We Lead!

Others May Follow.

We have claimed for years that we would not be undersold by any house in the Fertilizer business. We do a general business and can afford to shade our prices as close as any house in the State. Our

Champion Dissolved Raw Phosphate

runs as high as 3 per cent. in Ammonia and we sell it for $23.00 per ton. Who can beat it? We declare no one.

We absolutely defy competition in our Fertilizer Department,

as we do in all other departments of our business. Our aim is to please our customers and to make money for them, knowing that if we succeed in this we are assured of their continued trade.

Potatoes are cheap but we believe this is the year to plant them and our Champion Raw Bone Phosphate is the Fertilizer to use on them.

WE HAVE FERTILIZER AT $20.00, $21.00, $23.00 AND $26.00 PER TON.

If you want Fertilizer for Corn, if you want Fertilizer for Potatoes, if you want Fertilizer for any spring crop, call on us. Remember we make a specialty in Fertilizer for any and all crops.

Very Respectfully,

N. I. GORSUCH & SON.

mr-16-2m

THE NEW SURVEY

WILL BE MADE.

The Road Must Come

AND WE ARE READY

FOR THE SPRING OF 1889.

We certainly have the finest line of

SUITINGS,

both Foreign and Domestic, ever offered in this city or county. Our customers can rest assured that they will have a chance to see the latest novelties in Suitings and can have them made up in the latest styles and at bottom figures. Our line of

Gent's Furnishings

cannot be surpassed outside of the city. We have the finest line of Fancy Wool Shirts ever seen in this city; just received some of the most beautiful styles. Our line of White Shirts will compare with any in the State and at bottom prices. Ask for the Scratch Pocket, as we are sole agents for it; it will make you happy. Our

Neckwear Department

lays over the deck. We have gotten the second invoice this spring and the styles are beautiful. Our

Glove Department

surpasses any other house in the county. Wedding outfits can be furnished at short notice; colors to match, sizes, &c.

Gent's Jewelry a Specialty.

We mean business. Call and see us and be made happy.

meh-30-tf J. T. ANDERS.

GUSTAVUS BARNES

New Windsor.

HAVING leased the store stand, near the Depot, formerly occupied by Allen Hibberd, I have opened an entire

NEW STOCK OF GOODS,

bought at bottom prices for cash, which will be sold at small profits. The public are respectfully invited to call and learn my prices and examine the stock, which consists of a full line of

Groceries, -:- Confectioneries,

TOBACCO AND CIGARS.

Hardware, Queensware,

Glassware, Woodenware,

Oils and Paints,

Large Assortment of

Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps,

READY-MADE CLOTHING, GLOVES, HOSIERY, AND A FULL LINE OF NOTIONS.

A fair proportion of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.

fe-16-1y GUSTAVUS BARNES.

G. E. BAUGHMAN, D. D. S.

SUCCESSOR TO DR. CHARLES BILLINGSLEA,

DENTIST.

Office one door west of Union National Bank, Westminster, Md.

Will visit the following places:

UNION BRIDGE—1st Wednesday of each month.

NEW WINDSOR—2d Wednesday of each month. fe-23

AMERICAN SENTINEL.

VOL. 57, NO. 19. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 11, 1889. ESTABLISHED 1833.

Select Poetry.

A SPRING PICTURE.

Past is the winter drear and cold,
And all the trees burst forth with gems—
Buds purple, red, and brown, and gold,
Upon their leafless stems.

The primrose lifts its starry crown
In woodland ways and sheltered nooks;
And where the tall elms fringe the down,
Caw busily the rooks.

The sheep pass peacefully along,
Cropping the herbage young and sweet;
And wild birds fill the air with song,
Rejoiced the Spring to meet.

Oh! welcome, springtime, when the earth
Puts on anew her garb of life,
And with glad songs of hope and mirth
The hearts of men are rife.

Oh! may they ne'er by chance forget
The one great Giver of spring days,
But daily recognize their debt
With loving songs of praise.

Select Story.

DOCTOR BOB.

How He Freed Aunt Tempe from the "Kunjer."

Unc' Primus' wife, Priscilla, who kept the dairy on Tom-in-Luck Plantation, died about midsummer, in the twelfth year after Mawse Tom and Mis' Nannie were married, and settled on a place of their own. She left, among other valuables, a flowered pitcher that was the cause of a quarrel between Unc' Primus and his sister-in-law, Aunt Tempe.

Aunt Priscy had left no children, but Unc' Primus had a niece to whom he wished to present the flowered pitcher, while Mom Rhody declared that Aunt Priscy had *willed* that particular pitcher to her nearest of kin, Aunt Tempe.

Backed by Mom Rhody, Aunt Tempe got possession of the pitcher, but in the struggle the spout was broken off, and this small fragment Unc' Primus pocketed, vowing vengeance.

"Hit's a gret pity," said Mom Rhody, uneasily, "det Primus is sister's son's wife's nephew ter ole Unc' December over ter Mawse Coe's," and she speedily procured a rabbit's left hind-foot for Aunt Tempe to wear in her bosom.

Thus panoplied, Aunt Tempe defied Unc' Primus, who, in less than three months, took a second wife, professed himself at peace with the world, and made over to Aunt Tempe whatever possessions of her deceased sister he had not already bestowed upon his niece.

"Dat 'ceitful Primus!" said Mom Rhody; and when, on a day in September, Aunt Tempe was taken ill, Mom Rhody declared, mysteriously, that it was just what she expected.

But it was not what any one else would have expected, for Aunt Tempe was a robust, cheerful woman, brisk and tidy, and frolicsome as a kitten with Mis' Nannie's children. That Aunt Tempe should be ill was incomprehensible, and so strangely ill! She had no fever, she complained of no "misery" anywhere; she simply stopped in the midst of cutting out the plantation clothing, and announced with solemnity that "somethin' ur 'nother wuz wrong." As Mom Rhody stated it:

"Of a Friday by noon,
'Cordin' ter change ob de moon,
Sis' Tempe her wuk wuz done."

Mom Rhody had a gift at oracular jingles that procured her great esteem on the plantation. It was not hidden from the negroes that this old nurse, who had "raised" Mawse Tom, was deep in the lore of the evil one and all his works—not to do them, but to give warning thereof; for Mom Rhody was a sister in the church that stood in the sandy bottom beside the creek, a shouting and fasting member, a leader in "prah-meetin's," as one called to wage a perpetual warfare, so she said, against Satan and his imps, and Mom Rhody held that Friday was the devil's own day.

"Hukkom I know dat?" said she. "De is signs a-plenty. Doan' ev'y-body see jay-buds is skaase o' Fridays, 'long o' totin' sticks to men' de fiahs below? When you see mischance happen o' *dat* day, debbil got a han' in dat job by means o' his ministers, sho'ly—mo'n pertticklar effen moon changes."

When it was suggested that the doctor should be sent for, Mom Rhody shook her head and said: "No white man's doctor top side o' de yeth couldn' do Sis' Tempe no good."

Mom Rhody did not hesitate to express this opinion to Mawse Tom himself, seeing that she had "raised" him. But Mawse Tom would not listen to such nonsense, he said, and as Aunt Tempe had now been lying ill some days without improvement, Christopher Columbus was dispatched for the family physician, who felt Aunt Tempe's pulse and looked at her tongue, and asked if she had any pain.

Aunt Tempe said: "No; only a general gin-out." The doctor thought at first that she was "playing 'possum," but day by day she grew worse, until at last it was indisputable that she was very ill. She could not move, except to turn her poor head upon her pillow, and roll her eyes beseechingly. The power of speech was gone.

"I done told Mawse Tom he gwan fling away his money on white man's doctor!" grumbled Mom Rhody. "En now I tell *you*, Mis' Nannie, honey, Sis' Tempe is done gin up ter die, douten Doctor Bob is sent fur."

Doctor Bob should have borne some outlandish, tongue-twisting name, for he was a native African, but time out of mind he had been known as Doctor Bob, a healer of the "kunjered," and the negroes far and near regarded him with a sentiment bordering on veneration. He was a slave on old Major Wheaton's place over in the next county, but his master never hesitated to allow him to lay down the hoe whenever there came a summons from a victim of the "kunjer."

Indeed, Dr. Bob's fees were a liberal offset to the loss of his labor in the cotton-row, for, between the major and doctor, the charges amounted to fifty dollars, more or less, and whoever employed Dr. Bob had the trouble of hauling him and his paraphernalia back and forth. There was not very much of Dr. Bob, it is true, but there was a great deal of the paraphernalia.

Mawse Tom grumbled much at paying such a price for humbuggery and superstition, especially as both he and Doctor Henly had decided that Aunt Tempe's case was hopeless; but old Mis' Nannie said that they could not see Aunt Tempe die with any wish ungratified, and little Nan, and Roy and Susy, and even baby Tom, began now to clamor for Doctor Bob; therefore, though Mawse Tom had often declared that Doctor Bob should never set foot on his plantation, he was sent for.

Had Doctor Bob refused to come, the negroes of Tom-in-Luck would have felt themselves doomed by wholesale to the powers of darkness; but Doctor Bob had never been known to refuse. It was, as the negroes say, "a half-hour by sun," when the ox-

[redacted]

Doctor Bob did not make much of a show. It was Christopher Columbus seated on the buck-board, and shouting to the ox, that chiefly struck the eye—"Christopher Columbus, swellin' wid his own insignificance, dat boy," Mom Rhody remarked severely; for Mom Rhody did not believe in forwardness of youth.

However, Christopher, though he sat exalted, did not commend the eye for long; when the cart halted in front of the cabin assigned to Doctor Bob's exclusive use, there was seen in the midst of a motley array of squat and bulging jugs, a dwarfish figure, clad in dingy brown, and crouching with arm akimbo, so that he was hardly to be distinguished from the uncouth vessels that surrounded him, save for the bright and scintillating black eye illuminating his ebony face, and darting fire at every glance.

When, at Mawse Tom's approach, he removed his dingy cap, and revealed a peaked head as white as snow, the effect was so startling, that the awe-stricken negroes fell back, and some of the pickaninnies stifled a yell in their mother's skirts.

"Sho' cuore, massa," said Doctor Bob, with a gleaming grin, as he scrambled out of the cart. When he stood upon his feet, his resemblance to his squatty jugs was more marked and more ludicrous than ever.

He was very short, and very bow-legged, with a pronounced paunch, which he supported with his two hands. He said he was a thousand years, old, and the negroes believed it, but he had none of the feebleness, none of the apathy of age.

"Doctor Bob en he jug neber fail," he said to Mawse Tom, with another grim, as he proceeded to remove the numerous vessels of different sizes, and to set them within the cabin door.

Lastly, he took from the cart a long, stout, knotty stick, black and polished, and cut into three spikes at the top. At sight of this there was a more pronounced retreat on the part of the beholders, and some of the very young ones ran away howling.

Doctor Bob evidently enjoyed the commotion he excited; his eyes twinkled and glanced, taking in every movement of the crowd, while he raised his stick aloft, waved it around his head, muttering strange words; then, walking backward around the cabin, he cast handful after handful of a curious kind of hard, shriveled, red berry, or bean, which he took from his pockets, and of which his supply seemed to be inexhaustible.

This done, he paused in front of the door, waved his hands thrice, which the negroes seemed to accept as a dismissal, for, with one accord, they straggled away; a few of the older ones, whether through inherited tradition, whether through an instinctive sense of decorum characteristic of their race, advanced, one by one, did obeisance to Doctor Bob, and solemnly retired.

Doctor Bob entered his cabin, and was seen no more until about noon

[redacted]

—Doctor Bob uncovered his patient's feet, and with great solemnity, laid his staff across Aunt Tempe's feet, uttering some cabalistic words that Mom Rhody evidently understood, for she made a response in similar gibberish, at which Doctor Bob seemed greatly pleased.

He now took his position in the middle of the room, fixed his eyes on Aunt Tempe, and bending his crooked legs to an extraordinary angle began swaying slowly back and forth, waving his arms, and crooning a wild chant.

His voice never rose above this low, monotonous crooning, but his movement presently grew faster and faster, and at that instant Mom Rhody entered upon the same performance, which was maintained with great vigor until both fell to the floor exhausted. Doctor Bob was the first to recover. He removed his staff from Aunt Tempe's feet with one hand, and with the other he held up to view two small balls of hair.

"See um?" he said to Mis' Nannie. "Come outen foots, but trabelled de body froo."

"Do you expect me to believe such nonsense," said Mis' Nannie, indignantly.

"Honey, honey," panted Mom Rhody, "doan' balk the cnore!"

"Um gwan see," muttered Doctor Bob, in dudgeon, as he wrapped the balls of hair in a fabric, the like of which Mis' Nannie had never seen before. He then left the cabin, but presently returned with one of his smallest jugs full of a steaming liquid; this he placed at Aunt Tempe's feet, and covered all closely with the marvelous patchwork.

"Um no better, eh?" he said to Mis' Nannie, jerking his thumb toward the bed. Certainly Aunt Tempe was no worse.

"So the "pow-wow," as Mawse Tom called it, went on day after day, with this difference, that it took place after dark when more of the negroes—special selections of Mom Rhody's—could be present to "assist" in the ministrations, and Mawse Tom came to look on, instead of Mis' Nannie.

Every night Doctor Bob drew bigger and bigger balls of hair from Aunt Tempe's feet, and put a bigger jug of some mysterious steaming compound in her bed, and Aunt Tempe began to recover the power of speech and the use of her hands.

At last, when for eight consecutive days he had exhibited those mysterious balls of hair, supposed to travel through Aunt Tempe's body and come out at her feet, and Aunt Tempe all the while visibly growing better, on the morning of the ninth day, that being Friday, Doctor Bob announced that she would be loosed from the "kunjer" at sundown, and that whoever had been instrumental in putting it upon her would "drap in de tracks," and only Doctor Bob's mercy could save that person from the effects of that same "kunjer."

At Doctor Bob's requisition, all the negroes were summoned at sundown to march in procession around Aunt Tempe's cabin, ole Mis' and Mawse Tom and Mis' Nannie being there as lookers-on with all the children, except baby Tom, who was asleep on a blanket in front of Aunt Tempe's fire.

Aunt Tempe lay on her bed opposite the door, which was wide open, that egress might be allowed the invisible "kunjer," and that she might be seen of each one in the procession. She was very feeble still, not having yet recovered the power to move herself freely. Doctor Bob stood outside, facing the door, at a sufficient distance to allow the procession to pass between him and the cabin.

Despite his diminutive size, despite his deformity, this hoary-headed black dwarf wore an air of majesty, and humbuggery though he felt it all to be, Mawse Tom could not laugh; to these ignorant creatures it bore a significance so terrible.

Mis' Nannie, when Doctor Bob began his unearthly crooning, clung trembling to her husband, and was half-sorry she had permitted the children to be present.

Most negroes incline to a rocking gait, and Mawse Tom's slaves, under the influence of Doctor Bob, swayed and swung heavily, and doubtless, had the marching and crooning continued many minutes, they would all have passed into a convulsive dance, but the march presently came abruptly to an end.

In obedience to a fascination none could resist, each negro, in passing, looked in at the invalid on the bed, but when Primus looked in, he uttered a yell and fell flat upon his face.

He had seen what nobody else stayed to see, for the negroes scattered far and wide, as if a bomb-shell had burst among them. Primus saw Aunt Tempe, who had not moved for so many weeks, spring out of bed and rush to the fire-place, for Aunt Tempe, too, had seen what nobody else saw, she had seen the log in the fire-place burn asunder, and scatter in its fall the burning coals over baby Tom.

No one could understand, at first, the apparition of Aunt Tempe in the doorway, with the sleeping child in her arms, and the tears running down her wasted cheeks. Even to Mawse Tom and Mis' Nannie it seemed a sort of miracle, and I make no doubt that Doctor Bob himself was in a measure astonished, but he said, complacently:

"Um done loosed, feed um, warm um, un walk bombye."

Then he turned his attention to Primus, who upon recovering his senses, forswore Unc' December and all his arts.

As for Aunt Tempe, she did not recover her full strength immediately, but she improved rapidly, and never was ill again. She died in freedom at an extreme old age, cheered to the last by the affectionate devotion of baby Tom, whom she was accustomed to pet and scold long after his beard was grown.

Mawse Tom paid Doctor Bob's fee without questioning his skill, but it was not to be doubted by any reasonable mind that Aunt Tempe's faithful affection for baby Tom was a powerful factor in her cure, though Doctor Bob took to himself all the glory of it.

The agents for a certain kind of cough candy distribute circulars on which is stated the following puzzle: "What number can you take, and when you divide it by two, three, four, five or six you will have one over, but when divided by seven nothing will remain?" The circular goes on to say that if a person cannot solve the puzzle he should buy a box of the candy, when the agent will hand him the right number on a slip of paper. The methods of advertising are not yet all exhausted.

The latest use of photography is to make a cannon ball take a picture of its own wabblings. An arrangement something like a camera is placed in the forward end of the projectile, and when it is fired directly at the sun the light traces lines upon the sensitive plate from the direction of which it can be told whether the projectile has kept in one position or has wavered to and fro during its flight. The scheme is largely theoretical as yet.

Bees will come out of their hives on warm days. In so doing they clean the hives and carry out the dead bees. Every day some of the bees die, and advantage is taken of all favorable opportunities by the survivors to put the hive in the best condition for winter. The hives should not be placed in winter quarters until the weather becomes cold.

HOW HE TOLD HER.

"She'll have to go; ain't no way out o' that. She'll have to skip," said Dave Kinney. He squinted at the cracker crum on his tawny, scraggy beard, and transferred it carefully to his mouth. There was a wedge of cheese on his left knee. When the Fence Corners School Board, originally Fennett't Corners, but thus aptly abbreviated, held a meeting, it was, by general agreement, in old Hank's grocery, where crackers and cheese, and mayhap a herring, might relieve its tedium. But to-night there was an alleviating interest.

"About the size of it," said Silas Saunders, who preferred tobacco, and rolled a quid under his tongue, is that "this ain't no place for her here. Why, I wouldn't answer fer the consequences if she staid; there ain't no tellin' what might happen, ner what cuesedness them boys might be up to. Look at Corney Rourke, six feet two er three if he's an inch, and chuck full, chuck full. He's always be'n the one to put the teachers ont, and there ain't no doubt but what it's his idee this time. Barricadin' the school house right out bold first day o' school; now, who but Corny'd 'a' thought o' that?"

There was something of contemplative admiration in his tone.

"Goin' to be done, whoever's doin' it," said Kinney, exploring his cracker bag. "Goin' to git in at eight o'clock to-morrow mornin' an' shut up the door and fasten the windows, and any teacher that gets in 'll have to git in through the key-hole or crack; that's what they said."

He had told it before; he had called the meeting for the purpose of telling it. But it was interesting to dwell upon.

There was an impressive silence.

"Wal' we'll have to give her notice. You're jest the one to do it, Thornton—eh?" Saunders observed to the third member of the Board. He was himself uneasy. "She got along fust rate, summer term," he added. He appeared to feel a vague and impotent regret. "Needs the money, should jedge."

"She needn't made no calculations to teach no winter term here—not to Fence Corners," Kinney responded, with some contempt. "If there h'aint be'n a winter fer five years but what there's be'n a rumpus, and gener'ly school shut up, w'y she needn't 's' looked fer there goin' to be."

It was unanswerable, but the storekeeper entered a weak suggestion over his motley counter.

"I should think that gang ought to be broke up," he said.

He expected no rejoinder, and got none. The school board's attention was centred upon no such whimsical irrelevancy.

"Reckon you're the one to notify her, Thornton," said Saunders, again.

He wriggled unquietly on his stool.

Thornton sat motionless. Whether in fact or by a trick of the ill-burning lamp on the counter, his good-looking face, with its heavy light mustache, appeared pale. He sat with his arms crossed on his knees and his eyes on the floor silent.

"Jest so," said Kinney, with an air of impartial decision. "You can get it off better 'n Saunders or me, Thornton. You're a better lookin' man' any way and you're better rigged up," he concluded with a polite amiableness.

They made an attempt at a careless dismal of the subject. Kinny got up and threw his cheese rind into the stove. Thornton passed his hand over his mouth and swallowed hard.

"You can jest put it easy, said Kinney, encouragingly. "You can tell her jest how 'tis, and how it's fer her own good, and ain't to be put off ner avoided. You can tell her she's done first-class, summer term. W'y you can tell her jest what you're a-mine to," cried Kinney, magnanimously.

Their colleague rose. He was a tall and powerful young fellow, but there was an odd laxity in his movements now as he went toward the door. He held his hat-brim to his lips, too, and turned his face away from the light. Hank stared after him till the door closed.

"I's'pose you've found out that Jim Thornton's about the bashfulest feller in town hain't you?" he queried.

There was no response.

"And you've prob'ly suspicioned, same as other folks, that he's kind o' sweet on the schoolma'am, er would be if he dast?" Pursued the storekeeper.

The school board was silent.

"Wal," he concluded, with a grin, half of disgust, half of admiration, "you could't 'a' hired me to be'n that mean to a yeller dog—not to a yeller dog!"

* * * * *

Thornton made his way up the road through a warm and lightly falling early snow that whitened and softened and beautified it, dark as it was from the infrequency of buildings and rough with the frozen mud. He forgot to pull his hat on until he met a man in a wagon, who stared at him. His face and hair were damp with melted flakes. He went slowly, almost creepingly, for there was in his heart a terrible, sinking dread of what he must do. It was almost more than he could master.

Where was she? Bissel's; he knew she boarded at Bissel's, and it was not far; he could see its light through the snow-laden trees. The pain at his heart was all but physical; he winced, and kept his hand on his nervous mouth; there was a mist in his eyes, and it grew into tears. He was not surprised at them, nor ashamed of them; he wiped them off mechanically with his rough, strong hand. He did not know whether they were from pity of her or of himself; he was not clearly conscious of either, but of a dull unhappiness such as he had never known.

He looked down at his clothes with faint shame; they were not his best ones. He had a ready-made suit at home, but these his mother had made. He wished they looked better. The light in Bissel's window cast his long shadow on the white ground. It wavered there, shrinking and lingering; then it pushed on and up to the door.

It was not the custom in Fence Corners to rap; it would have been looked upon as a useless formality. He stepped into Bissel's large scantily furnished, rag carpeted best room.

He gasped as he stood there. He had vaguely hoped for a little reprieve, but she sat there by the lamp, alone, bending over some work. She rose at his entrance, and came forward a little to offer her hand; but he did not see it, and she dropped it back in awkward haste.

"Won't you take a chair?" she said.

She brought one forward. Thornton sat down. He dropped his hat as he did so, and picked it up with a red face. Then he sat still. He would have tried to speak, but he could not; his tongue felt thick and immovable.

"It's snowing, ain't it?" said the school teacher; she bore the marks of diffidence herself in her timorous voice and look.

Thornton nodded; it was all he could do. He stared at her fixedly, almost vacuously. His mind wandered back and strove to anchor itself on something. Once he had spent an evening at Bissel's, on the occasion of a party and taken her hand in one of the games; once he had overtaken her, in a wagon, on her way to school, and given her a lift. That was all.

The ticking of the clock on a corner stand filled the silence.

"That's my school clock," said the teacher. "I am all ready for to-morrow. There are my books over there with it, and the register."

The school director dropped his eyes to the faded carpet at his feet, his hat shook with the trembling of his hands.

"I've be'n thinking how many I'll have," the school teacher went on. "I had twenty-five this summer; there's always more in winter, ain't there?"

He managed to say yes. His eyes were wandering about the room. He saw a new pane in the window, clumsily puttied, a camphor bottle left on the melodeon, a small tub filled with white asters still in bloom. He continued looking at these.

"They're real late, ain't they?" said the girl. "They're mine. I potted 'em myself. Do you want one?"

She put down her work and went and picked one. "Then, with a shy laugh, she took the scissors and went back to them.

"Maybe your mother'd like a few, and made a bunch, and tied it with her black thread. Thornton watched her; a slight girl in a cheap and well worn dress, her dark hair in a girlish braid, and her eyes mild. This she was, but who shall tell what he saw? She was co...ing toward him with the flowers.

"There, maybe she'd like a few," she repeated; but he did not hear her. He looked at her pitifully, and then fell stumbling on his knees at her feet and buried his face in her skirt, and groping for her hands, pulled them down till they pressed his throbbing head and rested there, her happy, wondering tears falling upon them.

* * * * *

"Bashful?" said Dave Kinney to Hanks, the storekeeper. "I'd like to know what's your idee o' bashfulness. Why Jim Thornton walked out o' this store that night and up to Bissel's straight as a string, and told that school teacher that, owin' to circumstances that he didn't have no control over, she couldn't have the school this winter, ner likely there couldn't nobody else neither, but if it'd be any consideration to her, she could have him; told her that right up and down, and didn't make any bones of it. If Jim Thornton's bashful, w'y, the feller that ain't's what I'd like to see."

The Australian Rabbit Pest.

It is stated that M. Pasteur's plan of exterminating the rabbits by inoculation with transmittable virus has proved to be a failure in Australia. The reward of $100,000 offered by the N. S. W. government for an effective mode of destroying the rodents is as yet unclaimed. Mr. P. L. Sclater, of the London Zoological Society, writing to *Nature*, says:

Mr. W. Rodier, of Tambua, Cobar, New South Wales, has forwarded to this society a printed sheet, containing, as it appears to me, by far the best suggestion yet made for the extermination of rabbits—a subject to which my attention has been repeatedly called by various correspondents in the Australian colonies, where, as is well known, the damage done by these animals is enormous. Mr. Rodier states that his plan has been in operation at this station in New South Wales for about eight months "with the utmost possible success," and has cleared the country of rabbits. It is a very simple plan. Ferrets and nets are used in the usual way to capture the rabbits, but while all the females taken are destroyed, the males are turned out again uninjured.

The results of this mode of operation are that the male rabbits, as soon as they begin to predominate in numbers, persecute the females with their attentions, and prevent them breeding. They also kill the young rabbits that happen to be born; and even, as Mr. Rodier asserts, when they largely predominate in numbers, "worry the remaining does to death."

This is all strictly in accordance with what we know takes place under similar circumstances in the case of other animals, so that we can readily believe it to be likely to happen.

The ordinary mode of trapping, as Mr. Rodier points out, is more likely to increase the number of rabbits than to diminish them. For reasons which he clearly explains, more buck rabbits are always killed by the trappers than does. Thus the does predominate in numbers, and, a few bucks being sufficient for a large number of does, are perpetually breeding and increasing the stock.

The plan advocated by Mr. Rodier is so simple and easy that I cannot doubt it will be widely followed when known. No disease that might otherwise cause injury is introduced, no other noxious animal is proposed to be imported, but advantage is taken of the well-known natural laws which regulate the increase of life to effect in this instance a salutary decrease.

Where Penn Signed the Treaty.

From the PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER.

A well-worn spot, kissed, no doubt, by the lips of many ardent tourists as the one on which William Penn made his famous treaty with the Indians, has just been proved to be some fifty odd feet removed from the historic elm beneath which that treaty was really made. The spot is on the lower side of Beach street, below Palmer, and is now on the property of Neafie & Levy, the shipbuilders. When they purchased the lot two years ago for the purpose of enlarging their works, an old resident of the neighborhood stated that the elm stood about fifty or sixty feet from the street. He was laughed at, of course, but his statement has just been verified. In excavating for the new building Neafie & Levy unearthed at the point indicated the root of the old elm. It was about eight feet in circumference, and so firmly embedded that the workmen were unable to remove it without laborious effort. Forty-five feet from the root, on an adjoining lot, stands the weather-worn marble tablet, which says that upon "this spot" William Penn made his famous treaty. How the error in locating the tablet was made is not clear, but it has lain there many years, and has always been thought to be upon the very spot on which Penn stood.

To determine whether a man is really drunk or not, get him to say the scenery is truly rural.

In California they make alcohol out of beets. In this climate we make beats out of alcohol.

France has forty million hens, with only five million women to throw things at them.

TIME SERVERS.

How many men there are, holding good paying positions as journeymen, who are really of no value unless kept constantly under the eye of the foreman or their employer! They are simply time servers, who take no interest in the business they represent beyond the actual time necessary to count them a day's work. They work when closely watched because they are obliged to, not from any motive of honor or interest in the business.

What can be expected of such workmen but that they will shirk their work and idle their time at every opportunity?

If you cannot give your employer your full time for which he pays, and take some interest in his business, you had better leave him at once. To this he is entitled, and has a right to expect it of you.

If your mind is not upon your work, you cannot expect to accomplish it with any degree of satisfaction to your employer or credit to yourself.

In going about from one shop to another it is a very easy matter to pick out the time servers. Upon the slightest pretext they drop their work to talk or look about, and are always ready to get out of the door the moment the clock strikes six, and their example is very rapidly followed by the apprentices or younger workmen. They have to be constantly watched, and this fact, being known to the firm, is not long in having its results.

Employers are more generally knowing to the habits and qualities of the men they employ than the men often realize, and they invariably know who are the time servers among them, so that when there comes a convenient opportunity or a lull in business, these are the first to be discharged.

It pays to be faithful and to do your best at all times, and more especially when your employer is not watching. If you must idle away time, do it, when he is about, but don't dishonor yourself or betray his confidence by taking advantage of his absence.

This is one of the worst feafures of our American system. It is an example which is set by the older men, and which is readily adopted by apprentices, and it is the exception rather than the rule that we find a young man who is sufficiently interested in his own welfare and his employer's as well to give his full time and attention to his work. Those who do this are sure of success, and it is from among such that have risen those men whose names are written upon the pages of history as having made their mark in the world, and left behind not only pleasant recollections, but a shining example that is worthy of a careful imitation.

CONCERNING MOTHS.

Regarding moths, says the *Upholstery Trade Review*, many are not aware that the damage is done when the millers commence to fly, as their very presence indicates the absence of the worm. It is to prevent the miller incubating that precautions should be taken. A large proportion of the millers never hatch eggs, but die without causing any harm. The male miller, which does not fly, but runs very rapidly, is quite easily detected by his triangular shaped figure, but, keeping himself out of sight, he is not so easily found. His hiding explains the devious flights of the female in her search. The killing of one male is equal to the extinction of many ordinary millers. The male miller is commonly known by the name of "silver fish."

Carpets are seldom troubled with moth worms except where hatched in a dark, unprotected space, and where it is moderately warm. It is for this reason no doubt that carpet houses are seldom, if ever, troubled by them, the stocks in the larger houses being disposed of between seasons. Nearly all the trouble from moths emanates from the furniture, the burlap inside the outer covering being their best field for work, where they can be free from annoyance and find plenty to eat. Many furniture dealers realize their danger, and cleanse the burlap used with naphtha.

It is when the worms are either tired of their food or it lacks the nourishment that they desire that they seek an outlet and drop upon the carpet.

Cleansing carpets by naphtha process is regarded as the surest and most satisfactory where there is the slightest suspicion of moth eggs or worms. It is especially adapted to pile carpets. Caution should be exercised as to the purity and clearness of the naphtha used and the thorough extraction of the grease, else the dirt adheres more easily than before. Where carpets are to remain in storage some time, the odor can be left in the carpet. A more thorough cleansing can be assured by having the carpet beaten first. A surface application of naphtha will drive the impurities through the article, to be absorbed by that which is under it.

A citizen of Hagerstown, Maryland, claims that the inside of a box in his possession was made of a part of the Penn treaty tree, and the outside of a part of the original coffin of Washington.

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