# AMERICAN SENTINEL.

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## Select Poetry.

### CONSOLATION.

BY NELLIE C. TUCKER.

Pale grief came in and dwelt with me,
I said: "Unbidden guest, thou art
Not welcome;" said she: "Verily
Thou and I will never part."

My head was bowed with weight of woe,
My heart was trembling with its fears,
I could not see the way to go,
So blinded were my eyes with tears.

And every thing seemed mocking me,
The golden glory of the sun;
And singing birds, and humming bee,
I wished the weary day were done.

When evening shades did softly fall,
I sat within my lonely room,
And seemed to hear a dear voice call
Gently to me through the gloom.

Grief fled away, e'en as to me
The message came that solace brought;
All sorrow banished utterly,
For a diviner strain I caught.

It sweetly said: "Heart, be of cheer,
In Paradise above the blue,
Where love perfected casts out fear,
I wait for you. I wait for you."

—CHRISTIAN WORK.

## Select Story.

### TWICE SENTENCED.

"Do you need a man to work about your place, sir?"

Judge Parker looked up from his law books and papers to the questioner, a stalwart man about thirty years of age, poor, but genteel in appearance, and respectful in manner and speech.

"Take a chair," said the Judge, politely motioning to one near him.

"No, thank you, sir; I prefer to stand, if you please. The door was open and I made bold to walk in. I knocked several times on the door frame, but you didn't hear me. I came jnst to ask if you need a man to do any sort of work about your place. If you do not, I'll not take up any more of your time, as I see you're busy. But I hope you do, sir; I need work badly."

"You are a stranger in Pixley, are you not?" asked the Judge, leaning back in his chair.

"Partly so. I lived here years ago."

"Your name?"

"John."

"Your surname?"

"I would like you to call me just John, sir, if you please."

"Don't you know, my man, that withholding your name is not a good recommendation, and very likely to make an unfavorable impression?"

"I know it, sir, but if you'll only try me I think you'll find that my faithfulness and desire to do everything right will make up for the rest of my name."

Something about the man's bearing and appearance strongly impressed Judge Parker, inspiring a desire to know more of him, and he said:

"Well, I'll tell you candidly, that I like your appearance and manner, but when a man refuses to give his name there's always something wrong."

"There is something wrong, sir. I'll be honest with you, there is something wrong with the name, but not with me—not now. I could easily give you a false name. Ain't the fact that I don't give one some sign of honesty, and won't you please look at that as a recommendation, sir?"

"It is an indication, certainly," responded the Judge. "Now, it just happens that I do need a man about my country place here; need one badly. Summer is upon us, bringing a great deal of work to be done about the grounds. I have a man for the stable and horses, so the new hand would have to do the rough work, mowing the lawn, raking, weeding, sawing wood, keeping the grounds in good order, running errands and soforth. Would you be willing to do that?"

"Certainly, sir," John hopefully responded. "I'll be only too glad if you'll try me."

"But you are an able-bodied young fellow, who could make at some trade much more than I could give you for the work mentioned, and if I mistake not your appearance, you have had higher aims than this sort of work."

"That is all true, sir. I could make more at other work, and I have had higher aims, but you see how misfortune steps in sometimes on our aims. But I'd be glad to do such work as you said for the summer, if you'll only give me a trial."

"What are your terms?"

"That is not important, sir—"

"Not important? Why, my man, it is becoming plain to me that you have some object other than this work; some plan which such a position is to subserve. Haven't you?"

"Not exactly a plan, but I have a reason for coming to you that I'd rather not tell, if you please. It's not a wrong purpose, and I hope you won't refuse me the work on its account."

"It gives rise to unfavorable suspicions, though. An unusual number of things are against you. You refuse to give your name, you seek work plainly beneath your abilities, wages are unimportant, and lastly, the work is not your chief object. You must certainly be aware that these would be good grounds for turning you away."

"I am aware of that, sir, and was afraid that when I came to you that I would appear in a bad light, but I concluded to be honest about it, anyhow. Try me, though, sir; you'll not regret it. I want the place surely; more than I can tell. I'm in distress. I have nothing else to say. My appearance is my only recommendation. If that won't do, I must go."

He looked pleadingly at the Judge, who, rising, came from behind his desk, and standing close to the applicant, said:

"Well, John, let me tell you that your candor and evident truthfulness have impressed me strongly in your favor, despite the appearance against you. I'll try you for a month, but you must not complain if you are denied certain privileges that would be accorded to a man who has proven himself trustworthy, or if your actions are more closely watched."

"I've seen those consequences, sir, and its all right. They are to be expected under the circumstances, and I won't complain. Do as you please with me till you feel I can be trusted. Show me the work at once, sir, if you can. I couldn't find words to thank you, sir, even if you had time to hear them. My work must show you how grateful I am."

Donning a broad-brimmed straw hat, Judge Parker conducted the new man out over his spacious estate, indicating what work would be expected of him, and set him to do some weeding at a spot in sight of his study windows.

He then returned to his papers and books, but as the afternoon wore on, he cast frequent glances through the window at John. It was plain that he had become deeply interested in the man whose history had been so candidly and honestly withheld. He could not fathom the mystery with which the applicant chose to envelop himself; but he trusted that his purposes were honorable, though he was somewhat suspicious.

Judge Parker was a large-hearted man, widely known and beloved for geniality, benevolence and uniform justice. The humblest citizen, if worthy, might apply to him for help, certain of a patient and responsive hearing. Knowing that his liberality had drawn to him many an unworthy supplicant, he now suspected that John had had some designs upon his philanthropy, and accordingly believed that he needed watching.

But each glance through the window showed John working industriously, with an earnest vigor and care that cut the sharp edges from his suspicion.

And so he worked throughout the trial month. Faithfulness and a painstaking interest were stamped upon each detail of his work, and persons commented to the judge upon the improved appearance of the place.

John was an unusual and unobtrusive man. He seldom volunteered remarks save to ask instructions concerning his work; he never presented himself unbidden. Judge Parker's several efforts to elicit some account of his life failed; he was respectfully candid in answering that he did not wish to tell anything about himself, saying that he entirely rested his hope of continued employment upon his work.

When the month ended he was re-engaged, and still he maintained the same scrupulous care in every piece of work, however trivial. He never left the place, unless sent upon errands, and retiring early to his room, spent the evening in quiet pursuits.

The Judge's interest in him grew into genuine fondness. He liked to talk to him and found him well posted and shrewd in the ways of the world, and ever ready to converse on all subjects except his past life; that was a sealed book.

The summer wore uneventfully away, until one morning, late in August, a visitor entered the Judge's study. It was Joshua Skiles, a member of the bar in the judicial district over which the Judge presided. His face indicated an important mission.

"Judge," he said, after a few remarks on general subjects, "you have a new man at work on your place."

"Yes, indeed, I have. I don't wonder you've noticed it. Many others have spoken to me of the improvement. But he's no eye-server; he's thorough-going to the smallest detail."

Skiles grinned expectantly at this enthusiasm, as he asked:

"What is his name?"

"He calls himself John."

"No surname, eh?"

"Well, the truth is, he declined to give it, and he's been so faithful that I have respected his reasons for concealing it, whatever they are."

"Is it possible you don't remember him, Judge."

"No, I don't; yet several times I've thought there was something familiar about him, either in his motions or looks, I can't tell which."

"Well, I've just got back from a trip to Europe, been most all over the old country, and the moment I set [redacted] I didn't want to hear evil of John, he liked him and was disposed to believe this one of Skiles' designs upon his favor.

"His name, Mr. Skiles?"

"John Dorker," replied Skiles effusively. "You sentenced him ten years ago last March for burglary, which was proved beyond the slightest shadow of doubt. There wasn't a scintilla of evidence in his favor. Why, the jury were out only about ten minutes. I was present during the trial, and I can truthfully say it was the plainest case of guilt in my legal experience. You sent him up for five years."

"Are you certain of this, Mr. Skiles?" the Judge asked, coldly. "It's a very serious matter to brand a man a convict. He is doing well here. May you not be mistaken?"

"No, indeed; I never forget a face."

"It seems that I do, then. What is your purpose?"

"Simply to warn you, sir."

"What good will it do you if I discharge him?"

These questions cut close, and Skiles winced a little as he answered:

"None at all, sir. I don't expect it to, except that inward consciousness of doing a service. I thought you would certainly not wish to have a man sleeping in your house whom you sentenced yourself, and who served his term out in prison."

"Well, now, Mr. Skiles, to be frank with you, I don't believe in always putting the foot of virtuous scorn on a man's neck because he was once a criminal. There's no reason why such a man shouldn't reform and lead an honest life. I've sentenced many men to prison, but have never had a good chance to do one a kindness. I honestly believe that many a criminal would rise to rectitude if helped, and John is one of them."

"We generally try to get rid of a stumbling horse, Judge," said Skiles with a weak laugh. "If you doubt my story, call the man in and face him with it."

This was exactly what Judge Parker did not wish to do. He believed the story, but did not want to give Skiles the expected satisfaction of seeing John's disgrace laid bare. A sincere sorrow for him arose, and he said:

"No, Mr. Skiles, I'll not confront him with it now."

The pettifogger thereupon bowed himself out, somewhat crestfallen, as he had confidently expected to win the Judge's influence in an appointmens he aspired to, and to have seen the criminal ignominiously dismissed.

Looking after him Judge Parker mused: "I do wonder why some people love so much more to find evil than good in a person. A noble character is to them as a whitewashed fence, against which they delight to throw mud. I hate to tell John this, but I suppose it must be done."

John promptly obeyed the summons, entering respectfully and inquiringly. A shade of distrust on the Judge's face made him uneasy, but he calmly and with manly dignity awaited the communication.

"Sit down, John," the Judge began, kindly; "it may be a long interview."

He complied, and began nervously revolving his straw hat by shifting his fingers along the edge of the brim, but he looked firmly at his employer.

"John—your surname, is it Dorker?"

A slight pallor swept over the honest face as he replied: "It is, sir. You have remembered me at last."

"You expected me to?"

"I did, yes, sir."

"No, I didn't recognize you, John," said the Judge, with a tone of sorrow in his voice, "but a lawyer at the bar told me who you were."

"Always some one to give a fellow a kick, no matter how hard he's trying to get up?"

"Yes; it seems so. Now, John, he says I sentenced you ten years ago to the penitentiary. Is it true?"

"It is, sir," was the humble reply.

"And you served your full term of five years?"

"Lacking the time of commutation, I did."

"What have you done since you were released?"

"Nothing but try sir; shifting about from place to place. I've tried hard, desperate hard, to lead a true, honest life, but its up-hill work. There's a weight on a man like me, sir. The opening penitentiary door is at the very foot of the hill, and when a poor fellow comes out and tries to walk up, there's always some one who is glad to push him down again."

"Were you guilty of the burglary?"

"I was, sir. It was my first crime. The easy gain looked tempting, and I fell. I needed money; but there is no excuse—I deserved the punishment. Those awful years gave me time for reflection, and I determined that when I got out, with God's help, to pick myself up. It's been hard, cruelly, fearfully hard, but I haven't fallen. I'm an honest man in my heart, sir, if the world won't acknowledge it."

"But why didn't you tell me this when you came? It would have been better."

"I suppose it would, sir. But I was too weak. I needed work so badly, and if you had turned me away then, why—"

"What, John."

"Never mind, if you please, sir, you didn't turn me off."

"Very well, John, I'll not ask you. But you said you had a special purpose in coming to me. Can't you tell me that?"

John Dorker arose, laid his hat upon the chair, and facing the Judge, said impressively:

"Do you remember, sir, what you said when you sentenced me?"

"No, I do not."

"Well, sir, your words burnt themselves into my heart, as if they had been sparks. I used to fancy I saw them written in fiery letters at night upon the back wall of my cell. You spoke feelingly, sir, like you pitied me, and that's what made them take such a hold on me. They were: 'Young man, you have set your foot on a dangerous path. The way of crime never leads upward, always downward, down to the unknown depths. The pure sunlight of Heaven never smiles upon it. It is crowded with the wrecks of what ought to have been noble lives. When you tread it you leave mother, true friends, light, peace, Heaven and God behind you. You are going to prison. In the quiet years that you shall spend there, look over this life of yours and think if you can afford to spend the smallest portion of it on this path. Come out of prison a pure man. You will still be young, with much of your life before you; many years to be useful and good in, and to retrieve this false step. Let me say from my heart, young man, don't blight your life.'"

He dashed the tears from his eyes and proceeded:

"My mother sat weeping behind me, sir, as I stood at the rail. I was her only support. God alone knew how she was to live during those years. Your words were knife thrusts, sir. I did have to leave her, friends, peace, Heaven and the God she had so earnestly taught me to pray to. And I did reflect, sir, in those quiet years, and I came out a pure man. God knows how I've tried not to let that false step blight my life. But wherever I went, some one spread the truth—'Employing that man, that John Dorker? Why he is a conviet.'"

"I became desperate; a temptation stared me in the face. I felt myself weakening. Starvation, gloom, despair, a broken-hearted mother, were about me, and I wavered, sir, when a thought came: 'Surely, surely, the Judge who spoks those words would help me; he wouldn't turn me away.' And I came. It was my last chance. Too much depended upon my getting work, sir, to risk telling you my story. But now I'm found out, and I am ready for your decision. Can you trust a convicted burglar in your house? Will you give me a trial? If not, I'll go away and try it again, sir, but I don't know—"

Judge Parker sprang up and warmly grasped the trembling hand.

"Trust you, John? Give you a trial? You have been tried, and I again sentence you, John Dorker, to five years in my service, in my most earnest help, in my best efforts to place you on the road to prosperity. God bless you!"

And when the sentence was served, John Dorker was an honest and useful citizen.

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The Irish mile is 2240 yards.

## THE LOST UMBRELLA.

SYDNEY DAYRE, in N. Y. OBSERVER.

"O, mother, I've done a dreadful thing," said Elsie, coming to her mother with tears in her eyes.

"What have you done, Elsie?"

"I've lost Will's silk umbrella."

"Why, Elsie, how came you to do it?"

"I took it down town with me this morning—it sprinkled a little, you know—and I must have left it somewhere, for when I was coming home, I missed it."

"And did you go back?"

"Yes, I went to every store I had been in, but I couldn't find it."

"Did Will say you might have it?"

"No; he never would let me, because he always said I would lose it. I wanted to carry it just once, it was so nice. But, O dear, I wish I hadn't."

"I am very sorry," said mother, gravely. "It is the first nice one Will has ever had, and I don't know when he will get another."

"No," said Elsie, in great distress, "I'd do any thing to give him another if I could. But I can't, and he'll be terribly angry with me."

"I am afraid he will," said mother, really pitying the little girl for her dread of her brother's anger. "But I guess you deserve it, dear, for taking his umbrella without leave, so you must only bear it as well as you can. We will make a few more inquiries before we tell Will."

The inquiries were made, but the umbrella had fallen into dishonest hands and was never more heard of.

"You had better tell Will at once, Elsie," said mother.

"I wish you would tell him, mother."

And mother was quite willing to make the trouble as light as she could for Elsie, and began watching an opportunity for approaching Will on his best side.

"I don't think it was anything to make a great fuss over," said Will the same evening, flinging down a book he had been reading;

"What do you mean, dear?"

"This story about a boy who lost a great prize because of another boy having burnt up some papers without knowing that they were the notes for his essay. It was a dreadful disappointment to him, of course; but when it was once done, and no help for it, what could he do but get over it the best way he could?"

"But if you try to put yourself in his place, you will see that it must have required a great deal of Christian forbearance to forgive at once the boy who had done the mischief."

"Ho! a boy who amounted to anything would never think of making a fuss over what couldn't be helped."

"And a really manly true-hearted boy would take pleasure in trying to prevent his friend from suffering too keenly over the fact of having unintentionally injured him," said mother, more seriously.

"Of course," agreed Will.

"I am glad you think so, for I am going to give you a chance of showing how a boy of that kind, a real boy, not in a story-book, can bear a little injury unintentionally done him."

"What do you mean now, mother?"

"Poor little Elsie is feeling very badly because of something which she knows will vex you, and I wish, my dear boy, that you would strive to show a spirit of brotherly kindness in the matter."

"What has she done?" asked Will.

"She has lost your silk umbrella."

A quick color flew to Will's check.

"I know it is a very annoying thing," went on his mother. "Elsie thinks you will be very hard on her about it, and she has a great dread of your anger. Don't you think, dear, it would be a grand thing for you to surprise her by speaking kindly about it, by forgiving her fully and freely?"

"What business had she to take it?" said Will, evidently trying to overcome a desire to speak excitedly.

"She did wrong to take it without your knowledge, and she knows it."

Just then Elsie's voice was heard in the hall, and Will arose from the piazza steps on which he had been sitting, walked quickly around the house and out of sight.

He felt as angry as Elsie had said he would. He had a great liking for the small luxuries which were scarce in the family. The umbrella had been given him by an aunt who had visited them, and he had taken great pride in the stylishness of its oxydized silver handle and its slender proportions when encased in its silken cover. It had been a small joke with his sisters that he only took it out when sure it was going to rain.

It was gone, and he knew that it would be a great relief to his vexation to pour out his anger upon Elsie, who had no business to touch his highly-prized property. He could in fancy see exactly how she would shrink before him and how the tears would come to her blue eyes—just as she deserved, he declared to himself.

And then came a thought of the boy in the book who had won the victory over a sense of injury very like to this which was possessing him. This was putting him in his place, sure enough.

Will walked for an hour under the trees in the old orchard. Better thoughts came to him through the gathering shadows of the twilight. What a short-lived satisfaction would be in the bitter words which would rankle like thorns in his little sister's heart. What lasting sweetness in lifting from her the burden of fear of his severe fault-finding.

"I'll wait till some day I want it and then I'll ask where it is, and when she tries to tell me I'll kiss her and laugh," he said as at length he turned towards the house.

"But no I won't. She'll keep on fretting over it till she knows I know."

"Elsie!" he called at the steps.

"What is it, Will?"

Mother raised her head in anxious attention.

"Bring me my umbrella, please."

"O, Will," came in a faltering little voice, as she walked slowly towards him.

He did not wait for her to go on, but threw his arms around her with a laugh.

"Yes, you'd have a hard time bringing it, wouldn't you? I know all about it, you naughty little thing. If that's what you've been wearing such a doleful face about these few days you'd better set your mind at rest.

"O, Will, aren't you mad with me?"

"Not a bit."

"You dear, dear, brother! I thought you'd never forgive me."

It was, as he knew it would be, a long time before Will had another silk umbrella. But it will be far longer before he will forget the satisfaction growing out of the result of the hard-fought battle with himself, a satisfaction to be tasted with every remembrance of his victory.

### The Coming Mechanic.

The coming mechanic, says an exchange, bred in training schools, will be a very different man from the mechanic of the present. Even the young mechanic who is now learning in the shop will, in some very important respects, be at a disadvantage when he comes in contact and competition with the young mechanic who is now in the school.

The shop graduate may be "practical," and the school graduate will be equally "practical," with the added advantage of wide theoretical knowledge. The shop graduate may be able to do all the work planned or designed for him, and the school graduate will be able, not only to do the work, but also to do the planning and the designing. In every way the school graduate will have all the good points of the shop graduate, with added good points due to wider information, while he will lack most of the bad points of the shop graduate.

All this means that the coming mechanic is to be a very different person from the present and the past mechanic. There will be a great change for the better wrought by the modern training school. The boy in the shop may be set to turn a wheel. He simply sees it in position, and he does what he is told to do, without asking or knowing the reasons why it is done. The boy in the training school goes through the same practice under full instructions concerning the nature of the material, the proper cutting speed, and everything else connected with the job. The shop boy finishes, and is simply tired muscularly or nervously. The school boy finishes, and feels himself master of that particular job. Can any mechanic fail to appreciate the wide difference between two mechanics trained in ways so different?

### Ice Cream Eaters.

Philadelphia and its environs form the greatest ice cream eating district in the world. The English do not use ices like Americans. The latter are a great people for sweets, and especially iced sweets. The English are great sweet eaters, too, but they want heavy sweets such as puddings.

The Anglican stomach, for instance, can stand and enjoy a sweet pudding, made entirely of grease, which the American stomach would revolt at. A good liver in England manages to throw off the effects of his heavy plum pudding by plenty of outdoor exercise. Americans, rich and poor, in immense numbers, and especially in the cities, indulge in ices after dinner.

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No man can possibly improve in any company for which he has not respect enough to be under some degree of restraint.

### Rest and Exercise in Heart Disease.

FROM MD. MEDICAL JOURNAL.

In the treatment of more than one disease there has always been a conflict between those who advocate rest and those who advocate exercise as a remedial agent. The fact is, these differences are more apt to occur on paper, where inferences are hastily drawn from a few cases. More than five years ago Oeriel published, in *Ziemssen's Handbuch der Allegemeinen Therapie*, his *Therapie der Allegemeinen Kreislaufstorungen*, in which he advocated for certain forms of functional heart trouble, not rest, but active exercise, such as mountain climbing. Before him Stokes, of Dublin, had noticed that heart cases did well in climbing the Alps. In prescribing mountain climbing the utmost care is necessary, as the distance to be covered should be regulated for each patient. Its object is to strengthen the heart muscle and promote the circulation. As only healthy arteries can stand the strain, such treatment is, of course, contra-indicated in atheroma.

Loomis (*Medical News*, November 9, 1889) has reviewed this subject and given his experience with it. In the early history of physical diagnosis the detection of a heart murmur was always looked upon as a grave event, and even now many clinicians hearing a systolic apex murmur forthwith pronounce the diagnosis "mitral regurgitation" without sufficiently considering the other signs and symptoms. Such cases often do well with exercise and out-door life. In fatty degeneration the heart in a young person can stand a moderate amount of exercise and can undoubtedly be strengthened, but it is in fatty infiltration or fatty overgrowth that the judicious use of exercise does great good. In this case the general diet should be regulated and the general obesity which usually exists should be removed by a depleting diet. Some German physicians in their city practice recommend stair climbing when mountain climbing is not feasible. It is undoubtedly a fact that cardiac exercise of this kind has proved of benefit to patients in Germany, and there is no reason why it should not be used in the same way in America. Those patients under forty without hypertrophy, and with other organs intact, often recover entirely or at least improve greatly while the murmur still continues, affording them little or no inconvenience.

### Virginia Mincemeat.

The wife of Gov. Fitzhugh Lee, of Virginia, is a famous housekeeper, and this is how she says she makes the mincemeat for her pies: Two pounds beef, two of currants, two of raisins, one pound of citron, two of beef suet, one and a half of candied lemon peel, four pounds apples, two of sultana raisins, two of sugar, two nutmegs grated, quarter ounce cloves, half ounce cinnamon, quarter ounce mace, one quart sherry or good home-made currant wine, one quart good brandy, one teaspoonful of salt, the juice and rind of two lemons and two oranges. Simmer the meat gently till tender, and when perfectly cold chop it fine. Stone the raisins, shred the citron, pare, core, and chop the apples, chop the suet fine. Mix the dry ingredients together, then add the juice and rinds of the oranges and lemons. Pack in a stone jar, pour on the wine and brandy, cover close, and keep cool. This mincemeat will keep all winter. When wanted for pies, thin with cider or wine. The rule is an old one, and is said to have come from the Custis family in the beginning. According to Virginia tradition the Widow Custis, who became Mrs. Washington, made famous mince pies.

### A Cure for Diphtheria.

The following remedy is said to be the best known, at least it is worth trying, for physicians seem powerless to cope with the disease successfully. At the first indication of diphtheria in the throat of a child make the room close; then take a tin cup and pour into it a quantity of tar and turpentine, equal parts. Then hold the cup over a fire so as to fill the room with fumes. The little patient, on inhaling the fumes, will cough up and spit out all the membranous matter, and the diphtheria will pass off. The fumes of the tar and turpentine loosen the matter in the throat, and thus afford the relief that has baffled the skill of physicians.

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In the ladies' cabins of the Hoboken ferry-boats the following notice has recently been posted: "The seats in this cabin are reserved for ladies. Gentlemen will please not occupy them until the ladies are seated."

### Savings the Foundation of Wealth.

The man who saves something every year, quotes a contemporary, who had heard the remark from every quarter, is on the road to prosperity. It may not be possible to save much. If not, save a little. Do not think that a dollar or a dime is too small a sum to lay by. Everybody knows how little expenditures get away with large sums. But few seem to know that the rule is one that works both ways. If a dime spent here and a dollar there soon make a large hole in a man's income, so do dimes and dollars laid away soon become a visible and respectable accumulation. In this country any man can make himself independent or keep himself under the harrow for life, according as he wastes or spends his small change.

Most of our millionaires laid the foundation of their fortunes by *saving*. It is said that Senator Farwell commenced life as a surveyor.

Cornelius Vanderbilt began life as a farmer.

Postmaster-General Wanamaker's first salary was $1.25 a week.

A. T. Stewart made his first start as a school teacher.

Cyrus Field began life as a clerk in a New England store.

Andrew Carnegie did his first work in a telegraph office at $3 a week.

Whitelaw Reid, our minister to France, did work as correspondent of a Cincinnati newspaper for $5 a week.

Moses Taylor clerked in Water Street, New York, at $2 a week.

George W. Childs was an errand boy for a bookseller at $4 a month.

Jay Gould canvassed Delaware County, N. Y., selling maps at $1.50 apiece.

And to the above names, which are familiar to most persons, might be added hundreds of others whose fortune and fame had the same small beginning.

The same or better opportunities exist to-day for bright, energetic young men to succeed that existed when the above millionaires begun their business life, but to accomplish it, the same perseverance and economy which characterized their early career must be observed.

### Fast Horses for Farmers.

In purchasing or hiring a plough horse stake off a mile of road. Mount the horse and see how many minutes it will take him to walk a mile. A horse that will walk three miles an hour is worth at least three times as much as a horse that walks but two miles. The three mile horse not only does as much work in two days as the two-mile horse does in three, but he enables the man behind the plough to do 50 per cent. more work in a day than he can do behind the two-mile horse. And the man and horse consume with the slow team 50 per cent. more rations in doing the same work that the fast walker does. In twelve months the man would do no more carting and ploughing with the slow horse than he would do in eight months with the fast walker.

Suppose a farmer to hire a man and a two-mile horse to do an amount of ploughing and carting that it takes three months to perform, and pays $3 a month for the horse, $3 for his feed, and $18 for the man, who boards himself; $24 a month, three months $72. If he hires the same man at $18 a month and pays $3 for horse feed and $4 for a fast walker, he can do in two months what the slow team would do in three. Two months, fast team and feed and ploughman, at $25 a month, $50. Direct loss by slow horse, $22. Besides the work done by the slow horse is not so well or seasonably done—the seed may be put in the ground too late, the grass may get ahead of the plow, and the indirect loss by the slow team may be serious, besides the $22 loss as stated above.

### Lifting the Hat.

Do boys ever think, as they raise their hats to lady or girl friends, why respect should be shown in this way? Here is the explanation of the custom:

The custom of removing the hat had its origin during the age of chivalry, when it was customary for knights never to appear in public except in full armor. It became a custom, however, for a knight upon entering an assembly of friends to remove his helmet, signifying, "I am safe in the presence of my friends."

The age of chivalry passed away with the fifteenth century, but, among the many acts of courtesy which can be traced back to its influence, none is more direct in its origin than that of lifting the hat to acknowledge the presence of a friend.

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Though creeds are narrow, know that truth is wide.

FOR THE SENTINEL.

### Feelings Under Fire.

I have often been asked the question: "How man feels under fire?" I am not aware that I have any courage, moral or physical, but the sensation under fire, judging from my experience, is different from what is anticipated. A reasoning man, with love of adventure, at first feels alarmed and his impulse is to run away, and if he has no motive to stand he probably does run. But at each additional exposure he grows less timid and, after hearing canister and grape about his ears a dozen times, begins to think he is not destined to be hurt. He still feels rather uneasy, but though he does not like to be hit, he likes to have narrow escapes and so he places himself in a position where he can incur more risk. After a while he begins to reason the matter, and ponders in his mind how much powder and lead is wasted before anybody is killed or wounded. So reasoning he soon can bear the whizzing of bullets with a tolerable degree of equanimity, though he dodges the cannon balls that go howling about in his immediate vicinity. In the afternoon he feels quite different from what he did in the morning, and smiles to see a man dodge at the whiz of a ball which he himself did a few hours before. Thus courage, as it is styled, is little more, with most men, than custom; and they soon learn to despise what has often threatened without causing them harm. If wounded they learn wounds are less painful to bear than they imagined. So it goes on until the nerves become the subject of will, and he only fears who has not the will to be brave.

When a man is under the fire of a battery in an open field, and hears the crash or the explosion of a shell overhead, or the roar of a round shot as it passes not far from him, he begins to think he has been in more agreeable places. If he sees a poor fellow stricken down by his side or hears the groan of a dying comrade, he cannot resist a shudder, and wonders when his own turn will come. But it does not come, and as the time passes he begins to believe it will not, though the shot plunge about as before, now he is rising into coolness. With the beginning of action all thought except that conducive to action should be dismissed and by so doing the soldier spares himself much uneasiness of mind and apprehension of wounds or death.

GEORGE C. HARMAN,
late Sergeant Co. D. 4th Md.
Westminster, Md., Jan. 6th, '90.

### Father and Son.

There was an educational scene down at the depot the other day between a man and a boy, but it was the man that needed the education, not the boy. The boy came there to meet his father, and failed to bring some piece of baggage which was expected. "I did just as you told me to, papa," said the little fellow, who was a manly little chap. "I told John to get it and put it in the carriage, and he didn't do it."

"I don't believe you're telling me the truth," said the father, in a loud, bullying tone. "You forgot to say a word about it, and when I get home I'll settle with you."

"But, father, I did."

"Hush up," said the man sternly, while the boy's cheeks flushed and his eyes filled with tears.

At that moment the man John, who seemed to be a family factotum or coachman, came into the depot and the father asked him about the matter.

"Fred is right, sir," said the man, candidly; "he told me about it, but I had a good bit to do, an' it slipped my mind. You can blame me, sir, if it's wrong."

Did the father then turn to his little son and ask to be excused for doubting his word and speaking so harshly? Not a bit of it. He looked as angry as if he wished his son had been wrong, and the passengers waiting there were sorry for the future of that boy.

### A Simple Remedy.

You never hear of a man dying in France while under the influence of chloroform. Several years ago a patient in a Paris hospital was undergoing an operation, when the chloroform seemed to be having too great an influence over his heart. An old nurse from the country who was present raised his feet and lowered his head. In a few seconds the pulsation became normal, and this simple remedy or precaution has been adopted in hundreds of cases since, and always with success.

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Von Bulow says that every pianist should learn to sing and play the violin, "as their ears would then hear more critically the sounds they produce, and thereby teach them how to phrase." Some pianists we have heard should learn to cook and to make shoes—and let the piano alone.

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While the use of electricity in London for illumination is steadily increasing, the use of gas is also rapidly on the increase, the demand for the latter for heating and cooking being greatly in excess of former years.

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