AMERICAN SENTINEL.

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Select Poetry.

A DEAD SOLDIER.

He sleeps at last—a hero of his race.
Dead!—and the night lies softly on his face,
While the faint summer stars, like sentinels,
Hover above his lonely resting-place.

A soldier, yet less soldier than a man—
Who gave to justice what a soldier can:
The courage of his arm, his patient heart,
And the fire-soul that flamed when wrong began.

Not Cæsar, Alexander, Antonine,
No despot born of the old warrior line,
Napoleons of the sword, whose cruel hands
Caught at the throat of love upon its shrine—

But one who worshipped in the sweeter years
Those rights that men have gained with blood and tears;
Who led his armies like a priest of men,
And fought his battles with anointed spears.

Select Story.

HOW DUKE SAVED MOLLY.

A Tale of Escape During the War of the Revolution.

For the third time little Ruth Holley stepped out on the broad, flat stone that served as a doorstep, and, shading her eyes with her hand, looked eagerly down the road.

"Oh, dear!" she sighed, glancing at the long slanting shadows, "it's almost supper time, and they haven't come, and Sister Molly is never late!"

Then she turned and passed through the narrow entry into the kitchen, where her mother was bending over a big iron pot which hung from the crane in the wide fireplace.

"Well, daughter, any signs of 'em yet?"

"No, mother," answered Ruth, almost ready to cry, "perhaps Gray Duke has run away, or some of the dreadful Tories have stopped them; and, if anything should happen to Geordie or the twins, I don't know what I should do!"

The kitchen door opened, and a tall, gray haired man entered.

"I've put the milk in the pantry, mother. Where are Molly and the children? Haven't they come?"

Mrs. Holley shook her head.

"Ruth is worrying, father, for fear that they've been caught by Tories, or that Gray Duke has run away with them."

The farmer threw back his head and laughed.

"No fear of that, little girl! Molly Pidgin is a born horsewoman, and Duke may be fiery and unmanageable enough with strangers, but he's like a lamb with Molly. And, as for being caught by the Tories, why I'd just like to see 'em do it, that's all! There isn't a horse in these parts that can keep within sight of Duke's heels. I knew his value well when I gave him to Molly for a wedding gift. And they are well matched for spirit!"

"I wish Molly had less spirit, father, for then, when Edward went away, she would have come up here to stay with us," returned Mrs. Holley. "Middlesex is no place for her; it's a perfect nest of Tories! But we had hard work to get her to spend even this week with us!"

"Well, I suppose she thought some of the Tories would run off the cattle or ransack the house while she was away. We are passing through dark days—dark days, mother! It's bad enough to have to fight an open foe, but when it comes to having neighbors who are on the watch for every chance to plunder you and to give you over to the red coats, it's almost more than flesh and blood can stand!"

It was the summer of 1781, the darkest and most trying period of the Revolution. The campaign of 1779 had proved a failure. The British were everywhere successful, and the American army had done almost nothing toward bringing the war to a close. And 1780 was a still more discouraging year. The winter was one of the coldest ever known, and the sufferings of the Continental troops in their winter quarters at Morristown were terrible.

Early in 1781 several hundred of the soldiers revolted and were only kept by the point of the bayonet from going home, so that this year, too, opened most disastrously. The dwellers on the Connecticut coast lived in constant fear of the British who occupied New York city and Long Island, and frequently crossed the Sound at night in boats, to plunder the inhabitants and carry them away captives. Norwalk, Middlesex (now Darien) and Stamford were particularly hated by the English on account of the patriotism of their three ministers, and the red coats had been planning for a long time some way of punishing the Rev. Mr. Mather, whose earnest teachings served to keep up the almost fainting courage of the people of Middlesex.

Mrs. Holley swung the crane further over the fire and then helped Ruth to set the table with the dark blue china and the large pewter platters, which had been scoured until they shone like silver.

"Hark! What is that?" said the farmer, going to the door. But Mrs. Holley and Ruth were there before him, just in time to see a powerful gray horse dash up to the door and stop obediently at the decided "Whoa!" of his mistress, a rosy cheeked, bright eyed young woman. Behind her, on the pillion, and securely tied to her waist, was 4-year-old Geordie, while in front, encircled by her arms, sat the baby twins, Ben and Desire, as like as two peas. In a moment Geordie was unfastened and Ruth was smothering him with kisses, while Mrs. Holley looked very proud with a twin on either arm.

"Well, Molly," said her father, looking at her admiringly as she sprang lightly to the ground, "you are as spry as ever. We had begun to worry about you. What made you so late?"

"I was waiting for dispatches from Edward, and they came just before I left. They've had a terrible winter, father," and the tears gathered in Molly's eyes. "Our brave men have been without shoes, and had only miserable rags for clothing, and hundreds of them have died from hunger and cold. At times they have had neither bread nor meat in the camp, and the Continental money lost value so that it took four months' pay of a private to buy a bushel of wheat! Edward says if it had not been for the great heart and courage of Washington they would have given up in utter despair. But things are looking brighter now. Congress has sent them money, and Gen. Green has had some splendid victories in the south, and Edward says there are still more to follow."

"You don't say!" cried the farmer in a ringing voice, and his bent form straightened and his blue eyes flashed. "Now, may the Lord be praised! How many times have I told you, mother, that we'd certainly win in the end?"

"But these victories cost so, father!" said Molly, throwing her arm over the horse's neck and hiding her face against his glossy mane. "O Duke, Duke! When will your master come back to us?"

Duke had been champing his bit uneasily, but at the sound of his mistress' voice he became instantly quiet. He turned his full, bright eye on her and lowered his head until his nose rubbed against her hand.

"Just look at the critter, mother!" cried Farmer Holley. "I think he actually knows what the girl is saying."

"Edward wrote that there was a great scarcity of horses in the army, and asked me, in case Duke was needed for our Washington, if I would be willing to give him up."

"It would be rather hard to give up Duke. Eh, Molly, girl?"

"I would even part with him if necessary. I will do anything and everything that I can for the sake of our country," said Molly. "And dear old Duke is fit to carry even so good and great a man as Washington."

In a few moments the family was seated at the table, and, opening the big, leather bound Bible, Farmer Holley read a short chapter, followed by the simple evening prayer.

The next morning, after breakfast was cleared away, Molly said to her father:

"I believe I'll ride down to Middlesex church. I don't like to miss one of Parson Mather's sermons. They are a great comfort to me. And I can see, too, whether the house is all right. I can get there in time for the afternoon service and I'll take Ruth with me for company."

Shortly before noon Duke was brought to the door, and so impatient was he that he could hardly wait for Molly and Ruth to mount. Off they went at a rapid pace through the gate and down the old post road.

After a few pats and a little coaxing Duke settled down to a sober trot. A ride of six miles brought them to Molly's house, and a glance told them that all was safe. Then they came in sight of the wooden meeting house, with its stiff little belfry. On one side was a dense swamp bordering the road. As they passed it Ruth glanced carelessly back, and her heart gave a great thump, as she thought she saw a bit of red color and a glitter as of sunshine on burnished steel. She looked again, but there was nothing but an unbroken wall of green leaves, so thick was the growth of bushes and tangled vines. Her first impulse was to tell Molly. Then she laughed at her foolish fears. "I'm but a silly girl," she thought; "it was all imagination."

The bell was ringing, and Molly went behind the church, where the horses were fastened, and tied Duke to a tree. Then she took Ruth by the hand, crossed the porch, passed through the little entry and walked up the aisle to a square, high backed pew.

The young girl heard but little of the service. She could not get that bit of red color and the glitter in the swamp out of her mind. The windows were open, and she found herself listening intent for every little sound, but she heard nothing except the singing of birds and the rustling of the leaves, as the warm, south wind gently stirred the branches of the trees. But when Mr. Mather, from his high pulpit perched beneath the great sounding board, began to read the hymn, suddenly the words died away on his lips.

"Surrender or die!" called a loud voice. "Escape is impossible, for both doors are guarded."

Three or four young men climbed out of the windows, but the shots fired after them warned others of the dangers of flight. With clanking arms a number of British soldiers, led by some of the Middlesex Tories, rudely entered the church and proceeded to plunder the congregation. Silver watches were taken, silver buckles were torn from knee breeches and shoes, and earrings were roughly snatched from women's ears.

Molly started up indignant as a trooper pointed to the gold beads on her neck.

"I'll thank ye for these gewgaws, ma'am," said he.

"Softly, softly, Mistress Pidgin," exclaimed a neighbor; "resistance is of no use." And Molly gave up the necklace.

Then she whispered to Ruth: "Keep close to me, little sister! Do just as I do—keep getting nearer the door—a step at a time—without attracting attention. If I can only save Duke!" The British tied the men, two by two, and, amid the soldiers' jeers and hooting, the gray haired minister was dragged from the pulpit.

"Let the rebel parson lead the march," cried one; "and hark ye, sirrah, step lively, or you'll feel the prick of my bayonet. We must make haste, or the whole town will be after us," he added in a lower tone addressing one of his comrades.

In the meantime, Molly and Ruth had reached the door without being seen, and Mistress Pidgin peeked out cautiously. The guard had left his post to help lead the horses to the front of the church. Most of them had been taken, but Duke was still standing under the tree.

The two sisters darted down the steps, climbed upon a stone fence untied Duke and mounted, but had gone only a few yards when they encountered two men.

"Stop!" cried one of them, seizing the bridle. Molly bent over duke and patted him gently on the neck. Then she raised her whip and brought it down with all her might on his flank. He reared wildly, and, with a furious plunge that would have unseated a less skillful rider than Molly, he freed himself from his captor, dashed across the green, and, with ears laid flat against his neck and his tail streaming out like a white banner, he darted like an arrow up the road.

Ruth was partly thrown from the pillion, but Molly's strong arm was around her, and her calm voice sounded reassuringly:

"Pull yourself up to the pillion! Never fear! I can hold you;" and even in that mad flight the little girl was able to draw herself up to a secure position. As they reached the top of a long hill Molly drew rein and looked back. A few mounted men had started in pursuit, but Duke was too fleet for them and they turned back.

"Oh, my brave Duke," said Molly; "may you always carry your rider as swiftly from danger as you have carried us to-day!"

Duke bore them swiftly up the old road to Caanan parish, and as soon as they reached home safely the alarm was given by the ringing of bells and the firing of guns, and several of the men started at once for Middlesex. But they were too late! The prisoners had been carried across the Sound, and from thence they were sent to the prison ships in New York bay, where some of them languished and died, and others, among them Parson Mather, after a long delay, were returned to their homes.

Meantime Duke was sent to the headquarters of the Continental army, and it was the proudest day of Molly's life when, soon after the declaration of peace, she stood on a balcony with Edward and the children beside her, and heard the thunder of artillery, the ringing of bells and the wild cheers of the people. For as she looked up the street, she saw, amid the waving of the flags and the fluttering of handkerchiefs, passing under the triumphal arch, with proudly arched neck and quivering nostrils, a magnificent gray horse, bearing on his back that martial figure so well known and loved—the noble Washington.

Miss Nellie Arthur, daughter of the late President Arthur, has developed into a beautiful young lady, with a brilliant complexion, large, brown eyes and a graceful figure. Her taste in dress is original and effective.

AN EVENTFUL DAY.

"It's those worn-out shingles on the roof," said Mrs. Barr in the melancholy half whine which was habitual to her. "The rain leaked in on the boarder's bureau all night long; and she says she won't stay here if she isn't to be properly protected against the elements."

Janie tied the last puce-colored tulip to its stake and straightened herself up.

"We must have the roof mended," said she.

"Who is to do it?" sighed Mrs. Barr. "And if Mrs. Lepell goes away what shall we do about the interest on your father's old note?"

"She won't go away, mother, never fear," said Janie, brightly. "Don't fret. You'll see that things will come right."

"But the shingles must be fixed right away," said Mrs. Barr.

"They shall be fixed, mother," said Janie.

"Who will do it?" impatiently repeated the widow.

"I will!" said Janie.

"That's all nonsense!" groaned Mrs. Barr.

But Janie had never been more seriously in earnest in all her life.

Mrs. Barr went to the parish sewing society that afternoon.

Colonel Addison, from the Valley Hotel, who was paying his addresses to Mrs. Lepell, the boarder, came in a buggy to take her to the sea beach.

"Now is my time," said Janie exultantly, to herself.

But Mrs. Lepell came back before she had got twenty-five yards away from the house.

"Janie," she said, "I forgot to tell you that I left my three diamond rings in the little left hand drawer of the bureau. I might lose them in the water. I thought I would tell you in case of fire, you know, or any other accident."

"Yes," said Janie; "but there won't be any accident."

Mrs. Lepell laughed and ran back to the carriage and the impatient colonel.

And not until then did Janie perceive that a tall, half-grown lad, lurking behind the porch rails, was waiting to speak with her.

"Who are you?" said Janie, briskly. "What do you want? No, we haven't any old clothes. If you really want work you had better go on to the new buildings, about a mile up the road. I dare say they can find something for you to do there."

The lad mumbled out something, whether thanks or otherwise Janie could not discriminate, and shuffled away. And our heroine, slipping on her hat and bolting the front door, ran across the back meadows to Ralph Parson's carpenter shop, some quarter of a mile by the wood path.

"I want a few shingles," she said, "and a pound of shingle nails."

"What for?" said Ralph.

"No matter," calmly retorted Janie.

She nodded good-by and hurried away under the canopy of pink apple blossoms.

Ralph looked admiringly after her. "She's a regular clipper of a girl, that Janie Barr!" said he. "If ever I'm able to support a wife, that will be the one I'd choose."

Light as a thistledown, Janie hurried back with her precious bundle of shingles and the pound of nails in her pocket.

"Now, I'll show him whether I can mend the roof or not," she said, as with a hammer added to her stock in trade she ascended to the garret and climbed an odd little door that led up through the rusty trap door to the steep roof.

The slant was abrupt, the old shingles were wet with the recent rains and slippery with green moss incrustations, but Janie Barr was not one lightly to be discouraged, and presently she found herself neatly balanced, with her feet braced against the board gutter, one elbow leaning on the roof and the hands busily tearing away the old shingles and replacing them deftly with overlapping ing rows of new, fragrant wood.

The click of the hammer, the ring of the nails were like music in her ears. Suddenly, however, as she sat perched like a squirrel on the slanting roof, the sound of voices struck on her ear. She paused to listen.

"Three diamond rings! I heard her say so herself. In the left hand drawer of some bureau," said the same accents which half an hour ago had asked for her charity. "And no one but a woman in the house."

"Sure of that!" said a deeper voice.

"Yes, plum sure," was the answer. "And I wouldn't wonder if there were other things for the picking up."

"Come on, then," said the other one; "and step lively. We can't stand here jawing all day. The door is bolted, is it? Wait a minute; I've got a little joker here as would start any staples this side of Denver."

Janie had listened in breathless horror. In an instant, as it were, she comprehended the full danger that menaced Mrs. Lepell's treasured gems the three diamond rings that the boarder had once told her were worth thousands of dollars. And here she was alone and helpless!

Hurriedly she turned over the crisis in her mind. If she were to reenter the house by the same way in which she had left it, she must certainly meet the ruffians, and any resistance which she could offer would be speedily overpowered.

Janie Barr was not one to hesitate long. While the thoughts yet careered through her brain, she sprang down the eaves into the blooming boughs of the great cherry tree which grew so close to the house that its branches scraped the roof on windy March days.

It was a hazardous thing for any one to do who was not swift of limb and accurate of eye, but Jane alighted, like a cat, in the fork of the tree, climbed lightly down until she reached the lower bough, and thence leaped breathlessly to the ground, springing swiftly across the meadows to Ralph Parsons' carpenter shop.

"Janie, what is it?"

Ralph Parsons himself rose up out of the green hedges, directly across her path.

"I was drinking at the ice-cold spring," he said, "when I heard your footsteps. What is it?"

She told him as well as she could for excitement and breathlessness.

"Come," she cried. "Oh, do make haste!"

He paused only to blow a small willow whistle which hung onto his steel watch guard.

"That will warn my workmen," he said. "It's a signal we have agreed upon, among ourselves, for just such an emergency as this. You and Jones, Janie, shall go around to the back door, Hall and Robbins will watch the front, and I'll go up and settle the fellows."

Janie glanced with shy admiration into his set, determined face. After all, it was something to be a man.

The little campaign was skillfully conducted. The two thieves were taken redhanded, the diamond rings were delivered into Janie Barr's keeping and the ruffians were dragged to the nearest jail.

"Oh, Ralph," said Janie, when all the little crowd was gone, "how can I ever thank you?"

He smiled.

"By letting me put on those shingles for you," said he.

"I can't," said Janie, laughing and blushing. "They are put on already. But I'll promise you my next job of carpentering."

"Will you let me be your carpenter always, Janie?" he asked. "Will you promise one day to be my wife?"

The words had risen almost involuntarily to his lips as he held her hand in his—the words he so longed yet dreaded to speak.

And Janie hung her head and colored like a carnation, and said "she would see."

And Ralph Parsons knew that he had won the day.

Mrs. Barr and the boarder were alike amazed when they returned home.

"Our Janie to circumvent a gang of burglars!" said the proud mother.

"To save my three diamond rings!" hysterically cried Mrs. Lepell.

"But that isn't all I have done, mother," said Janie, laughing. "I have shingled the roof. And—I have promised to marry Ralph Parsons next spring. Upon the whole I think it has been rather an eventful day, don't you?"

Do Not Like to be Photographed.

President Harrison has a particular aversion to having his photograph taken or his portrait drawn. A number of efforts have been made to persuade him to sit for a picture amid the surroundings in which he is daily found in the White House, but they have proved of no avail. He sat for some pictures to the regular Washington photographers when he came here first, but lately he has refused to give any sittings. Postmaster General Wanamaker is equally averse to being photographed. I believe he had a photograph taken just before he came to Washington, but it was the first in many years, and he has refused steadfastly to sit to the local photographers since his introduction into office. The other members of the cabinet are not so backward about having greatness thrust upon them.

"I would like to ask a question, sir," said a student to the professor.

"Well, sir?"

"Are the Kaw Indians related to the Crows?"

Let the Farmer Turn Back a Decade.

It is a good time now, when all sorts of comparisons are made to do duty, for the farmer to look back ten years and see the remarkable change that has deen effected in many articles he has necessarily been an extensive purchaser of. Here is the way the shift of prices is collated by the New York *Press*: "Let the farmer turn back a decade. He will find that in 1880 he paid $315 for a self-binder which he can to-day buy for $130; that his corn planter and check rower cost him $80 in 1880, while it is only $40 now. His steel beam walking plow in 1880 cost him $28, while he can purchase it now for $14. His riding cultivator in 1880 cost him $45, now he can buy it for $25. In 1880 his walking cultivator cost him $35; he now can buy it for $20. A mowing machine in 1880, cost him $85; now it costs only $50. A Strowbridge seeder in 1880 could not be purchased for less than $35; now he can buy it for $13. Wood pumps in 1880 cost $15; now they are only $6. A farm wagon in 1880 could not be bought for less than $85; now it can be purchased for $50. In 1880 a two-seated spring wagon could not be bought for less than $160; now it can be purchased for $75. Buggies and carriages are reduced in cost about one-half from their price in 1880. The same is true with respect to harrows and corn-shellers. It will thus be seen that on the principal implements in common use by the farmer the reduction in cost since 1880 runs from 33 to 60 per cent. The barbed wire for which in 1880 he paid 10 cents per pound, costs him now 4 cents. His fence staples costing at that time 10 cents, he can now buy for 5 cents. His plain wire in 1880 cost him 6½ cents per pound; now he can buy it for 3½ cents per pound. The price of his wash boiler in 1880 was $2.25; now he can buy it for $1.75. In 1880 his horse shoes per keg cost him $8.00; now he can buy them at $4.50 per keg. The steel out of which his plows were made in 1880 cost 13½ cents per pound; now he can buy it for 8½ cents per pound. The cook stove on which the free traders claim he paid a tax of 50 per cent., cost him in 1880 $33; to-day he can buy it for $24. The cost of his window glass has been reduced 25 per per cent. in the same period, and is now one-third of what it was twenty years ago. Of what avail is the cry of taxed tin ware in face of the fact that such things as milk pans, which years ago cost $2.25 per dozen, can now be bought for 1.00 per dozen; covered pails ten years ago costing 20 cents apiece are now purchasable at 10 cents; pie plates in 1880, 70 cents per dozen, are now to be had for 35 cents, and all pocket and table cutlery is reduced one-half from its cost in 1880. Is not the trace chain argument, which actually dropped out in the speeches of Democratic Free Traders last week, a little stale in face of the fact that chains in 1880 which were 22 cents, are to-day selling at 12?"

Facts About Varieties of Wheat.

From the report of a test of varieties of wheat, made last year at the Pennsylvania experiment station, the following is learned:

Dietz' Longberry Red gave the largest yield, and for the last few years has been mainly grown there. The German Emperor, Fultz and Fulcaster are three varieties which have been very successfully grown, but last season there was a considerable falling off in yield. The Mealy variety did well not only in yield but in general characteristics. Currell's Prolific is also a variety of promise. Raub's Black Prolific and McGhee's White have both done well in previous years, but gave low yields last year. The Extra Early Oakley, while an early variety, is not to be recommended on account of inferior character of its grain.

Conclusions—Judging from this and previous seasons' experience, and from general characteristics as well as yield, the following varieties may be ranked—on a retentive lime magnesia clay soil with a compact subsoil—in the following order: Dietz' Longberry Red, followed by the Fulcaster, Fultz, and German Emperor, these by McGhee's White and Raub's Black Prolific, then Sibley's New Golden, and lastly the Extra Early Oakley variety. Currell's Prolific, Improved Rice and the Mealey were only grown last season. They did well, except in the yield of the improved Rice.

The school teachers of Spain are an ill treated class and suffer severely from poverty. A teacher at Velez-Malaga literally starved to death, though the commnnity owe l him $1500.

A Cheap Silo.

John Gould, a progressive Ohio farmer, last year fitted up inside of a barn a silo with capacity of 100 tons of corn silage at a cost of only $43. As it kept its contents in the most perfect condition the following statements can hardly fail to be of interest:

The lumber, which cost only $10 per thousand feet, has proved as good as any costing $24 per thousand. The paint, made of two parts gas tar to one part gasoline, has proved superior to any other I have yet tried. The concave clay floor was all that could be wished. By making this floor some fifteen inches lower in the center than at the side walls the great weight of the silage is thrown into this depression, and relieves the walls and sills of a corresponding pressure. The dispensing with all stone foundation and substituting thoroughly gas tar painted sills, let into a trench just large enough to receive them, with a two inch tile in the bottom for drainage, has proved with me a good experiment.

I am convinced that two cheap boards with tarred paper between, the whole well painted with gas tar, is a superior wall to a single thickness of matched lumber. It makes an air proof, strong wall. I have a hundred letters from silo men substantially agreeing upon this point. Cheap, hemlock lumber, gas tar painted, makes a No. 1 silo. I am also convinced that a large share of the loss reported as accruing at sides and corners is due to overtreading and tramping. For two years we have done very little treading, and in its place have kept the silage banked up along the walls at least three feet higher than the center, and tread only just enough to keep the silage settling as fast there as in the center. When the corn is all in leave it highest along the walls, and for four or five days tread along the sides until the silage becomes level. Then the outer layer of silage has taken on its heat and expelled the air.

We will have this to learn—that different varieties of corn result in silage of different grades of excellence, and no skill can make one grade of silage from sweet corn, field corn and southern white corn. The finest silage is made from thin planted, well eared, Virginia white corn. Other things being equal, thinly planted, abundantly earing corn that has been allowed to grow to full maturity, and in cultivation was not root pruned, makes the best silage, and with the best keeping qualities. While my own idea is to cut corn into the silo in half inch lengths, corn, if not too large, may be siloed whole with good success.

The Tomb of Eve.

The Arabs claim that Eve's tomb is at Jiddah, the seaport of Mecca. The temple with a palm growing out of the solid stone roof (a curiosity which is of itself the wonder of the Orient) is supposed to mark the last resting place of the first woman. According to Arabian tradition, Eve measured over two hundred feet in height, which strangely coincides with an account of our first parents written by a member of the French Academy of Sciences a few years ago who also claimed a height of over two hundred feet for both of the tenants of the Garden of Eden. Eve's tomb, which is in a graveyard surrounded with high white walls, and which has not been opened for a single interment for over a thousand years, is the shrine of thousands of Ishmaelites, who make pilgrimages to the spot once every seven years. It is hemmed in on all sides by the tombs of departed sheiks and other worthies who have lived out their days in that region of scorching sun and burning sands. On each year, on June 3, which is, according to Arabian legends, the anniversary of the death of Abel, the doors of the temple which forms a canopy over this supposed tomb of our first mother, remain open all night, in spite of the keeper's efforts to close them. Terrible cries of anguish are said to emit from them, as though the memory of the first known tragedy still haunted the remains which blind superstition believes to be deposited there.

The writer heard of many other interesting legends and superstitions connected with this celebrated burying ground, none of which he cared to take the time to investigate, as cholera of a violent type was raging at Jiddah and many other Mediterraneaan seaports at the time these things were being investigated, in July and August, 1882.

Much of the charity that begins at home is too feeble to go a-visiting.

Cures Insomnia—sleep.

For the SENTINEL.

Letter from Kansas.

Here is something interesting I clip from your Harney correspondent:

Our farmers will soon have to turn their attention to something else instead of making butter and selling it for eight and ten cents.

Here butter is 4 cents cash, 6 in trade. Yesterday Mrs. Root took 2 bushels of new potatoes to McCune, her market town, and could not get a cent's worth of salt for them.

You eastern fellows used to think we ought to attend to our business better, and not complain. Now, if accounts are true, the farmers throughout the east are kicking like bay steers. What's the matter? How does it go to work for nothing and board yourself? I see that you report 35 and 40 bushels of wheat to the acre as a common thing this year in Carroll county, and fields that will average well up to 50 bushels. Now see here—hasn't that "enthusiastic farmer" lately returned from Colorado? It sounds so much like the stories we have so often baited you with that I think it must be a Western trick. We are thoroughly familiar with county newspaper estimates of crops before harvest.

You cannot possibly turn the tide of emigration, and its no use. And about that original package decision you never can make a Kansas man believe that the Constitution of the United States requires any such construction as that. Original packages are now having a regular boomerangdom, and high license and prohibition are barking up the government stump. Fifty leading newspapers in Nebraska have sold themselves, soul, body and patronage, to the liquor interest. Here is the proof from the *New York Voice*. In its last contribution to the series of exposures the *Voice* says:

The Turner letter asking for rates for printing the proved falsehoods of the liquor dealers' national protective association was sent to 170 newspapers in Nebraska. This included all the daily papers of the state and all the weekly papers with a circulation of 800 and over. To this letter over fifty replies have been received from Nebraska editors and publishers offering to print for pay, without advertising marks, in the regular news and editorial columns of the papers the false statistics of the liquor men. In other words, these editors agree to print not only what they know to be false and in the interests of the saloons, but to give sanction to the lie by printing it in the form of legitimate news or as an editorial expression of the paper.

This letter was written at the instigation of the *Voice*, as though it came from the Brewers and Distillers Association to 170 newspapers, the leading dailies and weeklies, of Nebraska.

Fifty of them replied, setting their price—and at a moderate rate too.

The *Voice* publishes the list in full and some of the papers look blue, and the temperance people of Nebraska look wild. With the State permeated by such rotten concerns as that, no reform can make any headway.

I have lately had the pleasure of attending the Brethren's Annual Conference at Pertle Springs, Mo., and meeting with old Maryland relatives and friends. Some of them I had not seen for 30 years. I mention John S. Repp, of Union Bridge; Wm. and Anna Repp, of New Windsor; Uncle E. B. Repp and Aunt Susan Repp and their children and grand children, 35 in all, formerly of Union Bridge, but now of Johnson county, Mo.; Jacob Fetterling, formerly of Union Bridge, now of Warrensburg, Mo., Joseph Lightner, ditto, an old fellow-craft with myself, now an extensive contractor and builder and member of the City Council of Warrensburg. I also met with Elder Ephraim W. Stoner, of Union Bridge, at the meeting, and since returning home I have learned that Cousin Lizzie Switzer, of New Windsor, was there, but I failed to see her.

We had a grand, glorious reunion. Youthful days in old Maryland was one of our grandest themes. The ravages of an evil and weeping and sorrowing world was our sternest theme. The hope of the future, as portrayed by our glorious meeting, and grand reunion, was our most glorious theme.

They have a fine, productive country about Warrensburg, and Centerview, Mo. Wheat has been their forte; and if you had been talking about Missouri raising 40 or 50 bushels, I would have known better how to take you. Wheat is now being harvested and yields fairly well. Corn is very promising. Oats are growing to be heavy. Apples are getting ripe and will be abundant. Cherries are plenty. Potatoes, and all kinds of garden sass, very plentiful. Ice cream flavored with ripe strawberries was among the luxuries placed before us at Cousin Albert Repp's, a compound that I had not tasted since partaking of the same harvest repast at Davis Lightner's, in Union Bridge, in 1856, so that you may infer that strawberries abound. Peaches are not very plenty, though there are some.

And what shall I say more? "Amen." Well be it so, amen for this time. Yours truly, J. L. S.

Cow and Horse Manure.

The estimates of the amount of manure obtained from a cow and a horse, on different authorities, have varied so much that on this occasion we present what Country Gentleman has to say on the subject: An average cow eats about twenty-five pounds daily of dry fodder, and she drinks an equal weight. With some additional food and litter she would afford about sixty pounds of liquid and solid manure daily, which would be 1,800 pounds a month, or about eleven tons a year. A horse which is driven much during the day would produce less, besides which the droppings of a horse are drier than those of a cow.

Take care of the seeming unimportant things. The most momentous events often appear the most insignificant. It seemed to be of no importance that Jubal invented rude instruments of music, calling them harp and organ; but they were the introduction of all the world's minstrelsy; and as you hear the vibration of a stringed instrument, even after the fingers have been taken away from it, so all music now, of lute and drum and cornet is only the long-continued strains of Jubal's harp and Jubal's organ. It seemed to be a matter of very little importance that Tubal Cain learned the uses of copper and iron; but that rude foundry of ancient days has its echo in the rattle of Birmingham machinery and the roar and bang of factories on the Merimac. It seemed to be a matter of no importance that Luther found a Bible in a monastry; but as he opened that Bible and the brass-bound lids fell back, they jarred everything from the Vatican to the furthest convent in Germany, and the rustling of the wormed leaves was the sound of the wings of the angel of the Reformation.

Professor Henry says: "Variety of feed is important to the highest success with any kind of animals, and bran lengthens the available feeding stuffs by just so much. Chemically, bran is very rich in just what horses need to build and maintain the highest form of bone and muscle, since it is rich in both muscle and bone producing elements. A hundred pounds of oats contain about 9.5 pounds of digestible muscle making food, while 100 pounds of bran contain 12.5 pounds. Again, if we burn 100 pounds of shelled corn there would remain one and one-half pounds of ashes: from 100 pounds of oats there would remain three pounds of ashes, while the same weight of wheat bran would give over five and one-half pounds of ashes. It is the ashes of our foods that build the bony framework.

Fruittulness in cold clay soils may be promoted and made good for apples, peaches, and other fruits, with a moderate dressing of quick lime, about the quantity such lands should receive for corn. Lime will generally promote profuse flowering and fruiting of trees and plants, the lime's salts producing evaporation and concentrition of the sap.

Peace is better than joy. Joy is a very uneasy guest, and is always on tiptoe to depart. It tires and wears us out, and yet keeps us ever fearing that the next moment it will be gone. Peace is not so. It comes more quietly, it stays more contentedly, and it never exhausts our strength, nor gives us one anxious forecasting thought.

The increase of capacity of the Suez canal resulting from the use of the electric light for night passages is equivalent to widening the canal from its present bottom width of twenty-two metres, to thirty-two metres, an operation which would cost at least $20,000,000.

A new German water-pipe is made of glass covered with a coating of asphalt and fine gravel. The advantages claimed are resistance to ground moisture and acids and alkalies, and impermeability to gases.

Do not dose yourself or your stock with medicine for every little ill. Diet and rest. Sleep, and a moderately empty stomach are the best medicines in the world.

Probably the largest commercial traveler in the country is Leonard H. Bliss, of Bloomington, Ill. He is twenty-three years old and weighs 450 pounds.

Constant nagging wears away the spirit of the best farm team, precisely as it wears out the patience of men and women subjected to its painful influences.

Alexander McBean, a wealthy Scotchman, has purchased 50,000 acres of land in Wyoming upon which he proposes to found a city to be named after himself.

The colored man who takes charge of the hats of guests who enter the dining-room of a noted Chicago hotel says that he remembers people by observing the shape of their noses.

A poser—Most photographers.

A tress-passer—a hair-dresser.

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