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OVERCOATS

AT AND BELOW COST.

ALMOST AT YOUR

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Now is the Time to Secure Bargains.

Lot of Children's Shoes at 25 cents; were 50 cents.

Lot of Children's Shoes at 50 cents; were 75 cents.

Lot of Men's Boots at $2.00 were $2.50 and $2.75.

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Opposite B. R. Depot.

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Is now prepared to furnish a strictly first-class grade of Nursery Stock.

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Established 1852.

250 Acres devoted to growing Nursery Stock.

Our authorized salesmen have our signed certificate of agency.

We also want a few more honest, reliable men to act as salesmen. Apply at once to Chas. W. Stuart & Co. for terms and territory.

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THE LARGEST STORE OF THE KIND IN SOUTHERN PENNSYLVANIA.

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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Booksellers and Stationers, Piano, Organ, Music, News and Art Dealers, Manufacturers of Picture Frames.

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Do you want a Piano or Organ? We can save you money if you do. We rent or sell them for cash or easy payments at the lowest prices ever offered in this section. We sell all the leading makes and sell none but such as will give entire satisfaction. We sell all kinds from the lowest price to the most elegant. Save money by coming to see us. Prices quoted and any information cheerfully given. Mail orders promptly filled. Names in gold on Bibles and Hymnals free.

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DEALERS IN

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OFFICE AND YARD AT THE DEPOT.

Building Lumber, Shingles, Flooring SIDING, JOISTS, LATHS, FENCING BOARDS, PICKETS, POSTS, &c.,

HARD AND SOFT COAL

Of all kinds constantly on hand. A liberal share of patronage solicited.

EDWARD LYNCH,
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no-30-1y

AMERICAN SENTINEL.

VOL. 57, NO. 50. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 14, 1889. ESTABLISHED 1833.

Christmas

HAS COME AT

Oak Hall, New Windsor, Md.

We have presents for the old, the young and the middle aged. The largest collection of Christmas Goods ever shown in this town can be seen at Oak Hall.

FANCY PLUSH SETS AND ALBUMS in great variety, Whisp Holders, Clocks, Brackets, Baskets, fancy CHINA AND GLASS WARE, Lamps and Vases.

For the children we have provided Toys, Dolls and Games of various kinds, with Books in variety.

A full line of SILVERWARE, including Knives, Forks, Spoons, Castors Baskets, Ice Pitcher and Fancy Pieces.

Our stock of LINEN AND SILK HANDKERCHIEFS AND MUFFLERS is larger than ever. A full line of Ladies' Muffs on hand.

Will present each lady buying a Coat during this month with a Muff or Muffler, according to price of Coat, beginning at $6.00, and up, or a corresponding reduction if neither is desired. A Hat given with each Overcoat or Suit sold during this month, from $8.00 up. We make this offer to reduce stock.

We are selling the best BOOTS in town. To be convinced you will only have to call.

Our stock of CANDIES, FRUITS and FANCY GROCERIES for the Holidays is full and at bottom prices.

We will offer bargains throughout the store. Our stock is large, as every one admits, and we are very anxious to have you trade with us. We invite all to call and see if in need of any goods.

Thankful for past patronage, we hope to receive your share during the Holidays. We wish you all a merry Christmas and happy New Year, but to insure the same you must first call at Oak Hall.

Respectfully Yours,
de-7 G. C. ANDERS.

FOR THE FALL OF 1889.

We Are Ready for the Fall Trade

And have as complete a line of

Suitings, Overcoatings and Pantaloonings

both Foreign and Domestic, as ever offered to the trade, and at prices that will surprise you for the quality of goods and style of make up. We mean business, and all we ask is a trial and an examination of our stock. You have no risk to run, as we always guarantee a fit or no sale.

Our Stock of Wool Shirts

lays over any in the county. We make this line of goods a specialty. We also have a complete line of Shirts (both laundried and unlaundried), and Underwear, at all prices.

We expect to Cap the Climax in Gloves.

We are always in the lead in this line of goods. We have them at all prices.

Neckwear

is another of our specialties. Always getting in new novelties.

A Splendid Line of Gent's Jewelry,

Scarf Pins, Sleeve and Collar Buttons, Gold and Silver Watches, also Chains, Charms and everything in the line of Gent's wear.

All we ask is to call and examine our stock and we are sure you will be made happy.

Very Respectfully,
J. T. ANDERS,
sep-21-tf 34 W. Main St.

AT COST,

Beginning Oct. 14th.

IN order to change my business I will sell my entire stock out at cost. I don't mean to say at cost and then not do it. I will sell

Wall Paper, Window Shades, Picture Frames, Mouldings, Oil Paintings, Pictures, Vases, Cups and Saucers, Photograph Albums, Scrap Albums, Looking Glasses, Glassware, Curtain and Picture Cords.

I will make Picture Frames at about half the former price. Wall Paper at 5 cents a piece and up. I will sell my Mitering Machine at two-thirds of the former cost.

Auction after November 1st.

The whole stock must be closed out until December 1st. First come gets first bargain and choice. Thankful for past favors.

oc-12 L. GLADHILL.

F. A. Sharrer & Son

Undertakers and Cabinet-Makers

A Fine and Assorted Stock of

Coffins & Caskets Always on Hand

We have just had completed one of the finest Hearses in the State with which all funerals entrusted to our care will be attended. We are manufacturers and dealers in

FINE & COMMON FURNITURE

Spring Beds, Mattresses, Fancy Chairs, &c., which we offer at lowest rates. An examination of our stock is solicited before purchasing elsewhere, as you can save money by buying from us.

F. A. SHARRER & SON,
Main St., East End, Westminster, Md
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MACHINERY REPAIR SHOP.

JOHN A. SHOWER

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IS PREPARED TO

Repair All Kinds of Machinery.

Special Machinery Made to Order.

Castings and Repairs

for Machinery built at the old Union Works and by E. Wagoner can be furnished at short notice.

All Work Guaranteed.

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SALE BILLS, and all kinds of Job Printing done at this office, on reasonable terms.

Select Poetry.

A SONG OF SATISFACTION.

BY ANNA K. KELLEDY.

I will not chide because the day
Is dark and cold;
For 'yon the clouds of deepening gray,
I know are struggling shaft and ray
Of sunshine's gold,
That for me tireless warfare keep,
And, peradventure, should I weep,
Just when my eyes were filled with tears
So full I could not see,
Victoriously might gleam their spears,
A victory gained for me—
Who blinded by a childish woe,
The conquest hour might never know.

I will not doubt because my heart
Waits love delayed;
But hold in check the words that start
With promise false to ease the smart,
Their intent to upbraid;
For but to harbor in my mind
A faithless thought, a word unkind,
A fear—a dread—of impish birth—
That time might make me rue,
Would so detract from my poor worth,
And brand my heart untrue,
That all my life would leavened be
By this one hour's inconstancy.

Lo! I'm not false that I should fear
My life's reward,
Nor doubtful that I crave to peer
Beyond the view assigned me here
To stray abroad.
What care I, who am heir to all,
For whom the lights and shadows fall,
For whom the servant seasons turn—
For one brief hour's suspense?
I will not fear, if I must yearn,
But smile with joy prepense,
That my small life is of such cost,
No heart beat will be vainly lost.

Select Story.

THE STORY OF A ROSE.

"Come in here, you little rascal!" cried Dr. Packard fiercely, seizing by the collar a boy who was peering through the picket fence at the doctor's brilliant garden. The boy was dropped trembling upon the office steps, while the big, burly doctor went about among his flowers, cutting a huge bouquet. These he gave the culprit, exclaiming, with an equal sternness: "There, take that home and put it into water! Quick! Start your heels!" Then he stood upon the steps, chuckling to himself to see the bare legs of the frightened urchin fly up the street.

This garden was Dr. Packard's latest plaything and pride. "No fun in cultivating good ground; nothing to doctor!" he had said when he blasted out the scraggy, worthless limestone ledge, cropping out in his office door-yard, filled in rich soil, and made the ledge gay with vigorous blooming flowers. Roses and lillies, pansies and fuchsias, feverfews and hollyhocks, geraniums and heliotropes, phloxes and sweet-williams, verbenas and carnations, morning-glories climbing over the door of his office, and sweet peas and nasturtiums winding in and out the low fence—all responded to his care and blossomed with a perfection and an abundance rarely seen. Nature was in her most grateful mood.

Here it was his delight to startle and to reward the children who were drawn to the spot by their love of flowers. He would raise up unexpectedly from behind the hedge of vines and demand, in awful tones: "Does your mother like plants? Well, take her that, you scamp," giving the boy a pink or geranium or fuchsia, and adding, in still sharper, gruffer tones, "and see to it that you bring back the pot!" If the boy was not too frightened and did not run away, leaving the pot on the doorstep, his courage was rewarded with yet another plant.

One day in June the doctor was out, walking up and down his garden paths, pulling up a weed here, picking off a faded blossom there and looking with keen pleasure at many a lovely flower. Glancing up suddenly from his bed of perpetual roses, he saw a young girl looking wistfully over the fence.

"What flowers do you like best my child?" he asked, with a curious change from his usual brusque tone.

"Oh, roses, sir," she answered. "They are the loveliest of all, I think. We have a yellow rose that climbs up to the eaves of our house, and another white one that comes up to my window, and many pink ones out in the garden. But they live out all winter, and are not like those," she said, nodding towards the doctor's roses.

"Come in and see them," said the doctor; "and go around all you like."

The young girl thanked him and went quietly around, touching some of the flowers gently, daintily smelling the perfume of many and noticing each. But she stood longest by the rose bed. The delicate color came and went in her cheeks, and her pretty blue eyes shone with excitement and delight.

Dr. Packard watched her silently while he went from bed to bed, cutting many blossoms. These he gave to her. Her eyes opened wide with surprise. She thanked him gravely but simply, while her happy face spoke yet more eloquently. As she turned to pass out the gate, the doctor called to her:

"Wait a moment. Here, take this rose. I grew it from a seed. It won't blossom for me, perhaps it will for you. Give it a good chance. Let me see the flower when it comes. And there's a book," he continued, "that will tell you how to feed it."

Turning to go again, the girl saw a gray haired, bent man on the other side of the street, walking slowly.

"Oh, father!" she called, "see what beautiful flowers I have, and a new rose, too! The doctor gave them all to me."

Mr. Carter's grave face lighted up as he stepped across the street.

"Indeed they are beauties, my child. The doctor knew what would please you best. Let me carry the rose for you. It will get good care, sir," he added, turning to Dr. Packard.

"This is your girl, Joe?" asked the doctor.

"Yes; this is my Lucy, the last of the six," he answered, a tender, sad smile crossing his worn features.

"Better set her out in the garden. Quite too pale and thin, man. Throw away her books! Let her dig; let her make mud pies again! Keep her out of doors! Let her come in only to eat and sleep!" said Dr. Packard with a threatening scowl, quickly followed by a nod and a laugh toward Lucy.

"This will be a nice place for my rose," said Lucy to her father that evening. "I've made a little hollow right here in my own bed, so that the wind can't blow the pot over; and then, too, I won't forget to water it when close beside my mignonette and heliotrope. Three sweet flowers all in a row! Won't it be lovely when the rose blossoms, for I am sure it will; and, mother, see! I can see it the first thing in the morning right out of my own window."

Mrs. Carter sat on the porch, knitting, but her eyes followed fondly the slight figure of her child as Lucy ran around from bed to bush, and the mother answered with gentle smiles the girl's enthusiastic outbursts of delight in her newest treasure. Mr. Carter drove a long stake down beside the new rose and tied it securely, while Lucy eagerly watched every movement.

"Oh! I am sure of a blossom soon, dear father; and what color do you suppose it will be? Pink or red, I hope. Red with a dark, velvety heart! We all like that color best, don't we?" she asked, turning affectionately to each parent, while the pale face shone with innocent delight and anticipation.

Then she picked a large bunch of the hardy roses which the modest garden grew, and, sitting down beside her mother, began to arrange them.

"When I am a little larger and stronger—I am a good deal stronger than I was, am I not, dear mother?" she interposed, sitting up very erect for the moment. Not waiting for an answer, she went on breathlessly: "When I am older I am going to spend all my time growing flowers. You'll give me more beds, father, and I will sow the seeds and tend and water them, oh, so carefully! I'll have many, many roses out here in the garden, and then in the winter I'll have the tea and hybrid roses Dr. Packard's book tells about in the house. I can grow many of them from a few roots which I can buy for the first start, you know.

"Then I'll sell them and their blossoms. I have heard ever so many people say that they wished there was some place in the village where flowers could be bought, and Mrs. Browne, you know, sent to Boston for roses for her party. I could sell roses for such things, and make up lovely bouquets. Then I'll give all the money to you, father, and help you pay Mr. Browne the money you owe him. When I had earned enough, perhaps, I could have a little glass house here, and then I could grow more flowers, and we three would live together always in this little house and be so happy, and my roses would help you both. I am sure my new rose will blossom, and with it I am going to begin helping you."

Lucy smiled to herself over the rose embowered castle in Spain, and burying her face in the cluster of roses said, with a sigh of childish ecstasy: "They are like a glimpse of heaven!"

The few hundred dollars, which Lucy's father had as yet been unable to pay on their cottage, was a source of constant worry and trouble to both her father and mother. Industrious and saving, they had always been burdened too heavily to succeed. Narrow means had always been their lot, and illness and grief their frequent guests. From a little toddling child Lucy had shown a sweet thoughtfulness for them, and had been companion and comforter in a measure far beyond her years. She was full of childish delights and games, yet the visions of caring for her parents in the coming years were often before her and made her sedate and grave.

The summer days passed by quickly, and Lucy's rose grew luxuriantly. The tall stalks were covered with abundant leafage, but there were no blossoms. But Lucy's faith and care did not waver, and when the frosty nights of late October came her father transplanted the rose into a larger pot and brought it into the house. Lucy daily watched and tended it, and the rose tree spread its green leaves and drank in the sunshine and the warmth all through the snowy weather, but gave no grateful response of bud or flower.

Its gentle caretaker did not thrive so. A slight cold taken in early winter could not be shaken off. The sorrowful father and mother watched her daily failing and slipping from their loving grasp. The delicate flush on the cheek deepened into a crimson, the white skin grew yet whiter, and the slender figure drooped like a faded flower. Dr. Packard visited the house daily and sadly shook his head.

"Lack of vitality, Joe. Nothing to build on. Too much soul, too little body. I—I cannot save her."

But with Lucy Dr. Packard was always jolly, and made her bedside merry with jests and bright with flowers. She confided to him her hopes, her faith in her rose and her visions and plans, which grew brighter as her own sweet life ebbed away. To please her, the doctor drew a rough plan of a little greenhouse and made out a list of plants and flowers for her to begin with.

The rose tree stood in Lucy's room, and she spent hours gazing at its fresh green boughs. With the doctor's help she cut off many slips and pleased herself trying to root them in boxes of sand, calling them her rose's little children.

Slowly but surely the end came. It was a warm May morning. The chamber was filled with the song of birds and the perfume of the apple-blossoms floating in at the window. A light breeze fluttered the leaves of the rose tree. Suddenly Lucy rose up in bed, exclaiming: "Oh, father! Oh, mother! See! See the roses! My beautiful rose!" A slight gasp followed, and the sobbing parents knew that the soul of their child had blossomed into immortal beauty.

After Lucy's death life in the cottage was outwardly the same. Wearily the father went to his work, more bent and grave in aspect. Silently the mother performed her household tasks, and together they spent the summer evenings in their garden. The flowers their child had loved were remembered one by one; but the barren rose received the tenderest care. It was as luxuriant as ever, but had ceased growing almost entirely, while the rose's children, the cuttings Lucy had planted, took vigorous root, and grew so rapidly that they bade fair to outstrip the mother-plant.

The autumn came at last and the roses were again sheltered in the house. No promise of buds was given, but the lonely father and mother could not part with their child's rose.

One evening in the early summer of the next year the father said with trembling lips: "Look! there are buds on our Lucy's rose!" Slowly the buds grew, and when at length the perfect rose unfolded what a glorious one it was! Deep, dark red, with leaves of richest velvet, and magnificent in size and fragrance. Bud after bud perfected, until the rose tree was covered in radiant beauty, as if all the love and care that had been bestowed on it had turned into a garland.

Mr. Carter joyously cut some of the largest flowers to carry to Dr. Packard. As he went with them a hard featured man stopped him.

"Oh, I say, Carter," said Mr. Browne, "you'll have to pay the rest of that mortgage soon. I think I've been pretty patient; it must be seven years or more that it's been running. Business is business, you know, and I want the money to use."

The sight of the bunch of roses was now like a stab to the father's heart. How to raise the money he knew not. Blinded and benumbed, he stumbled into Dr. Packard's door.

"Lucy's roses," he said brokenly, and sank into a chair and hid his face in his hands.

"These roses grow here?" demanded a hearty voice. "They are magnificent! Such color! Such form! Got any more like 'm?"

"Yes," absently answered Mr. Carter, "the bush is covered with them."

"Good! I must see them;" and before the amazed father knew it he was leading the way home with Dr. Packard, and the stranger following.

"This is truly wonderful," said the stranger, who was a friend of Dr. Packard and a city flourist. "I want to buy it. How much will you take for it?"

"I cannot sell my child's rose," answered the father.

"If our child were here and could speak she would be eager to sell it," said the mother, who had stood silently by. "You know her dearest wish was that her rose should help us. We love the rose for the blessed memories it brings us, but those are always ours."

"You have several young plants of this same rose?" asked the florist.

"Yes, about twenty," replied Mr. Carter.

"Well, I'll give you $1,500 for those, and you send me all the cuttings that you can make grow, and you may keep this bush. But, understand, you are not to give away or sell a single cutting. My right is exclusive."

So it was settled. Mr. and Mrs. Carter still live in "Rose cottage," as it is called. Lucy's roses bloom everywhere in the neat door-yard. The dark-red flowers are freely given away, although not a cutting can be parted with; and never a sick room in the village but has its bouquet, carried there by Lucy's gentle mother.

Dr. Packard's garden still flourishes, and he still frightens the ever-increasing number of small boys with his old energy; while on the florist's counters are seen large, glowing heaps of the Lucy rose, the favorite of the world of fashion and wealth.

Stanley--Explorer and Man.

FROM NEW YORK TRIBUNE.

The greatest feature of the wonderful journey which has just ended on the African shore of the Indian Ocean is not the happy saving of Emin and Casati and their followers. It is not the vast store of information that is added to the world's knowledge of the geography and natural history of Equatorial Africa. It is not the promise which is unfolded of the entrance of civilization into those dark and savage recesses. All these are great. But the greatest is the man who made them possible. While we are rejoicing in the results of the expedition and endeavoring to reckon up their value to mankind, it is fitting to look first and most earnestly at Stanley himself, as he is to be seen in the story of his adventures, and best of all, as he unconsciously portrays himself in the characteristic letter to the editor of "*The New York Herald*" which we reprint on the eighth page.

What will first impress the reader is the great explorer's simplicity and modesty. He knows that the world's ear is strained to hear his every word. Yet he makes no loud trumpeting. He waits for an invitation to speak, and then enters upon the most marvellous narrative of the age in almost a deprecating fashion. He shows himself, as Tennyson wrote of the Iron Duke, "in his simplicity sublime." In the first person he must speak, but it is oftener "we" than "I." He tells of the work of his comrades, even of the humblest of his dark-skinned aids: "They have faced dangers every day"; "they have borne all that was imposed upon them." There is not one, from Jephson and Stairs down to the most obscure of the unnamed natives, to whom this gallant chronicler does not give a higher meed of praise than he reserves for himself.

Another impressive feature of the scene is Stanley's resourcefulness. His plans were often brought to naught by the failure of others or by unexpected obstacles. "Death and disaster, disaster and death" encompassed him. The average man would have given up the seemingly hopeless task and saved himself, and the world would not have blamed him. But this man was ready for any and for every emergency. New obstacles only meant new energy. Like Moltke before Sadowa, the frustrating of one plan merely called another into use. We can find pity for his suffering comrades and horror at their fate all through his letter. We can find full appreciation of all the terrible circumstances of that mid-jungle march. But what we cannot find, search as we may, is one single word of doubt or fear or hesitation. His was "a heart for any fate," and a heart, too, as unwavering and relentless as fate itself in pushing onward to the goal.

Strongest, perhaps, of all the characteristics of the man which are revealed in this thrilling recital, is his constant, reverent and dominating faith in God. This trait, which was possessed to such a degree by those kindred spirits, Livingstone and Gordon, was long ago developed in Mr. Stanley, and his successive adventures have only deepened and confirmed it. A psychologist might find much food for speculation in this—in the effect upon the soul of wanderings through vast solitudes and of communion with nature in her most luxuriant, her most desolate and her most savage moods. But finespun theories aside, here is the significant fact, that the most heroic of living men is also one of the most devout. He sees nothing unmanly in being religious. He is not ashamed to say that he believes in God and trusts in Him for guidance. He repudiates what the vulgar call luck and the unbelievers chance. To him the wisdom and the monitions of a Supreme Power are a tremendous verity. It is with the frankness of a most inspiring faith that he concludes his self-told Odyssey with the fervent cry, "Thanks be to God forever and ever!" And to this every one who appreciates high achievement and exalted manhood will add his thanks for the life and the ennobling example of Henry M. Stanley.

Following is the letter referred to in the above article. It was forwarded to the *New York Herald* under date of Msuwah, East Africa, November 30, 1889:

"To the editor of the *New York Herald*."—'*The Herald*' correspondent, who found us during our day's halt at Msuwah, five days from the coast, has made it a point that I should write to you. I beg you to believe that I should be most willing to do so did I know what subject would be particularly gratifying to you; but as '*The Herald*' correspondent cannot suggest a subject you will perhaps consider that it would be scarcely fair to expect me to know matters your readers would be most interested in.

"I find it then most convenient to imagine you able to tell my friends much that I should like to say to them. First of all I am in perfect health, and feel like a laborer of a Saturday evening returning home with his week's work done, his week's wages in his pocket and glad that tomorrow is the Sabbath.

"Just about three years ago, while lecturing in New-England, a message came from under the sea bidding me to hasten and take a commission to relieve Emin Pacha at Wadelai; but, as people generally do with faithful pack horses, numbers of little trifles, odds and ends are piled on over and above the proper burden. Twenty various little commissions were added to the principal one, each requiring due care and thought. Well, looking back over what has been accomplished, I see no reason for any heart's discontent. We can say we shirked no task, and that good will, aided by steady effort, enabled us to complete every little job as well as circumstances permitted.

"Over and above the happy ending of our appointed duties, we have not been unfortunate in geographical discoveries. The Aruwimi is now known from its source to its bourne. The great Congo forest, covering as large an area as France and the Iberian Peninsula, we can now certify to be an absolute fact. The Mountains of the Moon this time, beyond the least doubt, have been located, and Ruwenzori, 'The Cloud King,' robed in eternal snow, has been seen and its flanks explored and some of its shoulders ascended, Mounts Gordon Bennett and Mackinnon cones being but giant sentries warding off the approach of the inner area of 'The Cloud King.'

"On the southeast of the range the connection between Albert Edward Nyanz and the Albert Nyanza has been discovered, and the extent of the former lake is now known for the first time. Range after range of mountains has been traversed, separated by such tracts of pasture lands as would make your cowboys out West mad with envy.

"And right under the burning equator we have fed on blackberries and bilberries and quenched our thirst with crystal water fresh from snow beds. We have also been able to add nearly six thousand square miles of water to Victoria Nyanza.

"Our naturalist will expatiate upon the new species of animals, birds and plants he has discovered. Our surgeon will tell what he knows of the climate and its amenities. It will take us all we know how to say what new stores of knowledge have been gathered from this unexpected field of discoveries.

"I always suspected that in the central regions between the equatorial lakes something worth seeing would be found, but I was not prepared for such a harvest of new facts.

"This has certainly been the most extraordinary expedition I have ever led into Africa. A veritable divinity seems to have hedged us while we journeyed. I say it with all reverence. It has impelled us whither it would, effected its own will, but nevertheless guided and protected us.

"What can you make of this, for instance? On August 17, 1887, all the officers of the rear column are united at Yambuya. They have my letter of instructions before them, but instead of preparing for the morrow's march, to follow our track, they decide to wait at Yambuya, which decision initiates the most awful season any community of men ever endured in Africa or elsewhere.

"The results are that three-quarters of their force die of slow poison. Their commander is murdered and the second officer dies soon after of sickness and grief. Another officer is wasted to a skeleton and obliged to return home. A fourth is sent to wander aimlessly up and down the Congo, and the survivor is found in such a fearful pesthole that we dare not describe its horrors.

"On the same date, 150 miles away, the officer of the day leads 333 men of the advance column into the bush, loses the path and all consciousness of his whereabouts, and every step he takes only leads him further astray. His people become frantic; his white companions, vexed and irritated by the sense of the evil around them, cannot devise any expedient to relieve him. They are surrounded by cannibals and poison-tipped arrows thin their numbers.

"Meantime I, in command of the river column, am anxiously searching up and down the river in four different directions; through forests my scouts are seeking for them, but not until the sixth day was I successful in finding them.

"Taking the same month and the same date, in 1888, a year later, on August 17, I listen, horror struck, to the tale of the last surviving officer of the rear column at Banalya, and am told of nothing but death and disaster, disaster and death, death and disaster. I see nothing but horrible forms of men smitten with disease, bloated, disfigured and scarred, while the scene in the camp, infamous for the murder of poor Barttelot barely four weeks before, is simply sickening.

"On the same day, 600 miles west of this camp, Jameson, worn out with fatigue, sickness and sorrow, breathes his last.

"On the next day, 18, 600 miles east, Emin Pacha and my officer, Jephson, are suddenly surrounded by infuriated rebels, who menace them with loaded rifles and instant death, but fortunately they relent and only make them prisoners, to be delivered to the Mahdists.

"Having saved Bonny out of the jaws of death, we arrive a second time at Albert Nyanza, to find Emin Pacha and Jephson prisoners in daily expectation of their doom.

"Jephson's own letter will describe his anxiety. Not until both were in my camp and the Egyptian fugitives under our protection did I begin to see that I was only carrying out a higher plan than mine. My own designs were constantly frustrated by unhappy circumstances. I endeavored to steer my course as direct as possible, but there was an unaccountable influence at the helm.

"I gave as much good-will to my duties as the strictest honor would compel. My faith that the purity of my motive deserved success was firm, but I have been conscious that the issues of every effort were in other hands.

"Not one officer who was with me will forget the miseries he has endured, yet every one that started from his home destined to march with the advance column and share its wonderful adventures is here to-day safe, sound and well, and '*The Herald*' correspondent may interview them to his heart's content.

"This is not due to me. Lieutenant Stairs was pierced with a poisoned arrow like others, but others died, and he lives. The poisoned tip came out from under his heart eighteen months after he was pierced. Jephson was four months a prisoner, with guards with loaded rifles around him. That they did not murder him is not due to me.

"These officers have had to wade through as many as seventeen streams and broad expanses of mud and swamp in a day. They have endured a sun that scorched whatever it touched. A multitude of impediments have ruffled their tempers and harassed their hours.

"They have been maddened with the agonies of fierce fevers. They have lived for months in an atmosphere that medical authority declared to be deadly. They have faced dangers every day, and their diet has been all through what legal serfs would have declared to be infamous and abominable, and yet they live.

"This is not due to me any more than the courage with which they have borne all that was imposed upon them by their surroundings, or the cheery energy which they bestowed to their work, or the hopeful voices which rang in the ears of a deafening multitude of blacks, and urged the poor souls on to their goal.

"The vulgar will call it luck. Unbelievers will call it chance, but deep down in each heart remains the feeling, that of verity. There are more things in Heaven and earth than are dreamed of in common philosophy.

"I must be brief. Numbers of scenes crowd the memory. Could one but sum them into a picture it would have a grand interest. The uncomplaining heroism of our dark followers, the brave manhood latent in such uncouth disguise, the tenderness we have seen issuing from nameless entities, the great love animating the ignoble, the sacrifice made by the unfortunate for one more unfortunate, the reverence we have noted in barbarians, who, even as ourselves, were inspired with nobleness and incentives to duty—of all these we could speak if we would, but I leave that to '*The Herald*' correspondent, who, if he has eyes to see, will see much for himself, and who, with his gifts of composition, may present a very taking outline of what has been done, and is now near ending, thanks be to God for ever and ever!

"Yours faithfully,
HENRY M. STANLEY."

New Uses for the Shoe Buttoner.

It is a singular fact that nine out of ten of the bums and tramps brought into the station house have on their person a shoe buttoner. No matter what kind of shoes they wear, still they have one of these simple instruments. Lieut. Hambrock decided a week ago to make a collection of the shoe buttoners taken from the prisoners brought into Bremen street station. In the seven days they numbered eighteen, and like young ladies do with their strings of buttons, he attached them together. He has now a chain some three feet in length. A peculiar thing is that the hook end is bent into a variety of shapes. The penchant for having buttoners attracted the attention of the detectives long ago, and it happened to strike some bright minded policeman that the little instrument could be made to do the work of a skeleton key, as far as the locks in common use were concerned. In reality, the shoe buttoner, to all intents and purposes was converted into a burglar's tool, and still could be readily passed off as a necessary implement in arranging one's toilet. The possession of a skeleton key is a serious offense and carries with it conviction of a penal term. The law, however, cannot regard the shoe buttoner as a contraband article, and still the evil intending are as well fortified with it as with the burglar's favorite tool, since, when properly shaped, it does the work equally as well. The expert can pick a lock with one of these little iron hooks with as much facility as if he had a skeleton key, and yet if caught with it in his possession enjoys immunity from the statute covering the offense. Usually, when one of these instruments is found on a prisoner's person it is thrown away, or perhaps given back if the owner is released. No doubt in the course of a year several hundred are taken up by the police. The amount of theft that could be traced to them would very probably prove startling.

It was a Paper Box.

Two variety performers came to Boston last week, looking for an engagement at one of the dime museums.

They did not have money enough to hire a room and pay for it in advance, and, as their wardrobes were exceedingly limited and they were looking rather seedy in appearance, they knew that no landlady would trust them without some sort of security.

Finally one of them named Grady proposed the following:

"If we could get a baggage check," said he, "we would be all right, for we could tell the landlady that our trunks would be over in a day or two, and leave her the check for security. Now, I'll tell you what we'll do. If we can get a big box we can fill it up with ashes and get it checked at some depot."

This plan was thought to be feasible, and the pair went hunting about for a big box. They would have preferred one made of wood, but could not get it, and the next best thing proved to be two big pasteboard boxes such as tailors use. These were taken into a third class hotel, where the performers knew the clerk, and the latter allowed them to fill the boxes from the ash pile. The boxes were then carefully tied together and marked. It was then taken to the baggage room of one of the depots and a check obtained.

Everything had gone well so far, and the pair were chuckling over the success of their scheme, when they heard a great commotion in the baggage room. It seems that the ashes with which the boxes had been filled was hot and had set the pasteboard afire, causing great consternation among the baggage men. The guilty pair, seeing at a glance what the trouble was, made good their escape, but they were afraid to use the check in getting a room, for fear the railroad men would find them out.

Dongola is made principally from Brazilian and Kanean goatskins, by a process that combines tawing with tanning. The tawing gives strength to the fiber to resist the action of the water.

Avoid shame, but do not seek glory. Nothing is so expensive as glory.

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