Attention, : Farmers!

FARMERS, if you wish to save money buy the best Fertilizer for the least money. This has been demonstrated time and again by the goods furnished by our Company. We use only pure chemicals, the best of the kind to be had on the market, and what you contract for you can with confidence and a guarantee rely upon getting. Our $18 to $20 goods have been tried side by side with other brands that cost from $23 to $25, and in no instance failed to equal in producing power, and in some instances our goods have been superior. We do not say that we can buy goods any cheaper than other houses, but we can and do buy them as cheaply. Another thing, we buy all pure goods, and purchasers need have no apprehension of getting inferior material at the same price charged for good goods.

WE CHALLENGE THE COUNTY

to find anything in our factory that is not pure. Our No. 1 and 2 Brands are the same standard as heretofore, and for wheat and grass have no superior. We cordially invite the farmer to give us a call before purchasing elsewhere. Any information relative to the best and cheapest methods in the application of Fertilizers will be cheerfully given if desired. As we have heretofore said our establishment is headquarters on formulas, whether our own or those of others, when pure and unadulterated goods are used. The ammonia in our goods is derived from animal matter exclusively, and our phosphoric acid is from dissolved bone, bone ash and high grade acid phosphate, precisely the same goods as used by members of the Company. By bringing your sacks with you you can save $1 on each ton of goods. Two per cent. is deducted for cash. Company's office at Roop & Zile's seed store, 24 W. Main St., Westminster.

E. M. BISH,
aug-23 2m Superintendent.

THE GREAT FREDERICK FAIR.

Thirteenth Annual Exhibition to be held at
FREDERICK MD., OCT. 14, 15, 16 AND 17.
A Mammoth Exhibition of Agricultural, Industrial, Natural and Artistic Products.

The people of Maryland and adjoining States are cordially invited to compete for premiums, and to attend this matchless exhibition of agricultural products, trials of speed and endless variety of most interesting attractions.

Premiums and purses aggregate $12,000.

The Frederick Track is the finest in Maryland, and great racing will take place every day of the Fair.

The list of attractions embraces a Balloon Ascension and leap in the air, 5,000 feet from the ground, Grand Bicycle Tournament, under the auspices of the Maryland Division L. A. W., together with a parade of 150 wheelmen. Hurdle Racing and High Jumping contest by specially trained horses. The Great Southern Exhibit will be at the Fair during the four days, and will prove of the greatest interest. The most novel and unique attraction will be the Grand Wedding, which will be solemnized on Thursday of the Fair. The Bride and Groom have been secured, and the nuptial knot will be tied in the presence of the assembled multitude.

Great Horses and good Racing! New and novel attractions! 4 days of genuine pleasure!

Excursion Tickets at Reduced Rates sold on all Railroads. Don't forget the dates: October 14, 15, 16, and 17. For premium lists, programs and full information, address

GEO. WM. CRAMER, Sec'y.,
FREDERICK, Md.
D. C. WINEBRENNER, President. oc-4 2t

THE HAGERSTOWN FAIR!

Composed of the County Associations of Washington and Carroll, Md., Franklin and Adams, Pa., Berkeley and Jefferson, West Va., Baltimore and Washington Cities, will be held at

HAGERSTOWN, Md.,
ON
OCTOBER 14, 15, 16, 17, 1890.

25 RACES 25
Steeple Chase, Hurdle, Chariot, Running and Trotting Races.

The Myrtle Peak Combination,
will give daily Exhibitions.

The people of Carroll county are invited to compete for premiums, which will be awarded with absolute impartiality, and generally by expert Judges. At any rate they are most cordially invited to attend the great Fair—the finest in Maryland.

Tickets good till after the Fair at excursion rates on all railroads and for all regular trains. Excursion trains as advertised by railroad companies.

For premium list, privileges, programs and other information, address

F. H. ORNDORFF,
Secretary for Carroll County, or
F. A. WITMER,
Secretary, Hagerstown, Md.
JNO. W. STONEBRAKER, Prest.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE
OF A VALUABLE
HOUSE AND LOT OF LAND
In Myers' District, Carroll County, Md.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a mortgage from William A. Snyder to Samuel Cover, the undersigned Mortgagee will offer at Public Sale, on

Saturday, October 11th, 1890,

at 1 o'clock, P. M., on the premises, situate about 1 mile from Kingsdale, Pa., and same distance from Piney Creek, Md., adjoining the lands of Henry Messinger and others, all that valuable Lot of Land, containing

2 ACRES, 3 ROODS AND 3 PERCHES

of Land, more or less, and improved with a new Two-Story Log DWELLING HOUSE, Hog Pen and other outbuildings. This property was occupied by William A. Snyder in his life time.

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

COPARTNERSHIP NOTICE.

I have this day formed a copartnership with Peter Liedlich, under the firm name of E. May & Co., for the purpose of conducting the Westminster Steam Bottling Works.

E. MAY.

Westminster, Md., Sept. 15, 1890.

By the combination we will have enlarged and better facilities for supplying all orders. We are wholesale agents for the Bartholomay and National Breweries, whose beers are acknowledged to be the finest and purest in this country. We manufacture MINERAL WATERS and all SOFT DRINKS, and particularly wish to call attention to the celebrated preparation called "May's Specific," which contains medicinal, not intoxicating, properties for the prevention and relief of malarial and zymotic fevers.

Thanking our friends for former patronage we solicit and hope for a continuance of the same.

E. MAY & CO.
sep-27-3t

NO. 2768 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County.

James A. Gary vs. David E. Hopkins and others.

ORDERED this 1st day of October, A. D. 1890, that the Account of the Auditor, filed in this cause, be finally ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 20th day of October, inst.: Provided a copy of this order be inserted for two successive weeks before the last named day in some newspaper published in Carroll county.

BENJ. F. CROUSE, Clerk.

True copy—Test:
oct-4-2t BENJ. F. CROUSE, CLERK.

PUBLIC SALE.

The subscriber, intending to move to Washington, will sell at Public Sale, at his residence in the village of Frizelburg, on

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 10th, 1890,

at 12 o'clock, M., the following Personal Property, to wit: 1 work horse, 1 mare, both are good drivers and workers; 6 fattening hogs, wagons, harness, 60 milk cans, Dairy fixtures, furniture, &c. For particulars see hand bills.

oct-4-3t J. L. FREEMAN.

Annual Meeting.

THE annual meeting of the stockholders of the Western Maryland Railroad Company, for the election of Five Directors for the ensuing year, will be held at the Company's office, Hilen Station, Baltimore, on Wednesday, October 15th, at 12 o'clock, M.

sep-27-tm GEO. H. BAER, Secretary.

General Insurance Agency.

NO NOTES! NO ASSESSMENTS!

All Stock Companies—Continental, Western and Royal. Persons desirous of changing and bettering themselves, in insurance, are invited to call at my office, No. 14 Liberty street, opposite Depot, Westminster, Md.

JAMES SHRIVER
ob-2-tf

THE best Axes, Hatchets and Hand Saws at BAUSMAN & GILBERT'S.

AMERICAN SENTINEL.

VOL. 58, NO. 41. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 11, 1890. ESTABLISHED 1833.

Select Poetry.

THE OTHER WORLD.

It lies around us like a cloud,—
A world we do not see;
Yet the sweet closing of an eye
May bring us there to be.

Its gentle breezes fan our cheek;
Amid our worldly cares
Its gentle voices whisper love,
And mingle with our prayers.

Sweet hearts around us throb and beat,
Sweet helping hands are stirred,
And palpitates the veil between
With breathings almost heard.

The silence—awful, sweet and calm—
They have no power to break;
For mortal words are not for them
To utter or partake.

So thin, so soft, so sweet they glide,
So near to press they seem,—
They seem to lull us to our rest,
And melt into our dream.

And in the hush of rest they bring
'Tis easy now to see
How lovely and how sweet a pass
The hour of death may be—

To close the eye, and close the ear,
Wrapped in a trance of bliss,
And gently dream in loving arms
To swoon to that from this.

Scarce knowing if we wake or sleep,
Scarce asking what we are,
To feel all evil sink away,
All sorrow and all care.

Sweet souls around us! watch us still,
Press nearer to our side,
Into our thoughts, into our prayers,
With gentle helping glide.

Let death between us be as naught,
A dried and vanished stream;
Your joy be the reality,
Our suffering life the dream.

Select Story.

UNDER THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.

"Do you know girls, I have decided to go into the Bellevue Hospital Training School and study to be a nurse?"

"Why, Marjorie Bruce, what do you mean?" cried a chorus of sweet, girlish voices.

"Exactly what I have said. It is one of my New Year's resolutions, which I hope I shall be able to keep. Now, chere Madame, don't look so very grave over it, but do give me just a little more of that delicious coffee." And she smilingly passed her cup to her hostess, Madame de La Ville, a pretty, dark-eyed French woman, at whose house this party of young girls were want to meet one afternoon every week, ostensibly for the purpose of reading and chatting over their work, in Madame's native tongue in order to "keep up their French," but generally ending as to-day, in their all talking English. As Marjorie said, it was so sweet to hear Madame's English, that it was a pity to miss it.

Though the short winter's afternoon was already drawn to a close, the lamps had not yet been lighted, and they sipped their coffee, fragrant indeed, and served in the daintiest of china, by the open fire.

Marjorie sat full in its light, her soft brown hair, tinged with its ruby glow.

On her knees lay her work, a half completed sock, and a great ball of stout, grey yarn, the stoutest and strongest to be had in the city, with which she was busy knitting socks for the poor, the outcome of another New Year's resolution.

"But, Marjorie," put in May Downing, "think of the horrid things you would have to do, and you might take small-pox or some other nasty disease and die."

"Oh that is what mother says. If you are going to take part against me, I must leave. It is late anyway, so *bon soir chere Madame*. I am afraid we have not done much French to-day. It is to be hoped I shall be more of a success at my nursing than I am at it."

As Miss Bruce wended her way along the quiet streets which led her homeward, her thoughts assumed a somewhat sombre tinge in keeping with the fast gathering darkness.

To be a nurse, to devote herself to the poor and suffering was certainly a noble ambition; it would bring her peace, if not happiness, but at twenty-four one has still youth's unreasoning longing for happiness. Marriage she had decided was not for her. She cared nothing for the two or three men who sought her hands, and Jack had disappeared out of her life as completely as if the earth had opened to receive him.

It was cruel of Jack. They had been engaged for more than a year, and were all in all to each other Nothing, she used to think, could ever separate two such lovers, and yet—

Ah, well, perhaps it was better so, though Jack had been everything she most admired in a man, tall, strong, fair to look upon, and moreover true and honorable, winning the respect of every one. It was just a year ago to-night, the 2nd of January, that he went away. Just one year! it seemed like a life-time, and all on account of that detestable Captain Frere.

The Captain had been very attentive to her for a long time. He was handsome, decidedly fascinating, and undoubtedly as much in love with Miss Bruce as it was possible for him to be with any one. She had not meant to flirt with him, certainly not, but somehow at that New Year's ball of Madame de La Ville—and what charming balls Madame did give—she had danced a great number of times with him, far more than was right, she acknowledged now. But she was excited then, she had not realized how her conduct would effect her lover, and Captain Frere did dance divinely, for better than poor Jack, who assuredly was not a dancing man. It was a perfect ball, and she was enjoying herself to the utmost, when suddenly, as she paused for a moment's rest, Jack hurried up to her and whispered in a strange, hard voice:

"Good-by, Marjorie. I hope you may be happy. I shan't trouble you any more—" and he was gone.

Good-by? She did not quite understand what he meant, but at once the brightness, the joyousness faded out of the evening; the ball was a dismal failure, and Captain Frere the most detestable of men.

Next day she wrote Jack a loving little letter, pleading for forgiveness, and begging him to return to her, but the messenger brought back the information the Mr. Bartlett had gone out of town, leaving no address. The *Evening Post* announced that Mr. John Bartlett, a young artist of unusual ability, had sailed for Europe, to be absent for an indefinite p[illegible] of time. Once only since then she heard of him, and that through the medium of a newsp[illegible] when his picture "Alone" was in the Paris Salon.

He was beginning to be a fa[illegible] artist, and had doubtless quite gotten her. 'Oh well! probably too would forget—when working in the hospital, nursing the——

Her thoughts were rudely i[illegible] rupted, and she was brought to a den standstill by something ti[illegible] twisted around her ankle—

It was quite a retired street, nearest electric light was evid[illegible] a fitful mood and just then cast feeble glimmer around.

Was it some terrible trap laid for her? Her heart beat fast with terror. She strove to call aloud for help, but no sound came from her trembling lips. At the same moment in the darkness behind she heard a musical masculine voice exclaim impatiently:

"What the deuce is round my legs!"

With quick feminine intuition Marjorie understood it all. Her ball of stout yarn had fallen from her thoughts—she and the owner of the musical voice were bound together in its many twistings—she strove impatiently to free herself, while from the other end she could hear a vigorous stamping, mingled with muttered imprecations—but in vain.

The situation became more and more ludicrous, and at last, in a voice choking with suppressed laughter, Marjorie called to her fellow sufferer.

"Would you kindly back up this way; it is my ball of yarn."

Slowly, solemnly, the two backed until close to each other.

"I must find the ball before I can disentangle us. Oh, I beg your pardon a thousand times."

"Pray don't mention it. Allow me," and the young man (for young she soon discovered him to be) was down on his knees in the snow, searching around for the recreant ball.

Marjorie stood helpless, overwhelmed with confusion, and an irresistible desire to laugh. The broad back, bending down, had somehow a familiar look, which made her fear that if the laughter escaped her, it would end in a helpless burst of tears. Was ever any girl placed in such a ridiculous position before?

"Ah, here it is at last," he said, rising: "I began to fear that I——"

The electric light blazed forth as if by magic, illuminating the scene for a moment.

"Jack!"

"Marjorie!"

"Oh, Jack, Jack, I am so glad to see you," laughing and sobbing all at once, and forgetting everything but that her two hands were seized in a strong, hearty clasp.

"And you are not married, Marjorie?"

"Do you think I would be here if I were?" making a faint effort to free herself.

"My darling, that blessed, blessed yarn. But for its aid I never would have known this. They told me six months ago you were married to Captain Frere. To-day I was just here for a few hours on business, and hating the place for its memories of you, I was just leaving it again by the midnight train. Oh, Marjorie, my love, I'll never let you go again. Dearest, won't you let this knot, which has been the means of drawing us together, be an earnest of that other knot of which there will be no undoing?"

Marjorie did not go to the hospital.

SOUTHERN KANSAS AND THE INDIAN COUNTRY.

A Trip Through the Indian Territory and Oklahoma.

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.

Thursday, July 10th.—Rising at five o'clock, at seven we were again on the wing. A drive of two and a half miles, through a hilly country, all under excellent cultivation, took us out of the States. Driving along between two hedges of orange trees, twelve or fifteen feet high, we suddenly came to an open country, boundless as the sea, stretching to the east, west and south. Nothing was before us but prairie, neither a tree nor shrub to break the monotony.

As we looked forward across the unbroken prairie, it was hard to realize that before us lay the land to which so many eyes are turning as to a land of promise, and that in a very few years this vast territory will be covered with farms and villages, and that here and there great cities will spring up in the desert. So much has been written of the Strip, and during the past year it has been so constantly before the people of the United States in connection with the story of the cattlemen and their unwilli[illegible] to abandon "a big thing," [illegible] und- [illegible] bout [illegible]nsas [illegible]rav- [illegible] the [illegible] ride [illegible]ibed [illegible]s the [illegible] our [illegible] miles [illegible]imes [illegible] then [illegible] tim- [illegible]rac- [illegible] be [illegible], if [illegible] the most unpromising it has ever been his fortune to pass through. The prairie grass was short and without life, practically burned up in a short period of drought from which it had been suffering. After an hour's ride, with the thermometer registering over 100, we began to wish for water. For thirty-two miles the wish was not gratified. Here and there pools of muddy water were found, which gave temporary relief to our horses. At last far in the west we saw the tops of trees, which indicated the presence of a stream, and about noon our eyes were gladdened by the sight of an Indian wigwam. This told us that we were about to leave the Outlet and enter the Ponca reservation.

During the morning ride no teams going southward had overtaken us, and we had come up to but one, a large wagon drawn by two horses, the driver a young man, perhaps twenty-two years old, with his young wife, scarcely more than a child, whose fresh, innocent face, the most beautiful seen south of the Kansas line, will not soon be forgotten, going to make a home in an untried land. Their hearts must have been filled with discouragement, however hopeful they may have been of the future, by the many families, moving northward, that we and they met, and the reports that all gave of failure to realize their ambitions in the Oklahoma country.

When we saw the Indian farm, a mile and a half to the westward, our anxiety for water prompted us to turn aside from the trail and move across the prairie toward it. Suddenly the first prairie chicken seen on the trip sprang up almost from under the feet of the horses. Following in the wagon, we soon came to the spot where the bird had alighted, and one of our number took a gun and commenced the hunt, we who remained in the wagon watching the result with interest. Again the bird flew up, and simultaneously with its rising came the report of the gun. Whether the hunter fired into the air, at the ground, or at the bird, cannot be told, but as he afterwards proved himself the best shot in the party, we excused his demoralization in this first experience. After a time we came to the trees that had made us hopeful of a stream of flowing water, but found nothing but the dry bed, up and down which we searched for many hundred yards without finding even a stagnant pool. The writer then walked to the wigwam, and was met by half a score of dogs. These brought out a squaw, who clubbed them into quietness, and thus made his approach safe. His inquiry for water was greeted by "Ugh," and the pointing with her hand toward the ravine in which he had been searching. By signs it was inquired as to whether the water would be found in well, flowing stream, or spring, and by signs the response was given so that we understood that there was somewhere in the neighborhood a pool of water made by the last rain. Still using the sign manual, inquiry was made as to the distance to the nearest pure water, and for answer the squaw held up two fingers, indicating that it was two miles distant. We decided to move on. In our most courtly manner thanking for her kindness this beautiful (?) Indian maiden, gorgeous in her red blanket, and as we drove away catching a passing view of her lord and master, a noble son of the forest and prairie, peering at us curiously from under his blanket, in the folds of which he was wrapped from head to foot, as he lay upon the ground, resting his body, wearied with doing nothing, we took up our journey. Our way back to the trail led us through this Indian farm. "Do they farm?" you ask. I wish our friends in Carroll could have seen that farm. "What do they raise?" I suppose this farmer (?) would say corn, for we passed along the edge of what was evidently intended for a corn field, but the only crop that it appeared possible for him to gather was an abundant harvest of cockle burrs. But why should they work, when Uncle Sam supports them in idleness?

A drive of two miles brought us to the Ponca station on the A., T. & S. Fe. R. R., where we found a well of cool pure water. Four miles further along the east bank of the Salt Fork, through a rugged, hilly country, between the Arkansas river and the Salt Fork, and we reached the Ponca Indian Agency. Driving down a very steep hill, almost impassable with a heavily loaded wagon, we came into the first strip of mammoth timber that we had seen. At the foot of the hill is an immense spring, fifteen feet in diameter, walled and cemented, and over all an arched stone roof. This and other improvements around the agency are the work of the U. S. authorities.

Moving through the woodland, seeking for a clear space for our noonday camp, a bend in the road brought us suddenly into a beautiful glade, surrounded on all sides by great trees. In the centre stood a patriarchal oak, twenty feet in circumference. Seated beneath its spreading branches, in a semi-circle, facing the spot where we stood, were twenty-five Indians, the leaders of the tribe, in council. Each had before him a common tin plate. One who had been preparing the meal passed around the circle and each of those seated on the ground dipped his plate into the kettle which was presented, and then grasping the plate with both hands drank its contents. After eating, or rather drinking, the pipe was passed around, and the pow-wow, which had evidently been in progress during the morning, and which had been interrupted by the necessity of eating, was resumed. Several old bucks, with faces wrinkled by age, or scarred in warfare, addressed their brethren. Their gestures and tones of voice told us of their earnestness, but whether their words met with the approval or disapprobation of their auditors it was impossible to discover, for all sat stolidly listening without making a sign. Suddenly all arose and with an aged Indian, sharp featured, wearing rings in nose and ears, with hair plaited and hanging below the shoulders, feathers in his hair and paint upon his cheeks, clad in "bottomless" pantaloons, with a blanket of gray bordered with red wrapped around his body, in the lead, moved forward silently in single file, and passed from sight in the direction of the agency. One remained behind, a young man, dressed in a half cowboy, half Indian costume. He had come to the council in a wagon, bringing his squaw and papooses, and it was evident that he had been the caterer for the company. When the men had disappeared two squaws with several children came upon the scene, and made a meal of the remains of the feast. Desiring to see the kind of food of which they had been partaking and also to learn the purpose of the council, the writer walked over to the wagon, and with a cigar paved the way to a conversation with the young man who has been mentioned. In tolerably good English he gave the information that the United States Commissioners were then at the agency, and had made them a proposition for their lands. That it was the discussion of this question that had brought them together, and that another meeting with the Commissioners was about to be held, and that to this meeting he must also go. After his departure an effort was made to engage the squaws in conversation, but without success.

Did we find out the character of their food? Yes, but it is impossible to give it a name. Imagine, if you can, an animal disembowelled, the entrails placed under pressure until they are flattened into a thickness of about half an inch, and this dried. This describes what we saw, not in imagination, but reality: Great sheets of this offensive food, some hanging from the end of the wagon, some lying upon the ground in great piles, upon a filthy blanket, without any protection from the hot sun streaming upon it.

At five o'clock we were again on the way. Shortly after leaving the agency, where there is a fine school building, excellent residences for the government officials, a store and quite a little village, we crossed the Salt Fork of the Arkansas. In mid stream our pony gave us the first of a series of amusing pranks which afforded us sport at intervals during our outing. With the greatest deliberation the animal lay down in the water, and took a bath. As he showed no inclination to follow us, an obliging cow-boy, who had come down to the river from a fine farm on the south side, with a large herd of horses and ponies, rode into the water and drove him out. From this cowboy we learned that the large farm on the hill side was one of the best in the reservation and the property of an Indian who also owned the herd of ponies and horses. The dwelling and out buildings on this farm were built of logs, and around them we saw many evidences of industrious labor. After passing this farm the trail ran between barbed wires fences, erected by the cattle men, for six miles, until we passed out of the Ponca reservation into that of the Otoes and Missouries.

At Sunset we reached Red Rock, a village on Red Rock creek, having a store and two dwelling houses. The creek and the village derive their name from the color of the soil. No incident worthy of note occurred during our night's encampment at this point.

Friday, July 11.—There have been for many years two fords crossing the creek at this point, one below and the other above the village. We found, however, that both of those fords have been closed either by Indians or white men, and made impassable by huge logs, wire fencing and by cutting down the banks of the stream. A toll bridge has been substituted, and in the centre of the bridge is a gate over which an Indian presides with never sleeping watchfulness. This bridge is on the main trail from Arkansas City to the Oklahoma Country, and to say the least, the propriety of the action of the United States authorities in closing the fords and compelling emigrants and others to use this bridge, rather than leaving the fords open and permitting a choice on the part of travellers, is questionable. The bridge, to emigrants with several wagons, a number of ponies and two or three cows, is a greater obstruction than the most difficult ford. The bridge is poorly built, the flooring is in bad condition and its approaches are rough, yet the following exorbitant rates are charged: For two-horse team, 25; single horse, 15; footman, 5 cents.

We ventilated our opinion to the Indian in charge on this subject, and secured a wholesale rate, 27 cents for our outfit, three horses and four men; then paid the bill with a quarter and a silver three cent piece, and asked for the change. For information which he gave us, the toll keeper was, however, munificently rewarded by being permitted to retain as his own the penny, and for our large heartedness seemed truly grateful.

From him we learned that on this reservation there are but 350 Indians and, as he expressed it, "These are dying off in a hurry." He informed us that the health of the aged people is good, but "the young are no account." He was a young man himself. To a remark: "Your children will fill up the ranks," he replied: "Too hard to raise." "Have you any children?" was asked. "Had four," he replied "only got one now." His own consumptive appearance explained the mortality among his children, and seemed to say: "Here is the future solution of the Indian problem."

Beyond the creek we came to the government buildings, school house, residences and offices. The Red Rock station is under the care of a sub-agent, whose superior resides at Ponca. Just south of the agency is an Indian graveyard. This is a square enclosure, surrounded by a barbed wire fence. In it are a number of graves. The description of one is the description of all. A shallow hole is dug, about four feet deep and three wide. This is walled with logs, and when the surface of the ground is reached the wall of logs is continued upward, the sides being brought nearer together, until at the height of about four feet they are united, and the whole covered with earth. One of the graves had caved and at the bottom, in plain view, were portions of the skeleton of its occupant. At intervals all around the graveyard there are flags of muslin, triangular in shape, whether for the purpose of frightening away birds or evil spirits we did not learn.

Soon after passing the grave-yard, the writer bagged our first prairie chicken. At the firing of the gun no birds flew up, but when our "retriever" ran to pick up the chicken that had been shot, he passed through and frightened to wing a large flock of them. They flew but a few yards and lighted near a small ravine. There they so completely hid themselves, that although careful search was made it was impossible to find them. Later on our journey we learned that this is the habit of these birds; that it is almost impossible without a dog to get more than one or two out of a flock, the others hiding and not flying up unless they are almost trodden upon. Hunting with a good dog it is possible to bag every bird in a large flock without getting out of the wagon. A dog will find the birds, one after another, and as they thus rise they may be shot.

WM. L. SEABROOK.

Interesting Relics.

A rusty musket and an ancient silver watch were found at the bottom of the Merrimac river a few days ago which suggest an interesting history. The musket was broken at the grip and othewise showed marks of damage. The hammer was down and there was no bullet inside. The watch is the more interesting relic of the two; its exterior and interior are finely engraved, but only the latter can be seen, the action of the water has worn away most of the outer engraving. It is a hunting scene showing an Indian on snowshoes armed with a knife and hatchet awaiting the charge of a moose that has turned at bay. The inside of the outer case bears this inscription: "Presented to Joshua Armstrong on his twenty-first birthday by his loving mother, Prudence Armstrong, April 10, 1620." The inscription of the maker is as follows: "John Bowles, Astrologer to his Majesty, 198 Threadneedle street, London." The discovery has given rise to many speculations. It is possible the place was the scene of a tragedy, as it was a famous stamping-ground of the Indians, and is near where they buried their dead and the squaws cultivated maize. The dates show that the watch might have been on the spot when the Indians held the land, and the action of the water upon it indicates that it has lain at the bottom of the river for many generations.

Three Hundred Stones Inside of Him.

Sir Charles Hall, a celebrated physician of the Seventeenth century relates an extraordinary case of a man who accustomed himself to swallow stones

This man, Thomas Gobsill by name, and about 26 years of age, had for some time suffered from colic, till a sympathetic friend advised him to swallow small, round pebbles. He followed the prescription and obtained relief. On being seized some months afterward by a violent return of his complaint he swallowed nine stones, and as these had no effect, repeated the dose until about 300 pebbles had accumulated in his interior. He endured their presence for two and a half years before submitting himself to Sir Charles Hall. Sir Charles found the stones were situated in the lower part of the body, and on shaking his patient he could hear them rattle.

His first experiment was to suspend the sufferer by his feet, in the hope that the stones might be shaken out of him. This met with no success. Nor did medicine have any effect. The man was unable to work without pain, and suffered much uneasiness at all times.

Fruit mulching is too much neglected. A good mulch not only helps the growing crop, but enriches the soil for future crops.

Second Wind.

Every boy that has run a mile knows what it is to gain a "second wind," though he may not be able to explain why one minute he is out of breath and the next feels as if he could run several miles. The explanation is this:

In ordinary breathing we use only a portion of our lungs, the cells at the extreme not being brought into play. This is the reason why those who are not "in training," and who try to run for any distance, soon begin to gasp, and unless they are courageous enough to persevere in spite of the choking sensation, are forced to stop; but if they will persevere the choking goes off and the result is what is known as "second wind."

When the second wind is fully established, the runner does not become out of breath, but goes on running as long as his legs will carry him.

The fact is, that on starting, the farthest portions of the lungs are choked with air, and the remainder do not supply air enough to meet the increased circulation caused by exercise.

By degrees, however, the neglected cells come into play, and when the entire lung is in working order the circulation and respiration again balance each other, and the second wind is the result.

Now let the reader repeat his experiment of holding his breath against time; but first let him force out of his lungs every particle of air that he can expel, and then draw as deep a breath as his lungs will hold.

If this be repeated seventy or eighty times, by way of imitation of the whale, the experimenter will find that he can hold his breath for a minute and a half without inconvenience.

Should he be a swimmer he should always take this precaution before "taking a header," and he will find that he can swim a considerable distance before he needs to rise for breath.

Delivered Telegrams While Sleeping.

A model messenger boy, whose success later in life as a policeman is assured, has been found in the Western Union telegraph office. About 2 o'clock one Saturday morning he came meekly into the office with a bundle of telegrams. He threw one down mechanically and handed his slip for the telegraph editor's signature. On receiving the slip again he walked out silently and went the rounds of the other newspaper offices. Ten or fifteen minutes later he came wandering down Fifth avenue toward the associated Press office. Walter Gaither, an employe at that office, saw the boy passing without stopping, and he followed him down the street to see if he had anything for the Associated Press. At Market street the boy stumbled and fell, and as he did not arise again Mr. Gaither thought he was hurt.

He hurried up to him and found him enjoying blissfully the refreshing slumber of innocent boyhood. After some troubled and vigorous shaking the messenger was brought to his senses, and it was found that he had some copy for the Associated Press, as Mr. Gaither had surmised. The boy then started up street, pinching himself all the time, and he visited the various newspaper offices. He was very happy when he learned he had delivered all the other telegrams properly. He says he must have been asleep when he started from the office, and he thinks something happened to him before he reached the Associated Press office or he would not have missed it.

Hot Water for a Sore Throat.

"Let me say, for the benefit of your readers who are addicted to using a gargle of salt water every time their throat feels sore, that it is the very worst thing they could possibly do," said Dr. Hope, of the Metropolitan Throat Hospital. "Salt irritates the membranes and injures them, and some of the most aggravated cases of throat trouble that have come under my observarion were made chronic by the use of salt. The very best remedy for a sore throat that results from a simple cold or a fatigued voice is a gargle of hot water, just as hot as it can be borne. This gargle is soothing and stimulating and need only be tried once or twice to test its efficacy."

There are two kinds of pity; one is a balm, the other a poison. The first is realized by our friends, the other by our enemies.

He who is passionate and hasty is generally honest. It is your cool, dissembling hypocrites of whom you should beware.

Girls in the Silk-Mills.

Of all the girls who work in factories, the young woman of the silk-mill is the brightest looking, the best clad, and usually the prettiest. You could scarcely believe, if you saw her in the street after the day is done, or on Sunday or a holiday, that she has stood all the long day on her feet plying her hands, her thought, her eye, and her ear being unceasingly on the alert. She is smartly and genteelly dressed. She has a jaunty, bright air, her laughter is a ripple, and the demure consciousness in her roguish eye tells you that she knows it all.

She can well afford to dress herself well, for if she be quick and capable her average weekly earnings will not fall below $9. An experienced girl, with quick hands, and in whose skill the employer can place confidence, will make from $14 to $18 per week.

And mercy me! all the silent wooing, the mute language of eyes, that must go on among these looms; and this is attested by the many couples that are constantly being wedded from these Patterson mills. I saw all the process of fabric-making among the machinery. There was scarcely a loom in any factory that I entered but had a banged forehead and a pair of bright eyes behind it; a casual glance would impress you that she thought of naught else in this world but her reels, her threads, her shuttles or her loom; but a figure passes in between the humming machinery, and she does not miss seeing him too.

She will come to work demurely in the morning as a young nun, and she will trip out at lunch without a word, going, perhaps, arm in arm with her "lady friend," but in the evening, when wheels and shuttles cease their clatter, you will find that she has her tryst right at the very door of the mill; and how proud and happy the young operator seems as he walks away with her toward her home!

There is a strong kind of the highest pride among these young women. They believe that no occupation on the earth is superior to theirs; their personal conduct is the highest, and they delight in the good name of all their companions.

It would not do to employ slovenly, dirty, or careless persons in these mills. The most costly fabrics are works of their hands, and broken threads, the mirch made by a dirty gown or uncleanly fingers, would be a serious damage to the fabric.

Warping of Wood.

As lumber is now sawn, every board but one will warp and curl up in the process of seasoning. The reason for this is plain. If the board be sawn from the side of the log the grain rings of the wood lie in circles, which have a greater length on one than upon the other side of the board. A board cut from the very center of the log has grain circles of equal length upon each side, and will lie perfectly flat when seasoned.

When selecting the lumber for a tool chest or some other fine job, pick out boards that show they came as near as possible from the center of the log. A method is in use which compensates for this tendency to curl in seasoning. This is known as quarter sawing, and quartered oak, of which so much is said at present, is sawn by this process.

It consists of cutting out boards radially from the center to the outside of the log. Suppose a log to be split into four pieces, each of these pieces is sawn diagonally, so that the grain rings run through, instead of the circles running into it, part way through and out, upon the same side of the board.

The Dragon Fly.

"I watched him," says Mr. Giles, "with great attention, and, after the lapse of about half a minute, when the dragon-fly was head and shoulders down the hole, a large and very fat cricket emerged like a bolted rabbit, and sprang several feet into the air. Then ensued a brisk contest of bounds and darts, the cricket springing from side to side and up and down, and the dragon-fly darting at him the moment he alighted. It was long odds on the dragon-fly, for the cricket was too fat to last, and his springs became slower and lower, till at last his enemy succeeded in pinning him by the neck.

The dragon-fly appeared to bite the cricket, which, after a struggle or two, turned over on his back and lay motionless, either dead, or temporarily senseless. The dragon-fly then, without any hesitation, seized him by the hind legs, dragged him rapidly to the hole out of which he had dug him, entered himself, and pulled the cricket in after him, and then, emerging, scratched some sand over the hole and flew away. Time for the whole transaction, say, three minutes."

Christopher Stanley, an old inventor of Elizabeth, N. J., committed suicide because he was unable to discover perpetual motion. He had experimented for years, and spent hundreds of dollars. He was seventy-four years old, a veteran of the Franco-German war, and was a fine mechanic.

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