AMERICAN SENTINEL.

VOL. 58, NO. 39. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 27, 1890. ESTABLISHED 1833.

Notice of the Registrars of Voters.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned, Officers of Registration of Voters for their respective election districts in Carroll county, will sit for their respective

SEPTEMBER AND OCTOBER SITTINGS

in their respective election districts, at the places and during the hours below named. 1st. For the purpose of ascertaining and registering the persons qualified to vote at the next ensuing election in the election districts and each of the election precincts of which they are respectively Officers of Registration, for three successive days in September, beginning on the

3rd *Monday of September*, 1890, *which will be the 15th day of September, and four successive days in October, beginning on the 1st Monday in October*, 1890, *which will be the 6th day of October, respectively.*

2nd. For the purpose of revision and for the hearing of applications for reinstatement by persons whose names shall have been stricken off their respective registries of voters, on the Monday next succeeding the second Monday of October, 1890

IN ELECTION DISTRICT NO. 1, CALLED TANEYTOWN DISTRICT,

John P. Gardner, the Officer of Registration, will sit from 8 o'clock, a. m., until 8 o'clock, p. m., at the residence of the Registrar, on Frederick street, in Taneytown

IN ELECTION DISTRICT NO. 2, CALLED UNIONTOWN DISTRICT,

Harry Weaver, Officer of Registration, will sit from 8 o'clock, a. m., to 8 o'clock, p. m., at the residence of the Registrar, on the main street in Uniontown.

IN ELECTION DISTRICT NO. 3, CALLED MYERS' DISTRICT,

Jacob P. Hull, Officer of Registration, will sit from 8 o'clock, a. m., to 8 o'clock, p m., at his office in Silver Run

IN ELECTION DISTRICT NO. 4, CALLED WOOLERY'S DISTRICT,

John H. Taylor, Officer of Registration, will sit from 8 o'clock, a. m., to 8 o'clock, p. m., at Sandyville, at Rush's store, on the pike leading from Reisterstown to Westminster

IN ELECTION DISTRICT NO. 5, CALLED FREEDOM DISTRICT,

Wade H. D. Warfield, Officer of Registration, will sit from 8 o'clock, a. m., to 8 o'clock, p. m., at the office of the Registrar, in Sykesville, on the main street.

IN ELECTION DISTRICT NO. 6, CALLED MANCHESTER DISTRICT,

George Shower, Officer of Registration, will sit on the third Monday in September, being the 15th day of September, at Jacob Blocher's store, at Alesia; on all other days of the said September and October sittings will sit at the residence of the Registrar, on the main street, in Manchester, from 8 o'clock, a. m., to 8 o'clock, p. m.

IN ELECTION DISTRICT NO. 7, CALLED WESTMINSTER DISTRICT,

William L. Corbin, Officer of Registration, will sit in the first precinct at 161 E. Main street, on the 15th and 16th days of September, 1890, and on the 6th and 7th days of October, 1890; and all other days of said September and October sittings he will sit at the Montour House, No. 61 W. Main street, Westminster, from 8 o'clock, a. m., to 8 o'clock, p. m.

IN ELECTION DISTRICT NO. 8, CALLED HAMPSTEAD DISTRICT,

James W. Hann, Officer of Registration, will sit for his September and October sittings, 1890, at Elisha Snyder's store, on the main street, in Hampstead, from 8 o'clock, a. m., to 8 o'clock, p. m.

IN ELECTION DISTRICT NO. 9, CALLED FRANKLIN DISTRICT,

Lewis C. Franklin, Officer of Registration, will sit for his September and October sittings at his residence in Franklinville, from 8 o'clock, a. m., to 8 o'clock, p. m.

IN ELECTION DISTRICT NO. 10, CALLED MIDDLEBURG DISTRICT,

George W. Shank, Officer of Registration, will sit on the 15th and 16th days of September, 1890, at Stephen C. Chipley's store, in Middleburg, on the main street; on the 17th day of September, 1890, at Milton O. Myers' store, in Keysville, for his October sittings at said Chipley's store, in Middleburg, from 8 o'clock, a. m., to 8 o'clock, p. m.

IN ELECTION DISTRICT NO. 11, CALLED NEW WINDSOR DISTRICT,

William D. Lovell, Officer of Registration, will sit for his September and October sittings at Charles W. Smith's store, on Main street, in New Windsor, from 8 o'clock, a. m., to 8 o'clock, p. m.

IN ELECTION DISTRICT NO. 12, CALLED UNION BRIDGE DISTRICT,

Theodore A. Clay, Officer of Registration, will sit for his September and October sittings, 1890, at his place of business on Main street, in Union Bridge, from 8 o'clock, a. m., to 8 o'clock, p. m.

IN ELECTION DISTRICT NO. 13, CALLED MOUNT AIRY DISTRICT,

Oscar M. Spurrier, Officer of Registration, will sit on the 15th day of September, 1890, at Anderson's store, on the Main street in Mt. Airy; on all other days of his September and October sittings will sit at the residence of the Registrar, on the Harrisonville road, near the Westminster and Mt. Airy road, about three miles from Mt. Airy, from 8 o'clock, a. m., to 8 o'clock, p. m.

JOHN P. GARDNER,
Officer of Registration for District No. 1.
HARRY WEAVER,
Officer of Registration for District No. 2.
JACOB P. HULL,
Officer of Registration for District No. 3.
JOHN H. TAYLOR,
Officer of Registration for District No. 4.
WADE H. D. WARFIELD,
Officer of Registration for District No. 5.
GEORGE SHOWER,
Officer of Registration for District No. 6.
WILLIAM L. CORBIN,
Officer of Registration for District No. 7.
JAMES W. HANN,
Officer of Registration for District No. 8.
LEWIS C. FRANKLIN,
Officer of Registration for District No. 9.
GEORGE W. SHANK,
Officer of Registration for District No. 10.
WILLIAM D. LOVELL,
Officer of Registration for District No. 11.
THEO. A. CLAY,
Officer of Registration for District No. 12.
OSCAR M. SPURRIER,
Officer of Registration for District No. 13.
D. N. HENNING, Counsel for Registrars.
aug-30-5t

Road Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made to the County Commissioners of Carroll county at their first meeting after the expiration of Thirty Days from the date hereof, to locate, or cause to be located, and open a public County Road, beginning for the same at or near Green Valley Schoolhouse in Myers' District, at the intersection of the county road leading from Silver Run to Hahn's Mill with the county road leading from Wiest's Mill to the Pennsylvania Line, and running thence in a northwesterly direction through the lands of Isaac E. Pearson, Joseph Duttrer, Emanuel Koons, and Alonza Myers, on the most practical route, until it intersects the county road leading from Wiest's Mill to Piney Creek Station at or near the lands of Henry Erb, thence along or near to the line of division between the lands of said Henry Erb and Mrs. George Kesselring, thence along or near to the line of division between the lands of said Mrs. George Kesselring and Jacob Heindel, thence along or near to the line of division between the lands of said Jacob Heindel and John Bair, thence along or near to the line of division between the lands of said John Bair and Albert Study, until it intersects the county road leading from the Plank road to Washington Schoolhouse, at or near the residence of Wm. Classon, thence leaving last mentioned county road at a point near Augustus Mehring's barn, in a northwesterly direction to a point on the road leading from Taneytown to Littlestown, opposite the private road leading to Bethel Church, thence along or near to the bed of said private road from said Bethel Church still along or near to a private road until it intersects the county road leading from Gettysburg road to Pennsylvania Line, being county road No. 204 through the land of Levi Mehring, Jonas Harner, Samuel Knox, the heirs of Sterling Galt, Jack Robertson, Edward Spangler, and Upton Harner.

JONAS HARNER,
and 30 others.
aug-30-5t

PUBLIC SALE

of a Valuable FARM and MILL,

ON Sams Creek, Carroll county, Md., on Saturday, October 4th, 1890, at 1 o'clock, P. M. For particulars see advertisement in Westminster Advocate and handbills.

ELIZABETH A. WILSON,
WM. T. WILSON,
sept-6-4t Executors.

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

Select Poetry.

"NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP."

In the quiet nursery chambers,
Snowy pillows yet unpressed,
See the forms of little children
Kneeling, white-robbed for their rest.
All in quiet nursery chambers,
While the dusky shadows creep,
Hear the voices of the children—
"Now I lay me down to sleep."

In the meadow and the mountain
Calmly shine the winter stars,
But across the glistening lowlands
Slant the moonlight's silver bars,
In the silence and the darkness,
Darkness growing still more deep,
Listen to the little children
Praying God their souls to keep.

"If we die"—so pray the children—
And the mother's head drops low,
(One from out her fold is sleeping
Deep beneath the winter's snow),
"Take our souls;" and past the casement
Flits a gleam of crystal light,
Like the trailing of His garments
Walking evermore in white.

Little souls that stand expectant,
Listening at the gates of life,
Hearing far away the murmur
Of the tumult and the strife;
We, who fight beneath those banners,
Meeting ranks of foemen there,
Find a deeper, broader meaning
In your simple vesper prayer.

When your hand shall grasp the stand
Which, to-day, you watch from far;
When your deeds shall shape the conflict
In this universal war,
Pray to Him, the God of battles,
Whose strong eye can never sleep,
In the warring of temptation,
Firm and true your souls to keep.

When the combat ends, and slowly
Clears the smoke from out the skies,
When, far down the purple distance,
All the noise of battle dies;
When the last night's solemn shadows
Settle down on you and me,
May the love that never failed us,
Take our souls eternally.

Select Story.

ONE TERRIBLE NIGHT.

BY ANNA SHIELDS.

From NEW YORK LEDGER.

It would be too long a story
me to tell the reason why I felt th
my life itself was too small a p
ment to make to Mrs. Marston, if
sacrifice would add to her happine
I was bound to her service by ties
gratitude and affection that we
never absent from my heart, a
when she died, I gladly promised
give to Netta, her only child, the d
votion of my life. I only menti
this, that the reader may understa
the motive for my conduct on t
night when Herbert Lane lay b
tween life and death; the nig
whose incidents are printed indelibl
upon my heart and brain.

Netta Marston had grown from
child to woman in the years follow-
ing her mother's death, under my
care as a nursery governess, upper
servant and housekeeper; I scarcely
know what my position in the house-
hold seemed to outsiders. Mr. Mars-
ton left everything in my care. I
selected servants, controlled the
housekeeping and took care of Netta,
until she was old enough to have
teachers in studies far beyond the
limit of my education. She was very
pretty, very loving and her father's
idol. Our home at Water Valley
was a fitting nest for so dainty a lit-
tle lady as my darling, and Mr.
Marston was hospitality itself.

When Herbert Lane was chosen
from many who courted Miss Mars-
ton, there was no cloud upon their
engagement, and my old eyes and
heart were gladdened by Netta's en-
tire happiness. But I knew, per-
haps others also saw, that one of
those who had tried to gain my dar-
ling's favor did not accept his disap-
pointment willingly. The intimacy
between the Lanes and the Marstons
had begun before Mrs. Marston died,
and I knew much of the family his-
tory. Included in this knowledge
was the condition of old Mr. Lane's
will.

He left a large estate to his only
child, Herbert, to revert to his neph-
ew, Julius Lane, should Herbert die
unmarried, or before he was of age.
The cousins had always lived to-
gether, and Julius inherited a small
fortune from his uncle, but very
much less than the estate that would
revert to him if Herbert died before
coming of age. The two had been
rivals for Netta's love, since she was
old enough to have lovers, and many
were surprised at her choice, since
she did not need wealth, and Julius
was a far more brilliant man than
his cousin. He was very handsome,
talented, of good social standing, and
as far as the world knew, of moral
worth as well. Herbert was quiet,
reserved, never in very strong health,
and showed to little advantage be-
side his cousin. But it was Herbert
who won my darling's love, while I,
old fool that I was, thought that she
rejected the better man.

The time had been set for the
wedding, that was to be in July,
when Herbert Lane was taken ill,
with what old Dr. Arnold, the Wa-
ter Vally doctor, thought was ma-
larial fever. It was in April when
he was first too ill to leave his room,
and it was in May that Dr. Wick
sham came to Water Valley. Th
had been some complications in H
bert Lane's illness that Julius lou
protested were caused by impro
medical treatment, and Dr. Arn
was dismissed, Dr. Wickersham t
ing his place. There was, too, c
stant trouble about the nurses,
stayed a few days, then left, and
Mrs. Hunt, the housekeeper, said
was because Mr. Julius interfered
much.

So it came about that in M
moved by my darling's entreaties, I
dertook to nurse Herbert Lane.
think his cousin would have refused
my assistance if he could have given
one reasonable excuse for doing so,
but as there was none, I took my
place beside what seemed, even then,
a dying man.

Never had I seen such a change as
the few weeks of illness had made in
Herbert Lane. He was not a hand-
[redacted]
my patient grew weaker, and my
darling paler and more sad. It
grieved me to the heart to see her
mournful eyes and quivering lips, as
she turned away, after daily inquir-
ies, for Dr. Wickersham had strictly
forbidden her to see Herbert.

"The excitement of an interview
would be fatal," he said; and al-
though I did not agree with him, it
was not my place to advise any risk.

The night of the 14th of July was
close, and Herbert Lane, with every
sense strung up to fever pitch, was
lying at sunset, watching, praying
for one day more of the life that was
slipping away from him so rapidly.
I had been in the kitchen, mixing a
cooling drink, when the terrors of
that dreadful night commenced.

There was a narrow passage-way
between the dining-room, and the
small room the cousins called the
study, and used for a sitting-room,
and through this I passed on my way
upstairs. My blood was like ice, my
heart seemed to stop, as Julius Lane's
voice, low but distinct, came to me
from that room.

"I tell you he must die to-night,
or I am a beggar to-morrow. Every
dollar of my money is gone, and the
estate must come to me if Herbert
dies to-night!"

Dr. Wickersham's voice, timid,
pleading, answered:

"But the risk! I have run such
an awful risk now. Think of it.
Think, if there should be any sus-
picion and a *post mortem!*"

"The risk was taken long ago.
Everybody knows he is dying, and a
few hours more or less will make no
difference. Give me some stronger
dose that will not fail. You gain
thirty thousand dollars, and I swear
to return to you the notes forged on
my uncle. If Herbert lives till morn-
ing, I will give the notes to the po-
lice."

"No! no! I—I will do what you
want. Come or send in half an hour,
and—and—stop all stimulants—no
brandy or coffee after the first dose.
He will only sleep, and not waken."

"You give the directions. We will
go upstairs."

I turned, retraced my steps to reach
the sick-rom by the back-stairs, and
was at my post when the two entered
the room. How I kept my calmness
I cannot tell, but Dr. Wickersham
did not notice any agitation when he
told me he would send a new medi-
cine, and I was to drop all stimulant,
not come back until the will was
safely locked in my trunk, and Her-
bert was dozing again, more brandy
being administered.

Half-past one, and a scratch on the
door. Sam!

"Mr. Marston 'll be here, soon as
he gets Dr. Arnold," he whispered.

"Sam! you shall have ten dollars,"
I whispered back. "Go to bed you
darling!"

Two o'clock, and Julius crept up
stairs.

"How is he?" he said, as I softly
opened the door.

"Very low!" I answered.

"Conscious?"

"Oh, no sir, just sleeping, but his
pulse sinking all the time."

I was fearing he would go to veri-
fy this, when a peal at the door-bell
startled us.

"I will go!" Julius said, and I,
listening intently, heard, a moment
later:

"Stand aside, you murderous vil-
lian!" in Mr. Marston's voice, then
heavy footsteps, and I dropped insen-
sible.

Dr. Arnold saved Herbert's life af-
ter this, and mine as well. There
was a wedding in August, but Julius
Lane was not his cousin's best man.
Neither he nor Dr. Wickersham has
been seen in Water Valley since that
terrible night.

HER LOVE REVEALED.

"Of course, I shall never dare to
speak another word to her!" said
Robert Dale.

"But why not, Bob? Only tell
me why not?" cried out little Florrie,
climbing up the beams of the barn-
loft, so that her head should be just
on a level with that of her tall
brother, and clasping him around the
neck with both arms.

Robert was a tall, handsome young
athlete, at that moment busy in
mending one the cogs of a steam-
plough with deft and ready touch.

His dark-brown hair hung in
heavy masses over his broad forehead;
his hazel eyes were full of latent fire,
and there was a world of character
and resolve in his mouth and chin.
One might easily excuse Florrie Dale
for being proud of such a brother as
that.

"Don't you see, Florrie?" said the
young giant, gently putting away the
hands that interfered with the deli-
cate screws he held. "I never asked
her to be my wife while she was a poor
and dependent school teacher here.
How can I have the face to do it now
that she has inherited a fortune?"

"But you were just going to ask
her, Bob—you know you were!"

"Ah, but how is she to know it?"

"Why, by instinct, of course," de-
cided Florrie.

Dale shook his head with rather a
sad smile.

"No, my little girl," said he, "I do
not choose to be mistaken for one of
the great army of fortune-hunters.
I've lost my opportunity, and there's
an end of it. It's my own fault."

Florrie burst into tears.

"Oh, Bob!" said she.

Robert Dale stroked down her sun-
shiny head, not without a sparkle of
moisture in his own eyes, but he
smiled a wan smile nevertheless.

"I've often read that pride was a
sin," sobbed Florrie, "but I never
comprehended it before. Oh, Bob, I
could almost hate you, if I didn't love
you so dearly!"

And Florrie scrambled down from
her perch on the beam and ran
away, with both hands clasped over
her face.

Dale look after her.

"Poor little darling!" he said to
himself. "It is but a scratch on the
surface of her tender young heart.
On mine it is a deep wound seared in
with red-hot iron, God help me!"

It was one of those romances which
occur in real life oftener than one has
any idea of. Mabel Wayne was a
pretty young school teacher in Ab-
bott's village, whose life of poverty
had suddenly been turned into riches
by the bequest of a distant and nearly
forgotten relative.

To Mabel herself it seemed like a
golden dream. How often she had
built castles in the air, whereof the
foundation was, "If I were rich!"
And now the dream had come true;
the pinnacles of the air-castles were
actually shining athwart the sky of
her life, heretofore such a cold and
gray expanse!

"And now," said Mabel to herself,
"I can fulfill all my heart's desires."

She took counsel with no one, un-
less now and then an hour with the
gray-haired old lawyer might come
under that head; she simply did as
she pleased.

"Hev' ye seen the new house that
Mabel Wynne is buildin'?" said one
neighbor to another. "It's a reglar
Aladdin's castle! With the trees all
cut away from the lake, and new
drives made through the woods, and
heathen statters set up here and there,
and a row o' glass houses to raise fur-
rin plants, and ripen grapes and
peaches before their time."

"I don't approve of no such no-
tions," solemnly answered the other.
"To my mind, it's a clear settin' o'
Providence at defiance. Grapes in
March! And orange-trees a flowerin'
in this 'ere climate, with the snow on
the ground! Mark my words, there
won't be no good come of it!"

* * * * *

It was a bright September evening
when Mabel Wynne stopped at the
old Dale farm-house.

Florrie rushed to meet her, and
greeted her with hugs and kisses in-
numerable.

"Dear, dear May!" she said; "why
haven't you been to see us before?"

"Why haven't you been to see
me?" retorted Mabel with the
piquant off-hand manner which was
one of her greatest charms. "That
is the question, I should think?"

Florrie's eyelashes dropped; in-
stinctively she turned to her brother.

Robert advanced to her rescue, of-
fering Miss Wynne his hand with an
excellent imitation of composure.

"Because, Mabel, your time has
been so much occupied," said he. "I
told Florrie that things were changed
—that you could hardly be expected
to have leisure to devote to her silly
prattle."

"How did you know that things
were changed?" cried Mabel, with a
resentful flash in her violet-blue
eyes.

"My own common-sense told me
so."

"Was that the reason you haven't
been to see me?"

"One of the reasons."

"Oh!" said Mabel, with an inde-
scribable intonation of voice, and fix-
ing her eyes upon his with a sudden
questioning glance, which he was but
too thankful to evade by looking an-
other way. "That was all that you
cared for your old friend—eh?"

"If I could be of any real practical
use to my old friend——"

"You can," briefly interrupted Miss
Wynne.

"Tell me how, and I shall be at
your service."

Florrie put her arms around her
friend's neck, whispering softly:

"This is like old times, May!"

"And I shall want Florrie, too,"
added Mabel, "to help eke out my
own inexperience. A man's judg-
ment and a woman's taste! May I
count on both of you?"

"On me, certainly," said Robert
Dale.

"You might know that I would be
ready to help you," cried Florrie, al-
most inclined to be aggrieved.

"Then, will you both come up to
'The Glen' to-morrow at ten o'clock?"

"That's the home of your new fairy
palace?"

"Didn't you know it?"

Robert smiled.

"I didn't ask many questions,"
said he.

"Yes it is called 'The Glen'," she
answered.

Mabel Wynne stayed and spent the
evening at the Dale farm-house. She
and Florrie sang sweet duets to the
accompaniment of Robert's violin.
They talked of old times and new,
and when at last Robert returned
from seeing Mabel home, Florrie
clapped her hands gleefully.

"Oh, Bob," she cried "isn't it nice
to have Mabel here once more?"

And Bob's smile did her heart
good.

The next day, however, things as-
sumed a new aspect. Robert and
Florrie walked up through the wood
to the beautiful new house, whose
stained-glass casement commanded so
rare a view of hillside, woodlands,
and distant winding river. Mabel
was standing on the portico.

"Now come in," she cried radi-
antly. "Walk through all the rooms
with me. Here is the library—I
want Robert's idea about fitting that
up—and here are the drawing-rooms.
Florrie and I must decide about
these; for to tell you the truth—I
am going to be married!"

Florrie started back, with a little
exclamation; Robert stood calm and
quiet as one of the marble statues in
the vestibule.

"Married!" Florrie cried; "and not
to confide in me! Oh, May!"

"Tell me," said Mabel, "shall we
furnish the drawing-rooms in blue and
silver, or pink and gold? And shall
my rooms be the south ones, or the
suite looking out over the river?
And Bob must have the vestibule
furnished to suit a man's taste. I
shouldn't like to have my husband
criticise them when he comes. Will
you do this for me, Bob, because of
our old friendship? Oh, don't look
so solemnly at me! I know I am
asking a good deal, but I thought I
could depend on you."

"You can," he answered quietly.

"Come out and look at the new
sundial on the south lawn," added
Mabel. "Florrie had run upstairs to
see the river from the observatory.
We won't wait for her, because, Bob,
I want to tell you a secret."

"Wouldn't your husband be the
proper one to confide in, May?" he
asked.

"In this case, no, Bob," she cried.
"Listen to me. I love this man with
all my soul—this husband that is to
be—and he loves me."

"Naturally," observed Robert, set-
ting his teeth.

"But he does not dare to tell me
so. He thinks, don't you see that I
am an heiress. Well, so I am; but I
am a woman, nevertheless, and I love
him! Is my wretched money to part
us? If so, I'll fling it all into the
ocean, and begin life anew as a beg-
gar-girl. Now, Bob, what shall I
do? It is for this that I sent for you
to come here. Answer me quickly."

"Tell him all," said Robert husk-
ily. "For God's sake do not break
his heart for so trifling a cause as
this!"

Mabel's cheeks crimsoned, her eyes
fell to the ground.

"I have told him," she murmured,
"within this hour. Oh, Robert, Rob-
ert! have I said too much?"

"My May, my own darling!" cried
Dale. "And to think that this mis-
erable, false pride of mine failed to
measure the nobility of your virtue!"

When Florrie came down from the
observatory to the marble sun-dial,
where the minutes where measured
off by sunshine—ah, how appropriate
it seems just now, this division of
time!—Bob and Mabel were sitting
side by side on a rustic bench, and
there was something in their faces
that betrayed the truth at once.

"You have discovered our secret,
little sister," said he.

Florrie uttered a cry of joy.

"Oh, May!" she cried; "is it Bob?"

"Could it be anyone else than
Bob?" Mabel whispered, her sweet
eyes full of loving light.

High Rates of Speed.

One of our correspondents not long
ago asserted that a speed of 100 miles
an hour by steam locomotives was en-
tirely practicable, and thought it
would be attained. In a recent lec-
ture before a scientific club, Profes-
ser Elihu Thomson declared that
much higher speeds than can now be
obtained with steam locomotives are
to be expected by means of electrici-
ty, and he considered from 100 to
even 150 miles an hour possible.

While in the steam locomotive
there are reciprocating parts that
must be put in motion, stopped and
reversed continually, in the electric
locomotive we have simply a rotary
motion, which makes it possible to
run with economy at much higher
rates of speed. He believed that if
we could come back after another
hundred years we would find 150
miles miles an hour to be the speed
of traveling, adding, "It simply de-
pends upon finding the necessary
method of applying sufficient power,
and building the locomotives to suit,
arrangements being adopted to keep
the cars on the track."

One hundred and fifty miles an
hour may be among the possibilities,
but most people nowdays would rath-
er leave to coming generations the
enjoyment of whirling through space
at that frightful velocity. To leave
Chicago at night and be in New York
next morning would be a wonderful
achievement, involving great in-
crease of business facilities, but the
safety of such a speed under present
conditions may well be questioned.

Queer Facts About Goldfish.

Goldfish that swim in globes of
water in our parlors are very sensitive
to changes in the weather, and an ob-
servant person may learn to rely on
them to fortell the coming of a storm.
At such times the fish are restless.
They dart about from place to place,
and never remain long in one spot as
in mild, pleasant weather. They may
be taught, when kept in a large tank,
to approach the attendant by ringing
a bell. Another of their peculiarities
is that they may be frozen in a lump
of ice in December and be thawed out
alive in April. Although goldfish
are reared and kept as pets all over
this country, they were first brought
here from China only thirty years
ago.

Music touches every key of memory
and stirs all the hidden springs of
sorrow and of joy. We love it for
what it makes us forget, and for what
it makes us remember.

Some remarkable caves have been
discovered in West Austria. Two
of them will afford accommodations
for 200,000 men each.

Wit at the Guillotine.

Some years ago it was still the cus-
tom in France to conduct condemned
criminals through gaping crowds of
idle spectators to the public guillotine.
On one such occasion the unfortu-
nate, seated upon his coffin in the
cart, heard a would-be wit in the
crowd remark to a companion:

"Well, I'll bet that fellow don't
feel much like laughing."

The coarse attempt at a joke stung
the prisoner, and when he arrived at
the scaffold he asked that the pro-
ceedings be stayed a moment, as he
had a confession to make.

"Although I denied it at my trial, I
had accomplices in the crime for
which I have been sentenced, and
there," pointing to the joker, "is
one of them now."

Great excitement ensued, and the
party designated was seized by the
gendarmes with no gentle hands.
Out of the confusion somebody man-
aged to drag order, and the wit was
placed on the scaffold beside his ac-
cuser.

Such a fearful case of abject terror
as the joker presented was never wit-
nessed in that somber locality. After
enjoying his helpless fright for a few
moments the fated convict said to the
official in charge:

"He tried to make sport of my
sufferings, but the man is innocent.
And as soon as he seemed to be sure
that it was no laughing matter for me
to be here, I was curious to see how
much such a funny fellow would
laugh under similar circumstances
himself."

Derivation of Picnic.

Almost any boy or girl can tell you
what a picnic is like, but I wonder
how many know why it is so called,
or that the custom is said to date only
from 1802, not a hundred years ago.

Then, as now, when such an enter-
tainment was being arranged for, it
was customary that those who intend-
ed to be present should supply the
eatables and drinkables. Originally
the plan was to draw up a list of
what was necessary, which is an ex-
cellent one to follow, for often, when
there has been no previous agreement,
it is discovered, when too late, that
there is too much of one kind of food
and not enough of another.

The list was passed round, and each
person picked out the article of food
or drink he or she was willing to fur-
nish, and the name of the article was
then nicked off the list. So it was
from these two words, "picked" and
"nicked," that this form of out-of-
door entertainment first became
known as a "pick and nick," and
then as a "picnic," the old-fashoned
name for the basket parties of to-day.

Baling Hay.

Some of the states have passed
laws that hay shall not be baled be-
fore September, and with others the
rule is generally observed. Formerly
less care was taken, and the inte-
riors of the bales were spoiled and the
market injured. Country Gentle-
man says on the subject: The fit-
ness of the hay for baling depends
strictly on the degree of dryness
rather than on the time. In hot and
dry weather hay will dry more in a
few days than in a much longer time
when the weather is cool and damp.
For baling, hay requires more thor-
ough drying than when thrown loose-
ly into the bay. When made solid
by baling, the damp vapor cannot
escape from the interior, and it is
therefore necessary to give sufficient
time for the dampness to pass off.
The period would vary with seasons
and with the ripeness of the crop,
but as a general rule, to be observed
in all seasons, five or six weeks are
usually allowed.

Trees 650 Feet High.

Prof. Fred. G. Plummer, a civil en-
gineer, of Tacoma, is quoted in the
Olympia (Wash.) *Tribune* as saying:
"I have been all over this country,
and have the best collection of the
flora to be found anywhere. What
do you think of trees 650 feet high?
They are to be found that high in the
unsurveyed townships near the foot
of Mount Tacoma, and what is more
I have seen them and made an in-
strumental measurement of a number
with that result. There are lots of
trees near the base of Mount Tacoma
whose foliage is so far above the
ground that it is impossible to tell to
what family they belong except by
the bark. Very few people know or
dream of the immensity of our forest
growth. I wish that some of our
large trees could be sent to the
World's Fair at Chicago. We could
send a flag pole, for instance, 300 or
400 feet long.

The best characters have a mixture
of infirmities, and the worst have
sometimes redeeming virtues.

Bethesda's Pool.

A Washington special to the St.
Louis *Globe-Democrat* says: The
American Consul at Jerusalem, Mr.
Gillman, sends to the State Depart-
ment an account of the recovery of
the famous Pool of Bethesda. As is
well known, the Birket Israel has in
the past been considered as the site
of the Bethesda, but the excavations
of the Algerine monks under the
ruins in the rear of the Crusader
Church of St. Anne have gradually
transferred opinion in favor of the
latter locality. This was strength-
ened by the discovery of a rock-hewn
pool containing water beneath three
successive structures. Subsequent
excavations revealed the remains of
two tiers of five arched porches, the
lower tier being in the pool.

The intelligent labors of the monks
who are in charge of the property
have been further rewarded by the
recent recovery of another pool con-
taining a good supply of water to the
westward of that first discovered, the
entire agreeing with the descriptions
of the Bethesda as given by the fa-
thers of the Church and Christian
pilgrims and writers as early as the
fourth century. The correspondence
in number of the five porches to those
mentioned in the Gospel of St. John
will not escape notice. Steps cut in
the rock lead down into the water.
An ancient Christian church in ruins
surmounts the entire structure. The
remains of the upper tier of porches
extend above the pool at right an-
gles from the north wall of the crypt
beneath the church, in which the
apse, at the east end, though dilapi-
dated, is still distinctly defined.

On clearing away the debris that
choked the fifth porch westward of
the apse all these discoveries culmi-
nated in revealing the remains of a
painting or fresco upon the plaster of
the wall in the rear. The fresco
represents an angel as if descending
into and troubling the waters, which
latter is depicted by conventional
zigzag and wavy lines of an olive-
green, shaded with black, more sug-
gestive of Egyptian hieroglyphics
than of modern art, and surrounding
the figure on every side. The right
hand of the angel was shown as up-
lifted, but this has been carefully
destroyed, probably by the Moslems,
after their habit in the early days of
their power. So, also, the face of the
angel, which has been battered so as
to be completely obliterated.

The glory or nimbus above the
head, painted an orange yellow, still
remains, but little injured. The edge
of the pool appears to be indicated
by a broad red line, inclosing the
painting, and having an occasional
rectangular projection into the water,
perhaps representing steps on the
piers for the porches. On the east
of this fifth barreled arch—the wall
extending at right angles—are the
remains of another figure, also in fres-
co, much defaced, and supposed to
represent the Saviour. Above the
head, evidently intentionally mutil-
ated, is a portion of the nimbus, and
in the lower outer corner of the paint-
ing part of a blue robe.

A Railroad on Tree Tops.

It may not be known outside of
the neighborhood in which it is situ-
ated but it is nevertheless a fact, that
in Sonoma county, Cal., there exists
an original and successful piece of
railroad engineering and building
that is not to be found in the books.
In the upper part of the county
named, near the coast, may be seen
an actual railroad bed on tree tops.
Between the Clipper Mills and Stuart
Point, where the road crosses a deep
ravine, the trees are sawed off on a
level with the surrounding hills,
and the timbers and ties laid on the
stumps. In the center of the ravine
mentioned two huge redwood trees,
standing side by side, form a substan-
tial support. These giants have been
lopped off 75 feet above the bed of
the creek. This natural tree bridge
is considered one of the wonders of
the Golden State, and for safety and
security far exceeds a bridge framed
in the most scientific manner.

Last winter an experiment was
made in South Jersey of filling ice
houses with snow in the place of ice. A
correspondent of the Rural New York-
er promized to watch the operation and
report results. "The experimenter,"
he writes, "is a bottler of mineral
waters. I went to inquire about the
matter, and the owner informed me
that the snow had kept in perfect
condition, and that the supply was
good for July. He tells me that the
snow has answered his purpose as
well as ice could have done, and he
has used nothing else for cooling his
mineral waters."

"Look here, Mary! didn't that
young man kiss you while you two
were standing in the hall just before
he left?" asked the old lady, look-
ing over her spectacles at the blush-
ing vision of sweetness she had been
more or less responsible for during
the past eighteen years. "I cannot
tell a lie, mamma. But it was only
once." "Only once? Lord, how
different the young men are now a
days to what they were when I was a
girl!"

The best covering for a poultice or
a mustard paste is tissue paper.

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