PUBLIC SALE
OF A
VALUABLE WOOLEN FACTORY
Together with all the Machinery used in or connected therewith; a valuable Water Power and
EIGHTY ACRES OF LAND
Adjacent thereto.

IN pursuance and in execution of power and authority contained in a mortgage from James M. Melville and wife to me, dated the seventeenth day of January, 1889, and recorded among the Real Estate Mortgage Records of Carroll county in Liber W. N. M., No. 27, folio 375; and of two Mortgage Bills of Sale executed to me by the said James M. Melville, and duly recorded among the Chattel and Bond Records of said county, I will sell at public auction, at the Court House door, in Westminster, on

SATURDAY, MARCH 8th, 1890,

at 11 o'clock, A. M., all that tract of land called "Oakland," situated in said Carroll county, comprising part of the several tracts of land heretofore known as "Bennett's Park," "White Oak Bottom" and "Bennett's Chance," and containing about

EIGHTY ACRES OF LAND,

as the same is fully and particularly described in said mortgage executed and recorded as aforesaid. Said property contains a valuable water power, and is improved by a good WOOLEN MILL in complete running order, a mansion house for the overseer, and Nine desirable Tenement Houses, two of which are Double Houses, all in very good condition, and a full complement of carders, pickers, spindles, looms, shafting and pulleys, in good running order, with boiler, and all apparatus necessary for carrying on the manufacture of woolen goods.

Terms of Sale.—One-third cash; balance in equal payments of six and twelve months, with interest from day of sale; or all cash, at the option of the purchaser.

JAMES A. GARY,
Mortgagee.

Henry Stockbridge, Attorney.
R. Charles Matthews, Auct. feb-15-ts

Trustees' Sale.
OF A MOST
DESIRABLE FARM
In Franklin District, Carroll County, Md.

BY virtue of a deed of trust from Abraham Albaugh and Vila A. Albaugh, his wife, dated the 7th day of February, 1890, and duly recorded among the Land Records of Carroll county, Md., the undersigned, trustees appointed by said deed, will sell at public sale, on the premises, on

Saturday, the 8th day of March, 1890

at 1 o'clock, p. m., all that valuable farm of Abraham Albaugh, consisting of

100 ACRES OF LAND MORE OR LESS

being in Franklin district, Carroll county, on the old Liberty road, about 100 yards from Deming's P. O., and adjoining the lands of Thomas G. Kelley, Joseph Stem and others. This property is improved by a two-story and a half BRICK DWELLING HOUSE, 44x32 feet, with back buildings; a bank barn, 70x40 feet, almost new; dairy and every other outhouse pertaining to a well conducted farm. There are three vigorous apple orchards of unexcelled fruit; water abundant and supplied at dwelling and barn. It is conveniently situated in respect to postoffices, churches, schools and railroad stations, being about 3½ miles from New Windsor. The soil is excellent and has been highly improved. It is rare that a property possessing the advantages of this farm is brought to market.

Term of Sale.—One third of the purchase money to be paid cash on the day of sale or upon the ratification thereof by the Court; the balance in two equal payments of 12 and 18 months, to be secured to the satisfaction of the trustees by the notes of the purchaser or purchasers, and bearing interest from the day of sale; or all cash, at the option of the purchaser or purchasers.

CHARLES B. ROBERTS,
D. N. HENNING,
JAMES A. C. BOND. } Trustees.
feb-22-ts

TRUSTEES' SALE
OF VALUABLE
PERSONAL
PROPERTY,
In Middleburg District, Carroll county, Md.

BY virtue of a deed of trust from Henry Baker, dated the 27th day of January, 1890, and duly recorded, the undersigned, trustees appointed by said deed, will offer at public sale, on the farm of Thomas Stevenson, Esq., in Middleburg district, Carroll county, Md., of which said Henry Baker is now in possession as tenant, lying about 2 miles from Double Pipe Creek station, on the W. M. R. R., on

Wednesday, 12th day of March, 1890,

at 12 o'clock, M., sharp, a large variety of Personal Property, including Stock, Agricultural Implements, growing wheat, hay, &c., among which are 3 Horses, one a mare with foal; 2 Mare Colts, 10 Cows, 1 Heifer, 2 Bulls, 8 sheep, 1 sow and 9 pigs, 1 white boar, 1 narrow-tread wagon, 1 jersey wagon, 1 spring wagon, 1 bugger, 1 sleigh, 1 McCormick binder, 1 Champion reaper, 1 Champion mower, 1 hay cutter, 1 wheat drill, 1 double corn planter, 1 subly corn plow, 2 Oliver chilled plows, 1 fruit evaporator, 1 Cooley creamer, 1 hand cider press, 1 separator, 1 cutting-box, lot of harness, bridles, collars, halters, housing, horse lines, single and double trees, breast chains and cow chains, 1 wheelbarrow, 1 hay fork and rope, lot of corn, interest of said tenant in 45 acres of growing wheat and in 4 acres of growing rye, 1 roller, 1 double set carriage harness and nets, 50 sacks; also ALDERNEY COW, another BAY HORSE, BLACK HORSE, GRAY HORSE, threshing machine and horse power, 2 pair hay carriages, 1 broadtread wagon, and various other farming implements.

Terms of Sale are:—Cash on all sums of and under $5 on the day of sale; a credit will be given on all sums above $5 of six months, to be secured by the note of the purchaser, with approved security, bearing interest from day of sale. No property to be removed unless settled for.

ALFRED STEVENSON,
JAMES A. C. BOND,
Trustees.
Samuel Crawford, Auctioneer. feb-15-ts

Trustee's Sale
OF A DESIRABLE
FARM and PERSONAL ESTATE,
Near Wakefield Station, on W. M. R. R.

THE undersigned, by virtue of the power and authority contained in a deed of trust from Jonas M. Wagner, duly executed and recorded among the Land Records of Carroll county, in the State of Maryland, will offer at public sale at the residence of Margaret Wagner, about 1½ miles from Wakefield Station, on the W. M. R. R. in said county and State, on

Thursday, the 13th day of March, 1890,

at 10 o'clock, a. m., all that desirable farm containing

55 ACRES, 2 ROODS AND 8 PERCHES OF LAND, MORE OR LESS,

situate in said County and State, 1¾ miles S. E. of New Windsor, about 1 mile from Wakefield station aforesaid, adjoining the lands of N. H. Baile, L. N. Snader and others.

The improvements consist of a good two-story and a half Log Weatherboarded House with Basement and Cellar; a Log and Weatherboarded Barn, 62x24 feet; Spring House and other outbuildings. There is about half an acre of good White Oak Timber. This farm is convenient to railroads, churches, schools and stores, and has been recently heavily limed; last fall it yielded 12½ barrels of corn and 25 bushels of wheat to the acre; the buildings and fences are good; there is also an Orchard of choice fruit, and Springs of excellent water. There is now growing thereon 15 Acres of Wheat and 8 Acres of Rye.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third cash on the day of sale or on the ratification thereof, one-third in nine months and one-third in eighteen months from from the day of sale, the credit payments to be secured by the notes of the purchaser, with approved security, bearing interest from the day of sale; or all cash at the option of the purchaser.

H. STEWART ROBERTS, Trustee.

Also at the same time and place, will be offered at Public Sale the following Personal Property: Four Work Horses, 3 of them Brood Mares, 1 of which is heavy with foal; 1 Gelding, 3 Colts, 10 Milch Cows, some of which will be fresh by day of sale; 2 Heifers, 1 Bull, 5 Shoats, a lot of fine Poultry, 1 Incubator, 1 Brooder, Wagons, Champion Binder, Mower, Horse Rake, Harrows, Hoosier Corn Planter, Grain Drill, Oliver Chilled Plows, Corn, Double and Single Shovel Plows, Threshing Machine and Power, Ross Ensilage Cutter, Corn Sheller, Harness of all kinds, &c. Also 40 barrels of corn, a lot of Rye, Rye Straw and Fodder, 9 bushels of Japan Seed Oats, and a great variety of articles found on a well regulated farm.

For further particulars see hand bills.

H. STEWART ROBERTS, Trustee.
Chas. E. Fink, Solicitor.
Samuel Crawford, Auctioneer. feb-22-ts

JOB Printing such as Sale Bills, Posters Books, &c., printed at short notice at the SENTINEL Job Office. Orders solicited.

AMERICAN SENTINEL.

VOL. 58, NO. 10. **WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 8, 1890.** ESTABLISHED 1833.

Select Poetry.

THE HEIGHTS AND THE VALLEY.

He stood in the valley with eager eyes
Turned to the peaks where the sunshine lay,
"Oh, for the heights that are near the skies,
The glorious heights that are far away."
He cried, as ever his longing grew
To climb the steeps till the heights were won
And ever a wild unrest broke through
The daily tasks that must still be done.

"It must be lonely on those far heights,"
Said the friend he told of his wild desire;
"Better the valley of old delights!"
But the heart of the dreamer was all on fire
With the thought of reaching the hills afar,
And he would not tarry with friends of old,
But followed the flash of ambition's star,
And climbed up the mountain bleak and cold.

There were rocky places where the feet must bleed;
There were awful chasms where danger lay;
Through nights of darkness and days of need
Towards the peaks he longed for he took his way.

And nearer, and nearer the peaks of snow
Each day the climber in rapture drew,
Forgetting the valley that lay below
And the valley friends who were kind and true.

At last the terrible heights were scaled;
Alone on the desolate peaks stood he,
In the moment of triumph his courage had failed
And his heart turned valleyward longingly.
Oh, to hear the voices again,
To clasp a hand that was warm and true!
Oh, to love, and be loved, and share with men
The little joy that the valley knew!

Better the valley with peace and love
Than the desolate heights some souls attain,
Lonely is life on the hills above
The valley lands and the sunny plain.
What is fame to love? Can it satisfy
The longing and lonely hearts of men?
On the heights they must hunger and starve and die;
Come back to the valley of peace again!

Select Story.

A GHOST STORY.

"I am going to be married, my dear. I can see the tears in your pretty eyes as you say to Harry, 'Poor Sibyl!' she can never be as happy as we are.' Of course I can not. No woman can who does not marry her first love, while her past is without regret, and her future without shadow. But I am going to marry what is more rare than first love—perfection. Absolutely he has not a fault, and the wonder of wonders is that he should desire the society through life of one who is so full of faults as I am. He is clever, rich, amiable, good-looking, thirty-two, respected of all men, and (until within the past week) praised of all women. Can you wonder that dear mamma, who has been a little anxious about me this last year or so, is as happy as a queen, and that my acquaintances are all loud in their congratulations? But then, as they say, 'Sibyl Van Eyck has always been a lucky girl.' You and I, my Kate, might differ with them as to that, only it is not worth while recalling such a very old and common-place mishap. Indeed, I am not without a realizing sense of my mercies myself, for that a young woman facing her thirtieth birthday so nearly as I do, and who has played fast and loose with such good cards as kindly Fate has hitherto thrust into her hands—that such a young woman should become Mrs. Brian Chester is truly a wonderful favor of Fortune. It is not the first time that you have seen his name in my letters, and I dare say that with your usual sagacity you have had suspicions of what might come to pass? Behold me at length on the eve of marriage, figuratively that is, for we are not to be married until June, and this is only January, but it seems very near to me.

"Shall I whisper something to you, my Kate, so low that not even Harry shall hear it? (I know you keep my secrets even from him.) I respect Brian Chester, I admire him, I am proud of his preference, and I feel safer and more at rest with him than I ever did in my life—yet, oh, Kate! Kate! it is not such a love as yours for Harry in the days of your love-making, nor like mine for—the knight who wooed and rode away. It is because I am twenty-eight, and such a dreadful flirt, as people say, or because Mr. Chester's affection for me is so very cheerful and matter of fact? He is evidently incapable of jealousy, and evinces a beautiful faith in me, which my past has scarcely justified. I ought to be immensely flattered, but I am not, for that perfect love which casteth out fear is divine, and far above poor, passionate, doubting humanity. Do not, however, imagine me so foolish as not to know that I am more nearly happy than I have been for years, and that I shall be a very contented woman as Mrs. Brian Chester. Kiss your small Violet for me, and give my love to Harry. I can trust him, whatever his criticisms may be, not to say, as Bob Lisle did when Mary Vincy was married last month, 'Another old landmark gone!'

Always your loving SIBYL."

With a faint smile at Mr. Lisle's very uncivil remark, Miss Van Eyck addresses her letter, and leaving her writing-table, seats herself in a low arm-chair near the fire.

"I will give it to him to post," she thinks, as she listlessly takes up the evening paper.

For a second or two she glances indifferently over it, and then she reads earnestly, while her face softens, her eyes fill, and two heavy tears fall on the paper as she drops it on her lap. Only a couple of verses, with no beauty or power beyond their truth, and yet they can send her thoughts back over eight years—such a long, long time out of one's youth!—and make her heart ache with pity for the difference between the woman of twenty-eight who is to marry Brian Chester and the girl of twenty who loved so foolishly and so tenderly that the ghost of a handsome, fond, false face can come between her and her future husband even now.

"He wraps me round with his riches,
He covers me up with his care,
And his love is the love of a manhood
Whose life is a living prayer.
I have plighted my woman's affections,
I have vowed my all in all,
And the flowers of daily contentment
Renew their lives ere they fall.

"But yet, like an instrument precious
That playeth an olden tune,
My heart, in the midst of its blessings,
Goes back to a day in June—
To a day when, beneath the branches,
I stood by a silent stream,
And saw in its bosom an image,
As one seeth a face in a dream."

Sibyl Van Eyck is a young woman usually very appreciative of the advantage of becoming surroundings, but just now she is quite unconscious that her fair head and slender figure in its pale blue trailing dress make a picture very pleasing to a man's eyes as she lies back in a crimson chair in the soft warm glow of the fire. Her thoughts have gone so far and so fast that she does not hear the door open and close, nor a man's quick step on the thick carpet. She has forgotten that she ought to be expecting Mr. Chester, until he seats himself beside her and takes calm possession of one of her hands. She comes back to the present then with such a start that he laughs.

"You look as if you had forgotten all about me;" and then gently kissing the hand he has taken, he lets it go, and leaning back in his chair, makes himself comfortable after the fashion, more easy than elegant, of our generation.

She colors like a school-girl, though she is "twenty-eight and such a dreadful flirt," and she puts the paper out of sight under the train of her dress.

"And if I had, sir?" she asks, lightly. "I dare say you forget me, often enough, for much more than five minutes?"

"Never," he says, rather shortly; and then, after an instant, "What were you crying for just now?"

"Do not you know that we women cry for anything, or nothing?"

"Not you; but do not tell me unless you wish to do so."

"I assure you I have no such intention," she says, gayly. "Does your lordship think that I shall make you my confessor?"

"Some day—yes," he answers, quietly, and looking not at her, but at the fire.

Very quickly she lifts her eyes to his face—a very frank and pleasant face, with a look that shows its owner well content with the world and himself, but just now a little graver than its wont, and she wonders, with a thrill of the same pity she had felt for herself, whether he too in the years which lie behind him has missed something of life's completeness.

"You and I are too old and worldly-wise for that," she says, rather sadly.

"Old?—you child!" his eyes meeting hers with a smile half amused, half tender. "I am aware that you have reached the awful age of twenty-eight, Miss Van Eyck, and that you have had enough experience of the world to make you wise, but, for all that, you are a child, and a child in some things you will remain as long as you live."

"Ah! you do not know how much nicer I was ten years ago," she says, laughing nervously.

"If I have the bad taste to be content with you as you are I do not see that it is of any consequence," he says, again taking her hand. "Besides, I do not believe it."

"I wish," she begins, wistfully, while tears stand in her eyes—"I wish that we had known each other then, and that I had never—never—"

"Never fancied you cared for some one else," he breaks in abruptly. "Look here, dear—here in my eyes;" and he puts one arm about her, while he keeps her hand. "Tell me nothing yet; I am not a jealous man, nor afraid of ghosts, and it is not your past I want, but your present and your future."

When he is gone she stands before one of the long mirrors, smiling at herself rather defiantly.

"You have found your master, Miss Van Eyck," she is thinking; "a good master, a tender and true master, but just a little too sure of himself."

When Brian Chester enters his rooms, the first thing he does, after lighting the gas, is to find the evening paper, and glancing hastily over it, to read with sure instinct two verses in its columns.

"Very worldly-wise indeed, my poor little girl," he says to himself, as he lays it down with half a smile and half a sigh; "and a very shabby thing of me to hunt up the cause of your tears after refusing to hear it; but you are more mine now than you think, and you shall be altogether mine yet, in spite of the ghost."

But, for all that, his eyes have a troubled look not usual to them, and he smokes more cigars than are good for him before he goes to bed.

"If I were a jealous man (which, thank Heaven, I am not), I should endure some exceedingly uncomfortable hours," says Mr. Chester, smiling placidly, as he takes possession of Sibyl for a waltz, some six weeks later at one of the last parties before Lent; "for upon my word these fellows seem to think that I have no right whatever to more than a stray dance."

"Being a philosopher (which, thank Heaven, you are), I suppose it makes no difference to you," she answers as they waltz off.

"I admire their good taste, and am thankful for what I can get at present; also I have some faint idea that Mrs. Chester will give up round dancing."

Sibyl pauses abruptly, and moves out of the circle of waltzers.

"Do you mean to be a philosopher about—Mrs. Chester?" she asks, softly, looking up at him with radiant eyes and flushed cheeks.

"Do you think that I am always a philosopher now?"

Her color deepens, her eyes turn from his, and then, with a little cry, she puts her hand on his arm, growing suddenly white, and gazing fixedly at somebody behind him. He turns instinctively, and sees a tall, very handsome man staring at Sibyl with more fixity than politeness permits.

"Take me away—out of the room—somewhere," she murmurs.

Very much bewildered, he obeys, and presently finds a seat for her in a small, almost deserted room.

"You are tired," he says, tenderly. "Shall I get you a glass of wine?"

"No, no; stay with me. It is he," she says, looking up piteously in his face, which at those very enigmatical words grows rather pale.

"Who?—the ghost?" he asks, unsteadily.

"Mr. Devereux. I have not seen him since I—since I— Oh, what will you think of me?" she cries, with a sudden burning blush at the change and trouble in his face. "Indeed, it is only the surprise."

"Of course," he says, positively. "You will not mind, now that you know he is here, and when you are a little rested I shall steal somebody else's waltz instead of the one we have lost."

But in spite of his positiveness and her efforts at composure an uncomfortable silence falls upon them, which she breaks by proposing to return to the ball-room. In the doorway they are met by their hostess and Mr. Devereux himself.

"Sibyl dear," says the lady, hurriedly, "here is a gentleman who claims to be an old friend, but doubts whether your memory is so good as his."

"My memory is excellent," Sibyl answers, rather coldly, but with that utter self-possession which comes to most women in bitterest need. "I perfectly remember my acquaintance with Mr. Devereux."

"Then that is all right, and I shall carry you off, Mr. Chester."

"We will go together, dear Mrs. Burns," Sibyl says, with her hand still on Brian's arm. "Mr. Chester is going to take me to mamma."

"Will you not permit me?" says Mr. Devereux, speaking for the first time, and in a voice which falters perceptibly.

"Thanks, no; I will not trouble you."

"Then may I not have a waltz, or a square dance, for—for 'auld lang syne'?" The last words are very low and eager, but Mr. Chester hears them as distinctly as if they had been spoken in his ear.

"My card is full, thanks," is the steady answer, and then all four enter the ball-room, where Mrs. Burns takes Mr. Devereux in one direction, while Sibyl and Mr. Chester go in another to search for Mrs. Van Eyck, and within half an hour they are driving home.

It can not be denied, though Miss Van Eyck's lover is not a man given to jealously, that the next week is the longest and most uncomfortable which he can remember. Business compels him to go to Boston so early on the morning after Mrs. Burns' party that he does not see Sibyl again, and in spite of her dignified repulsion of Mr. Devereux he can not forget her pale face and piteous eyes when she had first seen the "ghost." He is convinced that Devereux will do everything possible for a reconciliation, and he calls himself an insane idiot for having refused to hear the story of her first love, which Sybil had seemed to wish to tell him, for his utter ignorance of the circumstances prevents him from being able to judge whether such a thing could come to pass. To add to his anxiety, during the four days that he is in Boston he does not receive even so much as a line from her, though she had promised, half laughingly, to write every day. The result of all of which is that, after having been so absent-minded as to cause his business friends much amazement, he returns to New York two days earlier than he had intended, leaving his affairs very much as he had found them. An hour after his arrival he is walking up the familiar street on which the Van Eycks live, with a great deal of outward cheerfulness, and an odd mingling of self-contempt and anxiety at his heart, for he will know his fate in another ten minutes.

"My fate indeed!" he mutters, with rather a failure in the way of a smile. "If I were anybody else, what a jealous fool I should call myself!"

Then he starts as if he had been shot, for ascending the steps of the Van Eycks' house, with the confident manner of one who does not come for the first time, is Mr. Devereux. Very still stands Mr. Chester—very still and very pale for a man who is "not jealous nor afraid of ghosts"—until Mr. Devereux has rung and is admitted.

"I will wait until he leaves; he will not be long," he thinks, with a strong momentary desire to follow him and confront him and Sibyl together, though all his life he has had the true Anglo-Saxon horror of anything like a scene.

He walks rapidly down the end of the block, and returns slowly, with his eyes on the Van Eycks' door; but Devereux's visit bids fair to be a lengthy one, and he has time to repeat his manœuvre many times, to the great interest of a couple of school-girls, who from an opposite drawing-room window, are speculating excitedly as to what "Miss Van Eyck's lover" can be about. It is not very fatiguing for a man to pace up and down a block for an hour, and yet, when that time has elapsed, Brian Chester's face has grown oddly worn and haggard-looking. God pity us all! We can most of us remember some such hour, whose sixty minutes held an eternity of suspense, but let those of us render thanksgiving all our days who feared in that hour only death, not faithlessness, for our heart's beloved. It is nearly six when the Van Eycks' door opens and closes again on Mr. Devereux, who walks quickly down the street in an opposite direction from Chester, but the latter scarcely glances at the receding figure as he springs up the steps.

"Miss Van Eyck is in the drawing-room," the servant tells him, as he passes in.

Outside it was nearly dark, and here it is quite so, except when the fire makes a blaze of light; but he sees her at once, crouched in the corner of a sofa by the chimney, and weeping—ah! weeping as even women given to tears weep only once or twice in their lives. At the sight of that drooping figure, and the sound of strangled sobs, the strong heart of Brian Chester turns faint and sick, for he knows so well, with such wonderful, dreary conviction, just what she has done, and what he must do now. He casts one farewell look about the familiar room where he has been so happy, and then his eyes return to the woman he loves and suffers for, as only a man can to whom neither love nor jealousy comes easily.

"Sibyl!" he says, abruptly, in an odd, hoarse voice, which vaguely surprises him, it is so unlike his. "Don't cry so terribly; there is no need."

She springs to her feet and faces him in the fire-light with a low cry, and a look that changes instantly from surprise to pity and terror.

"Brian!" she says, tremulously taking both his hands in hers, "Are you ill, dear?—or has something dreadful happened?" It is the first time she has ever uttered his name, the first time those shy fingers have ever sought his, but she does not think of that in fear of the calamity which can have so changed calm, cheerful, philosophical Brian Chester.

At the frightened compassion in her eyes, he glances suddenly in the mirror over the chimney, and stares at himself, with the dull wonder men feel when they are brought face to face with the change an hour's agony can work in them.

"I am a fool," he says presently, with a miserable laugh, and dropping into the nearest chair, he draws his hands from hers and covers his face.

For an instant she is silent, and then the despair in every line of the bent figure gives her courage.

"Dear," she whispers, kneeling beside him, "surely I, who am to be your wife, may share your troubles, and—and comfort you?" and with a rush of tenderness that sweeps her old doubts and fears away forever, she tries to draw his head against her shoulder.

But he springs to his feet, with a flush on his haggard face. "For Heaven's sake do not make it harder for me to give you up!" he gasps.

"Give me up?" she repeats, rising too, and trembling very much.

"You never wrote me"—he begins, passionately.

"Because I would rather tell you than write," she interrupts quickly, very low voice, whose forced steadiness it takes all his resolute will to maintain. "You have loved him always, and you sent him away today that you might keep your faith to me, like the brave, true woman you are; but he will be easy to recall, so—so God bless you!"—and he turns rather blindly toward the door.

But she stands swiftly before him with outstretched hands and tearful, shining eyes.

"Oh, Brian, I am no heroine, only a foolish woman to whom God is very good. Mr. Devereux will never again be even a ghost to me. And you—do you wonder that I was crying for those years when I fancied I cared for him, and which ought to have been yours, with all the rest of my life—my love?"

About Hymn-Writers.

The personal identity and circumstances of those who have written the favorite hymns of the people is a subject full of interest to thousands of people both within and without the churches. Edward Bok says that as a rule hymns are not high-priced commodities in the literary market, the royalties are small, and the author's name is generally lost sight of, even if the hymn achieves world-wide fame. "As an example, I question whether there are one hundred persons to-day who know that the author of 'The Sweet Bye-and-Bye' is living in an obscure Illinois town, and not amid the greatest luxury, either. Tens of thousands, perhaps millions of people, know the hymn; how many ever think of Dr. S. Fillmore Bennett, its aged author? The hymn has brought him almost no revenue and even less fame. Mrs. Annie Sherwood Hawks is another instance, living in a small interior New York town, compelled to resort to her pen for a living, yet who has not sung her world-famous hymn, 'I Need Thee Every Hour?' Prof. Gilmore, of the University of Rochester, rarely receives credit as the author of his well-known lines, 'He Leadeth Me.' Fanny Crosby, she of hundreds of hymns that are sung every Sunday by thousands of lips, lives in a side street in New York City almost forgotten. Although blind and helpless, she is happy in the religion which fills her mind and soul. There seems something in these cited cases which is not altogether right—this entire forgetfulness by a busy world of those who have made our sweetest songs. And so I say there is but little encouragement in the writing of hymns. Not only is the author poorly paid for the work, then almost entirely forgotten, but the additional stigma is offered of having the hymn embodied into hundreds of collections without a cent of revenue accruing to the author. The small pittance given to the author when the hymn is first published is ofttimes the only remuneration."

In a length of only 78 miles, a railway on the French Island of Reunion has four tunnels aggregating nearly seven miles, with many deep cuttings and high embankments, 43 large bridges, including one of 1,640 feet and one of 1,312 feet; together with 200 bridges and culverts of less than 33 feet.

Letter from Kansas.

MONMOUTH, KANSAS, FEB. 19TH, 1890.—MR. EDITOR:—DEAR SIR:—"From murky clouds the crystal drops distil," and having just laid aside the venerable old SENTINEL, after absorbing all its congenial contents, I am reminded that many a weary day has passed since you have had any word from this part of God's moral heritage.

You know the last word was about the Oklahoma boomers and their cupidity. Now the clamor is for all the rest of the Indians' possessions, and 'twill not be long before a great State will be knocking for admission into the Union on the South of Kansas. Some of our neighbors, right near us, talk of going to buy claims in Oklahoma this spring; thus you see the boomers can now begin to realize something already for their land there and Oklahoma will, after awhile, fill up with permanent citizens who will till the land for a few years as their own, then mortgage their farms, see themselves dispossessed by the ravenous usurers who infest our land, and again look around for other worlds to conquer.

Poor Negro! When he starts for Africa, England will have fixed some of our white citizens ready to go along. Tell Portugal to keep up good heart. Some of us may be there before long to help her establish another *American Independence* (?) on African soil. Meantime the United States may as well be annexed to Canada; and the name changed to British Possessions.

Congress will need no material change. It is already little more than a parliament.

As for Kansas, with all the bad luck and business depression imaginable, he still won't take whiskey. Missouri is terribly put out because Kansas won't drink with her, but its no go. Kansas loves Missouri and rejoices that he is permitted to lie side by side with her but, so far, maintains faithfully his integrity, repels all her voluptuous temptation to curse God, and ever calmly and mildly replies: "Thou speakest as one of the foolish women speaketh." Kansas is moreover very much tried by one of his sons (by a Concubine) by the name of Tomlinson, who goes about lying about his father and telling everywhere all the unhallowed secrets of his household.

But with all his sorrows Kansas is clear headed and witty. Nearly all his sons now belong to the Alliance and Co-operative Union. Here lately a successful ruse was carried into effect to establish beyond doubt a much controverted point.

Kansas said: "Pay us more for our produce." New York says: "We can't, money is too scarce." Kansas said: "You lie! You have got nearly all the money that the government ever issued." "That's our business"—says New York—"but the one only reason why we can't pay more for your corn is there is an *overproduction*."

"An overweening absurdity," says Kansas. "You have hoarded all the money, formed a traitorous conspiracy with England and resolved to buy the necessaries of life at just whatever you choose to pay for them."

"Oh no, no; we give you every cent the market will bear."

"Yes, you bear the market till it's all bleeding and bare"—replies Kansas—"and I will test you."

Thereupon Gov. Humphrey called a convention of railroad men and had them agree to a reduction of 2½ cents per bushel on freight. And *thereupon corn went down 2½ cents on the market.* "That settles it," says Nebraska. "I'm convinced now," and the whole Northwest replies: "We have established one fact anyhow, and we are resolved to have sufficient money to do the business of the country with, and we are resolved by all the powers of alliance and confederation and desperation to cut loose from John Bull and his American agents that have been manipulating the Federal powers and prostituting them into the formation of a grand money hoarding clique, to the great detriment of the business prosperity of our country."

Mr. Editor I am thoroughly familiar with Western life and experience. Have constantly resided on the frontier since 1860.

Was South, in blue and brass in 1863; helped to capture Port Gibson, Sulphur Springs, Jackson, Black River Bridge and Vicksburg and was present at the great Gettysburg of Mississippi, Champion Hill, when we virtually floored the whole state in one day.

I can smile a placid smile when I read of some little banty rooster, that has grown up since then, sending Senator Ingalls a shot-gun cartridge of buckshot and inviting him down in the name of "Nutgalls." He is probably a son of one of those fellows who brought their wire twist double barrel shot guns out on the morning of the 1st of May, 1863, to have a little breakfast spell at the Shiloah Church, 2 miles from Port Gibson, and "send the Yanks back a howlin' acrost the Mississip." The Yanks didn't howl; but about noon the shot guns went back to town in a hurry and didn't stop for breakfast either though they had a precious good appetite. They had business on further up the road. I would advise Mississippi to stop talking about cartridges; and stop using them at elections too; for there are still some of us old fellows alive who could remind them of some horizontal coat tail reminiscences that might make them blush.

I was saying that I was familiar with Western character. I saw it put to mortal test in the South.

Western men are used to breathing the free air of Heaven. They are not used to oppression. They grow restless and chafe under it. They are the sons of men who once established the independence of this country. They have not forgotten it. They remember well what they have lately done to preserve the government. They hate meanness. And they say to the whole country by their recent grand and formidable confederation that they mean to remove oppression and establish the reforms they advocate. There's a will in their movement and there will be a way to accomplish the end desired.

J. L. S.

The Sargasso Sea.

In the midst of the North Atlantic there is a large patch of floating seaweed which has kept its place for centuries, with only slight driftings up and down according to the changing winds and currents. It was crossed by Columbus on his first voyage, and its position and extent have been known ever since. It occupies an immense eddy between the equatorial current on the south, and the Gulf Stream on the north. The name is from the variety of sea-weed which forms the sea, "*Sargassum bacciferum*—the berry-bearing sargasso. This sea is described by Doctor Gardner as he saw it on his voyage from Brazil to England.

While we were in about the fifty-sixth degree of west longitude, and between the twenty-second and twenty-eighth degrees of north latitude, we passed through those enormous fields of seaweed which have been described by almost every voyager in those seas. It existed generally in long, narrow strips or bands, lying across the wind, sometimes not more than the ship's length apart, at other times at a considerable distance from each other.

Much diversity of opinion exists as to the origin of this floating mass. Humboldt believed it to be detached from rocks at a considerable depth in the latitudes where it floats. Others suppose it to come from the shores of the northern seas, having been detached from the rocks by the violence of the winds. Some again imagine that it comes from the rocky shores of the gulfs of Mexico and Florida; while many agree with me in believing that it has never had any other than its present place of abode. No one has ever seen it attached to rocks, nor have roots ever been discovered belonging to it.

During the five or six days that we sailed through this gulf-weed, I hooked on board more than a thousand pieces, and every one of them presented the same appearance. The lower end of the stem had always a whitish, decayed appearance, just like a piece of tangle which has been some time cast on shore, while the extremities of the branches were universally of a very fresh and healthy appearance.

Such being the case, we can scarcely help believing that these remarkable plants have existed since the time of their first creation to the present period as we now find them, floating always in this revolving Gulf Stream, and undergoing a perpetual change from decay at one extremity, and growth at the other. There is nothing unreasonable in this opinion, as seaweeds are not like land-plants, which derive nourishment from the spot to which they are attached.

A cook, who had burned up a piece of veal weighing four pounds, threw it away, and afterwards explained to her mistress that the cat had eaten the meat. "Very well," said the lady "we will see that directly." So saying, she took the cat, put it on the scales, and found that it weighed exactly four pounds. "There, Frederick," she said, "are the four pounds of meat—but where is the cat?"

Mr. Phunnyman—Why does a widow become such an object of interest? Mrs. P—Because she is left a loan. Mr. P—That's capital!

Habits of Observation.

Everybody should cultivate the faculty of observation, says a writer in the *Christian Union*. If he does so designedly, it will not be long before he will do so unconsciously. It is better to learn a thing by observation than by experience, especially if it is something to our detriment. I would prefer to know which is the mushroom by observation rather than by experiment, for the latter might cost me my life. There is hardly a vocation in which observation is not of great service, and in many it is absolutely essential. It adds to the profiency of the chemist, the naturalist, the mining expert, and the frontiersmen. Observation quickens experiment. It leads to inference, to deduction, to classification, and thus theories are formulated and sciences established.

Boys, be observant. Cultivate the faculty. Hear sharply—look keenly. Glance at a shop window as you pass it, and then try how many things you can recall that you noticed in it. Open your eyes wider when you stroll across the meadow, through the woods, or along the brook. There are ten thousand interesting things to be seen, noted, wondered at and explained. Animals, birds, plants and insects, with their habits, intelligence and peculiarities, will command your admiration. You may not become great men through your observations, like Newton, Linnaeus, Franklin, or Sir Humphrey Davy, but you will acquire information that will be of service to you, and make you wiser, and quite probably better.

Weather Signs All Failed.

"This winter knocks out the weather prophets," said G. K. Marow, an old dealer in the Washington Market, to me yesterday.

"Not one of the famous old weather signs about a hard winter proved true this winter," he continued. "I meet a good many farmers, and last fall I made a note of their predictions. I had them all in—the man with the goose's breast-bone, who said it would be a cold winter, with a great deal of snow, because of the gray, fluffy shading on his particular goose-bone; the man who knew it was going to be a hard winter because earth worms went deep; the man who knew it was going to be a cold, hard winter because his cornhusks and apple skins were thick and tough, and the man who based his cold winter prediction on the fact that chipmunks and red squirrels had laid in an unusually large supply of provender. They all said we were to have a cold, hard winter. They haven't much to say now, except once in a while to predict a late and cold spring. These weather prophets who claim to have telephone connections with old Nature herself always go to extremes. They revel in great prospective storms, intensely cold spells and devastating droughts, but they are very quiet just now."

The Good Cow.

"Can a naturally good cow be made a very poor one by bad management? I see it stated that a good cow has certain marks by which she can be distinguished. Now, I desire to know if bad management can utterly discount these natural indications." Well, no; not utterly. Of course the value of a cow may be greatly decreased by bad management. The calf may be stunted and the milk organs contracted so that they will never reach their normal development. Bad habits may be encouraged, and, comparing the animal with what she might have been, we might say she was ruined. But a naturally good cow, however badly treated at any period of her life, will quickly respond to generous care and feeding. It is pretty difficult to utterly turn the tendencies of nature. The way to make a good cow, however—supposing that nature has laid a good foundation—is to give the animal the best of care and best of food all through its life.

The Color of Real Sealskin.

An almost indescribable color is that of the sealskin before it is dyed. It is silvery gray, furry brown and two or three other things, all at the same time. But it is strikingly pretty, and, here in the East, is so seldom seen that those girls wearing the undyed skins may feel pride at having something unusual and individual. A young Californian who came to this city only a short time ago received from a friend on the Pacific coast a cape and muff of the skin in its natural color, and had great fun listening to acquaintances guessing what the animal was. By actual count eight women and one man made each a different guess, and, strange enough, the man was the only one to name the skin the first time. But he had hunted seals in his earlier days, and so he ought to have known.

Accepted suitor—"Won't you find it awkward when you meet your other two husbands in heaven?" Interesting widow—"I do not expect to meet either of them there."

If trees are so dense as to shut out the sunlight prune them.

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