NO. 2766 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County.

Emanuel D. Whitmore, Executor and others, vs. John C. Whitmore and others.

ORDERED this 5th day of February, A. D. 1891, that the Second 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 23rd day of February, 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:
feb-7-2t BENJ. F. CROUSE, Clerk.

NO. 2889 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County.

Mary B. Boyle, Assignee of Mortgagee, vs. Jonas Wolfgang and Sarah A. Wolfgang, his wife, Mortgagors.

ORDERED this 6th day of February, 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 23rd day of February 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:
feb-7-2t BENJ. F. CROUSE, CLERK.

NO. 2884 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County.

The Westminster Savings Institution (a body Corporate,) Mortgagee vs. Fannie R. Buffington and Albert J. Buffington, her husband, Mortgagors.

ORDERED this 5th day of February, 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 23rd day of February 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:
feb-7-2t BENJ. F. CROUSE, CLERK.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE

OF VERY DESIRABLE PROPERTY—

DWELLING HOUSE,
BLACKSMITH-SHOP, &c.,

at TYRONE, Carroll county, Md.

BY virtue of the power contained in a mortgage from John F. Marquart and Ida Elizabeth Marquart, his wife, to John Hesson of A., bearing date March 31st, A. D. 1887, and recorded among the Real Estate Mortgage Records of Carroll county, in liber W. N. M., No. 25, folio 211, &c., the undersigned Administrator of all and singular the goods and chattels, rights and credits of the said John Hesson of A., deceased, will sell at Public Sale, on the premises, now occupied by the said John F. Marquart, on

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21st, 1891,

at 2 o'clock, P. M., all that Parcel of Land described in and conveyed by said mortgage, containing

3 ACRES, 2 ROODS AND 20 PERCHES,

more or less. The improvements thereon consist of a large and conveniently arranged Two-story Frame Dwelling House, with Back Building attached, large Stable, and Hog House; also, a large Blacksmith-Shop and other outbuildings; well of water convenient to the buildings; all the buildings are in excellent repair, the greater portion of them having been recently erected; Orchard, &c. The land is in a good state of cultivation. This property is well located for a blacksmith, or any mechanical business, a good business having been conducted on the premises. This property is situate in the Village of Tyrone, in Uniontown district, Carroll county, Md., at the junction of the Taneytown road and the road leading from Tyrone to the Stone road. The location of this property, surrounded by a good farming community, makes it worthy the attention of purchasers.

Terms of Sale—Cash; or, if desired by the purchaser, reasonable credit terms will be given.

JOSIAH UNGER,
Administrator of John Hesson of A., deceased.
Reifsnider & Reifsnider, Solicitors.
jan-31-4s

TRUSTEES' SALE

OF VERY VALUABLE

Real Estate

In the East End of the City of Westminster, Maryland.

BY virtue of a deed of trust from William A. Wampler, duly executed, delivered and recorded according to law, the undersigned, as Trustees named therein, will offer at Public Sale, on the premises, situated on the corner of Main and Church streets, in the City of Westminster, Md., on

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21st, A. D., 1891, at 1 o'clock, P. M., the following Valuable Property, to-wit:

1st. The Lot of Land with the Brick Dwelling House thereon, now occupied as the residence of said William A. Wampler, situated on the corner of Church and Main streets, fronting 60 feet on Main street and running back 198 feet to an alley, and containing

ONE-QUARTER OF AN ACRE

of Land, more or less. This lot is subject to the payment of an annual ground rent of $1.05. The improvements consist of a large and comfortable

BRICK DWELLING HOUSE,

Stable and other outbuildings usually found on first-class town property; well of excellent water, fruits, &c. This property, either as a private residence or for business purposes, is situated in one of the most desirable parts of Westminster and is well worthy the attention of purchasers.

2nd. The Vacant Lot adjoining the above property, fronting on Main street 50 feet and running back 198 feet to an alley, containing

9,900 SQUARE FEET OF LAND,

more or less; subject to the payment of an annual ground rent of 85 cents. This is a Very Desirable Building Lot and one of the very few vacant ones yet remaining on Main street.

3rd. The Lot of Land adjoining the vacant lot aforesaid fronting on Main street 50 feet and running back 198 feet to an alley, containing

9,900 SQUARE FEET OF LAND,

more or less, subject to the payment of an annual ground rent of 85 cents. The improvements on this lot consist of a large newly-erected

BRICK DWELLING HOUSE,

large Barn and all necessary outbuildings; pump of good water, fruits, &c., etc.

The above properties will be offered on the premises, now occupied by William A. Wampler, Esq., corner of Church and Main streets, in Westminster, Md. They are very desirable and well worthy the attention of purchasers.

Persons desiring to view the same can call upon Mr. Wampler, residing thereon, and for further information call upon or address either of the trustees.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third part of the purchase money to be paid in cash on the day of sale, or upon the ratification thereof by the court; balance in 9 and 18 months from the day of sale; credit payments to be secured to the satisfaction of the trustees, and bearing interest from the day of sale.

CHAS. T. REIFSNIDER,
WM. A. McKELLIP,
Trustees.

McKellip & Clabaugh,
Reifsnider & Reifsnider, Solicitors.
R. C. Matthews, Auct. jan-24-4t

STRAW! STRAW!!

WE ARE PAYING

$12 PER TON!

FOR RYE STRAW,

DELIVERED AT GLYNDON.

jan-24-4t THOS. G. JONES & CO.

No Use to Go to Pen-Mar.

If you want to have a good time and save money, go to

John W. Nelson's Cheap Cash Store

164 W. MAIN ST., WESTMINSTER, MD.

He keeps a nice, fresh assortment of

Groceries, Confectioneries,

Fancy Cakes, Cigars, Tobaccos, &c.; also Home-made Taffy, all of which he intends to sell cheap for cash.

☞ Bacon, Lard, Eggs and Potatoes wanted.
sep-5-6m

AMERICAN SENTINEL.

VOL. 59, NO. 7. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 14, 1891. ESTABLISHED 1833.

Select Poetry.

A SERMON IN RHYME.

If you have a friend worth loving,
Love him. Yes, and let him know
That you love him, ere life's evening
Tinge his brow with sunset glow.
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend—till he is dead.

If you hear a song that thrills you,
Sung by any child of song,
Praise it. Do not let the singer
Wait deserved praises long.
Why should one who thrills your heart
Lack the joy you may impart?

If you hear a prayer that moves you
By its humble, pleading tone,
Join it. Do not let the seeker
Bow before his God alone.
Why should not your brother share
The strength of "two or three" in prayer?

If you see the hot tears falling
From a brother's weeping eyes,
Stop them, and by kindly sharing,
Own your kinship with the skies.
Why should anyone be glad
When a brother's heart is sad?

If a silvery laugh goes rippling
Through the sunshine on his face,
Share it. 'Tis the wise man's saying—
For both grief and joy a place,
There's health and goodness in the mirth
In which an honest laugh has birth.

If your work is made more easy
By a friendly, helping hand,
Say so. Speak out brave and truly,
Ere the darkness veils the land.
Should a brother workman dear
Falter for a word of cheer?

Scatter thus your seeds of kindness,
All enriching as you go.
Leave them. Trust the Harvest Giver.
He will make each seed to grow.
So, until its happy end,
Your life shall never lack a friend.

Select Story.

A WOMAN'S PRISONER.

"'Twas down in Louisiana, not many years ago," to quote from an old song, that several companies of us wicked Yankees were posted in a small town, just far enough from New Orleans and other important points for it to be of no strategic consequence for its own sake; yet, being on a direct route from the enemy's lines to the Mississippi River it was important as an outpost. The war was almost over, and the enemy knew it, and we knew they knew it, so we were not as vigilant as we might have been had we been stationed in front of Lee's army. The natives were loyally Southern, every man of them—perhaps I should say every woman, for the men left in town were the few who had passed three score years and ten, one physician and one preacher. But the natives did not allow us to be uncomfortable. The doctor disagreed radically with us on principle, and cursed Grant fluently, but he took a professional and even friendly interest in such of us as had more malaria than our regimental surgeon could manage; the preacher gave us a sermon, and the old men would smoke and chat with us all day, so long as we did not say what we believed about the future of military events.

As for the women, they were very tenacious of their opinions, so far as the war was concerned, but otherwise hospitable and charming. They didn't mean to give us the entree of local society, but, somehow, we got there all the same. We did it so quietly that no one knew how it began or who began it. We purchased enough supplies to set business booming, allowed no marauding, wore clean clothing, and were on our good behavior in every way, President Lincoln having specially ordered, through Gen. Banks, that Louisiana must be "conciliated."

The consequence was that we officers soon knew everybody worth knowing, and were entertained with as much courtesy and self-possession as if the native coffee had not been burned rye or some other substitute, and the table cloths had not long before been turned into lint or bandages for Southern hospitals.

The women never let us forget that they were Southerners to the heart's core, and that we were merely Lincoln's hirelings; still, they were women; they did not like to see any one appear careless of dress, and soon there was not a uniform coat with a loose hanging button. To have a Southern woman, whether maid, wife, widow or gray-haired grandmother, bring a needle and thread and tighten a button, while the wearer stood awkwardly in front of her, was to realize that Louisiana was not the only party to the war who was being "conciliated."

Every regiment had some officer, generally a young lieutenant, whose ability, appearance and spirits compelled his comrades to pronounce him the flower of the flock. Ours was Will Glennie. He was officer of the first picket line we threw out, and so impressed was he with the defensive possibilities of the place that we were glad to have him relieve us of the slight earthworks it seemed advisable to erect. He spent a full half of every day outside the lines, looking for additional points of vantage, and as no enemy had been in the vicinity for weeks, he never cared for a guard.

Time passed so delightfully for a fortnight that there was little but roll calls and picket duty to remind us that we were soldiers. Everything was too pleasant to last, so one day a rattle of musketry warned us that there was trouble on the picket line. By the time our bugles had recalled us from our hospitable lounging places and hurried us toward the front, a soldier with a broken arm came in and reported that some cavalry had tried to force their way into town by the western road, and being repulsed, had dismounted, and were disagreeing, in the usual military manner, with the pickets, who had fallen back to Glennie's breastworks.

"Bless Glennie for the breastworks!" exclaimed our major in command, after he had shouted "Double quick—march!"

The resistance made by our entire force seemed to disgust the cavaly, for in a couple of hours they ceased firing. A special roll call showed that none of our men had been killed, and only two or three wounded, but a captain approached the major and said that Lieutenant Glennie was missing. He had gone nearly a mile to the front to a little elevation, where he had thought a howitzer might advantageously be posted—gone two or three hours before the enemy appeared.

"Captured, of course!" groaned the major. "Confound it, gentlemen, for the good of the service I'd rather have been captured myself."

Most of us felt the same way, and we were too dismal for the remainder of the day even to rejoice at having repulsed the cavalry. The entire force went out as skirmishers for a mile or two, asking questions at every plantation house and cabin, but no one could tell whether or not the cavalry, as they galloped away, had a Union officer with them.

We felt so ugly at our loss that we feared to face the natives when we returned to town. What would they think of us, as soldiers, when they learned that the officer whom we all cheerfully acknowledged as the ablest soldier among us had fallen into the enemy's hands? The major actually bit off the mouth-piece of his pipe stem in a fit of anger; but this severe action did not return to us the flower of the regiment.

Just before sunset a sentry on the road startled all of us, as we lay behind the works, by shouting:

"Officer of the guard! Flag of truce coming!"

We all sprang to the parapet, and saw emerging from the forest, nearly half a mile away, a horse, a rider, and a tiny white rag. The major raised his glasses, peered through them a moment, dropped them and exclaimed:

"That flag is carried by a woman!"

Then all of us wished we had glasses. The rider advanced slowly, until we could see that she was not armed; then that she had a fine figure, and finally that she was young and pretty.

"Wants protection for her property, I suppose," growled the major. "Those raiders are probably cleaning out the family's barn and smoke house, there being nobody at home but women and children. What do they suppose a few infantry can do against nobody knows how many cavalry?"

Nevertheless, he went slowly out, alone, to meet her, at which Glennie's captain exclaimed:

"This isn't according to custom. Who knows but she's a young man disguised, and will drop the major with a pistol? Come on, boys."

Several of us followed him. As we saw him twirling the ends of his moustache and tipping his hat slightly to one side, we followed his example in these respects also. We overtook the major just as the rider halted, looking very pale, and said:

"It wasn't his fault, sir—really it wasn't."

"Whose fault, madam?" said the major, raising his hat.

"Mr. Glennie's," said the girl.

"Oh, confound it! I mean—so they got him, did they?"

"Oh, no, sir; but he wishes they had. And they would have done so, only—only—"

"Well, madam?"

"Only they were prevented."

"Indeed! How was that?"

"Why, you see, sir, he stopped at our house just for a drink of water, and while he was standing by the well the Rangers—"

"Rangers?"

"Yes, sir; the Texas cavalry—they came across the hill just then. He started to run this way, but—but—"

"Well?"

The girl looked down a moment, colored, raised her head, and said rapidly:

"I told him he would never get there alive. I said they were a hundred to one, and he'd surely be killed. I'm a true Southern woman, sir; my father is Captain Greyson, of the artillery battalion, but I don't believe murder is war, so I made him come into the house. He declared he wouldn't; death was nothing to duty.

But I made him come in."

"Indeed! What arguments did you use, may I ask?"

Again the girl looked down and colored deeply. Some of the young officers began to exchange winks.

"He declared he wouldn't," the girl resumed, "but I made him. He struggled with all his might, but—"

"I beg your pardon for interrupting," said the major, biting his lips, "but he escaped then?"

"Yes, sir; but not a moment too soon. I hadn't more than got him into the hogshead—"

"Hogshead—"

"Yes, sir; a big sugar hogshead, in the cellar that we had meant to keep sweet potatoes in—when two of the Rangers came to the front door. They said they'd seen a Yankee at the well, and wanted him. I told them he had seen them and made a dash for his own lines. He really did, you know, for a step or two, when—"

"When you warned him of his danger?"

"Yes, sir. Well, they took my word, when I told them who my father was, and they went away."

"Ah! Where are the Rangers now?"

"They went back—I don't know where—hours ago."

"And they caught him as they went?"

"Oh, no, sir; they couldn't. But he was in a dreadful excitement. He said he had no right to be outside the lines, he could be court-martialed for it and disgraced, and may be shot if things went wrong in the fight. He went on so that I would't listen to him."

"But why didn't he return after they retired?"

"Because he couldn't sir. I wouldn't let him. I didn't want him to be court-martialed and shot, and all of those dreadful things; so I thought it would be only right to come and tell you it wasn't his fault."

"The enemy had been gone several hours," said the major, turning with a suspicious look to us. "I am afraid there's some ruse about this." Then he turned to the girl and sternly said:

"Young woman, if your story is true, he should have returned by this time. He knows there is nothing to prevent his coming back, if he knows the enemy have disappeared."

"Oh, yes, there is sir; there's a cover to the hogshead, and a padlock beside."

"Oh—h—h," said the major, with many inflections, "he's your prisoner, is he? locked in a hogshead all this time he's probably suffocated. Confound—"

"Oh, no," she said with an assuring smile. "There's a big bunghole in the hogshead, and I know he has sense enough to breath through it, because when I went down and whispered through it that the Rangers had gone home again, he—"

"What did he say?"

"Nothing—he—but I know he was alive and just like his old self." Then the girl suddenly dropped her eyes again and colored deeply, while a very young lieutenant murmured:

"Um!"

"I see," drawled the major, very slowly. "Attention! First Company, deploy as skirmishers. Forward!"

The girl turned her horse's head quickly, looked backward, set her lips firmly, and exclaimed:

"You're not going to court-martial and shoot him?"

"Suppose I were?" said the major, as the men began to file from behind the "curtain" that commanded the road.

"Then," said the girl, "I'll gallop ahead at the risk of my life, and let him escape on my pony."

"Madame," said the major, lifting his hat, "I give you the word [illegible] soldier and gentleman that you [illegible] be his sole judge."

The skirmish line advanced [illegible] the officers of the other com[illegible] followed the girl and the major. [illegible] latter should have ordered us [illegible] main with our men, but he [illegible] We reached the house—more t[illegible] mile outside the lines—witho[illegible] noyance; and when the gir[illegible] lighted a candle, we followe[illegible] and the major to the cellar. T[illegible] jor's suggestion that the girl [illegible] first whisper at the bunghole a[illegible] if the captive was still alive, w[illegible] acted upon. Instead, she said [illegible] ily as she turned the key and [illegible] the cover:

"You've nothing to fear, Wi[illegible]

"Will!" murmured the very [illegible] lieutenant.

Just then Glennie's face appeared above the edge of the staves, and seemed somewhat disconcerted at the grinning faces before him. Several pairs of hands helped him out, and as he stood before us, with crystals of light brown sugar glistening all over his uniform coat, the major remarked:

"You're a sweet-looking object?"

Miss Greyson smiled as if she thought so, too.

"You see, major—" began Glennie.

"Yes," said the major, "I certainly do. I see, also, that one or two things must be done for the good of the service. Either our lines must be extended farther into the country, or you must persuade this lady's family to move to town."

The family moved; Miss Greyson finally moving all the way to New York. The wedding present from the bridegroom's brother officers was a miniature sugar hogshead in gold, with a rosebud for a padlock.

[From the BALTIMORE MORNING HERALD]

ART MOCKING NATURE.

A very pretty tradition has been handed down from a remote antiquity describing a remarkable contest between two great painters, a master and pupil. The story has appeared in such a variety of forms and has been hitched on to so many personages who have attained any prominence with the brush, that there is hardly a school child but has heard it, and coincidently, hardly any school child has any correct notion of its origin. The story runs that both master and pupil attained such a degree of excellence in their chosen art, that a discriminating public, or perhaps the Royal Academy of those days, were quite at a loss as to whom should be awarded the palm. It must have been a very remote period indeed, for instead of getting the senators, the sages and the political bosses of those days to champion their respective claims to pre-eminence, both master and pupil were so devoted to each other that each insisted to the other belonged the wreath. Finally a contest was decided upon to decide the vexed question. Both master and pupil were to match their skill, and the popular vote was to be the final court of appeal. The day arrived and a vast concourse gathered in the amphitheatre.

First the master came forward and produced as the result and efforts of his skill, a picture of a bunch of grapes, so beautiful and so natural, that the birds of the air came and pecked at it. Loud acclamations arose from the great throng. Even the fine perceptive powers of the birds had been deceived; what greater triumph of the master's skill could be achieved? But it is now the pupil's turn. He advances modestly and asks his master to pull aside yonder curtan and he will find his picture there. The master steps forward to seize the folds of the bewitching drapery, but lo! his hand grasps nothing, but glides o'er the polished, painted canvas. Then rose louder acclamations, and the palm was awarded to the pupil, for whereas the master had but deceived the birds of the air, the pupil had deceived man himself. From that time to this, the realistic in art has always been looked upon as the greatest achievement of the painter's skill. Of modern works, the great Cyclorama, representing the Battle of Gettysburg, and now being exhibited in this city, has undoubtedly reached the acme of realism in art representing the most stirring event of the four years' war. Every detail has been depicted with the faithful, vivid accuracy of the master hand. In fact, so intensely realistic is the portrayal of all the incidents in this intensely interesting scene, that all the excitment attached to the event itself may be said to have been transferred to the canvas, and from thence to the spectators' eyes. In the course of a half hour's conversation with Mr. F. Nolen, the manager of the Cyclorama, the other afternoon, a *Herald* reporter gathered [illegible] interesting and amusing in[illegible] recall [illegible] ve oc[illegible] on of [illegible] icrous [illegible] ulous [illegible] or in[illegible] f the [illegible] nce, a [illegible] cturer [illegible] eaker, [illegible] astles [illegible] ew it [illegible] here.' [illegible] ry to [illegible] when [illegible] uldn't [illegible] they [illegible] l roof [illegible] e re[illegible]

A Turkish Diogenes.

There is a reason to believe, writes Dr. Buckley, that, except in the supernatural elements, the story of "Arabian Nights' Entertainment" has been paralleled over and over again in the history of Constantinople. One of the Sultans not so long ago was in the habit of going about like the famous Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid in disguise. On one occasion, passing a place where a man was excavating a cesspool, he heard him say to himself in a loud voice: "Persevere, my soul, or I will plunge thee into deeper filth than this."

A few hours afterward an officer approached the unfortunate man, and said to him, "Come with me." Horror took possession of the laborer, who, when found by the officer, was dressed like a gentleman, and was taking his ease in a cafe. He tried to ascertain from the person who had him in charge why he was wanted; for some went into the secret place under the control of the government and never came out, but no satisfactory answer could be given. After being detained for a long time in fearful suspense, he was at last brought into the presence of a very high official, and detained there. Finally he was taken into the very presence of the Sultan. The Sultan was astonished to see the man, who had been covered with filth a short time before, so well dressed and intelligent in appearance. He said to him: "Are you the man whom I saw at work in a cesspool?"

"I am."

"How is it that I find you dressed in this way?"

"I am well paid for my work, which is very filthy and disagreeable, and afterward I cleanse my self and take mine ease.

"But what did you mean when you said: 'Persevere, my soul, or I will plunge thee into deeper filth than this!'"

The man trembled, knowing that at a word his head might be smitten from his shoulders. "Speak!" said the Sultan. He answered that a man often says in anger what his heart will not acknowledge.

"But what dost thou mean?"

He hesitated, and the Sultan reiterated his command: "What dost thou mean? What deeper filth is there than that in which thou dost work?"

He still hesitated. The Sultan assured him that no harm should come to him, and the man then replied:

"My work was disagreeable, and I was almost tempted to leave it when I thought, 'I am still free, I am obliged to flatter no one; if I give up this work I may be compelled to take service under the government, to live by flattery and falsehood,' and so I said to my soul: 'Persevere, or I will plunge thee into deeper filth than this.'"

The Sultan, according to the story, was so pleased with this answer that he gave him a handsome present and allowed him to go away unmolested.

Mr. E. M. Shepard, of Bridgeport, Conn., has some young kittens whose mother disappeared soon after their birth. Deserted and cold, the poor little things made their way to a setting hen a few feet distant, and tried to get under her wings. At first Biddy resented this, and pecked at them viciously. But the kittens persevered, and at last she gave them shelter. When her chicks were hatched a few days after this, the kittens at once became very fond of them. The kittens refused to be separated from the chickens, and with them follow the mother all day around the barn yard.

While preparing sheep brains for the use of the physiology class at Cornell University Professor Wilder found one in which the collosum, the great band of nerve-fibers connecting the two cerebral hemispheres, was wholly absent. Among the thousands of human brains examined, there have been recorded only fifteen such cases, mostly from persons of feeble intellect. From the lower animals the only previous cases also occurred in the anatomical labratory of this university, viz., two kittens and a cat, the latter described and figured by professor Wilder in 1883.

Alcohol gets its name from the Arabic alcohol, the powder of antimony, with which the people in Asia stained their eyelids. This powder is very fine and pure, and the name was in time given in Europe to alcohol, because it is a pure extract; but the Arabs never used the word in that way. In other words, that signification of it was unknown in Arabia.

The art of making matches has been so perfected that 10,000,000 of the tiny sticks can be cut into shape, all ready for dipping, by one machine in a single day.

The value of a kiss depends a good deal upon what the kisser has been eating. A Pittsburg hotel keeper had to pay $1,000 for stealing a kiss from one of his guests and in fixing the price of the insult the lady urged as an aggravation of the offence that "the man had been eating onions."

From the FARM, FIELD AND STOCKMAN.

The Roller on the Farm.

Beginning in the spring as soon as the soil has thawed out, settled and dried so that in running the roller over it the soil will not stick, it can be used on the meadows and on fall sown wheat. The thawing and freezing to which the soil is subjected during the winter has a tendency to lift up and throw out the most of the grass and wheat plants and also making the soil rough. Rolling will aid materially to press the roots back into the soil and at the same time level down the surface, making the work of harvesting easier and evidently considerably less, so in manycases, and especially in a loamy soil, it will pay to roll the meadows and grass land as well as the winter wheat. This should be done as early in the spring as the conditions of the soil will admit.

After sowing the oats, in a majority of cases, rolling can be done with benefit, leveling down and firming the soil, securing a better and quicker germination of the seed. In securing a good germination of all kinds of seed, moisture and contact with the soil is necessary, and with oats this can often be secured to a better advantage by rolling after harrowing to cover the seed. It also levels and firms the surface, making the harvesting easier. When clover is sown with the oats, a good plan is to mow the oats broadcast, cultivate in, and then harrow, finishing with the roller, then sow the clover seed and cover with a light harrow or brush.

While not always best, yet in many cases rolling the corn ground either before or after planting can be done with profit, especially in a loose, loamy soil. In preparing the land for all seeding to grass or wheat the roller can be used to a good advantage.

Experience has proved that deep plowing early in the season and then packing the under soil while working the surface to the depth of three or four inches into a fine tilth is the best for these crops and in securing this the roller can be used to a good advantage. Many fail to use the roller for the reason that they have none, even though they freely recognize the value.

Getting Her Pa's Consent.

A tale is told of the great flood of June, 1889, which devastated the Susquehanna valley at the same time the Johnstown calamity occurred. A well to do resident, whose house stood close to the river, had a beautiful daughter to whom a handsome young lumberman had been paying suit. For some reason the wooer did not find favor in the father's eyes, and he was forbidden to communicate with the girl. He continued his toil and patiently bided his time. A few days before the flood he started up the river to assist in bring down a raft. The raft was duly started, but the water continued to rise to such an extent that it was deemed advisable to tie up. This was found to be out of the question, as the flood had covered the "snubbing posts," and so the raft drifted on, carried by the current.

Scores of untenanted houses were passed, and they finally approached the home of the young man's sweetheart. As they drew near they saw the whole family upon the roof frantically beseeching for rescue. Aided by the current the crew guided the raft so that it just scraped the eaves of the house, and with one accord the victims began to leap upon the modern ark. The lover, however, seeing that his sweetheart was safe, grasped a pike and refused to let the father on board, shouting:

"Will you give me Mary? Will you give me Mary?" The old man's face depicted wofully the inward strife between prejudice and self preservation, but meanwhile the raft was slipping past, and a moment's hesitation would be fatal. "Take her," he yelled—the pike was withdrawn and he leaped aboard—"but," he continued, "if I ever get you in a hole like that, Bill, I'll drown ye."

The couple were married at Lock Haven.

The King of Samoa seems determined that his subjects shall be sober if not free. The following order is his own proclamation, any breach of which is to be visited by heavy penalties. "No spirituous, vinous or fermented liquors or intoxicating drinks whatever shall be sold, given or offered to be bought, or bartered by any native Samoan or Pacific Islander resident in Samoa."

Celluloid in solution is now being extensively used as a lacquer for all kinds of fine metal work and as a wood varnish, with results that are said to be superior to the old methods.

Ruined Cities of Yucatan.

There are between sixty and seventy ruined cities in Yucatan, so far as they have been discovered. Within a radius of 100 miles from Merida are such magnificent examples as Mayasan, Ake, Chichen-Utza, Rabah and Labna, but none is more interesting and grand than Uxmal, about seventy-six miles by road travel from Merida. By far the finest building in the city, both from its comanding position on a lofty eminence and the completeness of its preservation, is the Royal Palace, otherwise known as the Casa de Gobernador in Spanish. It stands on the topmost of three terraces of earth—once, perhaps, faced with stone, but now crumbled, broken and in a state of heterogeneous decay. The lowermost and largest is 575 feet long; the second 545 long, 250 wide and 25 feet high, while the third and last is 360 feet in length, 83 in breadth, and 19 in height, and supports the building, which has a front of 322 feet, with a width of only 39, and a height of but 25 feet. It is entirely of stone, without ornaments to a height of about ten feet, where there is a wide cornice, above which the wall is a bewildering maze of sculpture. The roof was flat and once covered with cement, in the opinion of some travelers, but is now covered with tropical plants, trees and verdure. There are three large doorways through the eastern wall about eight feet square, giving entrance into a series of apartments, the largest of which is sixty feet long and twenty-seven deep, divided into two rooms by a thick wall. The ceiling of each room is a triangular arch, capped by flat blocks at a height of twenty-three feet above the floor. The latter, like the walls and jambs of the door-way, is of smooth-faced stones that may have once been covered with cement.

The Daily Routine.

In the care of fowls no one thing is more important than system, says the *Poultry Journal*. There should be a daily routine. It must be somebody's business to attend to the fowls punctually at just about the same time every day—just as much as it is essential to the well-being of a well-ordered family to have the meals at regular hours, the washing done on Monday, the ironing on Tuesday, the baking on Wednesday, the sweeping on Friday, etc. It is just as essential as it is to groom the horses, milk the cows, clean out the stables, feed and water all round, regularly and daily, week in and week out.

In moderate weather fowls may have their morning feed at sunrise, but in very cold weather it is best to let them stay on the roosts, where they are warm, until the temperature has somewhat moderated. Then the feeding room has been swept out a small quantity of feed placed in the troughs, and the fowls driven off their roosts if they do not come down of their own free will. In cold weather warm feed may be given—boiled potatoes mashed with Indian meal or any thing of the kind—and the drinking vessels should be washed out and filled with warm water. In moderate weather warm feed and water are not desirable except for fattening fowls.

As soon as the fowls have left the roosts, the attendant should take the perches down, one by one, scrape each of any adhering dirt and set them outside the house. Then the droppings should be scraped together and thrown into a barrel with all the sweepings. The dust bath should be examined, any droppings taken out, and dust added if necessary. This is about ten minutes work altogether. At noon the fowls are fed again. This is usually the best time to give soft feed, meat, condimental food and greens. The eggs are taken up, placed in boxes or drawers, and either the eggs or the boxes marked with the date. Just before sunset in winter, and at about six o'clock at other times, the fowls are fed hard grain whole, the nests are examined for more eggs, the roosts are replaced and the house is made snug for the night.

It takes a business man to describe a costume to his wife. A busy son of commerce after seeing a very taking dress on a very taking shopper recently, informed the partner of his joys that "it was fine. The dress was made of some kind of cloth, with some sort of trimming. It was sorter lilac or shrimp pink in color, and had for a waist some kind of a basque that was indescribable. She wore one of those hats you sometimes see on women, and altogether gave an effect that I wish you could have seen."

"I am very sorry that I did not get acquainted with you until I had become a widower," remarked Mr. Smith to his second wife. "What do you mean by that?" asked the partner of his joys. "Nothing, except that I would rather you had been my first wife," replied the fond husband, carelessly. "Why do you wish that I had been your first wife?" "Because then some other woman would be my second wife, darling."

A great contractor—the girl who laces tightly.

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