MORTGAGEE'S SALE

OF VALUABLE

House and Four Lots of Land,

In Myers' District, Carroll County, Md.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a mortgage from Adam Bankert and wife to Samuel Cover, the undersigned Mortgagee will offer at Public Sale, on the premises, situate on the Littlestown Turnpike road, about 6 miles from Westminster and 1 mile from Union Mills, adjoining the land of Wm. Bankert and others, on

Thursday, October 9th, 1890,

at 1 o'clock, P. M.: First. That Valuable Lot of Land, situate as above stated, containing

ONE-QUARTER OF AN ACRE

of Land, more or less, improved with a good new Two-story Brick DWELLING HOUSE, a good Barn and other outbuildings, Immediately following will be sold at same place.

Second. All that valuable Tract or Parcel, situate about one-quarter of a mile West of the Littlestown Turnpike, adjoining the lands of John H. Miller and others, and containing

20 ACRES, 3 ROODS AND 21 SQUARE PERCHES OF LAND,

more or less. 20 Acres are in good Timber. Immediately following will be sold at same place,

Third. All that valuable lot of land, situate on the county road leading from the Stone road to Union Mills, adjoining the lands of Noah Fleagle and Noah Stansbury, and containing

3 ACRES OF LAND,

more or less. This Lot is well Timbered. Immediately following will be sold at same place,

Fourth. All that Valuable Wood Lot situate adjoining the above described Lot, containing

1 ACRE, 3 ROODS AND 12 PERCHES

of Land, more or less. At the same time and place will be sold the following Personal Property: TWO COWS, 1 two-horse Wagon, 1 Spring Wagon, 1 Harvester.

TERMS OF SALE.—Cash on day of sale, or upon the ratification thereof by the Court, but satisfactory credit terms can be had upon application to the undersigned on the day of sale.

SAMUEL COVER, Mortgagee.

Chas. B. Roberts, Attorney. Sep-13-ts

NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS.

COMMISSIONERS' OFFICE, Westminster, Md., August 20, 1890.

In pursuance of an Act of the General Assembly, passed at January Session, 1888, I hereby give the following notice to Taxpayers:

This is to give notice that the County Commissioners of Carroll county have made their annual levy on the assessable property of said county, for State and County Taxes for the year eighteen hundred and ninety, and that all persons or incorporate institutions that shall pay their County Taxes on or before the first day of September, next, shall be entitled to a deduction of two per centum on the amount of said taxes. On State Taxes a deduction of five per centum will be allowed if paid on or before the first day of September; and if paid on or before the first day of October, next, a deduction of four per centum; and if paid on or before the first day of November, next, a deduction of three per centum; that said taxes will be in arrear on the first day of January, next, and bear interest from that date; that all persons or incorporate institutions failing to pay their State and County Taxes before the same shall be in arrears, will render the property and estate of such delinquent liable to be sold for the prompt payment of said taxes.

CHAS. BRILHART, County Treasurer.

aug-30-4t

The Man of Bargains.

I will be at the places mentioned below with a full line of

READY-MADE CLOTHING,

Fall and Winter, which I will sell at 35 per cent. less than can be bought anywhere else. I will have on hand 300 OVERCOATS and 200 SUITS OF CLOTHING, also 150 BOYS' SUITS, all of the LATEST STYLES. Also a full line of

DRESS GOODS,

Fall and Winter SHAWLS, LADIES' CLOAKS of all grades and prices. UNDERWEAR and HOSIERY, KNIT JACKETS, LINEN GOODS, HOSIERY, and everything including Ladies' and Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods. Please call and examine my stock of goods. I am sure I can please the most fastidious.

☞ Will be at George Pickett's, Day Post-office, on September 3d, and remain until the 12th; at Charles S. Pickett's, Winfield, on September 16th, and remain until the 25th; at Union Mills from September 24th to October 4th, inclusive.

aug 30 4t JULIUS TRIBE.

Ratification Notice.

In the Orphans' Court of Carroll County.

AUGUST TERM, 1890.

ORDERED this 2nd day of September, 1890, by the Orphans' Court of Carroll County, that the account and distribution of the assets of the personal estate of Ellen Nusbaum, deceased, in the hands of Charles E. Nusbaum, Administrator of said deceased, be ratified and confirmed unless cause be shown to the contrary, on or before the 22nd day of September, 1890, provided a copy of this order be inserted for two successive weeks before the last named day in some newspaper published in Carroll county.

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

True copy—Test:

GEO. M. PARKE, Register of Wills.

sept-6-3t

NO. 2856 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County, sitting as a Court of Equity.

William H. Starr, Assignee and Mortgagee, vs. Richard Brightwell and Ellen Brightwell, his wife, Mortgagors.

ORDERED this 3rd day of September, A. D., 1890, that the sale of the Mortgaged property made and reported in the above entitled cause, by William H. Starr, assignee and mortgagee therein mentioned, be finally ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 7th day of October, next: Provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper published in Carroll county, Maryland, once a week for three successive weeks previous to the 29th day of September, inst.

The report states the amount of sale to be $3,296.51.

BENJ. F. CROUSE, Clerk.

True Copy—Test:

sept-6-3t BENJ. F. CROUSE, CLERK.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

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

THOMAS LONGLEY,

late of Carroll county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 26th day of March, 1891; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 26th day of August, 1890.

MARY D. LONGLEY, Executrix.

aug-30-4t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

THIS is to give notice that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, in Maryland, letters of administration on the Estate of

JAMES E. OTTO,

late of Carroll county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 25th day of March, 1891; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 25th day of August, 1890.

CHARLES W. WINEMILLER, Administrator.

aug-30-4t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

THIS is to give notice that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, in Maryland, letters of administration on the estate of

FEDERAL ANN B. GIST,

late of Carroll county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 1st day of April 1891; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 1st day of September, 1890.

JOSEPH L. GIST, Administrator W. A.

sept-6-4t

For Sale--Cheap!

BEST Riding Pony in the county. Gaited and quiet. Owner having no further use for him, reason for selling. Apply to

J. MILTON REIFSNIDER, Westminster, Md.

sept-6-3t*

AMERICA[redacted]SENTINEL.

VOL. 58, NO. 38. WESTMINSTER, MD., SAT[redacted]ING, SEPTEMBER 20, 1890. ESTABLISHED 1833.

Select Poetry.

OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

Over and over again,
No matter which way I turn,
I always find in the book of life
Some lesson I have to learn.
I must take my turn at the mill,
I must grind out the golden grain,
I must work at my task with a resolute will
Over and over again.

We cannot measure the need
Of even the tiniest flower,
Nor check the flow of the golden sands
That run through a single hour:
But the morning dews must fall,
And the sun and summer rain
Must do their part, and perform it all
Over and over again.

Over and over again
The brook through the meadow flows,
And over and over again
The ponderous mill-wheel goes.
Once doing will not suffice,
Though doing be not in vain;
And a blessing failing us once or twice
May come if we try again.

The path that has once been trod
Is never so rough to the feet,
And the lesson we once have learned
Is never so hard to repeat.
Though sorrowful tears must fall,
And the heart to its depths be driven
With storm and tempest we need them all
To render us meet for heaven.

Select Story.

WEE WILLIE WINKIE.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

His full name was Percival Williams, but he picked up the other name in a nursery book, and that was an end of the christened titles. His mother's *ayah* called him Willie-*Baba*, but as he never paid the faintest attention to anything that the *ayah* said, her wisdom did not help matters.

His father was the colonel of the 195th, and as soon as Wee Willie Winkie was old enough to understand what military discipline meant, Colonel Williams put him under it. There was no other way in managing the child. When he was good for a week, he drew good conduct pay, and when he was bad he was deprived of his good-conduct stripe. Generally he was bad, for India offers so many chances to little six-year-olds of going wrong.

Children resent familiarity from strangers, and Wee Willie Winkie was a very particular child. Once he accepted an acquaintance, he was graciously pleased to thaw. He accepted Brandis, a subaltern of the 195th, on sight. Brandis was having tea at the colonel's and Wee Willie Winkie entered strong in the possession of a good-conduct badge won for not chasing the hens round the compound. He regarded Brandis with gravity for at least ten minutes, and then delivered himself of his opinion.

"I like you," said he slowly, getting off his chair and coming over to Brandis. "I like you. I shall call you Coppy, because of your hair. Do you mind being called Coppy? It is because of ye hair, you know."

Here was one of the most embarrassing of Wee Willie Winkie's peculiarities. He would look at a stranger for some time, and then, without warning or explanation, would give him a name. And the name stuck. No regimental penalties could break Wee Willie Winkie of his habit. He lost his good-conduct badge for christening the commissioner's wife "Pobs"; but nothing that the colonel could do made the Station forego the nickname, and Mrs. Collen remained Mrs. "Pobs" till the end of her stay. So Brandis was christened "Coppy," and rose, therefore, in the estimation of the regiment.

If Wee Willie Winkie took an interest in any one, the fortunate man was envied alike by the mess and the rank and file. And in their envy lay no suspicion of self interest. "The colonel's son" was idolized on his own merits entirely. Yet Wee Willie Winkie was not lovely. His face was permanently freckled, as his legs were permanently scratched, and in spite of his mother's almost tearful remonstrances he had insisted upon having his long yellow locks cut short in the military fashion. I want my hair like Sergeant Trummill's," said Wee Willie Winkie, and, with his father's abetting, the sacrifice was accomplished.

Three weeks after the bestowal of his youthful affections on Lieut. Brandis—henceforward to be called "Coppy" for the sake of brevity—Wee Willie Winkie was destined to behold strange things and far beyond his comprehension.

Coppy returned his liking with interest. Coppy had let him wear for five rapturous minutes his own big sword—just as tall as Wee Willie Winkie. Copyy had promised him a terrier puppy; and Coppy had permitted him to witness the miraculous operation of shaving. Nay, more—Coppy had said that even he, Wee Willie Winkie, would raise in time to the ownership of a box of shiny knives, a silver soap box, and a silver handled "sputter brush," as Wee Willie Winkie called it. Decidedly, there was no one except his father, who could give or take away good conduct badges at pleasure, half so wise, strong and valiant as Coppy, with the Afghan and Egyptian medals on his breast. Why, then, should Coppy be guilty of the unmanly weakness of kissing—vehemently kissing—a "big girl," Miss Allardyce, to-wit. In the course of a morning ride Wee Willie Winkie had seen Coppy so doing, and like the gentleman he was, had promptly wheeled round and cantered back to his groom, lest the groom should also see.

Under ordinary circumstances he would have spoken to his father, but he felt instinctively that this was a matter on which Coppy ought first to be consulted.

"Coppy," shouted Wee Willie Winkie, reining up outside that subaltern's bungalow early one morning—"I want to see you, Coppy?"

"Come in, young 'un," returned Coppy, who was at early breakfast in the midst of his dogs. "What mischief have you been getting into now?"

Wee Willie Winkie had done nothing notoriously bad for three days, and so stood on a pinnacle of virtue.

"I have been doing nothing bad," said he, curling himself into a long chair with a studious affectation of the Colonel's languor after a hot parade. He buried his freckled nose in a teacup and, with eyes staring roundly over the rim, asked:—"I say, Coppy, is it pwoper to kiss big girls?"

"By Jove! You're beginning early. Who do you want to kiss?"

"No one. My muvver's always kissing me if I don't stop her. If it isn't pwoper, how was you kissing Major Allardyce's big girl last morning, by ve canal?"

Coppy's brow wrinkled. He and Miss Allardyce had with great craft managed to keep their engagement secret for a fortnight. There were urgent and imperative reasons why Major Allardyce should not know how matters stood for at least another month, and this small marplot had discovered a great deal too much.

"I saw you," said Wee Willie Winkie calmly. "But ye groom didn't see. I said, '*Hut jao.*'"

"Oh, you had that much sense, you young Rip," groaned poor Coppy, half amused and half angry. "And how many people may you have told about it?"

"Only me myself. You didn't tell when I twied to wide ve Buffalo ven my pony was lame; and I fought you wouldn't like."

"Winkie," said Coppy enthusiastically, shaking the small hand, "you're the best of good fellows. Look here, you can't understand all these thing's. One of these days—hang it, how can I make you see it!—I'm going to marry Miss Allardyce, and then she'll be Mrs. Coppy, as you say. If your young mind is so scandalized at the idea of kissing big girls, go and tell your father."

"What will happen?" said Wee Willie Winkie, who firmly believed that his father was omnipotent.

"I shall get into trouble," said Coppy, playing his trump card with an appealing look at the holder of the ace.

"Ven I won't," said Wee Willie Winkie briefly. "But my faver says it's unmanly to be always kissing and I didn't fink you'd do vat, Coppy."

"I'm not always kissing, old chap. It's only now and then, and when you're bigger you'll do it too. Your father meant it's not good for little boys."

"Ah!" said Wee Willie Winkie now fully enlightened. "It's like ve sputterbrush?"

"Exactly," said Coppy gravely.

"But I don't fink I'll ever want to kiss big girls, nor no one, 'cept my muvver. And I must vat, you know."

There was a long pause, broken by Wee Willie Winkie.

"Are you fond of vis big girl, Coppy?"

"Awfully!" said Coppy.

"Fonder van you are of Bell or ve Butcha—or me?"

"It's in a different way," said Coppy. "You see, one of these days Miss Allardyce will belong to me, but you'll grow up and command the regiment and—all sorts of things. It's quite different, you see."

"Very well," said Wee Willie Winkie rising. "If you're fond of ve big girl I won't tell any one. I must go now."

Coppy rose and escorted his small guest to the door, adding: "You're the best of little fellows, Winkie, I tell you what. In thirty days from now you can tell if you like—tell any one you like."

Thus the secret of the Brandis-Allardyce engagement was dependent on a little child's word. Coppy, who knew Wee Willie Winkie's idea of truth, was at ease, for he felt that he would not break promises. Wee Willie Winkie betrayed a special and unusual interest in Miss Allardyce, and, slowly revolving round that embarrassed young lady, was used to regard her gravely with unwinking eye. He was trying to discover why Coppy should have kissed her. She was not half so nice as his own mother. On the other hand, she was Coppy's property and would in time belong to him. Therefore it behooved him to treat her with as much respect as Coppy's big sword or shiny pistol.

The idea that he shared a great secret in common with Coppy kept Wee Willie Winkie unusually virtuous for three weeks. Then the old Adam broke out, and he made what he called a "camp-fire" at the bottom of the garden. How could he have foreseen that the flying sparks would have lighted the Colonel's little hayrick and consumed a week's store for the horses? Sudden and swift was the punishment—deprivation of the good-conduct badge, and, most sorrowful of all, two days' confinement to barracks—the house and veranda—coupled with the withdrawal of the light of his father's countenance.

He took the sentence like the man he strove to be, drew himself up with a quivering underlip, saluted, and, once clear of the room, ran to weep bitterly in his nursery—called by him "my quarters." Coppy came in the afternoon and attempted to console the culprit.

"I'm under awwest," said Wee Willie Winkie, mournfully, "and I didn't ought to speak to you."

Very early next morning he climbed on to the roof of the house—that was not forbidden—and beheld Miss Allardyce going for a ride.

"Where are you going?" cried Wee Willie Winkie.

"Across the river," she answered, and trotted forward.

Now the cantonment in which the 195th lay was bounded on the north by a river—dry in the winter. From his earliest years, Wee Willie Winkie had been forbidden to go across the river, and had noted that even Coppy—the almost almighty Coppy—had never set foot beyond it. Wee Willie Winkie had once been read to, out of a big blue book, the history of the Princess and the Goblins—a most wonderful tale of a land where the Goblins were always warring with the children of men until they were defeated by one Curdie. Ever since that date it seemed to him that the bare black and purple hills across the river were inhabited by Goblins, and, in truth, every one had said there lived the Bad Men. Even in his own house the lower halves of the windows were covered with green paper on account of the Bad Men, who might, if allowed clear view, fire into peaceful drawing-rooms and comfortable bedrooms. Certainly, beyond the river, which was the end of all the Earth, lived the Bad Men. And here was Major Allardyce's big girl, Coppy's property, preparing to venture into their borders! What would Coppy say if anything happened to her? If the Goblins ran off with her, as they did with Curdie's Princess? She must, at all hazards, be turned back.

The house was still. Wee Willie Winkie reflected for a moment, [redacted]

The devastating track of the pony's feet was the last misdeed that cut him off from all sympathy of Humanity. He turned into the road, leaned forward, and rode as fast as the pony could put foot to the ground in the direction of the river.

But the liveliest of twelve-two ponies can do little against the long canter of a Waler. Miss Allardyce was far ahead, had passed through the crops, beyond the police-post, when the guards were asleep, and her mount was scattering pebbles of the river bed as Wee Willie Winkie left the cantonment and British India behind him. Bowed forward and still flogging, Wee Willie Winkie shot into the laughing reply. "Hear this boy's speech!"

"Say that I sent you—I, the colonel's son. They will give you money."

"What is the use of this talk? Take up the child and the girl, and we can at least ask for the ransom. Ours are the villages on the heights," said a voice in the background.

These were the Bad Men—worse than Goblins—and it needed all Wee Willie Winkie's training to prevent him from bursting into tears. But he felt that to cry before a native, excepting only his mother's *ayah*, would be an infamy greater than any mutiny. Moreover, he, as future colonel of the 195th, had that grim regiment at his back.

"Are you going to carry us away?" said Wee Willie Winkie, very blanched and uncomfortable.

"Yes, my little '*Sahib Bahadur*,'" said the tallest of the men, "and eat you afterwards."

"That is child's talk," said Wee Willie Winkie. "Men do not eat men."

A yell of laughter interrupted him, but he went on firmly, "And if you do carry us away I tell you that my regiment will come up in a day and kill you all with out leaving one. Who will take my message to the Col. Sahib?"

Speech in any vernacular—and Wee Willie Winkie had a colloquial acquaintance with three—was easy to the boy who could not yet manage his "r's" and "th's" aright.

Another man joined the conference crying: "O foolish men! What this babe says is true. He is the heart's heart of those white troops. For the sake of peace let them go both, for if he be taken, the regiment will break loose and gut the valley. Our villages are in the valley, and we shall not escape. The regiment are devils. They broke Khoda Yar's breastbone with kicks when they tried to take the rifles; and if we touch this child they will fire and rape and plunder for a month, till nothing remains. Better to send a man back to take the message and get a reward. I say that this child is their god, and that they will spare none of us, nor our women, if we harm him."

It was Din Mahommed, the dismissed groom of the colonel, who made the diversion, and an angry and heated discussion followed. Wee willie winkie, standing over Miss Allardyce, waited the upshot. Surely his "wegiment," his own "wegiment," would not desert him if they knew of his extremity.

* * * * * * *

The riderless pony brought the news to the 195th, though there had been consternation in the colonel's household for an hour before. The little beast came in through the parade ground in front of the main barracks where the men were settling down to play "spoil-five" till the afternoon. Devlin, the color sergeant of the E company, glanced at the empty saddle and tumbled through the barracks room, kicking up each room corporal as he passed. "Up, ye beggars! There's something happened to the colonel's son," he shouted.

"He couldn't fall off: S'ep me 'e *couldn't* fall off," blubbered a drummer boy. "Go an' hunt across the river. He's over there, if he's anywhere, an' maybe those Pathons have got ,im. For the love o' Gawd don't look for 'im in the nullahs? Let's go over the river."

"There's sense in Nott yet," said Devlin. "E company, double out to the river—sharp!"

[redacted]

the wisdom of carrying off the child and the girl, a lookout fired two shots.

"What have I said?" shouted Din Mahommed. "There is the warning! The *pulton* are out already and are coming across the plain! Get away! Let us not be seen with the boy!"

The men waited for an instant, and then, as another shot was fired, withdrew into the hills, silently as they had appeared.

"The wegiment is coming," said wee willie winkie confidently to Miss Allardyce, "and it's all wight. Don't cwy!"

He needed the advice himself, for ten minutes later, when his father came up, he was weeping bitterly with his head in Miss Allardyce's lap.

And the men of the 195th carried him home with shouts and rejoicings; and Coppy, who had ridden a horse into a lather, met him, and, to his intense disgust, kissed him openly in the presence of the men.

But there was balm for his dignity. His father assured him that not only would the breaking of arrest be condoned, but that the good conduct badge would be restored as soon as his mother could sew it on his blouse sleeve. Miss Allardyce had told the Colonel a story that made him proud of his son.

"She belonged to you, Coppy," said wee willie winkie, indicating Miss Allardyce with a grimy forefinger. "I knew she didn't ought to go acwoss ve wiver, and I knew ve wegiment would come to me if I sent Jack home."

"You're a hero, winkie," said Coppy—"a *pukka* hero."

"I don't know what vat means," said wee willie winkie, "but you mustn't call me winkie any no more. I'm Percival will'am will'ams."

And in this manner did wee willie winkie enter into his manhood.

My Lucky Purchase.

On the twenty-sixth day of September, 1875, I had occasion to visit the town of Barrie, a very pretty little place situated on Kempefeldt bay, Ontario, sixty-six miles north of Toronto. Strolling along the main street, I happened to notice that I had no pocket-knife with me, and so, on the impulse of the moment, I stepped into a shop and bought one. Why, I hardly knew, as I had half-a-dozen at home, and had no idea that I should want one before my return. The one I now purchased was an ordinary, ivory-handled, three-bladed knife, the largest blade being three inches long. That same knife, after a lapse of more than thirteen years, is in my pocket while I write. I have never once lost it during all that time.

I arrived in Barrie on the five p. m. train, and, after taking tea at a very good hotel, walked out about half a mile from town to call upon a cousin whom I had not seen for a great many years.

This cousin (now dead) was a wealthy lumberer, or rather square-timber manufacturer and dealer. He had, and was well known to have, the habit, very unusual in a business man, of always carrying in his pocket a "wad" of five or six hundred dollars in bank bills; and, although often reasoned with on the subject, nothing could induce him to abandon this curious custom. If the amount of his "wad" ever got below five hundred dollars, he would immediately replenish it. He said he always felt better with money in his pocket. Most anybody would. I spent a very pleasant evening with him, talking over old times, etc., and did not get away until midnight. Now this gentleman's house was on the crest of a hill, with garden and orchard extending down the slope toward the town. Just at the corner of the orchard there was a hollow or depression in the ground, and, while the sidewalks on either side of the road were built on the original surface, the causeway or road itself had been raised to the extent of five feet or so.

As, quietly smoking a cigar, I slowly walked along on one of these sidewalks, some one, apparently half drunk, sitting in the deep shade of a large tree on the other side of the road hailed me in a gruff, unsteady voice:

"S-s-say, mate, will you give a fellow a match?"

Thinking this was probably some intoxicated laborer, who was really suffering for a smoke, I replied:

"Yes, come across and I'll give you one."

"No, mate, I can-can-can't git up. You fetch it to me; that's a goo-goo-good man."

To this cool request I answered rather sharply: "If you want a light, come and get it, or go without."

Seeing that "Mohammed must go to the mountain," the fellow did get up and come toward me. So soon as he gained the elevated causeway, and was thus between me and the star-lit sky, I saw that he was a big, burly English navvy, and not at all drunk. Still, I suspected nothing of evil intent; and it was only an unaccountable impulse which led me to take out my knife and hold it open in my right hand. When the man came down the slope on my side of the road, and was within three feet of me, I held out some matches in my left hand, and said: "Here's a match if you want one."

Even as I spoke, a medium-sized white bull-dog, hitherto unseen, crept noiselessly from behind the fellow, and sprang straight at my throat. In an instant I saw the whole murderous scheme, and realized my own imminent danger. If the four-legged brute, of a breed which never lets go with life, should fasten upon me, the two-legged one could then pound me into the earth, and rob or murder me at his leisure. He had doubtless mistaken me for my cousin, of whose strange habit as to carrying money about with him he had probably heard. However, thanks to a life-long familiarity with dangers of every kind, I did not feel at all afraid or "rattled," although the thought did cross my mind that it would be a pity if this brute should succeed in trampling out my life, after I had safely passed through so many risky adventures. I met the first spring of the dog by driving the knife into his left cheek and throwing him off; but he came at me again like lightning, and was again foiled in the same way. His third spring was so exceedingly swift that I nearly missed him, the knife-blade merely slitting one of his ears, and he succeeded in getting a hold on my right sleeve, and slightly wounding my arm. Fortunately the loose cloth gave way as I threw him off once more, with a motion so violent that he rolled over and over on touching the ground. But he was evidently a pure-bred animal, and "game" to the back-bone. Once again he dashed at me, always aiming for my face; and this time the knife entered his open mouth, and the back of my hand, coming into contact with his upper tusks, received two deep cuts. This last thrust was so severe that he could not close his jaws on my hand, and he dropped off, uttering, for the first time, a low whine of pain.

Since the beginning of the fight, and up to this moment, not a sound had been uttered by the dog, the owner or myself. If the situation had not been so serious, it would have been really comical. The brawny ruffian stood in grim silence, watching the efforts of his less ignoble companion, while I as silently repelled his attacks. I was too busy to speak or call out, and at that hour no one could have heard me had I done so. This man evidently saw the flashing of the bright knife-blade in the dim light, and was afraid to close in on me; but now, seeing his dog wince, he seemed to be moved by pity for the brute, and stooping down, took him in his arms. Then I said: "Get out of this, you scoundrel, or I will kill you both!" Still the fellow did not speak, but turned around and sneaked off, and I saw no more of him that night.

On my way to town, I called at the police station and gave the alarm, although I could really swear to nothing against the man, except an assault by his dog. However, on hearing my description, the chief constable said at once that this was a fellow who "was wanted" for several lately committed robberies. He was apprehended next day in an adjacent village, and the constable's surmise proved correct. When the precious pair were brought in, I went to the lock-up to see them; especially the dog, which I found to be a very fine bull-terrier, worthy of a better master. His head was pretty badly cut up by my knife, but he knew and would have attacked me again at sight, if he had not been restrained.

I learned afterward that the man was convicted of numerous crimes and sent on a seven-year sentence to the penitentiary. My few wounds had been properly cauterized immediately after the fracas, and I never experienced any ill effect from them.

Rattan is the product of a climbing vine of the palm species, growing in the Celebes and other Malayan countries. Starting with a trunk as thick as a man's leg, it winds through the forest, now wrapping a tall tree in its folds, and then descending again to earth and trailing along in snake-like curves until it can find some other stately tree to fasten and climb upon in its pursuit of light and air. Its flow of sap is so intense that the thirsty traveler has at all times a tumblerful of cool, refreshing water at command by cutting off a few feet of rattan and putting one of the severed ends to his mouth, or holding it over a dish to catch the water.

The running board for the top of cars has been invented, its purpose being to prevent the brakemen from falling off the cars. Railings run from one end of the car to the other in the center, other railings leading from the side ladders. Between these railings a man might walk with safety, the slipping outwardly of the feet being prevented by a skirting rail at the feet of the upright rail posts. The running board extends over the end of each car so as to closely approach a similar extension on the opposing car.

English ivy can be planted with success on the north side of buildings, but where it gets much sun in winter it will not thrive.

Comparing the Varieties of Wheat.

Professor Blount in his report of experiments made at the Colorado station says: Some wheats make large crops, and are not good milling varieties, while others yield sparingly and make the best of flour. The flinty varieties make the best flour, because they contain more and better milling elements, but they are not so prolific as the soft wheats. Those with large white or red grain and soft are prolific, but possess characteristics deleterious to making good flour; they generally have a deep crease and too much cellulose, which greatly interfere in milling. Bearded wheats, generally, while they seem in a measure to ward off birds and noxious insects, are not adapted to dry climates, on account of being too easily shelled out in handling. Red chaff varieties have the same fault. Very close chaffed wheats, on the other hand, are generally coarse, possessing poor milling elements, and wheats with dense foliage are too liable to rust and other accidents.

Natural Gentlemanliness.

Kindly feelings, quick sympathies and gentle manners, joined with true self-respect, form the basis of that gentlemanliness which is so naturally admired and coveted. Vulgarity, which is so much dreaded and so much misunderstood, consists in the absence of one or all of these qualities. It is not vulgar to wear a coarse coat or a cheap gown; but it is essentially so to dress in fine cloth or costly silk at the expense of one's peace of mind. It is not vulgar to make a mistake in the laws of etiquette; but it is so to sneer at the one who makes it, to ridicule ignorance, to be rude to the aged, to scorn honest frugality. A true gentleman may be poor or rich but will be neither a miser or a squanderer; he may be slenderly or thoroughly educated, but he will be neither envious nor supercilious; he may speak a provincial dialect, but will not use slang; he may be reserved, but will not be cunning; he may be known or unknown to fame, but will be neither obsequious nor contemptuous.

By submitting different seeds to the action of the electric current their development is rendered more rapid. Experiments made in Russia show that when the electrical treatment is applied to vegetables there is a large crop and the vegetable grows to a larger size. Barley ripened ten days quicker; potatoes were better and not so prone to disease, and vines that have been treated have been cured of the diseases which have attracked them. It is also suggested as a remedy for the evil of the potato bug.

In the manufacture of paper this country has been making tremendous strides during the last few years. The industry has been brought to such a high state of development, and the production reduced so much in cost by improved machinery and the successful use of wood pulp under a special process, that a large export trade has been established, particularly with England. A market has also been found in Australia and elsewhere.

It is proposed to use the spectroscope to determine whether cesspools, stables, etc., drain into neighboring wells. A solution of carbonate of chloride of lithium is poured into the suspected sources of pollution in the neighborhood, and after a week or so the well water is examined spectroscopically for lithium, which can thus be detected even if the water holds in solution less than one pint to a million.

Nevada has what are termed "traveling stones." They are described as being perfectly round, about as large as a walnut and of an ivory nature. When distributed about on the floor, table or other level surface, within two or three feet of each other they at once begin to move toward each other until they meet in a common center, and there lie huddled in a bunch. They are largely composed of magnetic iron ore.

The effects of steam in the destruction of bacteria do not depend, according to the researches of Von Esmarch, so much upon the temperature as upon the degree of saturation of the steam. If there is air with it, the power of destroying organic germs is very much diminished.

A feature of the international electrical exhibition in Frankford, Germany, will be the transmission of electric power. A firm in Lauffen, on the Neckar will furnish currents of 500-horse power over copper wires from a station 140 miles from the exhibition.

The enormous development of our iron industry is shown by the Iron Age, in which the production of iron for the first six months of 1890 is placed at 4,610,000 tons, which is the largest amount of iron ever made in any country in the world in that time.

An English lady, Mrs. Watts Huges, stretches a membrane over a receiver, spreads on it a sort of paste, and makes musical sounds write their vibrations on this prepared surface.

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