Great Reduction!

In Spring Goods at the mammoth establishment of

S. KANN, SONS & CO.,

11 E. Main St., Westminster, Md.

On account of tearing down and rebuilding our store in Baltimore we have received a portion of their surplus stock with instructions to sell same within shortest possible time. Price no object.

Note these Low Prices and call early:

Two cases of double-width Cashmere, in all the latest shades, at 22 cents, would be cheap at 31 cents.
One case good quality single-width Dress Goods, a bargain, 10 cents.
One case double-width Dress Goods, a special bargain, 12 cents.
Twenty-five pieces finest imported 46-inch Bengaline and Henrietta Cloth, 75 cents, worth $1.00.
Twenty pieces 38-inch Plaid Cloth, in twelve different shades, 39 cents, worth 50 cents.
Twelve pieces 38-inch fine Henrietta, in every new shade, 39 cents, worth 50 cents.
Robe Dresses at $2.98, $6.00, $8.48, actually worth double.
Ten pieces Surah Silk, in all shades, including black, 69 cents, worth $1.00.
Fifty different styles Satteens in French designs, good quality, 12½ cents.
Forty-five pieces good Dress Ginghams, choice styles, 7 cents, worth 10 cents.
Apron Gingham at 4½ cents; best Gingham, ten-cent quality, 8 cents.
India Linen, White Plaid, Embroideries, Laces, in large variety, all reduced in price.
Ettrick AA 4-4 Unbleached Muslin, 7½ cents, sold everywhere at 10 cents.
Fifteen dozen of the celebrated Reliable Corsets, 29 cents, reduced from 50 cents.
Ten dozen extra fine Unlaundried Shirts, double back, reinforced, good quality Muslin, 41 cents; cannot be purchased anywhere less than 75 cents.
Two hundred pairs of our regular 25-cent Suspenders, during this sale at 15 cents.
Ladies', Gents' and Children's Hosiery, of all descriptions, at special low figures.
Sixteen dozen of the best-made Overalls, 41 cents, former price 75 cents.
Seventy-five Umbrellas, Gold and Silver Tips, bought to sell at $1.75, in our reduction sale at 98 cents.
Fifty Ladies' Jerseys, our $1.00 grade, 59 cents.
5-4 best quality Table Oil Cloth, 19 cents, you know the regular price.
Clark's O. N. T. Spool Cotton, 4 cents a spool.
Ten dozen Striped Flannel Shirts, in large variety of styles, 39 cents, sold nowhere less than 50 cents.
Five hundred dozen Ladies' Fancy Bordered Handkerchiefs at 2 cents apiece.
Ten pieces of 9-inch Moire Sash Ribbon, 31 cents, worth 75 cents.
Ten pieces of Ingrain Carpet (from the recent auction sale), 39 cents, former price 50 cents.
Five pieces of Ingrain Carpet (from the recent auction sale), 21 cents, former price 30 cents.
Five pieces of Brussels Carpet (from the recent auction sale), 45 cents, former price 65 cents.
Five pieces of Tapestry Carpet (from the recent auction sale), 65 cents, former price 85 cents.
Ten pieces of Rag Carpet (from the recent auction sale), 22 cents, former price, 30 cents.
White and Fancy Matting from 9 cents up to the finest.

Our Remnant Department.

In this department we have no competition as we have contracts with the largest mills in the country and therefore no other concern can get hold of any desirable Remnants.

Three cases finest French Gingham in all the new styles of Plaids, Striped, Plain, &c., such styles as have not yet been shown in regular goods, actual value 12½, 15 and 18 cents, at 7½ cents.
1000 yards of Penang Cheviots or Chambrays, colors guaranteed fast, at 7 cents, worth 12½ cents.
3300 yards of the celebrated Pacific best quality Calicoes, in all the newest designs, colors fast, at 5 cents per yard.
2500 yards of Bleached Muslin at 5½ and 8 cents, worth 9 and 12½ cents.
100 Dress Patterns of fine India Linen Remnants, regular 12½-cent grade, at 7 cents.
Many other bargains too numerous to mention which will pay you to call and examine.
☞ Strictly one price.
☞ Agents for Butterick's Patterns.

S. KANN, SONS & CO.,
No. 11 E. Main St., Near Railroad,
Westminster, Md.
Branch of S. Kann, Sons & Co., 569, 511, 513 S. Broadway, Baltimore, Md. ap-29

Oak Hall

New Windsor, Md.,

Is Alive With Choice Goods for the Spring.

We invite all our friends to call and inspect our stock. Time nor space will admit of us attempting to name the many choice lines of goods placed before you.

Our Dress Goods Display

surpasses all previous attempts and is the admiration of all who have seen them. We have them of every shade you could name and from 5 cents to $1.00 per yard. Our Trimmings are exquisite and match to perfection. Henrietta Cloth, French Serges, Fancy Stripes, Plaids, India Silks, Bengalines, Black and Colored Silks, and piles of goods we cannot name. Our French Satteens as well as American are new and nobby, beginning as low as 10 cents per yard. Piles of choice Dress Ginghams at 8 cents per yard, others at 5 cents. Challies as low as 5 cents per yard. 1000 yards of best Calico at 5 cents. 500 yards of 18 to 25 cent Dress Goods sold at 10 cents per yard. They must move. Our stock of NOTIONS is fine. Ask to see our health Corset at 50 cents, Silk Gloves at 25 cents, Silk Mits, 2 pairs for 25 cents, fine White Shirts at 50 cents. We have in HATS the very latest. In SHOES we always have the lead. Ladies' Button Shoes at $1.25, the pride of New Windsor. Our Gents' Buls. at $1.15 is the talk of the town. We have them finer. Our stock of CLOTHING is larger than ever. A beautiful Cutaway Suit for $10; others as low as $4. In CARPETS, Mattings, Oil Cloths, Window Shades, Queensware, Woodenware, GROCERIES, &c., you will always find our stock complete.

Four reasons why you should deal with us: First, we spare no pains to make you welcome and to show you our appreciation of your dealing with us; Second, our stock is well selected and the assortment equal to any outside the city; Third, we deal honestly with you, giving full value for your money; Fourth, we allow no misrepresentation in order to effect a sale.

Many thanks for past patronage, we hope by strict attention to business to justly merit a continuance of same. Very respectfully,

ap-20 GEO. C. ANDERS.

HEADQUARTERS

—FOR—

Fertilizers!

H. S. ROBERTS & CO.

WE have now on hand at our new Ware house, on Green Street, (formerly occupied by The Westminster Market House Co.,)

A FULL LINE OF FERTILIZERS AND FERTILIZING MATERIAL

for the spring trade, at bottom prices. We will mix goods after any formula that our customers may desire. We invite the farming community to call and examine our stock.

H. S. ROBERTS & CO.,
mr-16-7m Westminster, Md.

Dr. E. D. WELLS,
Opposite Catholic Church, Westminster, Md.

Office hours—7 to 9, a. m.; 12, m., to 1, p. m.; 6 to 8, p. m. apr-20-6m

AMERICAN SENTINEL.

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Select Poetry.

A BED-TIME SONG.

BY LILIAN DYNEVOR RICE.

Sway to and fro in the twilight gray,
This is the ferry for Shadowtown;
It always sails at the end of day,
Just as the darkness is closing down.

Rest, little head, on my shoulder, so;
A sleepy kiss is the only fare;
Drifting away from the world we go,
Baby and I in the rocking chair.

See, where the fire logs glow and spark,
Glitter the lights of the Shadowland;
The winter rain on the window—hark!
Are ripples lapping upon its strand.

There, where the mirror is glancing dim,
A lake lies shimmering, cool and still;
Blossoms are waving above its brim—
Those over there on the window sill.

Rock slow, more slow, in the dusky light;
Silently lower the anchor down.
Dear little passenger say "Good night,"
We've reached the harbor of Shadowtown

Select Story.

ENRIQUE.

How He Helped Fight the Road Agents.

BY F. H. COSTELLOW.

"Well, for one reason," said Mr. French, "because lightning doesn't often strike twice in the same place."

"That might do for an argument about most other matters," returned his wife, "but not about robbing stages."

"O, stuff!" said the husband, with the air of putting an end to the discussion. "Women are always scared to death. I'll risk Enrique for a trip from Redwood City to Pescadero, and I know you're willing to. Come, get the young gentleman ready; we must take that half-past seven."

Mr. French was one of those go-ahead, sanguine men who are pretty sure to have their own way, and who generally come out right by so doing. The matter that had been discussed at this time was that of a projected trip for their adopted son, Enrique, to the little town of Pescadero.

Enrique was the child of some Spanish, or, more properly, Spanish-American people, who had been friends of Mr. French, and who, when they died had left their little son to his care. Both his wife and he had taken a strong fancy to the pretty orphan, and had finally adopted him.

The summer—the dry season—of California was just beginning, Enrique was a little fagged with his studies, and it had been deemed advisable to send him to the coast to recruit. Pescadero had been selected as at once healthful, and possessing the proper attractions for the little fellow, and the time had come for him to be made ready. But just as every thing else had been arranged, his board engaged at the house of a fatherly *ranchero*, even his little trunk brought down from the attic—when, in short, all things were ready to be got ready—what should occur but a startling stage-coach robbery.

Yes, the Redwood City mail-stage, six passengers aboard, and Wells-Fargo's express box was stopped and plundered. Even some comparatively valueless rings had been taken from the passengers, and then the harnesses had been cut and the horses driven away, so that it was some time before any one could be summoned to the rescue. This it was that had brought about the discussion just given between Mr. French and his wife. But the father had thought it unlikely that the same stage would be soon attacked again—and so had gone on with his plans for little Enrique's departure.

On the following morning, then, having carefully seen that his gun was strapped to his other luggage, and that his jointed fishing rod had not been forgotten, Enrique kissed his mother, and entered the hack to be driven to the station. The driver was already to show the passengers to the stage. This personage proved to be the driver himself, and Enrique looked with deep respect at his tall, strong figure as he moved about directing how things should go, and nodding his head authoritatively. This head, by the by, was surmounted by an awe-inspiring hat with a mighty brim, slightly inclined toward one ear.

At last every thing seemed to be arranged; Enrique and three of the other passengers—all women—had been disposed of inside, a stout old man had climbed to the seat beside the driver, and the latter had mounted to the horses. Away they went at a great pace.

First they cradled and bounced along the streets of the little town, then proceeded more slowly across the black, flat, open country covered with tarweed that extends to the beginning of the foot hills; and at last, more moderately still, up the hills, themselves.

Now it was very uncomfortable, for awhile. The sun poured down, the dust rose up, and no refreshing breeze found its way into the deep-cut road. The poor horses clambered and sweated and panted. The stout man outside put up his umbrella and grumbled. The passengers with Enrique complained and "O-deared."

At last they reached the little hamlet of Scarsville, and here the driver stopped the horses. They were glad enough, poor brutes, for the moment's rest, and gladder still when water was brought and they were allowed to plunge their heads up to the very eyes in its coolness.

Then forward again, and presently the way became more agreeable. The road wound about more exposed places, little puffs of air reached them, and now they rolled down into little dells where the cool trees almost met overhead.

"I hearn this mornin' how the driver was goin' to carry three or four guns with him, after this," said one of the women, who sat by Enrique. "I didn't see nothin' of 'em," she continued, "when I got in, but I s'pose he must have hid 'em round somewheres. Can't be he would tempt Providence not to take 'em."

"Lor!" said another woman, "I hope to mercy he *h'aint* took 'em. What could *he* do 'lone against eight or ten road agents? I'm sure, for my part, I should go for all han's bein' just as submissive as they could, s'pos'in the agents *did* come."

"And I think with you," said the third passenger, a lady-like, rather pretty young woman, somewhat better dressed than the others. "We could do nothing to resist a gang of men fully armed and determined. I am sure, for my part, I only came to-day because I thought it would be an unusually safe time. Lightning rarely strikes twice in the same place."

"That's what father said," here spoke up Enrique. He judged it a fitting time to say a word, and was heartily tired of keeping still. "He thought the robbers would keep away from *this* stage for a while," he went on, "and hide, may be, for a spell, like mice."

The bright, animated countenance of the boy, and especially his great, dark, Spanish eyes had been observed by his fellow-passengers for some time, but his rather shy manner had prevented their making any advances toward acquaintance. They were glad to hear his voice, and at once replied to him. They had succeeded in finding out most of his brief history, and had learned that he was nearly ten years old, when they were interrupted by the coach stopping.

The passengers all glanced out, in some alarm, but were reassured by discovering that it was merely a pause for a way-passenger. He seemed to have come out of a kind of gorge, and appeared to have come across from another road. He was a short, stoutly-built man, dressed in a gray business suit, was smoothly shaven and wore green spectacles. He appeared to be about forty-five or perhaps fifty years old.

"I think I will ride inside, if there is room," he said, in a pleasant, rather low pitched voice. As he spoke he came up to the coach door.

"Plenty of room," said the driver. He descended as he spoke, and let in the stranger. The others made room for him promptly, and he was soon seated beside the pleasant young lady. He had no baggage, but carried simply a stout cane.

There was something attractive about the man's face, and all were pleased with him. Perhaps they thought he would be a valuable aid in case there should be trouble from the dreaded "agents."

Now the road begun to ascend once more, and soon the coach had reached the loftiest altitude of the trip. The whole Santa Clara Valley lay spread out like a map at their feet and far in the distance loomed the blue peaks of the northern spur of the Coast Range. The air here was thin and hard to breathe, and one seemed almost neighbor to the blue summer sky, with its tracery of white, low-lying clouds.

The driver now urged his horses a little, and they bowled along at a good pace over the mile or so of smooth road that extended along the summit. Soon they entered upon a narrow, winding way, penetrating a growth of low-branched trees, and with its course cut out of the side of the mountain like a shelf. So onward till at last they reached the opening again. It was high noon now, and time they reached Weeks's Ranch.

A tremendous crack of the driver's whip, a swinging, cradling gallop, and they tore around a low hill, and in a moment were descending a little declivity to a large farm-house. A dexterous, back-handed twist of the whip, dropping it in its socket, a quick gathering of the reins in the driver's hands, now a firm foot on the brake. Presto! it was done. One sudden jerk, and then a jolt.

"How are ye, Mr. Weeks?" says the driver. It was an old trick with him, and why should he not be cool? But Enrique thought that it was a wonderful performance and his admiration for the driver increased.

The passengers hastened to rid themselves of what dust they could, and sat down to dinner. This was presently over and they saw the four new horses put to, in place of the six that had brought them hither, and then they took their places again.

"Why do they put only four horses in place of the six?" Enrique ventured to ask the new passenger, as they started.

"Because," said the man, with a pleasant smile, "the way is mostly down hill."

"Thank you," said Enrique, much gratified. The man smiled again.

"He's a first-class chap," thought the lad to himself. "I reckon he likes boys."

The fresh horses now seemed disposed to show their mettle and the driver was willing that they should. So they dashed on bravely for awhile and during the interval no one seemed disposed to talk. A few miles further, and they came down to a slower pace, and now the way was growing wilder and more rocky.

"It was along here somewhere, I was told, that the stage was robbed," said the gentleman with the spectacles. His hearers started.

"Great Joshua! I hope the ain't none round *this* time," said the old lady, who had been formerly for war. "I told Mr. Dillyhock 'fore I left this mornin'," she went on, "that jest as likely as not some of the critters might pounce on us. He only jest laffed at me."

"And I told *my* husband," said the other older woman, "says I, Mr. Pennidge, if I come back dead to-night, you mus'n't be surprised, and he said he wouldn't. I do believe he *didn't* feel *jest* right about havin' me come, though, truly."

The young lady and the gentleman smiled in spite of themselves, and even Enrique was amused. The two women chattered on. Soon they passed through the romantic little village of San Gregorie. Here the two old ladies made some talk about "gittin' out and stoppin' over," but made no move to carry the idea into execution. Now they were whirling through a desolate region, and presently the horses were holding back aided by the brake, down a long and perilously steep hill.

Looking out Enrique saw, on one hand, a high, bald cliff and on the other a frightful ravine, and still further on a long succession of gulches, precipitous cliffs, and bare, rocky hill sides. Always on the left rose the frowning, craggy mountain. He drew in his head with a little sigh.

"What is it?" asked the young lady, pleasantly.

"Nothing," said Enrique, trying to smile back. He was ashamed of the depression this wild scenery gave him, and like the little man he was would not say any thing to disturb the others. Now the stage lurched, and came to an abrupt halt.

"Yes," they heard the driver say, "I saw 'em."

"Then drive slowly," said a voice, which they recognized as that of the tall young man.

"Get your pop ready," he added next moment, "I do believe there's going to be business."

The young lady turned deadly pale. The other women uttered dismal groans. Even the man in the glasses looked disturbed. As for little Enrique he did not quite understand it all, but felt strangely excited.

"Hello!" said the driver. "Why, them fellers are comin' down, and mean to show themselves. Bold, a'n't they?"

"One, two, three, four," answered the young man, rather irrelevantly. "Four of them."

"Yes, they've got down into the road, and are waiting. Drive on."

Here Mrs. Dillyhock thrust her head out of the window. She drew it in abruptly.

"Great Joshua! There's four men armed to the teeth, a-standin' down there in the road. What will become of us! O dear, why did I ever leave my home, and poor Mr. Dillyhock? O dear! O dear!"

"Be quiet, madam!" This in a stern voice from the young man on the box. There may be no danger at all, and if there is we must have absolute quiet. You must be ready to act as we direct."

"Who is that feller?" faintly inquired Mrs. Dillyhock.

"I think he is Wells-Fargo's express messenger," said the gentlemen with spectacles. "I noticed that he looked carefully after a box he took up with him."

The poor woman groaned, but made no other rejoinder.

Now the stage jolted on again slowly, and presently came to a halt once more. They were now just beneath a huge, towering cliff, while on the other side was a fearful ravine. A little to one side of the cliff the mountain receded less abruptly, and here grew a few stunted trees and bushes. A kind of sheep-path here appeared, and it seemed to be by this that the new-comers had descended.

Enrique thrust out his head once more. Far away to the south and east he could see where the road repeated itself in a white, indistinct line. Just below this it appeared more plainly again. He had heard his father say that near Pescadero there was a place where the roads wound about in such a manner that three distinct sections of it could be seen at once, one above the other. He knew that this must be the place. They were then upon the upper of these shelves or terraces. He was enabled to see the two sections, because the road there curved.

All this took but a glance, and he noted it scarcely realizing that he did so. Then he leaned out still further, and looked eagerly for the four men.

There they came, guns in their hands, and dressed in rough, coarse clothes. But what interested him most was the fact that they were not masked, as road agents were said to be, and that they carried their weapons in a peaceful manner.

"Only a party of hunters" he thought, with a glad jump of the heart. Then his eye happened to rest on the uppermost distant curve in the road. Something was flashing in the afternoon sun and creatures, like horses, were seen to be in motion.

"A party of men with guns," he said to himself. "and they are riding dreadfully fast. What can *they* be after."

He sank back in his seat too much excited to speak, or scarcely to think. Just then—"Well, Buckskin Tom, how's the old body? I used to know you, but guess you've forgotten me. My name's Chandler, from Deer Licks."

"Don't know you, Mr. Chandler?" they heard the driver say.

"No; thought you didn't. Well, me and the kit of us here have been huntin,' and we're pretty tired. Reckon you can give us a lift to Pescaderny."

They heard a low murmur from the box at this, and it was apparent that the driver and the express messenger were talking. Once or twice they also thought they heard the tones of the stout passenger.

"Can't accommodate you," spoke up the driver at last. "It's only a mile to Kennett's ranch. Keep the road we're going a mile, and take the first turn to the left. Only half a mile from there, and Kennett will keep you until you are rested."

Once more Enrique ventured to peep from the window. He witnessed a sight that gave him a thrill of astonishment and terror. One of the four men was standing near the window, and Enrique saw that one of his long whiskers was hanging loose from his face. It was evident that the man wore a false beard.

A glance at the other three strangers showed that they wore an unusual amount of hair about their faces. It was evident that they, too, were disguised.

Scarcely had Enrique made this startling discovery when their fellow-passenger with the spectacles drew off his gloves, and made as though to leave the coach. The boy, glancing at him in surprise, saw that he was fumbling with some object in an inner pocket, and the next moment he produced a small revolver. His mouth had a fierce, set look now, and his eyes seemed to shine through his spectacles in a way that terrified the lad. While Enrique yet stared at him he deliberately cocked the revolver, deftly opened the coach door, and swung himself out upon the step.

The next moment *he pointed his revolver up at the messenger.* Before a word could be said, a motion made, a pistol shot rang out from the box, and the man with the detached beard dropped instantly from sight.

"Tie on your whiskers better, next time, Tiger Rod!" thundered the voice of the express messenger. "I'm on to your game. Give 'em the lash, driver!"

As he spoke the crack of the heavy stage whip sounded, and the coach made a great bound forward.

Meantime, how had it fared with the man with the spectacles?

We have seen that he had raised his pistol, and seemed in the very act of firing it. It was at this precise moment that the messenger himself had fired, and in doing so had changed his position. On firing he had leaned far over toward the driver, so as to avoid a return shot, and by so doing had taken himself out of the would be assassin's range. And now the stage was flying forward at a terrible pace, and the man had much ado to keep his footing. He managed it after a few seconds, and then flattened himself as much as possible against the coach. This was to avoid the return shots of his friends, which now came singing past them.

Taken completely by surprise by the act of the messenger, and not prepared for the headlong plunge of the horses, they had been unable to make an effort to prevent the escape.

The young girl sat dumb with fright, the other women were crouching in the bottom of the coach, also tongue-tied with terror, and poor little Enrique half stood in his place, his great eyes fixed wildly on the man with the pistol.

And now the ruffian seemed to think a second opportunity had come. Doubtless, the messenger was in his old place, and could be reached by a bold outward swing. It was evident the effort must be made soon too, as the man might look down and discover his enemy.

Swiftly the wretch swung out from the step. His revolver was once more raised. Then came the climax of Enrique's life. He saw the pistol raised, he saw the man's cordy fingers clinched upon the door frame.

The one supreme suggestion of the moment came. At the boy's feet, where he had kicked it about all day, was a small iron wrench. Stooping like lightning the little hero caught it up, swung it aloft, dashed it down with all his force on the clinging fingers!

There was a yell like that from the throat of a dying wolf as the man loosed his hold and fell, bruised and maimed, into the road, and Enrique saw him no more. The coach rolled on; the messenger was saved!

The coach did not stop until Kennett's ranch was reached. Then the driver dismounted, and the women told him the story of Enrique's opportune act. You may be sure that both the driver and the messenger whose life the boy had saved, made much of him during the rest of the trip. He was a hero at Pescadero for a whole week.

COAL FIELDS IN THE SOUTH.

The Geological Survey has just issued a brief preliminary report on the production of coal in the United States in 1887 in advance of the full and complete returns, which will appear in the final report. The figures it gives show a most gratifying increase in the output of coal in the Southern States, and the progress of the industry in that section of the country. During last year the production of coal in Alabama was 2,900,000 tons, as against 1,950,000 tons in the previous year, which is about double. The value of this output is placed at $3,335,000 in 1888 and $2,535,000 in 1887. In Tennessee the increase has not been so great, but 1,067,300 tons, valued at $2,164,030 were turned out, as against 900,000 tons, worth $1,470,000 in 1887. Arkansas mined 193,000 tons, worth $289,500 last year and only 150,000 tons, worth $252,500, in the year previous. Texas produced 90,000 tons in 1888, valued at $184,500, against 75,000 tons, worth $150,000, in 1887. Alabama stands ninth in the list of coal-producing States in the quantities mined and eight in the value of the product.

The earliest celebration of Washington's birthday found on record occurred in Richmond, Va., February 11th (old style), 1782. The day was celebrated in New York in 1784, and, from that time until 1703, the 11th of February was selected. In the latter year the day was changed to the 22nd, to adapt it to the new style. During the first term of the Presidency of Washington his birthday was celebrated by visits of congratulation, and by balls, parties and other festivities, not only in Philadelphia, but in many of the principal cities and towns in the Union, notwithstanding the fact that quite a number of carpers were alarmed by what they considered a "step in the direction of monarchy."

FACTS ABOUT SNAILS.

Prof. Castegnier, in MEDICAL CLASSICS.

Something like 90,000 pounds of snails are sent up daily to the Paris markets from the gardens of Potton, Burgundy, Champagne and Provence, where they are specially reared for the purpose, the natural delicate flavor of their flesh being improved by feeding them on beds of aromatic herbs. It is not merely, however, as a delicacy that snails are so generally appreciated in France. They also take very high rank as a nutritious food, and from the time of the ancient Romans downward have been regarded as excellent in consumption and "weakness" of the chest. According to Payne they contain seventy per cent. of water, sixteen per cent. of nitrogen, one per cent. of fat, two per. cent. of salts and five per cent. of undetermined matter.

Dr. Ebrard, a French authority, who has made the snail his special study, declares that the weight of meat represented by the snails sold amounts to that found on cutting up a whole flock of calves and young heifers. He estimates the monthly consumption of snails in Paris at half a million. The market price of the great vineyard snails is from two francs fifty centimes to three francs fifty centimes per hundred, while those from the hedges, woods and forests bring only two francs to two francs fifty centimes. The proprietor of one snaillery in the vicinity of Dijon is said to net over 7,000 francs annually.

The snail is reared and fattened with great care in some cantons of Switzerland as an article of luxury and is exported in a pickled state. It is also eaten as a relish and nutritious article of food in Austria, Spain, Italy and in some sections of the United States. The Ashantees and other African tribes smoke them and eat them as daily food all the year round.

In Algeria in the markets large heaps of snails are sold by the bushel and the hundred as an article of food. Venders hawk them in the streets of Cairo. In modern Rome fresh-gathered snails are hawked by women from door to door, and the housewives serve them either boiled in shells, or stewed or fried in oil. It is a common sight to see in an Italian city the people gathered around a number of baskets filled with snails, waiting for them to be thrown into a large iron pot suspended over a fire made between four stones. Herbs and love apples (tomatoes) are added, and when done the broth is retailed to the expectant bystanders. As the cook ladles out the savory concoction, she or he gives utterance to trade cries. Altogether the scene to an American is quite suggestive of the colored hawkers of "hot corn," "hot corn."

WHY THE PERSIAN MINISTER LAUGHS.

My friend, the Persian Minister, writes a Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia *Record*, has had many a quiet laugh at our expense since he came to Washington. For some mysterious reason somebody started the story that he understood no language but Persian, which, of course, found its way to the newspapers at once. Now, as a matter of fact, he understands English quite as well as most of us, and French a great deal better. But he did not feel that it was his business to rush into print with an elaborate explanation of all this, and so has taken it out in smiling at the queer treatment he has received from those who really believed the story. No end of funny remarks have been made about him in his presence, which it was supposed he would never comprehend. He tells a story very well, and relating his experiences with Washingtonians, foreign and domestic, tells some very good ones.

HARD SOAP.

Continued cooking makes soap hard. Good soap makers usually try their soap before pouring it out to see if it is hard. The following is a trustworthy receipt: Put six pounds of washing soda and three of unslacked lime in a tub, add two ounces of borax, and pour over it about five gallons of boiling water. Let this stand till morning. In the morning pour off the clear water that rises into a boiler, being careful to leave the drugs all in the tub. Set the boiler containing the solution on the stove, and when it is warm add six pounds of clean rendered soap-fat. Let the mixture boil twenty minutes, then try it by cooling a little. If it seems hard when cold the soap is ready to pour out. A square stationary tub is the best place if you have no moulds. Cut the soap into even bars as soon as it is cooled, and lay it away for at least three months to dry and become firm and hard.

WHALING ON HORSEBACK.

From PHILADELPHIA TIMES.

We can almost see your eyes open wide in wonder at the heading of this little sketch. Who ever heard of men on horseback capturing and killing whales? And how in the world could it be done? Mr. Holder tells all about it in his delightful book recently published. Several years ago a student who was interested in whales went to Cape Cod to spend the summer, because he knew that the animals were often caught there. Here is his description of a very strange and exciting scene:

The tide was dead low, and had left a big sandy flat almost bare, on which the sea beat furiously, and with a roar that was deafening, but inside the bar was a stretch of water forming a little inclosed lake about half a mile wide and from three to four feet deep. This was comparatively smooth, and in it were about twenty enormous black objects floundering and rushing about, lashing the water into foam, and followed by a dozen or more men, part of whom were on horseback like ourselves.

It was a school of whales and blackfish. In some way they had been trapped inside of the bar, and when the tide went out they were at the mercy of the whalers on horseback. Every one was greatly excited. The horses were urged into the water, while their riders, armed with harpoons, lances, boat-hooks or any other weapon that happened to be at hand, were endeavoring to capture as many of the monsters as possible.

In they plunged, the horses at first snorting with terror, but, once in the water, they seemed to share the general excitement and plunged madly after the excited sea-hunters. Here and there were blackfish that had been wounded and their tails were beating the water with terrific force; others were tearing up and down with lightning speed. Soon one of the horses was fairly lifted from its feet by one of the struggling fish and thrown sprawling into the water. A roar of laughter greeted the rider as he rose from the water.

The men kept up an incessant yelling and splashing, and so gradually forced the monsters up the creek, if so it could be called. The great creatures seemed to know that they were running into a still more fatal trap, and they made great efforts to break through the line of horses and men. The appearance of a great black animal rushing at you, floundering along, beating the water with blows powerful enough to kill a horse or man, gave a strong flavor of danger to the adventure.

For an hour this was kept up, until finally, one by one, the animals were driven upon the shoals and dispatched. They were all from fifteen to twenty-five feet long.

A YOUNG STUMP MACHINE.

Take a pole 6 inches through at the butt and 20 ft. long, of some strong wood, and put a stout chain around it 2 ft. from the large end, with a log-hitch. This is the anchor to be made fast to a tree or a strong stake; if the latter, maul it in a little deeper after the chain is on so as to make it hug the ground. Now put a long chain each side of the anchor-chain, also with log-hitches close to it for heavy pulling and wider apart for lighter work. You may have a good rig for pulling old fruit trees, etc. Extend the two chains opposite to the anchor and hitch to the tree you are to pull, 6 ft. or more from the ground. Take a crowbar, and putting one knee on the pole at the small end, pry the pole and yourself along until you have made a quarter-circle, slacking one chain and tightening the other. Have a boy stand on the pole and hold it with the bar, in default of a man with a second bar, while you hook up the loose chain. Then pry the pole back again, and so on, cutting off some of the stiffest roots as they begin to show themselves. In this way you can get rid of old trees without leaving stumps; the only limit to your operations is the strength of the apparatus. Do not anchor to a valuable tree: the chain will destroy the bark.

The modes of execution for capital crimes vary in different countries. In the United States the method is hanging, except in the State of New York, where electricity has lately been adopted. Hanging is also exclusively employed in Austria, Great Britain, the Netherlands and Portugal. In Russia, shooting, hanging or beheading is resorted to, while in Bavaria, Belgium, France, Denmark, Hanover and Saxony the guillotine is the chosen implement. In the majority of foreign countries the executions are held in public, while in this country they are mostly private.

TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE.

From LA PORTE HERALD.

Africa contains over 8,000,000 miles in area, and has more than 200,000,000 inhabitants. In such a vast and almost unknown country, thrilling adventures are of every-day occurrence, and the traveler, hunter and explorer is subject to perils peculiar to Africa alone. Of such was the experience of Mr. Deane, one of the agents of the Congo Free State. He was in command of Stanley Falls station when it was attacked by the Arabs. Deane, with his comrade Dubois and four Haussa soldiers, fled from the station, and it was not long before Dubois fell into the river and was drowned. Deane and his soldiers pushed on all night in a drenching rain, and only stopped at daylight for a short rest. While Deane's clothes were hanging on the bushes to dry a shout in the rear told them that they were discovered and that the Arabs were in hot pursuit. Deane had just time to throw his clothes over his arm and start at full speed through the bush, followed by his attendants. It was nearly noon before they succeedad in distancing their pursuers, and by that time it was a most woe-begone band of fugitives. In the mad race for life every Haussa had lost his gun, and not a weapon of any sort was left in the party.

One by one Deane had dropped his garments, and he had nothing left except a small military tape, which he threw over his shoulders. In the midst of an African jungle he had not the slightest protection for his bleeding feet, and even if he had saved his boots he would not have dared to put them on, for the tracks would have instantly revealed by any prowling Arab or hostile native that a white man was in the neighborhood. A cannibal tribe, with whom Deane himself had had a serious fight, lined the river below, and he dared not appeal to them for succor. He was about three hundred miles from the nearest white station at Bangala.

All that could be done was to struggle down the river, through the dense bush and forests, several miles inland, avoiding all the tribes, except one or two that were known to be friendly, and living on whatever they could pick up that would afford nutriment. For four weeks this castaway wandered through the country, living on wild grapes, fried ants and caterpillars and sleeping at night on the bare earth, with no covering but dried leaves. At last they came to the Bakama tribe, and shortly afterwards were rescued by Captain Coquilhart, who had been sent in search of Deane. It was an experience that not one white man in a thousand could have lived to relate.

NEEDLES AND PINS.

According to the most recent estimate the production of needles in Redditch, England, is not less than 50,000,000 per week, and, as may be inferred from this enormous aggregate, machinery has been brought to bear upon the trade in a most extensive way and with marked success. The pointing of needles, one of the most delicate of all operations, is now almost exclusively done by machinery, and so is the cutting, skimming, stamping, eyeing, tempering, counting, heading and tailing, bluing, burnishing, finishing, assorting and sticking. New and improved machines for all these processes have been successfully introduced during the last twenty years or so, and, unlike other trades, the machine work about needles is not only cheaper but better.

The latest novelty, and one which is a pronounced success, is the "grooving" machine for making sewing machine needles, the old stamping process being thereby superseded. Work done by the "grooving" is better and truer, besides being more economical. The old process of ether gilding has been almost entirely superseded by the newer and improved method of electro-gilding. Redditch is becoming a rival of Birmingham in the manufacture of pins, the ordinary common household pin being supplemented by shawl and scarf pins with glass and steel heads. About two tons weight of pins of all sorts are made at Redditch weekly. According to the latest phase which ingenious enterprise has taken in this trade, the production ought to increase by "leaps and bounds," for an attempt is being made to reconstruct the machines that they may produce two pins instead of one. Redditch produces every week an average of 20,000,000 fish hooks of all descriptions, from that required by the angler of minnows to that adapted for pike and salmon fishermen. Machinery is very largely used in the manufacture of fish-hooks, and in connection with the smaller class of sea-hooks, electro-tinning is being extensively adopted. Fishing rods, floats and swivels now constitute important branches of Redditch industry, and a considerable trade is growing up in the production of artificial flies, which are exclusively hand-made.

Atlanta, Ga., has a tower clock with four faces, looking in as many directions. They are all run by the same works and each indicates different time.

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