Western Maryland Railroad

CONNECTING WITH

H. & P. R. R. at Shippensburg, Shenandoah Valley and B. & O. Railroads at Hagerstown; Penna. R. R. at Frederick Junction, and P. W. & B., N. C. and B. & P. Railroads at Union Station, Baltimore, Md.

MAIN LINE AND CONNECTIONS

Schedule taking effect June 8th, 1890.

TRAINS WEST.

LEAVE	1. A M. *	11. AM. †	15. AM. †	23. PM. †	29. P M	53. AM. ‡	55. P M. ‡
New York	9.00	12.15		10.10			
Philadelphia	12.03	3.52		12.35			
Washington		6.35		2.10			
Baltimore	4.10	8.05	10.00	4.00	6.38	9.30	2.30
Arlington		8.29	10.25	4.23	6.52	9.52	2.55
Mt. Hope		8.32	10.28	4.27	6.55	9.56	2.58
Pikesville		8.40	10.37	4.35	7.02	10.04	3.06
Owings Mills		8.50	10.48	4.48	7.13	10.15	3.18
Glyndon	4.51	9.04	10.59	5.01	7.26	10.30	3.32
Emory Grove		9.07	11.00		7.30	10.39	3.36
Finksburg		9.16	11.12	5.14	7.42	10.41	3.45
Carrollton		9.21	11.25	5.20	7.55	10.56	4.00
Westminster	5.20	9.50	11.41	5.44	8.13	11.19	4.17
Avondale		9.57	11.48	5.51	8.22	11.30	4.27
New Windsor	5.33	10.06	11.59	6.06	8.35	11.52	4.39
Linwood		10.13	12.05	6.06	8.42	11.40	4.45
Union Bridge	5.49	10.30	12.09	6.13	8.47	11.45	4.50
Middleburg		10.27	P M.	6.18	P M	A M.	P M
Frederick Jc.		10.28		6 22			
D. P. Creek		10.33		6.27			
Rocky Ridge		10.40		6.36			
Mechanicst'n	6.05	10.58		6.47			
Edgemont	6.45	11.45		7.35			
Waynesboro	†7.02	12.02		7.53			
Chambersb'g	†7.45	12.47		8.32			
Shippensburg	†8.10	1.11		9.00			
Hagerstown	7.12	12 15		8.05			
Williamsport		12.29		8 20			
	A.M.	P M.		P M.			

TRAINS EAST.

LEAVE	22. P M *	4. AM. †	8. AM. †	12. P M †	18. P M. †	52. AM ‡	54. P M. ‡
Williamsport			7.15		1.20		
Hagerstown	3.35		7.32		1.45		
Shippensburg			8.32		12.50		
Chambersburg			9.02		1.23		
Waynesboro			7.37		1.58		
Edgemont			8.02		2.20		
Mechanicst'n	4.20		8.44		3.11		
Rocky Ridge			8.55		3.23		
D. P. Creek			9 03		3.31		
Frederick Jc.	4.50	6.31	9.07		3.35	6 16	
Middleburg		6 34	9.09		3.40	6.19	
Union Bridge	4.56	6.45	9.16	12.45	3.51	6.32	3.58
Linwood		6.49	9.20	12.49	3.56	6.38	4.03
New Windsor	5 03	6.54	9.30	12.55	4.05	6.47	4.09
Avondale		7.04		1.05	4.17	7.02	4.20
Westminster	5.16	7.15	9.43	1.19	4.30	7.13	4.32
Carrollton		7.25	9.59	1.37	4.43	7.30	4.44
Finksburg		7.35	10.12	1.39	4.55	7.45	4.58
Emory Grove		7.50		1.48	5.05	7.59	5.10
Glyndon		7.51	10.29	1 49	5.06	8.00	5.11
Owings Mills		8.01	10.33	2.06	5.21	8.15	5.26
Pikesville		8 10	10.41	2.09	5.30	8.27	5.37
Mt. Hope		8.18	10.47	2.16	5 48	8.36	5.46
Arlington		8.21	10.50	2.18	5.47	8.40	5.50
Baltimore	6.28	8.42	11.10	2.40	6.14	9.07	6.15
Washington			1.42	8 15	8.15		
Philadelphia	2.23		3.00		9.55		
New York	4.50	6.20	12.30				
	P M.	A M.	A M.	P M.	P M	A M	P M.

*Daily. †Daily, except Sunday. ‡Sunday.

ACCOMMODATION NO. 25.

Leave West, p. m., Hillen Station, 5.15; Westminster, 6.51; Avondale, 6.58; New Windsor, 7.12; Linwood, 7.18; Union Bridge, 7.22

ACCOMMODATION NO. 2.

Leave East, a. m., Union Bridge, 4.50; Linwood, 4.56; New Windsor, 5 05; Avondale, 5.16; Westminster, 5.38; Hillen Station, 7.30

BLUE MOUNTAIN EXPRESS NO. 21.

Leave West, p. m., Hillen Station, 3.25; Westminster, 4.32; New Windsor, 4.44; Union Bridge, 4.51; Hagerstown, 6.15.

Leave East, a. m., Hagerstown, 6 45; Union Bridge, 8.03; New Windsor, 8.11; Westminster, 8.34; Hillen Station, 9 35.

Leave Rocky Ridge for Emmitsburg, 10.40 a. m., and 3.35 and 6.56 p. m.; arrive at Emmitsburg 11.10 a. m., and 3.55 and 7 06 p. m.

Leave Emmitsburg for Rocky Ridge, 8.20 a. m. and 2.45 and 5.45 p. m.; arrive at Rocky Ridge 8.50 a. m., and 3.15 and 6.15 p. m.

Leave Frederick Junction for Frederick, 10.32 a. m. and 5.02 p. m.

Leave Frederick Junction for Taneytown, Littlestown, York and Columbia, 9.56 a. m. and 3.42 p. m.

J. M. HOOD, General Manager.

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AMERICAN SENTINEL.

VOL. 58, NO. 30. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 26, 1890. ESTABLISHED 1833.

Select Poetry.

GOING HOME.

"Heimgang!" so the German people
Whisper when they hear the bell,
Tolling from some grand old steeple
Death's familiar tale to tell.
When they hear the organ dirges
Swelling out from chapel dome,
And the singers' chanting service,
"Heimgang!" always going home.

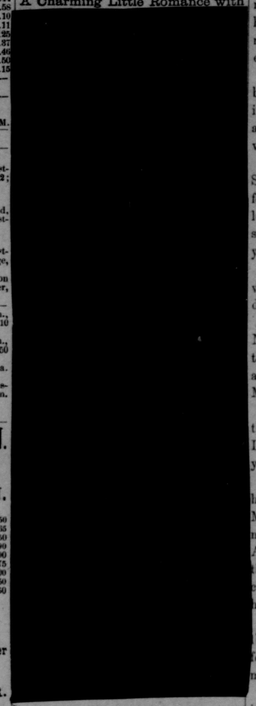
"Heimgang!" quaint and tender saying
In the grand old German tongue
That hath shaped Melancthon's praying.
And the hymns that Luther sung;
Blessed is our loving Maker,
That where'er our feet may roam,
Still we journey towards "God's acre"—
"Heimgang!" always going home.

"Heimgang!" we are all so weary;
And the willows as they wave,
Softly sighing in the breezes,
Woo us to the tranquil grave;
When the golden pitcher's broken
With its dregs or with its foam,
And the tender words are spoken,
"Heimgang!" we are going home!

Select Story.

A WIFE'S FORTUNE.

A Charming Little Romance with



"I am afraid I don't agree with you in all things, but I have no time to discuss it now. Miss Temple, in my opinion, would be a fortune to any man did she not possess a cent of money."

"Pshaw! that's old fogy. Love in a cottage! Ha! ha! Well, I liked her pretty well but can't help thinking her attractions very considerably enlarged since I heard the news. Never should have thought of anything but a pleasant acquaintance; guess I'll go in for her now. Good-bye, old fell, and don't hurt yourself working over those books."

Ned made no reply, but he felt as if he would like to grind beneath his heel one who could speak so irreverently of her, who, to his idea, combined every grace of heart and mind and perfection of form and feature which should make up a perfect woman. His thoughts turned to action, and he caught himself stamping his heel on the desk stool with such force as almost to dent a hole in it, and looking up saw Mr. Smith's steady gaze fixed on him.

Back to his work he tried to bring his thoughts, but they were not subject to his will, and he found himself in great danger of writing the thoughts passing through his mind. "She is lost to me now. Oh, how I wish it had never happened!" He shut the book, but put away his papers, and with that dreary, lost, far-away kind of look passed unheedingly among the throng on the money mart of the new world.

Charley Ashton lost no time in improving his opportunities, for that night found him seated tete-a-tete with Miss Temple in a cosy little room on Twenty-first street.

Miss Temple was an orphan, and had for years lived with an aunt—her father's sister. An income of $400 a year had been left her, which at least supplied all absolutely necessary wants. She was not ashamed to assist her aunt about many things some would call menial; and in form and feature, heart and mind, all her acquaintances said, fully sustained the high opinion we have seen Ned Farnham had of her.

Ere the evening was over Charley Ashton had succeeded in appearing deeply in love, and not many days passed ere he had proposed and was accepted. Of all her male acquaintances Miss Temple had always preferred the two young men we have mentioned. It was true she had rather leaned to the quiet, steady Mr. Farnham, but of late he had ceased to visit her, while Mr. Ashton's presence had been almost constant. Hence she had persuaded herself that she loved and had accepted him.

Charley urged a speedy marriage, why, came in a conversation too long for me to detail, wherein it appeared that some of the "boys" on the "street" were fixing up a pool to buy up a certain stock, and our friend Ashton wanted some of the $500,000 to put in it. Anna Temple preferred a longer time, and urged that time would make them know each other better, especially in the intimate relation they now stood. Charley vowed that he would never change, and he knew that time could never develop any fault in her.

"But," said Miss Temple, "there is another reason, and I think I can be free with you now. I have spent so much of my little income, and aunt has no spare money, so that I have no means of defraying the necessary expenses."

"But you have the fortune left you by your Australian uncle, and even if you have not received it your agents will certainly make an advance."

"I have no fortune, dear Charley. Some thought it was mine, but the fortune you probably allude to was left to my cousin, Miss Anna Thompson Temple, to whom I introduced you at the Philharmonic."

"Ah, it was, indeed! She is a favored young lady; and how much does she receive?"

"Report said $500,000 but Cousin Nan has been informed by the agents that there is but $10,000 in money, and the rent in houses and lots in Melbourne, valued at $90,000."

"Oh! well, really, how those things do spread. But no our matter; I guess Miss Anna, you had best have your way."

The hours of that evening dragged heavily along, and as they lengthened Mr. Charles Ashton's manner became more and more formal. He left, and Anna's warm heart was sad as she thought over the cool manner and cooler parting. No sleep came to her eyes that night.

"Can it be?" she said to herself a thousand times; "and yet it must, for his manner changed almost from my telling him of Nellie's fortune."

The next night and Charlie was not in his usual place, and the next, and still more. About a week afterward a short note informed Miss Temple that, "having lost all his savings in a bad speculation, he could not think of holding her to an engagement which would be out of his power to consummate in years.

To say that this did not grieve her would be false, but it required not many days to teach her that she had not loved Charles Ashton as she should the man she was to marry.

Again our young men met. This time on Broadway. Charley, gayly sauntering along, hailed Ned in his old familiar way:

"Well, old boy, off early to-day?"

"I've been promoted, and am not obliged to work so late, though I do often; then I think of taking a ride in the park; my head has ached much of late, and I am more nervous than formerly."

"Shouldn't work so hard; don't get any thanks for it. By the by, that fortune of Miss Temple's turns out to be all in my eye."

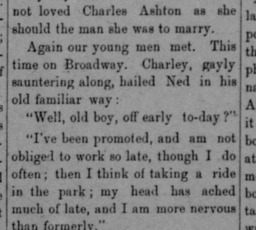
"How—what's that?" was the eager reply.

"Well, a Miss Somebody Temple had about one hundred thousand dollars left her, but it wasn't our pretty little friend."

"But I heard you were very attentive—some said engaged."

"There's no telling what might have been but for that fool of an uncle making a mistake in names. However, it's all over now. You know that I, at least, can't afford to marry a poor woman, no matter if she is a peri. I know you entertain some sort of foolish notion that love, etc., will do, but it's all bosh. Give me the dimes, my boy. When poverty comes in at the window, etc., you know. Take my advice and drop all such foolish ideas."

Ashton might as well have talked to the lamp-post for all the hearing Ned Farnham did. What he was



that time he was accepted, and Anna learned what true love was.

Here the story might end, but there is a sequel. Some months after the engagement Mr. Smith tapped Ned on the shoulder and motioned him to the private office.

"Going to marry my niece?" said that gentleman.

"I am engaged to Miss Anna Temple sir, and we expect, in a quiet way, to be married one month from to-day. But was not aware that she was your niece."

"Neither was I until a few days since. As for your quiet way, understand me, sir—the child of my only sister can be married nowhere else but in my house. Come, now, no flinching. I've heard all about it. But she's poor—poor as Job's turkey; and I've too many children to give her more than a decent wedding."

Ned did not understand the expression on Mr. Smith's face, but felt a little angered, and replied:

"I should never have addressed her, and I would release her this moment, if I knew she were an heiress."

"No you don't; no you don't. I know you and I know the whole story. You can go."

Ned pondered long over this singular conversation, but got no satisfaction from his own thoughts or from Anna. She replied only by a smile and a kiss.

Notwithstanding all the urging of her new-found uncle Anna refused to leave her aunt until the time for the wedding. That event came and the ceremony was over. Then Mr. Smith called the young couple into his library, and drawing from his safe a strong box, said:

"Now, young man, you're tied hard and fast, I'll tell you, you have got an heiress and a rich one, too. A foolish brother of her father, who would go to Australia, took it into his head to die, not long since, and left such a botched-up will, that it has taken over six months to get at the straight of it. We were his agents and kept the matter to ourselves because it was a large sum and might create impostors. We soon disposed of the similar legacy of $100,000 to Miss Anna Thompson Temple, but the contents of this box, $400,000, in consols, we used more scrutiny in assigning, and in the course of our investigations I not only found the rightful owner of our trust, but the child of my only sister. Sir, you are worthy of her and what is of less value, her fortune. The morning papers will announce you as a partner in our house."

Remarkable Cause of Death.

The Sumterville (Fla.) *Times* tells a remarkable story in connection with the phosphate excitement. It says that several persons have been drowned in the Withlacooche river while diving for hidden treasures. "A colored man named Abrams is the last victim, and his case was a very peculiar one. A party was sounding the bottom of the Withlacooche for phosphate, and when an extraordinary bone or tooth was discovered Abrams would dive down and bring it up. At last he saw a very large bone and dived for it, but remained at the bottom. Waiting a few moments and seeing his body at the bottom, grappling-hooks were obtained by his comrades and his body was brought to the surface. As he came up a huge horn or tusk was seen sticking out of his head. Upon examination it was found that in diving he had struck head first a huge elephant's tusk that was standing on the rivers's bed in an upright position. It had pierced his brain, causing instant death. The tusk was over four feet long."

Late Grafting.

If grafts have been cut before the buds swell, and have been properly kept in a cool, dry place covered with sand, they may be set even after the leaves have put forth on the tree to which they are transplanted. There will be some check to the tree from pruning its foliage severely at this time, but the new wood will grow, and after it has fairly started and joined with the old, the strongest leading shoots of the natural growth should be pinched back, so as to turn the sap where it makes the growth that is wanted.

Woman is an enigma. She will face a frowning world and cling to the man she loves through the most bitter season of trial and adversity, but she wouldn't wear a hat three weeks behind the style to save the government.

It is easier to find a score of men wise enough to discover the truth than to find one intrepid enough to stand up for it in the face of opposition.

LESSONS IN WORDS.

An Address Delivered Before the State Teachers' Association of Maryland, at Bay Ridge, July 10th, 1890.

BY REV. JAMES W. REESE.

Man could not speak if he did not think, but if he were not also a social being he would not need to speak. It is conceivable that he might do his thinking, in a very limited way, all by himself and without the desire or the necessity of making his thought intelligible to others. But the moment two human beings came in contact this desire or this necessity arose, and grew more and more imperative with increased companionship, and the consequent development of the social instinct. Hence at the very beginning of human society there came into use, by means of organs already formed and by virtue of faculties already implanted, articulate or vocal sounds uttered for the expression of human thoughts and emotions. And these sounds are what we call *words*. In directing your attention, then, for a little while, to some of the lessons to be learned from words, I do not feel at all bound to apologize as tho' I were about to deal with something aloof from current interests or to act as your leader in an invasion of the domain of the philologist or the antiquarian. If a Roman dramatist, 2000 years ago, could elicit the applause of his audience by the famous line: "I am a human being, and I consider nothing which relates to man as foreign to myself," surely we who are "the heirs of all the ages, in the foremost files of time," to whom expanding knowledge should bring widened sympathies, must feel a deep interest in that without which we could think only imperfectly, if at all, in that by means of which we hold communion one with another, in that which alone makes the past intelligible to the present, in that which alone will make the acquisitions of the present available to the future, in that which Wordsworth calls "the incarnation of thought," in the *word* on which, as on a coin, humanity has stamped its superscription and which it has made the circulating medium in the world of ideas and emotions. It is as impossible to have a clear understanding of language without a knowledge of words, as it is to have an understanding of human nature without an acquaintance with men and women. Language is made up of words, filling their several stations and performing their various duties, just as the human race is composed of individuals, engaged in their several avocations and professions. More than this, as every man, no matter how humble his birth and uneventful his career, has a genealogy, traceable or untraceable, and a biography, written or unwritten, so every word is born, grows, often has kinship with other words, is subject to reverses of fortune, and, thus, like man, its inventor, has, also, a career and a history. Of course we cannot trace back the lineage of all words any more than we can find a genealogical tree or bush for every man, but it happens, now and then, that there is, in our own day, the need of a new vocable for a new thing, and thus we are privileged to be present at the *birth* of a word. The mechanical and scientific inventions so characteristic of our age have created a demand for new terms and so *telegraph*, *telephone*, and *phonograph*, with the adjectives, verbs, adverbs and other nouns derived from them, take their places in our vocabulary on an equal footing with words which have been there for a thousand years. Another verb—*to boycott*—has been recently added to our language, because no existing word could express with precision the kind of coercive measures employed by the Irish Home-rulers against an English landowner, and although it will be applied to many acts not connected, in origin or purpose, with Ireland, it will remain forever on the pages of the Dictionary as a memorial of the relations existing between England and Ireland in the closing years of the 19th century. Now here is a case in which we can see two very interesting things, first, the *birth* of a word, that is, just when, where, why and how it came into being, and secondly, the perpetuation, by means of that word, of a bit of history which might otherwise have passed speedily from the memory of mankind. A word born as *boycott* was can have no descendants, but kinship binds many familiar words together into family groups which can trace their origin back to some verb used in England long before the Norman conquest. And these words are often so variously written and with such apparently different meaning, that the services of etymology must be called in to explain their relationship, and discover their common ancestor. The words *stock* and *stocks*, for example, are used in a great many senses. There is the *stock* of a tree, *stock* meaning family or race, *stock* in trade, bank *stock*, the *stock* of a gun, a *stock* for the neck, the village *stocks* as a place of punishment, the *stocks* in a ship-yard, and the *stock*-dove. These words diverge widely from one another, but, as Horne Tooke was the first to prove, they all have one central meaning which as Trench says "grasps and knits them all together." The idea which is common to every word of this group is the idea of being *fixed* or *stuck*, and they are all parts of the old verb "*to stick*. Thus, the "stock" of a tree is *stuck* in the ground, and by an easy metaphor, we apply the word to a family, as that from which it grows, as the branches do from a tree. The "stock"—in trade is the *fixed* sum of money or goods; bank, or other "stock" is that in which money is *stuck or fixed*, because not the capital can be drawn out but only the interest, and, sometimes not even that; the "stock" of a gun is that in which the barrel is *stuck*; a "stock" was a remarkable article of dress in which our grandfathers used to *stick* their necks; in the village "stocks" the hands and legs of the criminal were *stuck*; on the "stocks," too, a ship is *stuck* while building; and the "stock"-dove owes its name to the belief that it was the *stock* of the domestic pigeon. To this same family belong, also, the words "stake" and "stakes." A "stake" is something *stuck* in a hedge, fence or elsewhere while "stakes" are the deposit, paid down or *fixed* to await the event of a contest or some unsettled question.

I said awhile ago that words, like men, are subject to reverses of fortune. This is seen in the members of the family group we have just been examining. They have a common and honorable ancestry, but they differ in respectability; for morally and socially, the separation is a wide one between an honest family "stock" liberally provided with good bank-"stock", and the degraded occupant of the village "stocks." This last word suggests the village *constable*. Few persons, as they watch this humble but useful functionary serving a warrant, suspect that the word which designates his office was born and cradled in a palace. The *comes stabuli*, constable, count of the stable or master of the horse, was originally, in France and England, a dignitary of the highest rank under the King, invested with the command of the army, and the authority to regulate all matters connected with chivalry. But on the other hand a word of humble and commonplace origin may gain in course of time a position of the highest rank. Of this, the word *martyr* is a striking example. At first it meant only a witness, but when, in the Te Deum, we say "The noble army of martyrs praise Thee" how much more than this do we mean! for the first Christian who sealed his testimony to the truth with his life's blood stamped the word with a new and higher meaning, and gave it a solemn dignity revered by men and approved by the King of Kings. These two words, *constable* and *martyr*, come to us, one from the Latin, the other from the Greek, but they have been so effectually naturalized that no speaker of English ever thinks of them as foreigners. They may, accordingly, serve as examples of the general rule, which as Professor Hadley states it, is that the foreign words that have come into our language do not stand by themselves as a distinct and independent class: that they are Anglicized, subjected to English laws and analogies and thus assimilated to the older denizens of the language. These words may serve, also, as illustrations of the fact that when names for new objects, ideas and relations are required, our language can rarely supply them from roots or elements originally belonging to it, but must have recourse to the classic tongues, especially to the Latin.

Thus English is a composite language, Saxon in its grammar and in the essentials of its vocabulary, but with contributions from the Greek in the proportion of 5 and from the Latin in the proportion of 30 to the hundred words. Hence it is evident, that there are many thousands of words in daily use among us whose origin and primary meaning could never be discovered from any elements now existing in the English language. The accurate study of English must be, therefore, a study, not so much of roots, as of separate words, and he has the best understanding of English who has the fullest knowledge of the history of the words which compose it.

Now, how far can this knowledge be imparted in our public schools where most of the pupils and many of the teachers are unacquainted with the languages from which our vocabulary is derived? Not very far, I admit, yet far enough to interest, to benefit and, more than all, to stimulate the learner by the discovery that the words in which he and his master are dealing are not mere arbitrary signs, like the *x* and the *y* of his Algebra, but that they are instinct with the thought and passion, the poetry and history of former men and distant times. If the teacher has even a modicum of Latin at his command, he is already, in some degree, equipped for the pleasant work of initiating his classes into the mysteries which lie hid in words; if unfortunately he has no Latin he will still be able to qualify himself for a fair amount of instruction in etymology by the use of proper aids. First of all let him provide himself with a good Dictionary—Webster's or the Century—and make it a daily duty to study the derivation and primary meaning of two or three common, every-day words. I promise him many a pleasant surprise. It would be well for him, at the same time, to make himself acquainted with the following books: Trench "On the Study of Words"; "English Past and Present"; "Glossary of English Words"; Swinton's "Rambles among Words"; Gilman's "Short Stories from the Dictionary"; Garlanda's "Philosophy of Words" and "The Fortunes of Words" and, especially, Whitney's "Language and the Study of Language." I feel confident that the teacher who follows these suggestions will not only make large additions to his store of information, but will, also, find it a pleasure to share them with his pupils. A good word to begin with in imparting lessons from words in school is the word *school* itself. It is a Greek word and originally meant *leisure*, and it acquired its present meaning because, as the author of Ecclesiasticus happily expresses it, "The wisdom of a learned man cometh by opportunity of *leisure*, and he that hath little business shall become wise." *Academy* takes us back, at once, more than two thousand years to the time when Plato taught his scholars in the grove of Academus, while Academus, again, belongs to the prehistoric ages and figures in the adventures of Helen, Theseus, Castor and Pollux. The word *salary*, I am sure, is an interesting one to an audience of teachers. It is derived from *sal*, the Latin for salt, and *salarium* or salary was, at first, salt money, then money for the expenses of a journey, and finally wages in general. If the pay of teachers is so small, sometimes, that it scarcely secures them salt enough, their saucy pupils often have too much, for *saucy* has the same derivation as salary, being the Anglicized form of the Latin word *salsus*, salted. An explanation of the words which compose our calendar cannot fail to enlist the attention of a bright boy or girl. It will be to them a revelation (which, by the way, is only an *unveiling*) to learn how Roman Emperors, gods and numerals are embalmed in the names of our months and how every day in the week reminds the scholar that our ancestors, the Norsemen, worshipped Woden and Thor. But the word *month* itself carries the imagination far away to the Aryan ancestors of both Romans and Norsemen, and tells us of a remote past and a primitive people who had not yet learned to reckon time by the year but only by the waxing and waning of the *moon*, for month is from moon and moon comes from a Sanskrit root—ma—signifying "to measure" and originally meant "the measurer." To the Romans, however, the moon—*luna*—was "the shining one," and the derivative *lunatic* perpetuates the belief once prevalent that there is a close connection between insanity and the phases of the moon. The teacher can impart useful lessons and arouse eager attention by explaining the names of the text-books he is using. The *Atlas*, for example, preserves the memory of the demigod who bore the heavens on his shoulders and lent his name to the Atlantic ocean. Then the word *book* tells, by its derivation from *boc*, the Anglo-Saxon for a beech-tree, how our Teutonic forefathers wrote on beechen boards: the *style*, again, in which a book is written recalls the sharp-pointed metal *stylus* used by the old Romans for writing on their waxen tablets and which the modern Roman has changed to the *stiletto* of the assassin. This *last* word, as if by the magic carpet of the "Arabian Nights," carries us off to the distant Orient and reveals the existence in Persia during the eleventh and twelfth centuries of a secret political society whose members, intoxicated with *hashish*, spread terror among their enemies by the practice of secret murder. Hence they were called *Hashashin*, and this name, corrupted into *Assassins* by the crusaders and introduced into Europe, is now applied to all who slay their foes by stealth. To add to the illustrations already given for the purpose of showing how the knowledge recommended by this address may be best imparted would be both unnecessary and tiresome. I shall therefore close by hinting that there is an immense field for investigation and discovery in Christian and surnames, and that the roll of your school, if throughly worked, will furnish much unexpected information. To show that surnames, for instance, like other words, have their vicissitudes, I shall present you with an illustration borrowed from Dr. Frederick Kapp's "History of German Immigration into the United States." In the last century there arrived in Pennsylvania a German farmer named Feuerstein. This name his American neighbors told him was too Dutch and urged him to translate it into the corresponding English word and so he called himself Flint. A few years later Flint moved Westward and settled among Germans who in their ignorance of the English language took the English word Flint for the German word Flinte and thereupon advised him to change it into its supposed English equivalent. Flint learning that Flinte was synonymous with fowling-piece, gun, musket, now adopted Musket as his family name. Feuerstein—Flint Flinte—Musket, in the course of years, emigrated into another county where his neighbors, struck with his extraordinary name, prevailed upon him to alter it into Gun. His boy, when grown up, strongly disapproved of the paternal name; objected no doubt to being known as a son of a gun; and supposing it to be a corruption of John, he changed it into Johnson and secured it forever from further alteration by transmitting it to his son Andrew, who became seventeenth President of the United States.

Boiling Lakes.

About one hundred miles north of Oroville, at the foot of old Lassen, there is a boiling lake covering several acres. The depth of the lake is unknown, but its entire surface constantly boils like a huge kettle. The degree of heat we do not know, but we were there about ten years ago and remember distinctly that it would scald the skin from the fingers in a very few seconds. Our party agrees that it would boil an egg in four minutes. The smell of sulphur pervaded the atmosphere about the lake, and around its borders something like sulphur could be scraped up in handfuls. This lake is near Hot Spring Valley, at the base of Mount Lassen. Between it and the mountain there are, perhaps, a thousand boiling, bubbling hot springs, and in tramping about these springs the soles of a person's shoes become uncomfortably warm. The North Feather river, at the base of Lassen, in its trickling snows and springs, and in a clear, cold and beautiful stream but a few feet wide, flows through this community of hot springs. Some of these springs bubble up boiling water within a span of the river. Standing in the midst of these springs a peculiar sensation is experienced. At a thousand places the earth emits a vapor of smoke, while under the surface there is a jarring, roaring noise as if hundreds of steam engines were in operation, and the ominous trembling of the earth produces a feeling of uncertainty.

A short distance south of the Boiling Lake and near Willow Lake, which is beautiful, cold and clear, there are several geysers that shoot up streams of hot water from five to ten feet in diameter and eighteen to twenty feet high. That is a grand and rugged country about Mount Lassen, presenting every variety of natural beauty, and affording unlimited fields of study to the geologist. If it is desired to look into the crater of an extinct volcano, a trip to the summit of Lassen will gratify the wish.

The high Sierras of Northern California are little known except to prospectors and trappers of a past age, and their wonders are yet to be described.

While the Indians, of Eagle Valley, Nev., were at a fandango one day recently, they left in camp an aged buck named Teekaboo and his squaw. Teekaboo was quite infirm, so his spouse dug a hole in the ground, put him in up to the neck and filled in the dirt solid. She then left for the fandango, first placing a cup of water near the buried buck. He was rescued by some sheepmen after sixty-five hours confinement.

A rule, clay loams are best for plums.

Mow the lawn early and often.

Whittier's Mocking-Bird.

In a bird store over on the west side, a few days ago, I was much interested in the efforts made by the proprietor of the aviary to induce a prospective customer to purchase a full-throated mocking-bird.

The dubious patron objected that he had heard that birds of that variety never lived for more than five years, that they often died within a much shorter period and that he was unwilling to expend his money on a songster whose voice would be so soon hushed.

It was in vain that the shopkeeper argued that the tale of a mocking-bird's years was much longer than was generally supposed, and that the five-year limit was a mere superstitious fiction. The preconceived notion was indestructible and the anticipated customer left the shop unconvinced.

As I passed on I was reminded of an incident related to me on the occasion of a visit to the poet Whittier at his home at Oak Knoll a little over a year ago. It was the sage of Danver's eightieth birthday, and while he was receiving a group of literary dignitaries in his cosy parlor, I was having a delightful chat with his charming little eighteen-year-old niece, Phebe, in the library.

Phebe's love for the domestic pets is only second to that for her uncle, and it was with intense pride that she exhibited the great black cat, whom she christened Rip Van Winkle in Joe Jefferson's honor, and the mocking-bird whose songs in many keys are scarcely less tuneful than those of the gray bearded Quaker.

The cat and the bird are in perfect accord, and together with the magnificent Newfoundland, who is always at Mr. Whittier's side, form, as Phebe says, "a perfectly happy family of three." 'How old is he?" Phebe repeated, when I asked about the bird's age: "Oh, he is ever so many years ahead of me," with a blush and a laugh, and then she told me of a visit paid to Oak Knoll some time before by a rather pretentious Boston gentleman, who had remarked as he entered the library, "Ah, I see you indulge in the luxury of a mocking-bird. Well, sir, mark my word, you'll not keep him long."

To this sage observation Mr. Whittier replied dryly: "No, indeed, I fear not. He has been in the family for more than twenty-five years now."

Whether that bird is still in the land of the living is more than I can tell, but the fact of the possibility of a mocking-bird's longevity is to my mind well established, if only on bright-eyed Phebe's authority.

A Mother Kangaroo's Bravery.

A very pathetic story comes from Australia describing a kangaroo's daring for the sake of her young. The owner of a country station was sitting one evening on the balcony outside of his house, when he was surprised to notice a kangaroo lingering about, alternately approaching and retiring from the house, as though half in doubt and fear what to do. At length she approached the water pails, and, taking a young one from her pouch, held it to the water to drink. While her baby was satisfying its thirst, the mother was quivering all over with excitement, for she was only a few feet from the balcony on which one of her great foes was sitting watching her. The little one having finished drinking, it was replaced in the pouch, and the old kangaroo started off at a rapid pace. When the natural timidity of