AMERICAN SENTINEL.

VOL. 59, NO. 2. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 10, 1891. ESTABLISHED 1833.

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

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

NO. 2893 EQUITY.

Susan Fleagle vs. Ezra Fleagle and Alice Fleagle, his wife, and others.

THE object of this suit is to procure a Decree for the sale of certain real estate, situate in Carroll county, in the state of Maryland, of which John Slaughenhaupt, of said county, died seized and possessed.

The bill states that the said John Slaughenhaupt departed this life on the 4th day of March, 1890, intestate, leaving the following heirs at law: his sister Susan Fleagle, and nephews and nieces as follows: Ezra Fleagle, Benjamin Fleagle, Milton Fleagle, Obadiah Fleagle, Ellen M. Segafoose, wife of David Segafoose, Tabitha Reightler, wife of David Reightler, Annie E. Shriner, wife of William H. Shriner, Aaline Appler, Henry T. Slaughenhaupt, Albert Slaughenhaupt, Ellen Angel, wife of William Angel, Emily Harner, wife of Jonas S. Harner, James Slaughenhaupt, Sarah Ann Ditman, Samuel Slaughenhaupt, Jacob W. Slaughenhaupt, Miranda Bishop, wife of John W. Bishop, Mary Slaughenhaupt, Jacob C. H. Slaughenhaupt, Amanda J. Dougherty, wife of Nathan A. Dougherty, and Annie L. Caldwell, wife of Alexander Caldwell, to whom said real estate has descended.

2. That said real estate can not be divided without loss or injury to the parties in interest.

3. That said real estate ought to be sold and the proceeds divided among the parties legally entitled thereto according to the respective rights.

4. That the said Henry T. Slaughenhaupt and Ella M. Slaughenhaupt, his wife, Albert Slaughenhaupt and Annie Slaughenhaupt, his wife, Jacob C. H. Slaughenhaupt, Amanda J. Dougherty and Nathan A. Dougherty, her husband, Annie L. Caldwell and Alexander Caldwell, her husband, and Sarah Ann Ditman reside out of the State of Maryland.

It is thereupon adjudged and ordered that the plaintiff, by causing a copy of this order to be inserted in some newspaper in Carroll county aforesaid, once in each of four successive weeks before the 19th day January next, give notice to the said absent defendants of the objects and substance of this bill; and warn them to appear in this Court in person or by attorney on or before the 4th day of February next, to answer the premises and show cause, if any they have, why a decree ought not pass as prayed.

BENJ. F. CROUSE, Clerk.

True Copy—Test:
de-20-4t BENJ. F. CROUSE, Clerk.

NO. 2887 EQUITY.

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

J. Wesley Myers, Mortgagee, vs. Laura C. Swinderman and Charles T. Swinderman, her husband, Mortgagors.

ORDERED this 24th day of December, A. D., 1890, that the sale of the Mortgaged leasehold property, made and reported in the above entitled cause, by J. Wesley Myers, Mortgagee, under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in a Mortgage from Laura C. Swinderman and Charles T. Swinderman, her husband, to him, bearing date on the 18th day of April, A. D. 1889, and recorded among the Real estate Mortgage Records of Carroll county, in Liber W. N. M., No. 28, folio 185, &c., be finally ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 5th day of February 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 27th day of January next.

The report states the amount of sale to be $1,000.60.

BENJ. F. CROUSE, Clerk.

True Copy—Test:
dec-27-3t BENJ. F. CROUSE, CLERK.

NO. 2877 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County,

Charles T. Reifsnider, Assignee of Mortgagee vs. William G. Myers, Mortgagor.

ORDERED this 2nd day of January, A. D. 1891, 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 19th day of January 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:
jan-3-2t BENJ. F. CROUSE, CLERK.

Dividend Notice.

First National Bank, New Windsor, Md. December 31st, 1890.

The President and Directors have this day declared a Dividend of

FIVE (5) PER CENT.

on Capital Stock of this Bank, for the six months ending this day, clear of taxes and payable on demand.

NATHAN H. BAILE, Cashier.
jan-3-3t

Election Notice.

The First National Bank of Westminster, Westminster, Md., December 10, 1890.

THE Stockholders of this Bank are hereby notified that the regular annual meeting for the election of NINE DIRECTORS to manage the affairs of the Bank for the ensuing year, will be held at the Banking House on Tuesday, the 13th day of January, 1891, between the hours of 11 o'clock, A. M., and 1 o'clock, P. M.

dec-13-te GEO. R. GEHR, Cashier.

Election of Directors

Union National Bank of Westminster, Westminster, Md., Dec. 13th, 1890.

AN election for TEN DIRECTORS for the Bank will be held on Tuesday, the 13th day of January, 1891, between the hours of 11 o'clock, A. M., and 12. M., of said day at said Bank.

J. W. HERING, Cashier.
dec-13-te

Election Notice.

First National Bank, New Windsor, Md., December 8th, 1890.

STOCKHOLDERS of this Bank are hereby notified that the regular Annual Election for DIRECTORS, will be held at the Banking House on January 13th, 1891, it being the second Tuesday. Polls open at 1 o'clock, P. M., and close at 3 o'clock, P. M.

NATHAN H. BAILE, Cashier.
dec-13-te

Dividend Notice.

The First National Bank of Westminster, Westminster, Md., Dec. 31, 1890.

THE President and Directors have this day declared a semi-annual dividend of

FIVE PER CENT.

on the Capital stock of this Bank, clear of all taxes, payable on and after January 10, 1891

ja-3-4t GEO. R. GEHR Cashier.

JOS. L. HAINES. LEWIS L. HAINES

Joseph L. Haines & Son,

SANITARY PLUMBING,

LINWOOD, CARROLL CO., MARYLAND

LIGHT, HEAT & WATER.

Engines and Pumps of All Kinds. Water, Gas and Steam Fitting.

Gawthrop's Celebrated Rams, Cast Iron, Wrought Iron and Wooden Tanks, Wrought Iron Pipe, Plain, Galvanized and Rubber Coated; Cast Iron Pipe; Lead and Terra Cotta Pipe and Drain Tile; Bath Fixtures of every description. Country houses fitted up with all the modern appliances for the saving of labor and the promotion of comfort that city residences afford.

Spear's Matchless Fireplace Stoves

Stoves, Heaters and Ranges, and Low Pressure Steam Heating; Grates, Marble and Slate Mantels, Gas Machines, Fountains, and all kinds of Terra Cotta work.

Work set to order in all parts of the county or State. No charge for estimating except where traveling expenses are incurred. All work guaranteed and good work only solicited. We belong to no clique, faction or secret combination, and will endeavor in all cases to give full value received.

We extend our thanks to former patrons and ask a continuance of their favors for the new firm.

ja-1-1y JOSEPH L. HAINES & SON

A Substitute for Bone.

THREE (3) different strata of the Woodsboro Lime Rock, separately burnt and then combined proportionately, will improve any land equal to Bone for one-half the money. Guarantee it or refund the money. Every farmer can have a full supply of this Lime delivered to his nearest railroad station on short notice, but we prefer farmers to order as far ahead as possible. Will ship in house or open cars as desired. We invite al who wish to use or buy Lime to call and examine our facilities, Lime, Rock, &c. All correspondence solicited. Address

J. W. LeGORE, Woodsboro, Md.

Exclusive manufacturer of this Lime by improved process and appliances.

Send for testimonials &c. 1y-26

For Sale.

A ROAD PHAETON; good as new; built by Herr Bros. Sold only for want of use.

APPLY AT THIS OFFICE.

Select Poetry.

TWO LOVERS.

Two lovers by a moss grown spring:
They leaned soft cheeks together there,
Mingled the dark and sunny hair,
And heard the wooing thrushes sing.
O budding time!
O love's best prime!

Two wedded from the portal step!
The bell made happy carolings,
The air was soft as fanning wings,
White petals on the pathway slept.
O pure eyed bride!
O tender pride!

Two faces o'er a cradle bent:
Two hands above the head were locked;
These pressed each other while they rocked
Those watched a life that love had sent.
O solemn hour!
O hidden power!

Two parents by the evening fire;
The red light fell above their knees
On heads that rose by slow degrees,
Like buds upon the lily spire.
O patient life!
O tender strife!

The two still sat together there,
The red light shone above their knees,
But all the heads by slow degrees
Had gone and left that lonely pair.
O voyage fast!
O vanished past!

The red light shone upon the floor
And made the space between them wide;
They drew their chairs up side by side,
Their pale cheeks joined, and said, "Once more!"
O memories!
O past that is!

GEORGE ELIOT.

Select Story.

PIERRE AUBERT.

There is one little corner of France which I never visit without saying to myself, "What a happy lot it would be to stay here forever!"

Villerville-on-the-sea lies on the coast of Normandy, between Honfleur and Trouville. Behind the pretty village the richly wooded land slopes in gentle undulations to the mouth of the Seine, which here widens out and spreads in all its grandeur to the far off horizon. At your feet are verdant meadows where great oxen graze, raising their heads now and then, and standing motionless as if listening to the voice of the billows.

On the right is the river, narrowing as it runs toward the promontory of Lulleboeuf, and seeming to bear in its drifting haze the memory of Paris, where it has seen so much! Opposite is Havre, with its masts, its lighthouses and its smoke; above Havre is the lovely hill of Ingonville, bedecked with white houses half buried in foliage. On the left is the roadstead, then the sea.

About ten years ago I had the pleasure of spending a month at Villerville, where for the time being I was a genuine rustic and fisherman. My room had lime washed walls, great black joists in the ceiling, the most primitive furniture imaginable, and a few engravings illuminated in indigo and vermillion.

From my window there was a beautiful view of the bay, and besides that I saw daily at low tide three or four hundred fisher women merrily hunting for mussels, while their husbands and brothers were off cruising in small fishing smacks. The latter returned home on Saturday evenings, and the arrival of the peaceful fleet made a scene full of motion, color and gayety.

My hostess, Cesarine Aubert, took no part in these joyous gatherings. She was a tall, lank woman, 40 years of age, harsh tongued and sour tempered, ever ready for a dispute, greedy for gain and watchful of her own interests—a perfect virago. As I, however, paid well and in advance I was a hero, a god, to Cesarine. For me she modulated her sharp voice, and always came to meet me smiling grimly.

Strange to say, she had two charming children, a boy of 13, and a girl almost a year younger. They were of the usual Normandy type, fair skinned and light haired, and had large blue eyes with an expression of angelic tenderness, not in the least like their mother's. I was curious to see what sort of man their father was, and on the Saturday after my arrival I sat by the great chimney with Cesarine awaiting his return. The children had been watching for him eagerly, and toward dusk they rushed in, exclaiming breathlessly:

"Here he comes, mother; we saw his boat from the cliff. May we go and meet him?"

"What is the use?" replied the woman sullenly. "Pierre's old enough to find his way here without your assistance, and besides, I want you to go into the garden, both of you, and gather some salad for supper. Do you hear me?"

At the sound of the last words the children fled like frightened birds, and a few minutes later Pierre Aubert came into the house. He was about 35 years old, short and thick set, with light brown hair cut square over the forehead, but hanging in two long curls upon his shoulders, and among the locks could be seen two tiny gold earrings, shaped like anchors. His smile was thoughtful, his manner grave—even mournful, but the frank expression in his blue eyes was very winning.

Cesarine rose as he entered, but without a word or smile of greeting took down a slate that hung on the wall, and with the pencil in her hand asked abruptly:

"How much?"

The man drew a great leather purse from the pocket of his pea jacket reported the result of each day's fishing, and laid down the amount received for his share of the week's work. While he was speaking Cesarine put down a line of figures on the slate, added them up and carefully counted the money. Then she put the whole amount into a drawer, locked it and pocketed the key, while the fisherman returned his empty purse to his pocket apparently without regret.

"A good husband," I thought, and the next minute the two children ran into the room and threw their arms around his neck.

"And a good father," I added mentally; but what was my astonishment to hear one of the children saying:

"So glad to see you, Uncle Pierre!"

He sat down, took the boy and girl upon his knees and caressed them with such evident affection that I was touched. Could it be possible that he was only uncle to these children and brother-in-law to Cesarine?

Gradually the bright flash of loving delight which the little ones' welcome had called to his eyes faded away, and the former look of hopelessness sadness returned. He bade the children go play upon the bench, and then he took a spade from a corner of the room and went out, saying that he was going to work a little. I was so much interested in him that I followed him at a short distance, and saw that he went to the end of the village street, and began digging in a small inclosure where some vegetables were growing. Suddenly, however, he stood erect, and with his hands resting upon the spade handle gazed intently at a cottage near by. One of the windows was almost covered with the leaves and blossoms of a climbing rose, and upon the white curtain there appeared the shadow of a woman's form. Motionless as a statue, Pierre stood with his gaze fixed upon that window until darkness closed around and the stars came out, and then, with a deep drawn sigh that seemed to come from a broken heart, he shouldered his spade and went home.

The next evening as I passed the church the people were coming out, and I saw Pierre in the doorway with his niece and nephew. A young woman on her way out of church was just behind him, and without looking up he dipped his finger in the holy water basin and then extended his hand to her. She was a sweet faced creature, with a pale delicate skin, although only a peasant, soft, dark eyes drooping modestly, an angelic smile upon her lips, and though she was at least 30 years old the stamp of virgin purity was upon her brow. As her fingers touched those of Pierre a tremor passed over her, a momentary flash of joy lighted his face, and then they parted without exchanging a word.

I felt sure that it was her shadow I had seen the night before on the white curtain behind the roses, and that evening, when the tide was rising, I strolled out to see the fishermen embark. Pierre walked a little in front of me, and when he passed the cottage at the end of the street a freshly plucked rose fluttered from the window and fell at his feet.

He picked it up and hid it inside his jacket.

When I reached the shore the boats had just left their moorings, Pierre had taken his place, but his eyes were fixed upon that little cottage, and from the rose embowered window a white kerchief floated until the fleet was out of sight.

Evidently there was a tale connected with these two young people, and I was all curiosity to hear it. I knew that I could easily do so by questioning the villagers, especially the women folk, but preferred to wait and ask Pierre himself.

In a few weeks he and I had become great friends, and one day I went out in his boat to see the fishing. Night came on, and the sailors went to the cabin to sleep until the breeze should spring up and give the signal for letting down the nets. Myriads of stars were shining brightly in the clear sky. Sea and sails were motionless, and the silence was unbroken. Pierre and I were sitting together in the bows, and I seized the opportunity of asking him the reason of his settled sadness. In reply he told me his story as follows:

It is hardly necessary for me to tell you that Marie and I love each other. If you ask when our love began I can only say that God put it into our hearts when we were born, and made it grow with our growth. As little children we were always together—our first smiles and tears, our first sorrows and our first joys, all in common. We even seemed to know each other's thoughts, and the old people of the village said that we had but one soul between us. When I was old enough to go to see my pretty Mariette was inconsolable until I came home, and she used to wade out to meet me till the water nearly reached to her waist, and then I would put her on my shoulder and carry her to the beach. We were very happy; why could we not be children forever?

In the winter time we were always together, and when our early childhood was passed we used to join the village dances. Oh, what merry rounds we would make together, and when the dance was over how joyously we went home hand in hand through the moonlighted meadows. What plans we made, what loving promises—what hopes were ours, what dreams!

When we were old enough people began to talk about our being married, but we paid no heed to them.

"What would be the use," we said; "we are very happy as we are, and nothing can make us love each other better than we do."

Marie had her mother, but I was an orphan, and my brother, Cesaire, had brought me up and been a father to me. It was he and the good cure who urged my marriage, and at last proposed it to Marie's mother. Jeanne was much richer than we were, and Marie was her only child; yet the good widow, notwithstanding, accepted me as son-in-law.

"They were made for each other," she said.

So one fine day we were betrothed. I took a holiday, of course, and wanted my brother to do the same, but his wife, Cesarine, insisted that he should go to sea as usual. Some of the neighbors blamed her for that, but it was only just that she should think of her little children. They must be fed; their father was poor and could not afford to lose a day's work. The morning had been very bright, but toward night a few clouds gathered over the sea. Marie and I did not notice them, for we were so happy. We and the other young people were dancing when suddenly a flash of lightning startled us; then there was a peal of thunder, and the next minute we heard cries for help.

We rushed to the beach and saw Cesaire's boat upon the rocks. What a storm that was! Never has such a terrible one been known upon this coast.

I did all I could. Three times I dashed into the water with a rope, and at last was thrown unconscious on the sand. But I did not die, alas! and when I regained my senses I saw my beloved brother lying near me, breathing his last.

"Pierre," he gasped, "be a brother to my wife and a father to my children?"

"I will never leave them, Cesaire; I swear it!" was my reply. And so he died in peace.

The preparations for the wedding were stopped at once, and Marie and I exclaimed in one breath, "We can wait." I kissed my brother's children, clasped their mother's hand, and felt that there was a compact between us just as binding as if all the notaries in the world had witnessed it.

Six months passed and people began to ask when Marie and I were to be married; but something, I do not know what it was, seemed to have sealed my lips, I could not speak of the matter to any one, and at last the widow Jeanne herself broke the ice.

"Have you adopted your brother's children?" she asked me, and I answered "Yes."

"And his wife as well, Pierre?"

"Yes, his wife as well."

"Really adopted them all, forever?"

"Yes, forever, mother Jeanne!"

"You mean that you will never leave them?" she persisted, and with my heart turning cold I said:

"I cannot leave them; I promised my brother."

There was a long silence, and then she went on:

"Listen, Pierre! I am perfectly willing that you give Cesarine a share of your earnings, as much as you like. I am not thinking of the money at all; it is not that. But I know your sister-in-law as well as you do, and I will not consent to let my Marie live with her, or to have Cesarine come to my house to live. Never!"

I saw a gulf opening as the old woman spoke, for I knew she was right; I could not ask Marie to live with my sister-in-law—I knew Cesarine too well.

"I do not forbid the marriage," said Jeanne, "but I tell you the conditions. What do you say?"

I raised my head and saw that Marie had come into the room and was looking at me with her whole soul in her eyes, and I knew that I must either perjure myself or lose her forever.

Oh, sir, I do not know how I lived through those few terrible moments! There was a ringing in my ears and strange lights dancing before my eyes, as if I had a fever. I seemed to be stiffling or to be losing my mind, my heart, my soul—all at the same instant.

"Pierre," said Jeanne sternly, "you must decide at once. "Is it to be Marie or Cesarine?"

I was just going to pronounce the name of my darling when I seemed to see before me the mangled form of my brother and to meet his dying glance, but it was not the look of peace that I had seen on his face when I gave him my promise—his eyes were full of sadness and reproach. I made a great effort, and crying out, "Mother Jeanne, I promised my brother!" fled from the house like a madman. As I went I caught sight of Marie's face; there was a smile upon her lips and she murmured softly, "Bravo, Pierre!" For a whole year the memory of those two words gave me hope, and I persuaded myself that she would find some way of shaking her mother's resolution. I did not try to meet her anywhere, but attended to my work and took no notice of what went on in the village, until I learned one day that Marie was going to get married. I did not believe that, and determined to hear the denial from her own lips.

That evening I met her on a quiet road and took her hand in mine, but there was no need of words, for she saw the question in my eyes and answered:

"Yes, Pierre, it is true!" A cry of despair burst from my lips, and she added quickly:

"I love you only, Pierre, but my mother's heart will break if I refuse to marry Jacques. She is old, and it is my duty to obey her. You have done your duty, and I must do mine."

I interrupted her with a torrent of reproaches, for I was mad with rage and despair, and to my wild, angry words she answered gently:

"You will be sorry for speaking so, Pierre, for you are brave and good. When you can think calmly you will see that I am right, and you will say to me, 'Marry Jacques.' I will wait until you say so, Pierre." She turned away and left me standing there sobbing.

After that I reflected that I had no right to condemn a girl to live single all her life merely because I could not marry her myself, and yet I was not willing to set her free. The neighbors began to show their disapproval of my selfishness.

"You are like the dog in the manger," said one of them, and they all looked at me askance.

Then I heard that Marie's mother was very ill, and people said I was the cause of it, and at last Cesarine began to reproach me:

"You ought to make Marie take Jacques," she said; "you will not be fulfilling your promise to your brother unless you cause her to become the wife of another man." That decided me. I would give Marie her liberty. I could not bear to see her again, but I wrote to her. I began several letters to her, and tore them up before they were finished. At last I wrote her two words only—"Marry Jacques." Indeed there was nothing more for me to say. I called a little boy who was passing and gave him two sous to take my letter to Marie, but even then I could not make up my mind to send it.

The child took the money and held out his other hand for the letter, but I drew back and hesitated. It seemed like throwing away my last hope of happiness, for Marie had said that she would not marry without my bidding. I turned the letter over and over in my hand, until the boy, growing impatient to spend his sous, snatched it suddenly and ran off. I looked after him as he went down the street, and saw him turn in at the widow's gate. I was trembling all over like a leaf, and had to lean against a wall to keep from falling. In a few minutes I whispered:

"She has opened the letter by this time—and she has read it. Now, she has told her mother—that is the end!" and I rushed away to the woods and wandered about like one crazed, saying to myself over and over again those fearful words, "Marry Jacques! marry Jacques!"

On the day fixed for the betrothal I was at sea, but toward evening the cruel wind persisted in driving me to Villerville's shore, and I was obliged to tack back and forth, where I could plainly see the lanterns lighted for the festivity. I have heard of the tortures suffered by the Christians long ago, of the rack and the wheel and fire, but I am convinced that no martyr's agony was ever equal to what I endured that night.

Suddenly I resolved to see Marie once more, and, landing quietly, I crept along in the darkness to the meadow where the people were assembled at the betrothal. I crouched unnoticed among some bushes, and saw her, my beloved. She was leading the singing, and as I leaned forward in my eagerness to look at her more closely a sailor, who sat near me, began to light his pipe, and the flame leaped up before I could draw back. The light fell full on my face.

Marie saw me, gave a piercing cry, and fell swooning to the ground. I rushed toward her, and at the same instant Jacques, the betrothed, was at her side.

In a few minutes Marie's eyes opened again, and I was surprised to see Jacques glance from her face to mine with an air of friendly pity. What a good heart had Jacques!

He called for wine, and began drinking deeply wine, cider and cognac—quantities of cognac. He shouted and sang, quarrelled with the men and frightened the girls, and toward morning took Marie home and made such a terrible scene before her mother that he was summarily turned out of doors.

"Holy Virgin?" gasped Jeanne when he had staggered off, "what an abominable fellow! Thank heaven we have found him out in time; but who would have thought he was a drunkard? He shall never be my son-in-law—never, never!"

Jacques understood Marie and me, and we understood him—good, kind Jacques.

Since that time there has been nothing said about Marie getting married, and though she and I seldom meet we do not try to avoid each other. Every Sunday I give her the holy water at the door of the church, and we sit in the same bench as we used to do in the days of our youth. Cesarine and her children sit between us, it is true, but that does not matter, for we always manage to exchange prayer books, and while I am praying for Marie out of her book she prays for me out of mine. When I go to sea her white kerchief is the last thing I see on land, and whenever the night is clear I look at the light shining from her window; she is my lighthouse, my star.

Pierre Aubert stopped speaking and sat plunged in thought, but gradually his head sank upon his folded arms, and I heard the sound of heavy sobbing.

Suddenly, however, the breeze sprang up and the fisherman rose to his feet, and his face was calm, though sad, as he called his men to their work.

A few years later I paid another visit to Villerville, to find the people dressed in their holiday clothes.

"What is going on?" I asked of the cure, who was the first person I met. He smiled as he replied:

"Cesarine Aubert died six months ago."

"But all this festivity?" I asked, wonderingly.

"I am going to marry Pierre and Marie in half an hour," said the pastor. I left him and hastened to Mother Jeanne's cottage, where I found Pierre dressed in new clothes, and looking so young and so radiantly happy that I hardly knew him. A door opened and in walked fair Marie, led by Pierre's nephew, while the lad's sister came behind, arranging the bride's veil.

Pierre and Marie's happiness had come to them in the autumn of their lives; but their hearts were still young, and with love such as theirs it is always spring!

Butter, which is almost indispensable nowadays, was almost unknown to the ancients. Herodotus is the earliest writer to mention it. The Spartans used butter, but as an ointment, and Plutarch tells how the wife of Deiotorous once received a visit from a Spartan lady whose presence was intolerable because she was smeared with butter. The Greeks learned of butter from the Scythians, and the Germans showed the Romans how it was made. The Romans however, did not use it for food, but for anointing their bodies.

For a hard cough, a home made syrup from the following receipt is very good: Equal parts of thoroughwort, slippery elm, flaxseed and licorice. After steeping, add equal parts of sugar and molasses, and boil to a thin syrup. Dose, one or two teaspoonfuls.

Potato Rot.

Dr. Lyron D. Halstead of the New Jersey Experiment Station, after giving a description in the Rural New Yorker of the fungus which causes the potato rot, gives the following suggestions as to the means within our reach for avoiding this scourge.

"Let it be clearly and fully understood that the decay, now so prevalent in the potato, is primarily due to the ravages of a minute mould, and half of the work towards a rational consideration of the preventive measures is accomplished. It is only the statement of every observing potato grower, that the first change noticed in a field is the mildewing of the foliage, followed quickly by a blackening and withering of the leaves, followed soon by the decay of the stems. As a rule, the fungus begins its work in the young leaves and this is due to the spores that arrive there through the air, coming from places where they have remained since the previous year. The bodies passing through the wind are called spores and may come from any field where potatoes have rotten previously. It is possible that the fungus may have come up from the seed potato provided that it was infested even only slightly before planting. From the leaf the spores may pass to another leaf and cause another mildew spot; or they may fall to the surface of the soil and be washed down by any rain that falls. The leaf spots continue to enlarge until the whole leaf is covered and then the fine threads run down the stem ruining it as they go, and pass on to the potatoes. There are, therefore, at least two methods by which the pest reaches the tubers where the greatest damage is done.

The conditions favoring the rot are several; but the most essential are abundant moisture and a warm atmosphere. The fungus is fond of wet, as is true of nearly all of this vast obscure group of vegetation. The most favorable weather is known as close or muggy, and, as a rule, it is associated with the decay as its direct cause. As before stated, the rains also facilitate the descent of the spores to the tubers where they infect them.

There is little or no timely advice to be given now as to the treatment of the infected field. There is no cure for the rot when it has once found entrance to a potato; but knowing that the cause is a fungus that begins usually in the leaves and from there passes downward to the roots, it is evident that it is only the part of wisdom to dig the potatoes as soon as the foliage is mouldy, and the field gives off the first of its disagreeable, rank, rotten odors. If the vines are killed the potatoes cannot grow any more, so that there should be no hesitation in digging even though the tubers are not full-sized. At the same time the vines should all be placed in heaps and burned—as also any rotten potatoes that may be found. A whole chapter might be written upon the subject of alarm sanitation. It is no wonder that the diseases, fungus and others, are upon the increase, for the tendency is to grow but a few kinds of crops, manure highly and then take no care to clean up after every crop that has suffered from an enemy that lurks in the field in stubble, old vines, roots, leaves, etc.

In the treatment of the potatoes possibly tainted with the rot something may be done. It is to be kept in mind that if the threads are there in considerable numbers, there is little hope of saving that particular tuber, but much spreading in the heap may be prevented by keeping it in a warm, dry place, so that all moisture may quickly dry from the surface. All rotten tubers must be removed as they appear, and it is well to sprinkle air-slaked lime over the surface of all. The point in all this is to remove the conditions for the passage of the germs from one tuber to another,

The preventive measures to be employed another season are to grow the crop upon a soil that is not liable to be wet. Much will depend upon the season, but some places on the farm are usually too wet for potatoes, and they only serve to propagate the rot, and keep it in the neighborhood from year to year. Potatoes should be grown, therefore, upon as dry a soil as possible to insure a crop. Of course, no one would attempt a second crop upon an area already charged with the germs of the last season. Have the best seed possible, that is, use that from a place that was free from the rot, if possible. Spraying the vines with the Bordeaux Mixture, so efficacious for rot in grapes has been successful in reducing the amount of decay, and is worthy of consideration. It is of much importance that the early sorts be planted early, so that the potatoes may be matured and out of the ground before the rot comes, which is as a rule, not until midsummer or later. This last point cannot be too strongly insisted upon. My visit to the fated counties of Southern Jersey emphasized this fact most strongly. There the planting is often not done until July. In a dry season this may do, but this year the result was that the potatoes were in the midst of their growth when the late September and early October came, and the fungus flourished under the conditions that then surrounded it. There may be many advantages in some years in having the potato crop mature so late, but in a wet season it is fatal and ruinous. By planting on dry soil, planting early, using healthy seed and spraying for the rot fungus, which can be done at the same time and with the insecticide application for the beetles, there is great hope of of saving the crop. Follow this work with quick digging if any decay appear in the vines; store like sweet potatoes, and profits are all the more certain.

Last of all, do not neglect cleaning up the rubbish should there be an attack of the rot."

A City on Stilts.

Away over in the extreme northeast corner of the eastern shore of the State of Virginia is the most curious city ever seen. That entire corner of the State has for time out of mind been owned by the Franklin family. The land was absolutely of no use, but that part of the estate under water was good for oysters, the flavor of which made them famous.

For nearly 50 years every one and any one who wanted to helped themselves to the bivalves. it was not, in fact, until after the death of the original owner that any effort was made to make any money out of the only product of the property.

From that time on the boom in Franklin City was on, until to-day there are a hundred odd houses. Every house stands on piles, and is from three to four feet above the surface of the ground. The best and most pretentious structure of the city is a huge frame hotel, at which the rates are seven cents a day, with a liberal reduction for permanent boarders and families.

One of the most curious things are the wells. Most of these are covered with water at all times, and there is not one of them that at some time during the day is not surrounded by water. It seems quite strange to be drawing pure fresh spring water from the bottom of the salt water bay.

Popular Ben Franklin.

By his manners and ways of life he became the most popular man in France, so that when he gained his presentation to the king his future was assured. As he passed through the streets of Paris he was followed by admiring eyes and cheered loudly by enthusiastic voices, says the *Century*. A contemporary writes: "A friend of mine paid something for a place at a two pair of stairs window to see him pass by in his coach, but the crowd was so great that he could but barely say he saw him. He was the Frenchman's embodiment of the ideal citizen, republican, philosopher, and friend. He completely captivated and captured the people of France, whom he perfectly understood, and he well knew "that a popular man becomes soon more powerful than power itself." Condorset said: "It was an honor to have seen him. People repeated what they had heard him say. Every fete which he consented to receive, every house where he consented to go, spread in society new admirers, who became so many partisans of the American Revolution."

Keep Them at Home.

Parents often wonder who or what has ruined their boys. They have been in school every day, but the lessons of deportment, morality inculcated there seem to have been wasted on barren ground. The truth is, boys are allowed to be on the streets from the time school closes until late at night. The street corner is the best place in the world for teaching vice, profligacy and crime. Nearly all the bad language, and idle vicious habits which boys acquire, are learned on the streets late at night. Teachers may be able to accomplish a little in counteracting these little influences, but much of their labor is in vain until parents co-operate with them by keeping their boys off the streets at night.

Uranium is now classed among the rare metals; on account of its electrical resistance it is likely to be used in electrical insulation.

Industrial Schools.

The coming feature of our civilization is the industrial school—the school where mechanical trades are taught. A generation ago the system by which trades were taught was apprenticeship. The system was very objectionable in several respects, and has disappeared, in this country at least, and apparently in Europe also to a considerable extent. The principal objection to it was loss of time. Several years were consumed in learning what could easily be taught, and better taught, in one-fourth the time. The lad was frequently subjected to the indignities of a kind of slavery, and generally forced to a routine performance of labors with which he was already quite familiar, and from which he was learning nothing. Drunken masters and vicious surroundings very often formed also a part of the situation. In place of this crude and incomplete mode, trades are now commencing to be taught as systematically as the arts and sciences. Teachers are selected for their intelligence, skill, devotion to the cause, and good morals as well as good manners. The surroundings of the student—for such he is—are elevating. He has all the advantages of healthy competition, besides skilled instruction of a high grade, and the use of the most improved tools and implements. A young man coming with good credentials from an accredited institution of that sort will be eagerly sought after. He will have no difficulty in getting good employment, and besides being a thorough mechanic, he will be a gentleman and a good citizen, so far as education, example, and proper association can make him such. In the experiments heretofore made, the new system is said to have given excellent results, and there can be but little doubt that it is destined to revolutionize the social and business standing of our mechanics.

How to Keep Warm.

It may not be generally known that, when exposed to severe cold, a feeling of warmth is readily created by repeatedly filling the lungs to their utmost extent in the following manner: Throw the shoulders well back and hold the head well up. Inflate the lungs slowly, the air entering entirely through the nose. When the lungs are completely filled, hold the breath for ten seconds or longer, and then expire it quickly through the month. After repeating the exercise while one is chilly, a feeling of warmth will be felt over the entire body, and even in the feet and hands. It is important to practice this exercise many times each day, and especially when in the open air. If the habit ever becomes universal, then consumption and many other diseases will rarely, if ever, be heard of. Not only while practicing the breathing exercise must the clothing be loose over the chest, but beginners will do well to remember, in having their clothing fitted, to allow for the permanent expansion of one, two and even three inches which will follow.

Telephones and speaking tubes are of greater antiquity than most persons are aware. The speaking tube is a contrivance mentioned in ancient writers, and comes down to us or survives just as candles and oil lamps have not been altogether superseded by gas and electricity. In 1667 Robert Hooke, of London, described how he transmitted sound by means of a wire to considerable distances. Wheatstone described his "telephone" in 1821, and in 1854 Ch. Bourseul said: "Suppose a man speaks near a movable disk, sufficiently pliable to lose none of the vibrations of the voice, that this disk alternately makes and breaks the currents from an electric battery, you may have at any distance another disk which will simultaneously execute the same vibrations. It is certain that in a more or less distant future speech will be transmitted by electricity."

In some sections of Maine, where canning of vegetables is carried on, to a considerable extent, the farmers drop a pea with each piece of potato as planted. The two thrive well together; the peas yield a good crop for the canner, and do not perceptibly interfere with the potato yield. We regard this a good plan, as we do the planting of cucumbers among early corn, securing a good crop of each.

Alaska cost only $7,000,000, and the revenue to the national treasury is expected to amount to $3,000,000 a year for the next twenty years.

We are learning something new about it every year, and it seems to be the general opinion that the silo will become a necessity to the stockman.

The national debt of Germany, which is much smaller than that of any other great country in the world, is, in round figures, $192,000,000.

Most people seem to think a rumor is like a subscription list. Every time it comes to them they add something to it and pass it along to the next.

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