AMERICAN SENTINEL.

VOL. 58, NO. 14. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 10, 1890. ESTABLISHED 1833.

Select Poetry.

SLEEP.

While children sleep
They know not that their father toils;
They know not that their mother prays—
Bending in blessing o'er their beds,
Imploring grace for afterdays,

While children sleep
They never dream that others work
That they may have their daily bread;
When morning comes they rise and eat,
And never ask how they are fed.

While children sleep
They do not see the shining sun—
They do not know the gracious dew,
In daily miracle of love,
Is ever making all things new.

Do we not sleep?
And know not that our Father works
With watchful care about our way.
He bends in blessing from above—
His love broods o'er us day by day.

Do we not sleep?
And never dream that others work,
Reaping the sheaves that might be ours;
We see not how the shadows fall
Which mark the swift departing hours.

Ah, still we sleep!
Our drowsy eyes see not the light,
See not the hand stretched out to bless,
See not that waiting for us stands
God's kingdom and his righteousness.

Select Story.

A HAPPY APRIL FOOL.

Why Philip Keith Thinks it a Pretty Good Sort of a Day.

"Confound this First of April. I would like to punch some one's head."

Philip Keith looked up from his writing at the speaker, who had just entered the room. He saw an aristocratic young lawyer friend of his—a "society favorite," in the fullest meaning of that laudatory term—a young man who wrote his name "D. Harrington Dee," though his intimates called him "Dan."

"Well," said Philip, "do not punch my head because my sentiments differ from yours. Here I was writing these very words as you came in: 'This blessed First of April, anniversary of so many joys, etc.,' he read from the sheet he held in his hand, then threw it down on the table.

Dan laughed heartily and settled himself in the comfortable chair by the table. The two men were in one of the writing-rooms of the Union League Clubs, and the hour was, perhaps, five or a little after. The sunlight was still bright on Fifth avenue, and the ceaseless roll of passing carriages was heard. It was just the glorious day and the hour when fashion was abroad, and something of D. Harrington Lee's feelings might be surmised as he drew from his pocket a ragged scarlet object and exhibited it to his friend, saying: "Would you love the First of April if you had walked up Fifth avenue with that pinned to your coat-tail?"

Philip shouted as loudly as any member is ever allowed to shout in the reading-room of the club, his mirth, doubtless, modified by his sense of the surroundings, not from any lack of humor in the cause. There in his hand was a bit of flannel from which dangled many long ends of the same material.

"A crab, I think'" he said, after a moment's examination—"one with the meat picked out. Where did you catch it?"

"Catch it?" Somebody *will* catch it—there will be a lively racket, if I ever find out who has played this joke on me. Jay and Leonard were in the office when I left, and they would, of course, have taken it off if any of the office boys had pinned it on."

"Unless they did it themselves," wickedly suggested Philip.

Dan's eyes blazed. "I never thought of that. You see, I took first a Broadway car to Brentano's, went in there for a few moments, and then walked up the avenue. I remember, now, some people looked at me very curiously. Mrs. Belden spoke to the lady driving with her, and then bowed a second time; that sweet, pretty Miss Carrington, who is visiting the Grays, turned to bow to me as she drove up, and she smiled more genially than usual. A few moments after an old gentleman overtook me and said: 'Young man, some one has made an "April Fool" of you;' and he handed me this—"

Philip laughed because he could not help it, and then said: "I do feel sorry for you, Dan, but I know no fellow who can stand a thing of that kind better than you can. It won't hurt you in Miss Carrington's eyes, I fancy, if reports are true. I only hope your April fooling will turn out as well for you as mine did for me."

Dan's face flushed a little at Phil's words, and he asked: "What about your April fool?"

"Well, I met my wife one first of April—never saw her again until the next—we were married on the third arrival of that date—and our baby girl was born the next anninersary. Do you wonder I have pleasant associations with it?"

"Well, rather not. But how did you always manage to strike that one day?"

"Wait until I finish this letter to my wife and I will tell you," replied Philip. "That nuisance of a Leland suit coming on just this week prevents my going to Chicago to spend the day with her. She has to stay with her mother, who is quite ill."

An hour or two later the two men were dining together. The arguments upon Protection and Free Trade, some footlight gossips, a society scandel, all having been discussed, Dan insisted that Philip should tell his "love story."

"I am not a very great hand at talking of my own affairs," Phil said, "but this being such a special anniversary, I believe I will bore you."

Dan settled himself to listen, and Phil began: "Just four years ago I was in Chicago. I had been spending several months in Santa Barbara, and had promised Lewis Gordon, a friend of mine who had an olive plantation in the Santa Ynez Valley, that I would, when in Chicago, call upon his sister, who was visiting some Gordon relatives on the North side. I was only in town one day and night, but I found time to call. Miss Gordon was at home, and I sent up my card on which Lewis had written: 'Welcome him for my sake. Lewis Gordon.'

"It was about five o'clock on as sunny a day as this, but the room was so dark that I could hardly distinguish the figure of a girl who came running up to me with the cordial welcome Lewis had bespoken. I could not tell whether she was pretty or not; she was dressed in some stylish street costume, and had her hat on, and I only knew her voice was the sweetest I had ever heard. As she held on to my hand and drew me toward the window, she was saying: 'You tease—of course you could not fool me, even if it is the first of April. I am so glad to see you, and only wish Leila was here!' Leila was Lewis' sister.

"I was not half as much surprised at my greeting as the girl herself was when she saw that she had hold of the wrong man's hand. Lewis was a tremendous tease, it seems, and they had been expecting him East for some time, and thought he had at last arrived, and this was his joke in honor of the day.

"We had quite a laugh over the meeting and a pleasant but short call together, for Miss Mary, Lewis' cousin—who, by the way, proved to be pretty and attractive—was just about starting for Lake Forest to visit some friends. I met her mother and sister, told them all I knew of Lewis, and after helping Miss Mary into the carriage and promising to call upon my next visit to Chicago—which I inwardly vowed would be soon—I bade them all good bye.

"Within four months I had business in St. Louis, and a stop in Chicago was made to call at Mrs. Gordon's. You can imagine my surprise and annoyance when I found their house was closed, and no one of the three or four persons whom I interviewed could give me any information as to their whereabouts. Some one suggested they had gone to Europe; and as my acquaintance did not warrant my making special inquiries, I disguised my disappointment, and went to work to forget pretty Mary Gordon as best I could.

"The next first of April was a beastly, rainy day, and I was glad my writing kept me busy in the office. About noon in walked Joe Streeter. You never saw him?" Dan shook his head. "He was a clever English fellow," continued Philip, "whom I met in Switzerland, and afterwards knew quite well while he was in New York for a year on business for the Sun Insurance Company. He was growling at the weather, having had a ride into Westchester before him that afternoon, and begged me to go with him. I scouted at the idea, and told him I was not going out until I went home to dinner.

"As he got up to leave he suddenly asked: 'Did you see the notice of Thomas Maxwell's injury a day or two ago? It was in the Times.'

"I replied, emphatically: 'I never read the Times now.' That was one of our topics for quarreling, but he did not catch me up as usual—only said: 'Pretty sad affair. Maxwell fell from the platform of a street car and broke his arm. He was taken to St. Luke's.'

"'To St. Luke's!' I exclaimed; 'where is his family? I thought they were all back from Europe.'

"'I don't know anything about them, said Joe; 'I hardly ever see Maxwell now. Some one told me he mentioned your name and wished to see you.'

"'To see me? That is funny,' I said, 'most extraordinary. You know, Streeter, I was never intimate with Maxwell, although we camped out together in the Adirondacks; there was no reason why he should wish for me.'

"Joe shrugged his shoulders and said; 'If you won't drive with me you had better go up to the hospital and see Maxwell.' With that he went out.

"I tried to go on with my writing, but I thought of that poor chap lying in the hospital. Suppose he wanted me to do some legal work for him, or to write to his friends? Then I coaxed myself into thinking it was perhaps not visiting day at St. Luke's. I knew there was some red tape about people getting in to see the patients, but that was absurd—rich Tom Maxwell was in a private room with a dozen nurses at his call, and if he was well enough to see friends a regiment could march in and no one would oppose.

"Well, to make a long story short, my work was all broken up, and I made up my mind to call on Tom. I sent for a cab, and in a short time was in the reception-room at the hospital. I had never been in such establishment before, and I felt qu[illegible] like a sick man as I sat waiting. [illegible] really was nervous. After a sh[illegible] delay a pleasant-faced young fell[illegible] came in. He was the house surge[illegible] though I pledge you my word [illegible] thought he was some young medi[illegible] student. He bowed, introduced h[illegible] self, and then said: 'You came to [illegible] Tom Maxwell, I believe.'

"His tone struck me as flippant, and it certainly was disrespectful to speak of a man like Thomas Maxwell in that way; so I answered, stiffly: 'Yes, Mr. Maxwell and I, though not intimate friends, have been more or less together. I have just heard of his injury, and wished to inquire for him.'

"There was an air of amusement about the young doctor as he asked: 'How long since you have seen Mr. Maxwell?'—he laid unnecessary stress on the Mr.

"I bridled immediately and replied: 'I do not know to a fraction of time when I last saw him: but may I beg, sir, to ask if it is always necessary to be cross-examined when visiting patients?'

"'Not at all, sir,' he answered, very quickly. 'I beg pardon, but really there must be some mistake; would you mind telling me what position Maxwell filled when you last saw him?'

"I was thunderingly angry by that time, but controlled myself sufficiently to say: 'I decline to answer your question. You evidently do not know a gentleman when you see one. Mr. Maxwell is a gentleman in every sense of the word.'

"Then, Dan if you could have heard that fellow laugh—for a moment he could not speak; and I was just leaving the room when he managed to gasp out. 'Mr. Keith, you have been the victim of a practical joke. It is a decided case of mistaken indentity, I am sure; for this Tom Maxwell is a drunken, well-known bruiser of the West side. This is the second time he has come here suffering from injuries received in some street brawl.'

"It was my turn now to beg the young doctor's pardon, and we shook hands heartily in honor of the explanation. It was one of Streeter's jokes, and I was an 'April Fool,' and a mad one, I can tell you. Streeter's story was true, however, as far as names went; for when the fellow was picked up, not far from the hospital, he was yelling lustily for 'Phil, Phil,' a 'tough, who had knocked him down and had since been sent up for six months. I found the young doctor very clever and entertaining, and when he proposed I should take my first tour of hospital inspection I consented.

"If you have never been to St. Luke's or any other hospital, just go, and you will agree with me that they are models of neatness and efficiency, as far as one could judge, in every department. I saw the whole business; went into the operating room, examined the surgical instruments and every thing of interest. In the men's ward I had the pleasure of seeing my friend, Tom Maxwell, a rough, red headed, coarse-featured fellow as ever you saw. The doctor stopped by his cot, wished him good afternoon, and asked how he felt.

"'Oh, well enough, doctor, I'll be about agin soon, and won't I punch Phil for this thing! You're sure he's sent up?' he asked, with a vicious twinkle of his little eyes. We laughed and passed on; I had seen enough of the man I had been anxious to call upon.

"As we came out into the chapel gallery we could look across and see the children playing in their ward. 'Come, Mr. Keith, you might as well see the little things. Their ward is the best of all.' The doctor was an enthusiast over children, and we were soon among them. It was a pitiful sight to see some of the little sufferers; others were playing about, and for all the doctor had some pleasant word.

"In a little side room was a poor child, perched in a big chair, and suffering from some skin disease. A nurse was with him, and I turned away without a second look, but the doctor stopped to speak to them both. I heard him say; 'Is Miss Lent still indisposed? I fear, Miss Gordon, you are overtaxing your strength.'

"Oh no, doctor, not a bit: you know I am strong,' was the reply.

"There was something very familiar in those sweet tones, and I turned to see my lost Mary Gordon in a nurse's dress—a ministering angel to that repulsive little object. To the doctor's amazement we were grasping hands, and questions and answers followed in quick succession. She was a graduated trained nurse when I met her, and, by some strange and unusual good fortune, she had ob[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] respect, and ended all by gaining Mary Gordon's consent to give up trained nursing as a profession, and to marry me on the next First of April. There is a love story in a nut-shell. What do you think of it?"

"Not a bad one at all," answered Dan. "I think I'll call on Miss Carrington and give her this little piece of red flannel."

He laughed as he rose, and Phil said: "I wish you good luck!" and then, as Dan walked away, he settled himself to dream a little of his sweet wife and baby daughter, who were far away on that First of April.

A FROZEN HEART.

From Fireside Companion.

"Two children!" said Decimus Black. "Coming here! I won't have 'em—and there's the end of it."

Mr. Black stood on the red-brick hearth in front of the big wood-fire, in an attitude of the intensest animosity, an open letter in his hand, a frown darkening his rugged face.

Mrs. Black paused in her occupation of stocking-mending—a pained expression passed over her toil-worn lineaments.

"But they are your own son's children, Decimus," she pleaded. "And their grandma on their mother's side is dead, and there ain't no one to care for 'em at Hill's Hollow."

"Well, I can't help that," retorted the old man, setting his yellow teeth together. "Do the Hill's Hollow folks think I keep a free tavern? I don't like children. I never did. When John James married and had a family he didn't consult me—and I ain't goin' to support 'em! I want that clearly understood. At my age I can't have children racketing about the house. I brought up John James and Ester Anne—and that's all can be expected of me!"

Mrs. Black's countenance fell. In her secret mind she had all the morning been planning what room John James' orphans should have, how she would unpack sundry broken toys that she kept in a chest in the garret—sole relics of the only child she ever had—for their behoof, and what a gleam of sunshine their presence would bring into the silent, dreary house. They were no kith nor kin of her's, being the grand children of Decimus' first wife, yet her heart warmed to them with longing tenderness.

"It seems 'most a pity," said she, "not to—"

"We won't argy the question no furder," said Black, sharply; "I ain't goin' to hev 'em here—and that's the long and the short of it."

"But, father, they're on the way here already!"

"Then they'll hev to be on the way back, that's all, afore they're twenty-four hours older."

And Decimus Black went out. Five minutes later the ring of his axe at the wood-pile, sharp and sudden, gave the key note to his mood of stern resolve.

"Is this the house, Kitty?" said little Johnny Black, as the stage-driver helped him out of the creaking old vehicle. "Does grandpa live here? Oh, dear, I do hope there's a good fire, because I'm so frozen cold!"

The older sister, a mite of ten, stood on tiptoe to sound the knocker, while little Johnny clung to her, with one hand on the tattered carpet-sack that contained their earthly stores.

"Ain't there no one there?" faltered he.

"I don't know," said Kitty. "I'll knock again."

Still no answer came. Mrs. Black was out feeding her chickens in the barnyard, and old Decimus was performing his nightly task of milking, in the safe shelter of the cow-stable. As it happened, he was the first to re-enter the house and confront the little creatures, who were still patiently waiting on the door-step.

"Eh!" said he. "Who be you?"

"We're John and Catherine," said the girl. "We couldn't make any one hear. Please, are you our Grandpa Black?"

The old man peered up the road.

"Stage gone?" said he.

"Yes, sir," Kitty answered, shivering.

"Wal, it stops at the tavern an hour to change hosses and give the passengers their supper. You go arter it—it's only half a mile—and tell the driver to take you back on the night trip to where you come from."

"Ain't we to stay here?" hesitated Kitty.

"No," said Decimus, "you ain't. We don't want no children here. Come, start on—it'll be dark pretty soon."

And by way of terminating matters he shut the door in their faces and went back into the house, with a grim chuckle.

"It's a good thing Betsy wasn't here," said he to himself. "She'd a-been dead sure to hev made a fuss. Women hain't no judgment nor discretion."

Half a dozen rods down the road Regina Whelpley, the village schoolmistress, came upon two forms crouching among the dead leaves in the angle of the old stone wall.

"Mercy upon us!" said she, with a little start. "Who is this!"

And with tears and tribulation the children told their story.

Regina was a tall, straight girl, with eyes as black as coals, a rosy color, and a true, womanly heart.

"It's a shame!" said she. "Two little helpless creatures like you! But every one knows that when Decimus Black makes up his mind there ain't no softening him. Hush! there he goes now."

She drew the children back into the shadow as the old man trudged past, the visor of his fur cap pulled over his eyes, his hands thrust down deep into his pockets. All three drew a long breath of relief when he was gone.

"Look here," said kind Regina, "I'd take you in myself if I had a home; but I have none. I'm only a country school teacher, boarding around. One thing is very certain, though—you can't go any farther to-night. I'm boarding my week with your Grandma Black now. I know she'll let me take you into my room there, and we can fix up some sort of a bed there for one night at least. Your Grandma Black, she's a human Christian and not a heathen sphinx!" setting her lips closely together. "Come, don't cry any more, little boy. I'll take care of you."

Mrs. Black's amazement at the sight of Miss Whelpley leading a child by either hand on her kitchen threshold may easily be imagined. At the piteous tale she burst into tears.

"Oh, Miss Regina," said she, "what am I to do? He says—"

"Never mind what he says," curtly interrupted the girl. "We can't let these two poor little creatures perish of cold this bitter March night because he hasn't any heart! As for getting to the tavern before the stage starts again, they're not able to do it. And, after all, what would become of them at the other end of the route? No, Mrs. Black, we'll give 'em a good supper of warm bread and milk, and fix 'em a bed in my room for to-night. And if your husband finds it out and scolds you, why you may just tell him it was my fault. I'm not afraid of him, if you are. And to-morrow we'll consider what it is best to do next."

Thus relieved, to a certain extent, of the responsibility, old Mrs. Black set to work with a glad and pitying heart to warm and feed the two poor little children, and did not rest until she had seen them snugly asleep on a floor-bed in the corner of Regina's small apartment.

"It don't seem as if I could ever let 'em go again, Miss Whelpley," said the old woman, wiping her spectacle-glasses. "But you don't know what it is to be married."

"No, I don't," said Regina, laughing. "But, never mind, Mrs. Black, two sweet children like this will be sure to find a home somewhere."

Old Decimus came home at the usual hour from his chat at the village store.

Mrs. Black looked at him guiltily as he entered.

"It's a-snowin'," said he; "snowin' hard."

"Is it, father?"

"Yes. Where's the lantern!"

"What do you you want the lantern for?"

Decimus Black writhed uneasily.

"I stopped in at the tavern on my way back," said he, "an' they told me the stage went back empty."

"Did it, father?" (in a low voice.)

"An' I feel sort of uneasy to think what can have become o' them children," unwillingly admitted the old man. "I dare say for't, I can't get the look o' that boy outen my head. It's jes the way John James used to look at me. John James had dreadful pleasant eyes. Help me to s'arch for the lantern, mother. I must go out and hunt the children up. I wish to goodness I'd never sent 'em away."

At that moment the door at the foot of the stairs opened. Regina Whelpley stood there, with flushed cheeks and shining eyes.

"If you really mean that, Mr. Black," said she, "Providence has been kinder to you than you had any right to expect. Light the candle, Mrs. Black. Show him where the poor creatures are. I found them cowering under a stone fence, Mr. Black, and I brought them here on my own responsibility. Look!"

She held the candle high above her head. Old Decimus leaned forward, and for the first time in her life, Mrs. Black saw a big tear plash down from his dim eyes on the blue plaid coverlet.

"I'm glad on't," said he, "I'm glad on't! It's a bitter March night, and the snow is falling as I never knowed it to fall afore in March, and if them little ones had perished—"

His voice broke down; he turned his face away.

"Father," pleaded the old woman, coming close to him and putting one withered hand appealingly on his arm, "they may stay here, mayn't they?"

"Yes," he answered, in a husky voice; "they may stay here."

So the little wanderers found a home after all, and, to judge by popular report, not an unpleasant one.

"For, I do declare," said Miss Whelpley, the village school-mistress, "those children rule the whole house. Only think of old Decimus Black, who used to think that children had no business to exist, building a play-room for them in the barn and buying a little pony for 'em to ride, and taking 'em with him wherever he goes. His heart has been frozen up tight these many years, but it has thawed out at last."

So it had. In the sunshine of children's smiles, the magic influence of which the Great Teacher spoke when He said:

"And a little child shall lead them."

Evading the Question.

During a stay of Emperor William I, of Germany, at the fashionable watering place of Ems, that monarch paid a visit to a large orphan asylum and school that was under government patronage. The presence of so distinguished a personage created quite a sensation in the establishment. After listening with much interest to the recitations of several of the classes, his Majesty called to him a bright, flaxen-haired little girl of five or six years of age, and, lifting her into his lap, said to her:

"Now, my little Fraulein, let me see how well you have been taught. To what kingdom does this belong? And taking out of his pocket an orange, he held it up to her.

The little girl hesitated a moment and, looking timidly up in the Emperor's face, replied:

"To the vegetable kingdom."

"Very good, my little Fraulein; and now to what kingdom does this belong?" And he drew out of his pocket a gold piece and placed it on the orange.

Again the little girl hesitated, but soon replied:

"To the mineral kingdom."

"Better and better," said the Emperor. "Now look at me and say to what kingdom I belong."

At this question there was an ominous silence among the teachers and visitors who were listening with much interest to the royal catechism. Could she make any other reply than "To the animal kingdom?" The little girl hesitated long, as if perplexed as to what answer she would give. Was the Emperor an animal? Her eyes sought those of her teacher and her schoolmates. Then she looked up into the eyes of the aged Emperor, and, with a half-startled, frightened look, as if she were evading the question, replied:

"To the kingdom of heaven."

The unexpected answer completely upset the equanimity of the old gentleman.

Referring to the new machine which sews on 3,000 buttons a day, The Norwich Bulletin says: "What this world wants is not more buttons to the minute, but more thread to the button." Amen!

There is a cat in Millville, N. J., that for sixteen years has lived around the docks, and that will jump overboard and swim like a water spaniel.

How Sounds Travel.

The report of a cannon travels very far, because it communicates a vibration to the soil.

The noise produced by the great eruption of Cotopaxi, in 1744, was heard over 600 miles.

Franklin asserts that he heard the striking together of two stones in the water half a mile away.

In 1762 the report of the cannon fired in Mayence could be heard at Timbeck, 146 miles away.

In the polar regions Sir John Franklin's men conversed with ease at a distance of more than a mile.

When in 1809 the cannon boomed in Heligoland the sound was heard at Hanover, a distance of 157 miles.

The cannonading at Florence was heard at Leghorn, 56 miles away, and that at Genoa over 100 miles.

The greatest distance at which artificial sounds are known to have been heard was on December 4, 1832, when the cannon at Antwerp were heard in the Erzgebirge, 370 miles distant.

Calladon, by experiments made at Lake Geneva, estimated that a bell of common size, one that could be heard a distance of three to five miles on land, could, if submerged in the sea, be heard over 60 miles.

A Dying Man's Vision.

An impressive incident occurred years ago in Hartford. The man who related it was so profoundly impressed with the reality of a supra-mortal meeting and recognition that he never forgot it. He is still living in a Western State. On this occasion he was a watcher at the bedside of a dying man—a printer. He is a very "practical," hard-headed man and one of the last to be given to fancies. For half an hour, he said, the dying man had been sinking. The breathing, growing more labored, became slower and fainter. The watcher thought the man was dead, when suddenly his eyes opened with a glad look of wonder and joyful recognition; he threw up his arms as in an embrace and his whole face was illuminated as he rapturously exclaimed: "Why, mother!" The same instant he fell back dead. "Nothing will ever convince me," said the watcher, relating the occurrence years afterwards, 'that the man didn't actually see his mother then and there."

A Young Grandma.

There are many aged great-grandmothers, but the San Francisco Chronicle says the youngest great-grandmother in the United States lives near Pomona, Cal. Her name is Francesca Cornolla, and her age is but fifty years. She is a Spanish woman. She was married when fifteen years old, and her eldest daughter married when she was a little over seventeen years old. Mrs. Cordolla was but thirty-three years old when she was a grandmother. Her eldest granddaughter was married last April at the age of sixteen years, and now that a great-grand-daughter has been born into the family there is great rejoicing among the Cordollas and their Spanish relatives. Mrs. Cordolla is in superb health, and she says that if the record of the family keeps up she will have the felicity of holding her great-great-grand child upon her knee before the biblical allotted time for her on earth is measured out.

Some one has said that saloons can no more be run without boys than sawmills without logs. Lately in Chicago "a school-teacher noticed a knot of boys counting the number of holes in some cards. He called one of them up and insisted on knowing what it meant, and the boy told him that a saloon-keeper who had his saloon near the school had given them those cards, and every time they took a drink he punched them—one hole for beer, two for straight drinks and three for mixed drinks—and each month he gave prizes. The boy who had the most holes punched in his card got a revolver, the second a life of Jesse James and the third a meerschaum pipe."

A little fifteen cent watch delighted Raymond greatly, and he said to me as I was undressing him: "A lady did say to me on the boat, 'What time is it by your watch?' and I did say to lady, 'My watch didn't went.'"

His Reverence (impressively)—"Of course you are sick after your spree. Be sure your sins will always find you out." Pat—"Sure, yer Anner, its mesilf that hopes that they may whiniver they have the impetence to call."

It is proposed to reduce cows' milk to a dry powder, as being better for transportation and superior to condensed milk. The idea originated in Switzerland.

Reform in Will-Making.

"They manage these things much better in Germany," said a prominent American-German citizen one day day while conversing with a Philadelphia *Taggart's Times* reporter on the subject of wills. "In Germany a hard-hearted or easily influenced parent cannot cut a child off with a trifle, as they can do in this country or in England. In Germany and also in France a person making a will can not do so in private, as is done here, giving an opportunity for villainy and unfairness on the part of the relatives who are closest to the testator and have charge of his private papers. The German citizen, in making a will, is required to go before a judge or notary, who instructs him as to the provisions of the law, and informs the testator that if certain rules are violated, the will is invalid. Thus a husband is compelled to leave a wife one-half his possessions and his children the remainder, unless they debar themselves from this provision of the law by certain unfilial crimes. For instance, if a child strikes or abuses either of his parents, he is legally disinherited. It is the same if he brings a suit, civil or criminal, against his parents, and in case he marries against the wishes of either parent, they can, on their death, deprive him of just one-half the amount he would otherwise receive."

In this country the laws concerning wills are very bad, and through them many a rightful heir has been cheated out of his just deserts by the protection the laws give to the arts and connivances of designing and wicked relatives. In this country a will can not be registered until after the death of the testator, and the only assurance that a man has after making a will, that it will fall into proper hands at death, is to place it with a trust and safe deposit company, who accepts wills for safe keeping during the life of the testator. As far as the claims of relatives go to a person's property, a widow is the only one who can enforce such a claim in America, where the law gives her a third of her husband's estate, no matter how his will may be read; but beyond that, his relatives have no legal claims on his property, as it is entirely a matter of choice with him whether he leaves them any thing at all.

There is no doubt, however, that this condition of the law relating to wills, works cruel injustice in some cases. A few months ago a wealthy butcher, living up-town, lay upon his dying bed. His nearest relatives were his wife, his only son and his mother. What money he had he earned principally through the help of his faithful wife and his dutiful son, who had stood in the market for him since a small lad. Just previous to his death his wife asked him: "John, have you made every provision for us after you are gone? If you have not there may be trouble." "Have no fear of that, Mary," replied the dying butcher. "Everything is attended to." Satisfied by this assurance, the wife said no more about the matter. What was her rage and surprise to find, when her husband's will was read, that he had cut both her and her son off without a cent, and left every dollar he possessed to his mother. The son was so angry, on learning the news, that he tore the crape off the parlor shutters. The wife contested the will and was awarded her third interest in his estate according to law, but there was no remedy for the son and he went penniless.

A little neighbor, cousin to Dr. Ambler of Arctic-Exploration fame, was playing with a small colored companion, just after the results of that ill-fated expedition were known. Said the young Virginian: "Tobe, what will they do with the North Pole when they find it?" "Frash chestnuts with it," was the prompt and emphatic reply.

A farmer and his wife, on their first visit to the Capitol at Montpelier, Vermont, paused before the statue of Ethan Allen. They gazed long and thoughtfully at it, till finally the silence was broken by the husband. "Well, mother," he said, "I allus thought Ethan Allen was a hoss."

In bottling catsup or pickles boil the corks, and while hot you can press them into the bottles, and when cold they are tightly sealed. Use the tin-foil from compressed yeast to cover the corks.

Simmering at 180 degrees is preferable in cooking meats, to boiling at 212 degrees. Much heat is wasted in raising water to needlessly high temperatures in cooking.

The birthdays of his children are a man's landmarks on the road to old age.

Genuine Courtesy.

It is not always in court circles or among the aristocracy of a land that the truest courtesy is found. In the humbler ranks of life are often seen instances of true breeding that would put to the blush some of our upper five hundred. Nearly fifty years ago, when John J. Crittenden, the distinguished Senator from Kentucky, was stumping that State for the election of his friend, Henry Clay, to the Presidency, he stayed for a few days in Danville, a town in the Blue Grass region.

The Whigs from near and far were gathered in force in the little city, and the distinguished men of the neighborhood, together with these visitors were invited to a "big dinner", at the house of Mr. S——, a well-to do farmer and stanch Whig, who lived a mile or two in the country.

For days the available force of the farm had been so employed in preparing for the great occasion, which was appointed for Thursday, that the family were put on somewhat short commons.

On Wednesday the Senator started out from the house where he was staying, for a morning walk. Absorbed in thought on the political situation, he was not aware how the time passed until, glancing up to the sky, he saw by the sun that it was noon.

"Why," he said to himself, "I must hasten, or I shall be too late for Mr. S——'s dinner!"

He had forgotten that the dinner was appointed for the next day. Taking a short cut through the woods, he soon arrived at the farm-house. He noticed an unusual commotion in the yard, where the slaughter of turkeys was engaging the attention of a crowd of little darkies, and thinking he must be late, he hastened his steps.

Mr. and Mrs. S—— were standing on the front porch, watching the turkies and the darkies, when Mr. Crittenden approached. Mrs. S—— understood the situation at once.

"Bless my heart, husband," she said, "yonder's Senator Crittenden! He's coming to dinner, sure's the world! He thinks it's to-morrow. What shall we do?"

"Invite him in," said the old farmer, "and give him the best we have."

At that moment the dinner-horn sounded, and the visitor reached the steps. Mr. S——advanced to meet him, but before he could utter a word, the Senator said:

"I hope I have not kept your dinner waiting, Mr. S——. I was walking in the woods, and did not notice the hour."

"Indeed, no," was the instant reply. "It is only just ready. Walk in, sir! walk in! I am glad to see you under my roof."

He took his visitor's hand heartily, introduced him to his wife, and then led the way into the dining-room. In the room were already gathered his three stalwart sons, and smoking on the board were the traditional hog and hominy, with the potatoes and corn bread of Kentucky farm-life.

The homely dishes were passed to the Washington Senator, while the talk ran upon the coming election, the crops and the partridges with which the hempfields abounded. Senator Crittenden was proverbially an absent-minded man, and the fact that he was the only guest did not occur to him. On the contrary, he thoroughly enjoyed his dinner, and delighted the heart of his hostess by telling her that her corn pones tasted just as his mother's used to do when he was a boy in Woodford county.

After dinner, and an hour's conversation over cob pipes on the front porch, he arose to take his leave. As he shook hands at parting, Mr. S—said:

"Don't forget, Senator, that you are to come and dine with me to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" echoed his visitor, covered with confusion. "Bless my soul, sir, I thought it was to-day, and of course, you was not expecting any one to-day! What a stupid blunder on my part!"

"Not at all," was the courteous answer. "It has only given us two pleasures instead of one, and I only wish it might occur often."

The next day forty gentlemen were entertained at the old farm-house in princely, if semi-barbaric, style, but the Senator declared that he enjoyed none of it as he had done the simplicity of the day before.

"And, sir," he said, telling the story to a friend in Washington, "I have never seen any where in any court circle more ease, more self-possession or more true courtesy, than was shown by that old farmer and his family. They apologized for nothing; there was never an intimation that I was unwelcome, or even unlooked for, or that any thing was amiss. It was the height of goodbreeding. I was proud of my people."

"Don't you love her still?" asked the judge of a man who wanted a divorce. "Certainly I do," said he; "I love her better still than any other way, but the trouble is she will never be still." The judge who is a married man himself, takes the case under advisement.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2900_scm2297-0272