FERTILIZER! FERTILIZER!

A FEW POINTERS FOR THE FARMER.

The season for sowing Fertilizers is now at hand and farmers will see many cheap Fertilizers advertised claiming great merit. We desire, however, to call their attention to the fact that we are the largest buyers of

RAW MATERIALS

in the county, and are manufacturing and shipping our goods over 800 miles from home and are able to meet competition at that distance. We are shipping into three different States and our goods have been subjected to the analysis of the three different State chemists, who have proved them as represented. This being the fact, we know that we can

SAVE TO THE FARMER

who deals directly with us from $2 to $5 per ton on our goods when the analysis is taken into consideration. We further wish to state that we make a

Special Mixture for each Crop

Corn, Oats, Potatoes and Vegetables, according to their chemical requirements, and are not like the patent medicine man who sells one kind of medicine to cure all ills that human flesh is heir to. We also

MIX FORMULAS

as desired by the farmer himself. We ask you to call and see us before buying elsewhere, and try our goods along side of the socalled cheap Fertilizers, and see for yourself where you get the best value for your money. We also are headquarters for CLEAN MICHIGAN CLOVER SEED AND NO. 1 WESTERN TIMOTHY SEED, at very low prices.

Yours Respectfully,
H. S. ROBERTS & CO.,
Manufacturers of Fertilizers and dealers in Agricultural Chemicals, Westminster, Md.
mar-8-3m

FREE ADMITTANCE.

The Hess Manufacturing Company,

WESTMINSTER, MD.,

Calls the attention of the people of Westminster and the surrounding country to the fact that it is now prepared to do all kinds of Carriage and Buggy Work, and would solicit a portion of their trade, believing that they will feel fully justified in according it.

The Company would be pleased to have the people call at its shops, for their own satisfaction, and is assured that they will be really surprised at the wonderful improvements made in Carriages and Buggies, and even Carts, at this establishment.

The Company says to everybody: Do not believe that because John Koon made your buggy he ought to repair it; and do not think that Sam Jones' is the best place to get work done, because you have always had it done there. Just take a little time and walk around and see if there isn't another shop in town. You might learn something; and if not, it will cost you nothing.

A great many times people have called at this Company's shops and, after seeing the latest styles, said: "I am sorry I bought so soon. I AM sorry I bought so soon. I did not know the Hess Company did that kind of work."

Now, take this into consideration; talk to your neighbors about it, and say: "Let us go down to the shops of the Hess Manufacturing Company." "What for?" "To see the latest styles." "Where did you say?" "Why down at the shops of the Hess Manufacturing Company. It has the greatest assortment in town." "Is that so? Where is its factory?" "On the corner of Green and Liberty streets. Yes, and it keeps a large stock of Single and Double HARNESS."

Now, the Company desires to say, if the above meets your approval, it will be pleased to have you call, and any information you desire will be given to the very best ability of its manager. With sincere respect.

JOHN G. HESS, Manager.

mar-8-6t

Ratification Notice.

In the Orphans' Court of Carroll County.
FEBRUARY TERM, 1890.

Estate of Samuel Snyder, deceased.

ON application it is ordered this 10th day of March, 1890, that the sale of the Real Estate of Samuel Snyder, late of Carroll county, deceased, made by John Wesley Snyder and Elisha L. Snyder, Executors of the last Will and Testament of said deceased, and this day reported to this Court by the said Executors, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause be shown to the contrary, on or before the 2d Monday, 14th day of April next: Provided a copy of this order be inserted for three successive weeks in some newspaper printed and published in Carroll county, before the 1st Monday, 7th day, of April next. The report states the amount of sale to be five hundred and ninety one dollars and fifty cents ($91.50).

DAVID H. HOFFACKER,
JAMES P. SUMMERS,
JAMES W. WHITE,
Judges.

True copy—Test:
GEO. M. PARKE, Register of Wills.
mar-15-3t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

THE undersigned having settled, in the Orphan's Court, an account of the personal estate of David Hiltabidle, late of Carroll county, deceased, and ascertained the balance in her hands for distribution according to law among the creditors of said deceased, hereby gives notice to said creditors to file their claims against said deceased, legally authenticated, with the Register of Wills for Carroll county, on or before the 31st day of March, instant, preparatory to a distribution of the assets of said personal estate to be made amongst said creditors, under the direction of the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, on the 7th day of April, 1890.

After the final ratification of said distribution, the undersigned will be prepared to pay to each of said creditors their respective dividends according to said distribution.

ANJELINE HILTABIDLE,
mar-8-4t Administratrix.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

THIS is to give notice that the subscribers have obtained from the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, in Maryland, letters testamentary on the estate of

CHARLES A REID,

late of Carroll county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscribers, on or before the 10th day of October, 1890; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under our hands this 10th day of March, 1890.

DAVID E. STEM,
ELIZABETH REID,
WESLEY R. DAVIS,
mar-15-4t Executors.

NO. 2766 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County.

Emanuel D. Whitmore, Executor, and others, vs. John C. Whitmore, and others.

ORDERED this 5th day of March, A. D. 1890, that the sale of the property mentioned in these proceedings, made and reported by Emanuel D. Whitmore trustee, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 7th day of April, next: Provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed in Carroll county, once in each of three successive weeks before the 31st day of March inst.

The report states the amount of sale to be $5,344,96.

WM. N. MARTIN, Clerk.

True copy—Test:
mar-8-3t WM. N. MARTIN, Clerk.

NO. 34 Insolvents.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County.

Miriam Albaugh, trading as Mrs. D. F. Albaugh, and Warfield & Rohr, vs. Oliver M. Hiteshew.

NOTICE is hereby given to the Creditors of the above Oliver M. Hiteshew, Insolvent, who were such prior to the 31st day of January, A. D., 1888, the date of the filing of the Petition by the creditors of said Hiteshew in the above entitled cause, to file their claims duly proven and authenticated, with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Carroll county, on or before the 15th day of May, A. D., 1890.

JNO. J. BAUMGARTNER, Jr.,
mar-8-4t Auditor.

WANTED.

White Oak and Hickory Logs.

Will pay full CASH PRICES for good LOGS.
Address CHAS. SCOTT & CO.,
Keystone Wheel Works,
mar-1-6t-eot Philadelphia, Pa.

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

AMERICAN SENTINEL.

VOL. 58, NO. 13. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 29, 1890. ESTABLISHED 1833.

Select Poetry.

THE END OF DAY.

The day is done!
across the western sky
Are golden streaks of light,
As if the chariot of the sun
Had left them in its flight.

The day is done!
The spring and babbling brook
In each sequestered nook
Seems resting from the noonday's heat,
And settling down to slumbers sweet.

The day is done!
The daisies nod on copse and hill,
Voices of birds grow hushed and still,
And through the forest Silence broods,
For this s Nature's sweetest mood.

The day is done!
On the mossy marbles, 'cross the way,
The uncertain light gleams dim and gray;
And on the names carved o'er the tomb
It settles with a lonely gloom,

The day is done!
One by one, from the village near,
The lights begin to disappear.
Oh! weary hearts, with sorrow pressed,
The night has come! 'tis time to rest.

The day is done!
Peace, blessed peace, broods over all;
Night enters in her lordly hall.
All to Silence give their claim,
For how behold the Night doth reign.
—*Mail and Express.*

Select Story.

DOLLY'S CONFESSION.

The clear February sunshine lay like a river of gold across the dark, rich lines of the Axminster carpet as Dolly Damar drew the decorated window shade.

"It seems a pity to shut out God's sunshine," murmured she, "but Mrs. Ledyard is always cautioning me about letting that carpet fade."

And she took a farewell glance out over the snow enameled avenue, where gayly caparisoned sleighs skimmed to and fro and parties of promenaders occupied the pavements, before she returned to her humdrum task of dusting the drawing-room.

For Dolly Damar was "only the upstairs girl" in Mrs. Ledyard's pretentious establishment. She was a farmer's daughter, who had received an education above the average, and when old Hiram Damar's death had broken up the household, she had come to New York, hoping to get a situation as nursery governess or companion.

Disappointed in one after another of her aspirations she was glad to secure a place as parlor maid at Mrs. Ledyard's where she was to-day, singing as she dusted bric-a-brac and polished plate-glass—for Dolly was a cheerful little maid, and had an inveterate habit of making the best of things.

Crash! Dolly gave a start and turned around.

Little Gladys, the youngest of the Ledyard flock, in tampering with a china shepherdess, had knocked it over. It lay in a score of glittering fragments on the floor.

"Oh, Miss Gladys!" cried the upstairs girl, "what have you done?"

"Dolly, don't give me away," stammered the slangy daughter of the house.

"Tell ma it was the cat."

"But, Miss Gladys, that would be a lie."

"No, it wouldn't. It would be nothing on earth but a tiny little white fib. And ma will be so mad! Oh, Dolly, do let her think it was pussy!"

"I couldn't, Miss Gladys. Please don't ask me!" pleaded poor Dolly. "I must speak the truth if she asks me."

Miss Gladys Ledyard swung, muttering, out of the room.

"I'll be even with her yet!" said she; "the mean, hateful tattle tale!"

And when Mrs. Ledyard came home from her sleigh ride in the park, Gladys was beforehand with the "mean, hateful little tattle tale." Mrs. Ledyard sent for Dolly, taxed her with the misdemeanor of breaking a Dresden shepherdess worth $[redacted] character!

"But, Ellen, that would be untrue!"

"What would be untrue. That you are honest, willing, capable?"

"No, but—you are not Mrs. Nyton!"

"I shan't say that I am. I merely say what I know to be the truth about you; and if you succeed in getting a good place, all that I ask is a dollar or two out of your first month's wages. I'll be a sort of masquerade!"

And Ellen showed her broad white teeth in a laugh.

"It's a pity if we poor girls can't outwit the fine ladies now and then. Any time after Monday Mrs. Nyton will be at home."

Dolly hesitated long, argued the point feebly, but finally gave in, and little Mrs. Edgecumbe, of Lilliesleaf farm, was more than delighted with the "reference" she obtained for her new maid in the Mallalieu square mansion.

"Such an elegant house!" said she, "and a tea gown of olive plush, such as I never saw out of a fashion plate. But I was surprised to hear Mrs. Nyton speak such dreadfully bad grammar!"

"Probably," said Mr. Edgecumbe, "she is endowed with more money than brains."

"Most likely," said the little housewife.

Dolly Damar was quite happy at Lilliesleaf. It was, strictly speaking, a bee farm, but they kept cows and poultry as well, and Dolly was delighted to get back to the pleasant cares that had been so familiar to her in the old life.

John Gardiner, Mrs. Edgecumbe's brother, the village pastor, boarded there, and they soon discovered that Dolly was no ordinary uneducated "kitchen help."

The three children were blue eyed, sunny tempered little cherubs, the wages were generous, and Dolly found herself at last in possession of a home.

After the housework was done of an evening, she could help Mrs. Edgecumbe with the family mending, copy music for Mr. Gardiner's choir practice, or write to the dictation of Mr. Edgecumbe, who was painfully preparing a "Text Book on Bee Culture," and day by day she grew, she scarcely knew how, brighter and happier.

She had experienced a pang of remorse when she sent Ellen Gibbs a two dollar bill in a letter, out of the first installment of her wages, but that was soon over; until, one Sunday afternoon, sitting in charge of her class in the little church she heard John Gardiner's talk to his Sunday school about the divine attributes of truth.

Like a keen edged poniard, it stung her to the heart.

"And I," she said to herself, "am a—liar! What busines have I in this happy home—this pure, peaceful atmosphere? Oh, I wish—how I wish—I never had listened to Ellen Gibbs! And yet, if I hadn't, I must have starved or drowned myself. Oh, dear, how hard it is to know what is right!"

She went back home and packed her poor little trunk.

"My second month is up to-morrow, Mrs. Edgecumbe," said she, in a faltering voice, "and I am returning to New York."

"To New York? Oh, Dolly!" cried the little woman, throwing up her hands in despair. "What is the matter?"

"Nothing," said Dolly, valiantly swallowing her tears; "only I must go."

"Has any one offended you?"

"Oh, no, no!"

"If you want higher wages—"

"No, Mrs. Edgecumbe; you pay me all I earn now," protested Dolly.

"Then what is it, Dolly? Dear Dolly, do stay. You are like one of ourselves," pleaded Mrs. Edgecumbe.

But Dolly only answered with her tears.

"I can't think what has changed her so, all of a sudden," said Mrs. Edgecumbe. "The children have praxed her—dear little thing!—and Mr. Edgecumbe has offered a better rate of compensation, but it is of no use. Perhaps, John, if you were to speak to her—"

Mr. Gardiner sat silently balancing his pen, regardless of the big round blot that had fallen on the "Thirdly" on his next Sunday's sermon. It was a strange revelation to him, the chill feeling that came across his heart at the idea of Dolly Damar's going away.

"Yes," said he, "I will speak to her. Somehow it seems as if we couldn't spare her."

But even to his kind reasonings Dolly only replied by tearful silence.

"I must go," said she—"I must! And you, if you knew all, would say the same thing."

"I don't know what I shall do, I'm sure," said Mrs. Edgecumbe, lapsing into deep despair. "I never shall have courage to face an intelligence office again. Cassie Merton has just been here, telling me the strangest stories about those places. It seems, she knows of a woman whose business it is to act as "reference" to girls who can't get any, or don't deserve them. She has hired a gaudily furnished flat, and sits up there all day, acting the part of the last lady with whom the girls lived, at so much a head. Just fancy what a deception!— The police have broken up this place, at the complaint of some lady who found herself the victim of a dishonest maid whose recommendation was obtained in this manner, but no one knows how many others there may be?"

Dolly sprung to her feet, very pale but firm.

"Mrs. Edgecumbe," said she, "that is what I did! That is the reason I am going away from you. I can't live on here and bear the burden of my guilt any longer!"

And she confessed it all, beginning at the story of the Dresden shepherdess and ending with Ellen Gibbs' sitting up in the vacant boudoir of the lady who had gone to spend the Easter holidays at Tuxedo Park.

"Now you know all," she said. "Please let me go at once, for of course you won't be willing to have me sit down to the table with the dear little children again."

And her words died away in a great burst of tears.

"Not willing indeed!" cried Mrs. Edgecumbe. "Of course I won't be willing to let you stir a step from Lilliesleaf farm. Is that all that troubles you, Dolly?"

"Isn't that enough?" wailed poor Dolly.

"Quite enough to satisfy me that you must stay," said Mrs. Edgecumbe. "Why, Dolly, child, you're like my own sister now. Do you think I will let you go back into such temptations again? Never! Talk to her, John. Make her understand that we like her better than ever for having told us the truth—dear, brave girl!"

And Mrs. Edgecumbe ran out of the room to tell her husband that all was right.

Dolly looked timidly at Mr. Gardiner.

"Well," said he kindly.

"It is for you to decide," whispered she. "I will do exactly what you say."

"You'll promise me that, Dolly?"

"Yes," she avowed, artlessly.

"Dear little Dolly!" said he. "You have done very wrong, but you have atoned for all that by your free and frank confession. My verdict is that you are to remain here."

"Oh, Mr. Gardiner, I am so glad!"

"Stop," said he; "I am not quite through."

"Oh!" sighed Dolly, blankly.

"There is something else I want you to do."

"By way of penance?"

Dolly's blue eyes sparkled; her old playful spirit was coming back again.

"If you choose to call it penance, yes. I have discovered something within the last hour, Dolly. I have discovered that if you went away a great portion of the light and sunshine of my life would go also; that I love you, Dolly, and this thing that I ask of you is to be my wife!"

Dolly hid her burning face among the leaves of the big geranium at the window.

"I—think—I—must—be—dreaming," said she. "Because—how can I have deserved such happiness as this?"

"If we all got only what we deserve in this world," said Mr. Gardiner, "we should some of us fare pretty hard! And now, Dolly, my own darling little Dolly," taking her tenderly to his heart, "here is the human side of me! No happiness in all the universe can be too much for you, sweet one! And I love you all the better, in that you are no more absolutely perfect than myself."

And this "situation" as minister's wife at Lilliesleaf was the last that Dolly Damar ever took, and if any one else wants a "reference" for her they must ask the Rev. John Gardiner.

Land is known to exist north of [redacted] man than a poor one.

Stories about Thieves.

The Chicago *Inter-Ocean* says: It has not been many years since a well-known jurist chanced to ask a friend the time of day as he entered the temple of justice, remarking at the same time that he had forgotten his watch at home. At the conclusion of his day's duties he returned home, and when he asked his wife for his chronometer was not a little surprised to hear that she had given it to a young man who had come for it, representing that the jurist had sent him. The young man was a thief. He had heard the judge remark that he had forgotten his watch. Without a moment's delay the cunning rogue ran to the Judge's home and told the good lady of the house that her husband had sent him for the watch. It was a clever story, plausibly told, and it won the watch.

The proprietor of a large jewelry house in Cincinnati can scarcely have forgotten his experience with an expert knave. It was along toward noon one very hot day in the summer of 1875 when a ministerial appearing fellow in a black suit, with a white tie, entered the store. He leisurely walked to the showcase and asked to see some diamond studs. After some hesitation he bought a small stone, for which he paid $35. He then wished to look at some rings—thought of making his wife a present. As he followed the clerk to the show case containing the diamond rings he began to eat an apple. Several valuable gems were looked at with dissatisfaction. One valued at $500 pleased him, but was not just what he wanted. At length he saw one in the case he thought was just the thing. As the clerk reached to get it the parson-like customer pressed the $500 ring deep into the apple he was eating and cleverly tossed it out of the door. The clerk didn't notice the move, but a fellow who was standing on the outside did, and hastily picked up the apple and departed. The diamond purchaser decided not to get his wife a present till another day. He was on the point of leaving when the clerk missed the ring.

"Wait a minute, please," called the clerk, who was nervously looking over the tray, "I cannot find that large diamond ring you were looking at."

The sanctimonious gentleman in black at once returned and remarked that the clerk must be mistaken. The search continued, but it was fruitless. The proprietor was called, and in a very astute and blunt way insinuated that it might be found in the folds of the ring-buyer's garments.

"I am the Rev. Dr. G——n," said the customer in tones of excited wrath, naming a clergyman who lived in a village about thirty miles distant, "and I'll give you to understand that I did not come here to be insulted."

Well, the proprietor became angry and called a policeman, and the alleged clergyman was removed to a back room, protesting indignantly at the treatment. A short consultation was held, and a telegram was sent to the address given by the prisoner, making inquiry as to his character and whereabouts. The reply was slow in coming, and it was decided to search the prisoner. He was forced to strip, and every fold and crease in his clothes was searched. It is needless to say the ring was not found. The telegram to the village, thirty miles away, came, saying that the Rev. Dr. G——n was one of the most reliable men in the town, and that he was visiting friends in Cincinnati. Up to this time the proprietor had been of the opinion that the customer was a pious fraud, but the telegram changed his tune. He wanted to make amends right away. The parson talked heavy damages and law, but was at length soothed to silence by four crisp $100 bills. In some way the story of the minister's insult leaked out. His friends heard it and asked him about it. In the end he called at the jewelry store to see about it, and the proprietor was not a little amazed to find he had been duped. Detectives were at once put on the case, and in a few days arrested the bogus clergyman and his confederate trying to pawn the ring. They were the notorious "Frenchy" La Mountain and Cal Duncan.

In one of the city schools a teacher, with all the patience and powers of persuasion she could command, was endeavoring to instruct a class about a right angle triangle. After several attempts she called the scholars to account for inattention, with the remark that what she was saying seemed to go in one ear and out the other. Again she repeated her description, following it by asking, "Who can tell what a right angle triangle is?" Up went a hand and the bright boy to whom it belonged shouted, "Something which goes in one ear and out the other."

A Miner's Porous Plaster.

A miner named Tobias, in our camp on Chickasaw Shelf, had been suffering with wandering rheumatic pains for several weeks, and the most of them finally got together between his shoulders and hung there. He first tried one thing and then another until our brief list of remedies was exhausted, and then a most brilliant idea struck him. He gathered some pitch off an old stub, added some tar scraped from the wheels of a passing cart, and melted it up for a plaster. He took a piece of stout canvas a foot square, covered it over with the mixture, and then had one of the boys clap it on his back. The results were all he could have hoped for. In four or five days the pains left him, but a day or two later the plaster began itching so vigorously that he had to stop and rub his back on a stone every ten or fifteen minutes.

The boys were finally appealed to to rid Tobias of his tormentor, but we investigated to discover that the only way to get it off was to skin him. It seemed to have grown into his flesh, and the slightest pull at it made him yell with the hurt. We tried soaking and greasing and reheating, but it was no go. And the more we fooled with it the more it itched. We had a heap of fun at the poor man's expense, for by and by he had to get up nights to go and rub on his favorite boulder. By and by he declared that it must come off, happen what would. He wouldn't let one of us touch it, but planned a way of his own.

He had one of the boys cut a hole in the margin of the cloth at the top and run a small rope through it. The other end was made fast to a stone weighing a hundred pounds. When all was ready Tobias took his stand on the brink of a gulch thirty feet deep, shut his eyes and teeth, grabbed a stake with both hands and gave the word to push the stone over. When the rope straightened Tobias uttered a yell which was heard a mile and five seconds later let go of the stake and went head over heels down into the gulch. We climbed down as soon as possible, but it was no use. The fall had broken his neck. When we turned him over to see about the plaster it was there in the same old spot. The weight of that stone hadn't even started it loose at the top.

Can Fish Hear.

It has always been more or less of a disputed question whether or not fish possess the sense of hearing. Some interesting experiments were once made in this direction by John W. Masury at his trout hatchery at Eastport, L. I. There were present on the occasion Wm. C. Barrett, Frank H. Palmer and other noted anglers. The trout were in a narrow stream which traversed the building from end to end. At the lower corner was erected a screen, behind which the operator took position. Every variety of noise was made by the person in concealment and amid it all the trout remained perfectly motionless; but as soon as a handkerchief was waved above the top of the screen the fish darted toward the upper end of the building at a high rate of speed.

Some fishermen who set their nets in our estuaries and bays have a habit of making a noise by striking the sides of their boats with an oar or stick while moving toward the spot at which their gill nets are set. This is done with the idea that the fish hear and are frightened by the fracas into moving forward. Some of these fishermen, while they follow the practice, maintain that it has no effect whatever, unless the fish are in sight. Then it is the movement of the oar or stick, which is visible to them, that drives them onward. In the face of the learned authorities that have maintained that fish do hear, it would be presumptuous to positively assert the contrary.

In 1865 the nickel 3 cent piece was introduced. Its status was somewhat changed by the act of February 12, 1873. Before that time it had been a legal tender at first up to 30 cents and later up to 60 cents. But in its wisdom congress then made the piece legal tender for 25 cents. Why that sum was fixed upon no merely human intelligence has ever been able to guess. It is not divisible by three, and there is no more possibility of paying a 25 cent debt with 3 cent pieces than of reading the Congressional Record with interest.

A New York bank president says that during the past twenty-eight years the amount of money lost by all the national banks through dishonest practices does not exceed $7,000,000. In view of the vast sums handled by the banks during these years, he considers the amount small.

How the Woodcock Feed.

A writer in *Forest and Stream* gives the following account of the way he saw woodcock "boring" for worms one moonlight night: "The birds would rest their bills upon the mud and stand in this position for several seconds, as if listening. Then, with a sudden, swift movement, they would drive the bill its entire length in the soil, hold it so for a second, and then as swiftly withdraw it. Though I watched the birds carefully with the glass, I could not detect the presence of a worm in their bills when they were withdrawn. But a subsequent process gave me the clew to their method of feeding. After having bored over a considerable piece of ground—a foot square or more—they proceeded to execute what looked comically like a war dance upon the perforated territory. They also occasionally tapped the ground with the tips of their wings. My intense curiosity to know the possible utility of this process was at length gratified by seeing a worm crawl, half-length, from one of the borings, when it was immediately pounced upon and devoured by one of the woodcock. Presently another worm made its appearance, and so on until the two woodcock had devoured as many as a dozen of them. Then the 'vein' seemed exhausted, and the birds took their leave. I have subsequently studied the philosophy of this method of digging bait, and have come to the conclusion that certain birds are a great deal wiser than certain bipeds without feathers. If you will take a sharpened stick and drive it into the ground a number of times, in a spot which is prolific with worms, and then tap on the ground with the stick for a few minutes, you will find that the worms will come to the surface, and that they will come up through the holes which you have made. I account for it by the supposition that the tapping of the stick somehow affects the worms the same as the patter of rain, and it is a well-known fact that worms come to the surface of the ground when it rains. The antics of the woodcocks after they had made their borings, then, were simply mimetic, and intended to delude the worms into the belief that it was raining in the upper world. The worms, being deceived, came up and were devoured. All this may seem ridiculous, but, if it is not true, will some naturalist please state how a woodcock can grasp and devour a worm when its bill is confined in a solid, tight-fitting tunnel of soil, and also how it is enabled to know the exact spot where it may sink its bill and strike a worm? And further, of all those who have seen a woodcock feeding, how many ever saw it withdraw a worm from the ground with its bill?"

An Alligator's Queer Nest.

Alligators, as a rule, have a regular place of retreat in the bank of a stream or tarn, says the *Outing*. This is excavated with their fore paws, and the dirt is carried away in the mouth of the engineer, who backs into deep water and disgorges its load, then returns to renew the operation, until it has made itself a capacious home under water.

This will readily account for the size of the mouth, for it must not only procure food, but also act as a mud scow. The female adopts the same method for building her nest, and not only fills her mouth, but also takes a load between her forelegs when she is in a hurry. She can by this means accomplish much work in a day, for she never seems to tire.

It is quite amusing to watch a young mother build her first nursery, she being not only fussy and vigilant, but so suspicious that a few fluttering leaves startles her out of her wits.

Making Unpleasant Remarks.

Never tell any body an unpalatable truth when it can answer no good purpose. This sort of unnecessary candor is sometimes prompted by malice, sometimes by a mere looseness of tongue, like that which Iago imputes to Cassio when asleep. Sydney Smith says, and very justly, that friendship is frequently made an excuse for unpunishable impertinence by people who pride themselves on speaking their minds freely. The truth, maliciously spoken, may be libelous; and when volunteered in relation to matters with which the utterer has no concern, it is very often unmannerly. As surely as pleasant truths, kindly meant and said, are passports to affection, so surely do bitter ones provoke the enmity and hatred of those to whom they are addressed. If you have a taste for sharp repartee, restrain it. It is better to lose a jest than a friend—to miss an opportunity of saying a "good thing," than to make an enemy.

All About Warts.

The *Youth's Companion* says: Beneath the epidermal, or outer layer of the skin, the tissue is thrown up into little mounds or cones, called papillæ. Into these run the small blood-vessels and the sensitive nerve-endings. Sometimes one of these papillæ takes on an abnormal growth, which projects above the level of the surrounding skin, and is known as a wart.

Since the enlarged papillæ may have one of various shapes, the wart may be pointed, or round, or flattened, and may be attached to the skin by a base which is broad, or by a small pedicle. Sometimes the papilla is branched, and then the wart appears to be split.

In what is known as the "seed wart," which is very broad and fissured in various directions, there is a series of branches of the underlying papilla, each branch being covered with its layer of epidermis.

Warts grow generally upon the face and hands, but no part of the body is exempt from them. They are seen most frequently in the young and the very old, persons of middle-age being less frequently attacked.

Sometimes a crop will appear all at once, almost in a night, and they may disappear with equal suddenness. The reason for such appearance and disappearance is rarely known, but the fact has given rise to a wide-spread but baseless superstition that warts may be charmed away.

No one cause can be given for the appearance of warts, but probably local irritation has something to do with it in many cases. It is a popular idea that they are contagious, and certainly there are facts which seem to point that way; but what the nature of this contagion is, if there is any, is yet to be discovered. Warts rarely appear singly, and may reach enormous numbers as well as large proportions.

Though in themselves all warts are harmless, it is undoubtedly true that they are sometimes the starting-points for cancerous disease. This is more likely to occur when the wart is unduly rubbed or irritated.

The commonest treatment is by the use of some form of mild caustic. Rather more satisfactory, however, is the treatment by surgical procedures, either by the knife or the sharp scraping spoon. The process, whatever it is, must be a thorough one, for if the papilla is not entirely removed, the growth will speedily recur.

Grafting the Chestnut.

The *New York Tribune* says: In some old works on horticultural operations the grafting of the chestnut is referred to as a rather difficult and uncertain operation, and this may have deterred many otherwise good propagators of trees from attempting it. But any one who can successfully graft the apple and pear need not hesitate to graft the chestnut, thereby saving several years in procuring a crop of these excellent nuts. The cions should, of course, be taken from bearing trees if possible, and only the young healthy shoots used, and these taken from the terminal points of large, vigorous branches. After the cion is set, cover every part of the exposed wood on both stock and cion with wax, using plenty of it, inclosing all with waxed paper or thin cloth, to prevent admission of air or water when the stock begins to swell with growth in spring. I much prefer splice grafting upon small stocks on branches of larger trees, to the ordinary cleft-grating, but have good results from both. It is not at all rare to see the cion set in spring blooming at the usual time the first season, and bearing a few nuts the second, and more the third. By having a few seedling chestnut trees growing in the orchard and garden we can always avail ourselves of the opportunity for obtaining cions of choice varieties found in the forest, or in the grounds of friends and neighbors. The same is true in regard to fruit and ornamental trees, and a man handy with the budding-knife can always obtain of his friends choice and rare varieties without cost, if he is known as a liberal man ever ready to return such favors.

What might be termed a case of absent-mindedness occurred in the Eighth ward the other day. A man started from home for his place of business, and when about half way there stopped to light a cigar. The wind blowing in his face, he turned around to get his light, and then jogged on contentedly without noticing the change in direction until he brought up at his own door. Then he was mad.

An Omaha man has an egg which he claims he has kept for ten years. It must be a decayed egg of course.

A Centre of Bygone Greatness.

When the train after traversing the oasis of Bokhara, Central Asia, for ten miles from the modern town, pulls up at the station of Bairam Ali, in the midst of an absolute wilderness of crumbling brick and clay, the spectacle of walls, towers, ramparts and domes, stretching in bewildering confusion to the horizon, reminds us that we are in the centre of bygone greatness. Here, within a short distance of each other, and covering an area of several square miles, in which there is scarcely a yard without some remains of the past, or with a single perfect relic, are to be seen the ruins of at least three cities that have been born and flourished and have died.

In these solitudes, moreover, the traveler may realize in all its sweep the mingled gloom and grandeur of Central Asian scenery. Throughout the still night the fire-horse, as the natives have sometimes christened it, races onward panting audibly, guttorally, and shaking a mane of sparks and smoke. Itself and its riders are all alone. No token or sound of life greets eye or ear, no outline redeems the level sameness of the dim horizen; no shadows fall upon the staring plain. The moon shines with dreary coldness from the hollow dome, and a profound and tearful solitude seems to brood over the desert. The returning sunlight scarcely dissipates the impression of sadness, of desolate and hopeless decay, of a continent and life sunk in a mortal swoon. The traveler feels like a wanderer at night in some desecrated graveyard, amid crumbling tombstones and half-obliterated mounds. A cemetry, not of hundreds of years, but of thousands, not of families or tribes, but of nations and empires, lies outspread around him, and ever and anon, in falling tower and shattered arch, he stumbles upon some poor unearthed skeleton of the past.

Keep Young Stock Growing.

If properly fed and kept warm in winter, young animals gain more from the same feed than they will at any later period of their existence. The necessity for good feeding must therefore be apparent. For the young stock, if not fed or cared for as it should be, becomes stunted, and under this condition there is scarcely anything more vexatious and disheartening. The cause of stunted growth is usually impaired digestion, though this is followed by, and often confounded with, attacks of scurvy in pigs, lice in calves or colts or ticks on lambs, all of which are serious evils. They generally proceed from the one source of insufficient nutrition. We use this word nutrition rather than feeding advisedly. There may be enough or too much fed, and there may even be enough eaten, but it does not digest. It is only the food that digests which does an animal any good. Where digestion is ruined easily the animal never recovers to what it might have been. Starving and surfeiting are equally injurious. It is just these extremes that the careful farmer avoids as belonging to the wild state. No wild animal produces as much gain in flesh as one under intelligent and painstaking human care. The wild animal gets its food as best it may, and in latitudes where cold winters prevail it is reasonably sure to become pinched and stunted the first winter. It is quite likely that if the buffalo is domesticated and given food and shelter winters, it will attain larger size than the buffalo that formerly ran wild over our western plains.

Electrical Eels.

These creatures are well known as among the curiosities of the streams of tropical South America. A more particular account of them, by an English naturalist who has had much experience of their nature and habits, will be of interest.

They are of all sizes, from a foot to six feet in length, and are frequently caught on lines and are sometimes eaten, but not often, though their flesh is said to be good.

Horses as well as men, on coming in contact with them in the water are not unfrequently thrown down by the shock. They are called by the inhabitants "treme-treme." In rainy weather those who fish in these rivers often receive a shock, which is communicated along the moisture upon the rod and line, when one of them happens to seize the hook.

I saw one in a state of captivity. It was about six feet long, and was so tame that it would allow any one to put his hand upon it, and would even slide for its whole length through the fingers. If it was irritated in the smallest degree, however, by no matter how slight a pinch, it instantly communicated a smart shock.

An Ohio farmer planted a hickory post deep in the ground, tied a straw man to it, and then turned a fierce bull into the inclosure. The bull made a bee line for the figure, struck the post plumb-center, and was killed so dead that he didn't even kick after falling over.

The old man asseverated that his daughter's suitor was not a suitable person for her, to which charge the defendant merely replied, though he might be his father-in-law he was no judge.

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