, so high born, so courted in aristocratic circles, where poor little I have never been admitted. I should almost fancy the whole thing to be a dream, if it were not for this precious stone sparkling on my finger."

And then Cora Vane leaned her cheek on her hand and drifted off once more into the delicious reveries that came to those who have set foot within the mystic temple of love.

It did seem not unlike the phantasmal outlines of a dream when one came to look at it from a sober, every-day point of view. Here she was, a little, hard-working, daily governess, earning a modest livelihood by constant toil—how could it be that Alban Carlesford, the courted favorite of fortune and fashion, should have learned to love her—should have won her to a promise to be his wife. And she had told him so frankly and freely the story of her humble life, even to the brief, strange episode of Bruce Wayne's love and proposals.

"Bruce Wayne!" Mr. Carlesford had repeated: "you do not mean the Bruce Wayne who was in the Seventh Regiment at one time. Why, I knew him well."

"Yes," said Cora, blushing, "it was Captain Wayne. He said he loved me, but he was so fierce and passionate that I was afraid of him. Oh, Alban, I never could have felt toward him as I did to you!"

And Mr. Carlesford forgot the incipient pang of jealously which had already entered his heart, concerning this handsome, reckless young captain, Bruce Wayne, and felt happy in the undoubting certainty that Cora was all his own.

Cora Vane was secretly thinking of all these things the next day, as she sat by little Bessie Malden's piano, counting time for the child's unused fingers as they strayed regularly over the ivory keys, for Cora had insisted on duly fulfilling all her engagements for the quarter, before she would consent to fix the marriage day, when the schoolroom door opened, and Capt. Wayne lounged idly in.

"Bessie," he said to his little niece, "run and get my gold eye-glasses, that's a little gem of a girl. They're in the parlor, or under my dressing table, or in your mamma's work-basket, or somewhere!"

And Bessie, glad to be released the thraldom of the pianoforte, slipped down from her seat, and trotted merrily away.

Bruce Wayne sat down beside the daily governess, with a darkening look of care upon his brow.

"Cora," he said, almost fiercely, "I am in trouble, and there is no one to help me—save you!"

"Help you! I? Captain Wayne, what can you mean?"

"Cora, I must have a hundred dollars between this and sundown, or I shall be a ruined, disgraced man. I can't tell you how it has happened—you need not look at me so inquiringly. Moreover, it is but a temporary need—my allowance comes in to-morrow, but you see how it is—to-day is the period of necessity."

"But," faltered Cora, turning white and red, "your brother-in-law, Mr. Malden——"

"He will not listen to a word. He says—and I cannot blame him much—that he is tired of lending to me, and my sister is just as bad!"

"Surely, your friends——"

He contemplated her with a mocking laugh.

"I have no friends! Yes, you may look amazed, Cora, but it is the melancholy truth. Sometimes," he added, with bitter emphasis, "it seems to me that it would be better to end the whole farce of life at once."

"Captain Wayne, you did not mean——"

"I do, Cora. Nothing has gone right with me in this world, and I swear to you, before high Heaven, that unless I can somewhere raise the money to-day, I will blow my brains out."

His eyes glittered with a fierce light and a deadly whiteness came around his lips and brows.

"But, Captain Wayne, how can I help you? I have no money."

He sneered bitterly.

"It is easy for you to say no, with that jewel sparkling on your forefinger; but I understand—you are like all the rest of them, and turn away from the poor, forsaken, outcast."

"Oh, Captain Wayne," sobbed the poor, tender hearted little Cora, "what can I do? How can I——"

"It is but for one day, Cora; I solemnly swear to you that by this time to-morrow you shall have the money. I will go with you to a jeweler's; he will advance the money on this ring, to meet all my present needs. Cora! will you save a fallen fellow-creature's soul by one day's sacrifice of your vanity, or will you drive me to a suicide's grave?"

"But, Capt. Wayne——"

Cora turned pale and scarlet, and hesitated; how could she tell him, her rejected lover of the past, that the diamond was the betrothal gift of Alban Carlesford?

"It is enough," he said, huskily, turning away, as little Bessie's footstep sounded in the hall; "I have asked, and I have asked in vain. The offense never shall be repeated."

Cora sprang to his side, pale and eager. When a human soul trembled in the balance, how could she stop to weigh the pros and cons of orthodox etiquette?

"Take it," she murmured, drawing off the ring which Alban Carlesford had placed on her finger; "but, remember, it is but for a day."

His murmured blessing scarcely reached her ear, so bewildered was she with the conflict of emotions within her heart; and the next moment she was alone in the room and Bessie's tiny hand upon the door-knob.

"Where is Uncle Bruce?" lisped the child; "I couldn't anywhere find his gold eye-glass, and mamma said it was hanging on his watch-ribbon."

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Messrs. Stone & Sparkle's elegant emporium of jewelry was crowded, as Mr. Carlesford sauntered down the marble paved room, but Mr. Sparkle himself came eagerly forward to meet the new customer.

"What can we do for you sir?" questioned Mr. Sparkle, rubbing his plump, white hands smilingly together. "Emerald, sir? certainly; please to step this way. There is a very choice set just sent in—old Mrs. Balaplan's, sir—that used to be—setting a little old-fashioned, to be sure, but the stones much choicer than you see now-a-days. We could reset them for $60, and——"

Mr. Sparkle opened a little private drawer as he spoke—a special sanctum where he kept choice jewels, rare cameos and priceless antiques. As he sought about for the set of emeralds, Mr. Carlesford's eye was caught by the glitter of a large solitaire diamond, set round with tiny seed pearls.

"Why!" he ejaculated; "that's the very ring!"

"That we sold you last week. Exactly so," chimes in Mr. Sparkle. "It is here only on deposit, to raise a little money temporarily. We are often called on in that way."

Alban Carlesford's brow had grown very dark.

"Who brought it h[illegible]?"

"Well, really, sir, we don't usually ——."

"I insist upon knowing!" thundered the young man, furiously.

"But to you, sir, in confidence, I don't mind mentioning it," hurried on the terrified Mr. Sparkle. "It was Captain Bruce Wayne."

"Bruce Wayne!"

Mr. Carlesford stood silent for a minute or two, while every feature of his face seemed to settle and grow rigid, as if it had been carved in marble.

"Thank you. That will do. I will not look at the emeralds this afternoon."

What a storm of contending passions shook Alban Carlesford's breast as he walked along with mechanical footstep, scarcely listing whither he went. Deceived, slighted, betrayed, his very betrothal gifts gone to swell the rapacious purse of a mere spendthrift like Bruce Wayne.

"I have been a fool—a love-sick fool!" he muttered, between his clenched teeth, "and I am fittingly repaid.

When Cora Vane returned from the day's round of music lessons, weary, yet happy (for had not the consciousness of a good man's love gone with her on her tedious way?) she found a note lying on her table, a note directed in Alban Carlesford's hand.

She took it up and broke the seal, with a soft crimson glowing over her face; but as her eyes glanced over the contents a deadly hue usurped the delicate carmine. It read thus:

> Miss Vane: I return you your troth. Captain Wayne is welcome to the diamond ring, as well as to your heart. I want no second hand affection! A. C.

As she stood there pale and startled, a knock came to the door. It was repeated and the door was opened as if in despair for an answer, and Bruce Wayne stood there, eager and smiling.

"I have brought you your ring, Cora, and it has saved me. May heaven bless you as truly as I shall ever do."

"It's too late," said Cora, in a strange, hard sort of voice. "Read that."

Bruce Wayne glanced over the note.

"Cora," he said, earnestly, this must not be. No fatal mistake such as this must undermine the happiness of two lives, and through my fault, too. I will see him myself."

"It will be no use," said Cora. "He is stern as adamant and——"

"It will be of use, Cora. Wait here but half an hour!

And Bruce Wayne hurried off.

Mr. Carlesford was particularly engaged; he could see no one. At least that was the answer brought to the door by his servant.

"I must see him," said Bruce Wayne; "stand aside, my man!"

And he pushed his determined way directly into Alban Carlesford's presence.

"Captain Wayne!"

But Bruce was not to be disheartened by the frigid sarcasm of the stern voice.

"Carlesford!" he cried, "you must listen to me while I tell you what a true and noble-hearted girl you have won."

And he told the whole story of the diamond ring.

"It was to save me from a self-inflicted death not from any personal feeling, that she intrusted the ring to me for one single day. Carlesford, she is a gem of the purest ray, and although she may never shine for me, I can but render my humble tribute to her noble nature. That was a cruel letter which you wrote to-day. Go and contradict it in person, but first shake hands with me, as a sign that you have forgiven my folly and rashness."

Carlesford pressed Wayne's hand so fervently that he absolutely winced with the pain and hurried away without a single word!

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"Cora, my darling—my treasure!"

She sat alone, with her head drooping on her hands, while his tender voice thrilled through the silence.

"Oh, Alban! you never could have meant it—what you wrote in that harsh little note!"

He folded her tenderly to his heart.

"I think I was mad for the moment, dearest. Oh, Cora, how near I came to the shipwreck of all happiness!"

But the guardian saint of all true lovers had watched over them in the hour of peril, and the golden chain of affection glowed brighter than ever!

Nor was it the least of Cora's happiness when she was Ablan Carlesford's dearly-loved wife, that Bruce Wayne was dating a new and a better life from the day when the diamond ring stood between him and a suicide's death.

## LITTLE PHŒBE'S FRIEND.

"Marguerite," a little girl, sends the following little story. It is so prettily written that the editor hadn't the heart to change a word of it, so all he did was to correct a few mistakes in spelling:

"One day, in the springtime, a great tree was felled in the grounds, and in it was a nest of young birds. They were all found dead except one dear little thing. I begged mamma to let me bring it up, and I made a nest of cotton wool in a little cage, and began to fill its wide-open yellow mouth as best I could. I hunted for worms and caught flies, but it was too much for a little girl to do. So many breakfasts, lunches, dinners and suppers all in one day, until mamma showed me how to make worms out of meat. No one can tell the amount or labor done by the mother bird until they try it themselves. Birdie began to grow rapidly, opened its bright eyes and seemed happy as a bird could be. Now it could fly about the room and it would come to my call to be fed. Next we let it fly in the garden, but as it could not feed itself yet it would fly against the window, never mistaking the room in which I was. When other little boys and girls were visiting I would ask them if they would like me to call a bird down from the tree. Of course they all wanted a bird, but were doubtful of its coming. Then I would call 'Phœbe! Phœbe!' and down would fly the charming little bird and nestle on my shoulder, never alighting on any one but me.

"There was one thing which puzzled little Phœbe very much, and that was why I changed color so often—one day all white and the next all black—and would have to be assured by my voice before she would come to me. She would sit on a twig and peep so knowingly with one little eye turned downward. During this period of several weeks Phœbe always came home at night to her clean, warm nest in her own little cage. About this time she got acquainted with her own relatives, and learned to feed herself, but she always came at my call until the autumn, when she went away to a warmer land. I believe that if Phœbe lived through the winter she would come again to me, but I was not there, and I can only hope that all the little boys and girls were good to her. Don't you?"

## A FEW STATISTICS.

From THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

A recent speaker says that the negroes in this country have multiplied eight times in a century. As they have 7,000,000 now, in 1980 they will amount to 192,000,000. If they maintain the same relative increase they will. The whites in 10 years by birth and immigration have increased 30 per cent. At this rate there will be 800,000,000 whites and over 200,000,000 negroes—in all one billion in the United States in 1988. Who believes either of these statements? By that method one can prove that the Methodist Episcopal Church will soon have more communicants than the world will contain people. Last year it gained 5 per cent. net. This rate will double its membership every fourteen years. Hence in 1902 it will have 4,000,000; in 1916, 8,000,000, in 1930, 16,000,000; in 1944, 32,000,000; in 1958, 64,000,000; in 1972, 128,000,000, and so, doubling every 14 years, in the year 2084, less than 200 years from the present date, there will be 32,768,000,000 of members of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States alone! Toil on, then, brethren. Do not let the fact that, according to the figures of the speaker quoted above, there will be only 6,400,000,000 negroes and 13,200,000,000 whites—in all 19,600,000,000—of people in the United States at that time disturb you. Who cares for a little deficit of 3,168,000,000? Great is statistics. Of course every denomination is deluding itself. They think that they are increasing but as we are going to include the whole population, and several thousand millions more, they must cease to exist! The only trouble is that if some of them continue to grow as at present, the multication table will wipe us out in the same way.

## UNION BRIDGE AND VICINITY
### Reminiscences of Former Days.
### PAPER NO. 3.

I have lately read with much satisfaction the entire ventilation and exposure of the spiritualistic humbug that swept the country about 1850. It originated with the Misses Fox, in the State of New York, and they have lately given to the press a clean statement, showing up the fraud from beginning to end. It is somewhat astonishing that such a grave delusion should have originated with two young girls in mischievous attempts to deceive their mother. "Behold how great a matter a small fire kindleth."

It was perhaps in the winter of 1855 that the late Capt. Rinehart made known in the community the mysteries of table tipping, as he had witnessed them in Ohio, and out of curiosity a circle was formed at his father's house in order to more fully illustrate the method of spiritual communication. The *modus operandi* was simple. A four-legged table, with leaf raised, was surrounded, on one side only, by the "mediums," who placed their hands upon the raised leaf of the table. After sitting perfectly quiet and still and waiting, in silence, patiently, for a longer or shorter period, the opposite side of the table would rise from the floor and fall back again with a slight concussion. This indicated the presence of the spirit and that it was now ready for business and to impart communications from the spirit world. The table would tip once for no and three times for yes and yea. Yea yea, and nay, nay, was the full limit of spiritual communication so far as the table was concerned. All questions had to be asked in such a way as to be answered by yes or no, but within this scope, of course, a vast amount of very interesting information could be obtained. This information proved often to be of a kind and quality that could not be obtained in this world and but for the conflicting and contradictory nature of many of the communications they would have been highly gratifying. Barring this, however, they were often contradictory and absurd in the extreme.

No rappings were ever heard, so far as I know, in Carroll county, although the spirit often promised to lead us gently along into the full mystery of spiritualistic knowledge and power. Occasionally, however, a "writing medium" would turn up, who, by taking a pen or pencil in his hand and holding it on the paper, could write out the mind of the spirit. It was noticed in all these cases that the handwriting of the spirit always resembled, very much, the style of the person who held the pen, and no great drawings by Raphael or Michael Angelo were produced. No superb compositions of Shakespeare, Pope, or Milton, were received, as anticipated, and hence the writing business fell short of our expectation. Yet the four-legged table and the simple "yes" and "no" to all the questions propounded, were a combination sufficiently marvelous to create a great excitement and for a time we were fully assured that the problem of human life here and hereafter was about to be fully solved.

Sometimes the mediums encountered skeptics and sometimes convinced them. Vincent Brown once invited the circle to his house, hoping to detect the deception. He had a table with a loose joint and his theory was, that if the table was tipped by pressing on the leaf the joint would open and show the deception. As the joint did not open he became a convert. At Davis Lightner's residence the circle of powerful mediums met with an astonishing and dismal failure. The table would not budge from the floor all that night and the circle disbanded with the settled conviction that it was a poor night for spirits. Next day an old sister of the Brethren Church, who was living there at the time, was interviewed. She said, "When I heard the spiritual mediums were coming I went to my chamber and prayed. I said, 'O, Lord, if this thing proceeds from Thee and is well pleasing in Thy sight, make it known to me this night and let it prosper in the thing that has been ordained for this night. But if this thing does not proceed from Thee, and if it may not be pleasing in Thy sight, O Lord, wilt Thou interpose Thy power this night to prevent, at this house, the accomplishment of that which is not well pleasing to Thee?'" It has always been a mystery why the table would not tip that night and I will venture that Robert Ingersoll could not explain the mystery. For my part, that incident was but the beginning of a long line of abundant testimony that the prayer of one pious soul has more power than all the agencies of the devil.

Some of the good men of that day were for a time either active or passive believers that the power which moved the table was supernatural, and ultra-mundane, and as the arguments used by some of its over-zealous friends, as well as adversaries, were not always wise and well grounded, many were honestly puzzled to know what to think of this strange phenomena. Daniel P. Sayler boldly attacked the delusion with power from the pulpit. Others rallied to his aid. The Church took a decided stand in opposition to spirits. Gradually the influence of the sober-minded and sensible were brought to bear against it and the whole thing fell into disfavor. Since getting around over the world I am often pained to see persons of intelligence still clinging to this exploded fraud of 40 years ago, and, in some cases, building their hopes for eternity upon it. At least one of the Senators in the Kansas legislature is a spiritualist. Thousands of others throughout the western country are still led by the bungling tricks of two young girls in the State of New York. And is it not more, most and superlatively astonishing that, when the girls themselves expose the fraud and explain the whole routine of their deceptions from beginning to end, the dupes that have espoused the humbug refuse to believe them? Verily Barnum was right when he said "Men loved to be humbugged and would pay more for it than anything else." A notable exception to this rule occurred in one of our western towns a short time ago. A spiritualist was lecturing and giving specimens of spiritual communications to the audience, when he offered to call up the departed friend or relative of any one in the house who might desire him to do so. An elderly man came forward and desired to communicate with his mother. Her spirit was promptly called up and he was gratified with a long interview with his departed mother. After the seance was over the lecturer asked him if he felt satisfied with his communication from the spirit world. "Not entirely," he said. "When I left home I left my mother perfectly well, sitting at the supper table with my family, and I cannot believe that she has been dead and buried over 15 years as she professed to be just now. You have, perhaps, made a mistake in the name and got hold of the wrong woman." Tableau!

J. L. S.

## WESTERN FARM MORTGAGES

The Chicago *Farmers' Review* publishes a summary of reports from its correspondents on the subject of farm mortgages. Summarized by States the following figures are given.

Ohio—Forty-five counties report an average of twenty-three per cent. of farms under mortgages; sixteen counties report farm mortgages on the increase and twenty-four counties that they are decreasing.

Indiana—Thirty-seven counties report twenty-six per cent. of farms mortgaged; eighteen counties report mortgages increasing and fourteen decreasing.

Illinois—Seventy-five counties report twenty-seven per cent. of farms mortgaged; thirty-seven counties on the increase and thirty-three on the decrease.

Iowa—Sixty-nine counties report an average of forty-four per. cent of farms mortgaged; fourteen counties report mortgages on the increase and ten on the decrease.

Nebraska—Thirty counties report an average of fifty-one per cent. of farms mortgaged; twelve report farm mortgages on the increase and seventeen on the decrease.

Wisconsin—Twenty-five counties report thirty-two per cent. mortgaged; eight report mortgages increasing and seventeen decreasing.

Michigan—Twenty-six counties report an average of fifty per cent. of farms mortgaged; eleven report mortgages on the increase and nine on the decrease.

Kentucky—Eighteen counties report an average of twenty-three per cent. of farms mortgaged; eight report farm mortgages on the increase and ten on the decrease.

Dakota—Twenty-seven counties report fifty-nine per cent. of farms mortgaged; fifteen report them on the increase and twelve on the decrease.

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Nearly all failures with peaches are due to the work of the borer, which operates in the collar of the tree near the ground, and this should not be mistaken for the disease known as the yellows. The trees must be examined for the borer, as it can not be avoided by any remedy except to kill it when it first begins to work on the tree, though occasionally it is destroyed late in the season by inserting wire in the bores made.

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A nod thing in bonnets—A sleeping beauty in church.

## A STORY OF JOHN B. GOUGH.

A lady in Jersey City said to me once: "I have a son who at the time he was eighteen years of age came down stairs one New Year's morning, and said: 'Mamma, dear, Happy New Year! Happy New Year!' kissed me on both sides of my face and after breakfast he said: 'Now I am going out for the first time in my life to make regular New Year calls; you know I have called occasionally; I never make it a business; now I am going all day to-day. Good-bye, mother.'" She said she sat in the bay-window and saw him as he turned the corner, manly and sweet and clean and noble, and she was proud of her boy; thought of her boy all day long—all day. The bell rang in the evening rather strangely, and she said a curious sensation came over her as if something was wrong. Instead of letting the girl go she went herself, opened the door, and two young men had brought home her boy so drunk he could not walk. Bring him in! They took him in. Lay him on the floor! Never mind the sofa, lay him on the floor. She said: "I sat down and took that boy's hand in mine and looked at him. Oh, how I did cry! He was so sweet this morning; now the breath is poisoning the atmosphere of this drawing-room. He was so lovely; now look at him! The lips seem swollen; the face absolutely seems as if the skin had grown coarse in ten hours. I did cry. Then I tried to pass my fingers through his hair, damp and matted; pushed it off from his forehead. Oh, I did cry; it seemed as though my heart would break. Mr. Gough, if I had felt that that was the work of my boy's worst enemy it would have comforted me; I should have been consoled." I said: "A mother's love could shield him from his enemies in any direction. But this is the work of his friend! If that is the work of my boy's friend, God pity me! I have very little hope for him. That was his first intoxication but not his last, and he is going to ruin; it is done in friendship."

## CHRISTIAN HOMES THE HOPE OF THE WORLD.

Every thing that is good in the church or in society is first planted, tended, shielded, matured in good homes. A thoroughly Christian home implies a great deal. The spirit of Christianity aims at the totality of our being, mind and heart, as well as conscience. There are many sides to our nature and all need to be duly cultivated. The science of life is the greatest of the sciences. The art of life is the chief of all the arts. And it would be nonsense to suppose that all this could come about by any sort of blind and idle chance. A home that is really good, that is radically and thoroughly Christian, is a center of eager, incessant, manifold activities. It is full of animation. It is alive to itself and keenly sensitive to its surroundings. Every thing that is human is of interest to it. Each true Christian home seems to itself to be the very center of the world, from which its lines of intelligent sympathy reach out everywhere. The home, no more than the individual, does not exist for itself. If it tries to, it will miserably fail. Every good family is conscious of being part of the whole family of which God is the Father; and, naturally, its members, as if it were a kind of soul hunger with them, are eager to keep in communication with the deepest longings, the worthiest actions the noblest thoughts, the finest utterances, of others everywhere, past and present, and so of striking into the swim and mid-current of all the best and mightiest of the world. If Christian missions have any meaning, it is in the creation and multiplication of good homes. Good homes are the hope of the world.

## SHEEP FOR SURETY.

There have been many ups and downs in the business since my boyhood; many changes from sheep to something else, and back again, and many thousand sheep have been slaughtered for their pelts and tallow alone in times of depression, but the men who have persistently stuck to sheep through thick and thin, improving their flocks while others were selling out or killing theirs, have in the end come out ahead every time, and have kept up the condition of their farms better than any other class of farmers among us. No man acquainted with the situation will attempt to controvert this assertion. If I desired to bring back into condition a run-down or worn-out farm I should stock it up just as heavily as it would bear with sheep, provided, of course, that it was adapted to sheep.

There are places in which sheep are pests or nuisances. But no intelligent shepherd would pasture sheep in gardens or among small fruits. Nor would he turn them upon his newly seeded clover-plots, any more than a dairyman would turn cows into his cornfield. Historically, the sheep clearly ranks first among useful animals, and although they sometimes fall into disrepute and carping charges are made against them, they are bound to go up higher in popular estimation with every advance in human development. I hail with pleasure the prevailing tendency toward keeping a few sheep on every farm, whatever the predominant specialty.

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