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—OF A—
**HOUSE AND LOT OF LAND**
in Uniontown, Carroll county, Md.

BY virtue of the power of sale contained in a mortgage from Virginia Davis and George A. Davis, her husband, to the undersigned, mortgagee, he will sell at Public Sale, on the premises, situate at the lower end of Uniontown, Carroll county, on

SATURDAY, 28TH DAY OF MARCH, 1891, at 1 o'clock, p. m., all that lot of land, situate as aforesaid, containing

ONE HALF ACRE OF LAND,

more or less, and adjoining the land of Ann Stultz and Henry C. Cover, and fronting on the Turnpike.

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HENRY C. COVER, Mortgagee.
Charles B. Roberts, Attorney. mar-7-ts

**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

MONDAY, MARCH 30TH, 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.

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Administrator of John Hesson of A., deceased.
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eb-2-tf JAMES SHRIVER

**Notice.**

Office of the Mutual Fire Insurance Co. } in Baltimore county, Jan. 14th, 1891. }

The office of the Company has been removed from the "Knapp Building" to the "Hoen Building," No. 304 Lexington street, Baltimore, immediately opposite the north entrance of the City Hall.

FRANCIS SHRIVER,
jan-16-2mo Secretary.



# AMERICAN SENTINEL.

VOL. 59, NO. 12. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 28, 1891. ESTABLISHED 1833.


## Select Poetry.

### THE EASTER GUEST.

I knew Thou wert coming, O Lord divine;
I felt in the sunlight a softened shine,
And a murmur of welcome I thought I heard,
In the ripple of brook and the chirp of bird;
And the bursting buds and the springing grass
Seemed to be waiting to see Thee pass;
And the sky, and the sea, and the throbbing sod
Pulsed and thrilled to the touch of God.

I knew Thou wert coming, O Lord divine.
To gather the world's heart up to Thine;
I knew the bonds of the rock-hewn grave
Were riven, that living, Thy life might save.
But blind and wayward, I could not see,
Thou wert coming to dwell with me, e'en me,
And my heart, o'erburdened with care and sin,
Had no fair chamber to take Thee in.

Now let me come nearer, O Christ divine,
Make in my soul for Thyself a shrine;
Cleanse, till the desolate place shall be
Fit for a dwelling, dear Lord, for Thee.
Rear, if Thou will, a throne in my breast,
Reign, I will worship and serve my guest.
While Thou art in me, and in Thee I abide,
What end can there be to the Easter-tide?

—*Mary Lowe Dickinson.*

## Select Story.

From the HOUSEHOLD.

### MISS JASPER'S EASTER BONNET.

—:o:—

BY J. L. HARBOUR.

It was the first new bonnet Miss Jasper had bought for several seasons, and she was just as fond of a pretty bonnet as most women.

But Miss Jasper did not have a very large income, and there were many things she would have liked that she did not have. She was, however, one of those sensible persons who, if they cannot have what they want, are satisfied with what they can get; and she had worn her old black straw and velvet bonnet through as many as six seasons without wasting any time lamenting because she could not have a new one. In the spring and summer seasons she took off the black velvet and put on some blue ribbon and a bunch of white flowers, and she always felt that the bonnet looked "quite respectable," after all.

Some of her friends took the liberty of saying among themselves that if Miss Jasper would give away or sell or poison a few of her "horrid pets" she might have a new bonnet and new gloves every season with the money she spent purchasing food and luxuries for these pets.

Miss Jasper knew that such remarks were made, but did not care.

Her pets included a monkey, a magpie, a parrot, a squirrel, three cages of canaries, two cats, and a not very amiable poodle dog. All of these animals lived very happily together in Miss Jasper's sitting-room, and they were a source of infinite delight to her, no matter how disagreeable they were to her friends.

The magpie was one of the noisiest birds of his kind, and Phœbe, the parrot, was an exceedingly clever bird. She could say more things than any other parrot I ever saw.

Indeed, Miss Jasper affirmed that Phœbe had "just as good sense as anybody," and that she could carry on a conversation with more intelligence than many persons of Miss Jasper's acquaintance.

The squirrel was a bright-eyed, playful little fellow, who kept the big wire hollow wheel of his cage almost constantly in motion, and when set free he would lie like a kitten in Miss Jasper's lap and eat from her hand. The canaries were famous singers, the cats were sleek, dignified old tabbies, who appeared in new ribbon and collars every week, and Fairy, the little white poodle, was without spot or blemish on his fleecy hair.

But, dearly as she loved them all, Miss Jasper sometimes felt that she loved Dandy, the monkey, a "leetle mite" more than she loved any of her other pets.

Dandy had been brought to her when he was but a little baby of a monkey by a cousin of Miss Jasper's who was a sailor. That was ten years ago, and Dandy had steadily grown in Miss Jasper's favor, although he had been a great deal of care and no little expense, beside giving her neighbors offence at different times.

Never would gentle, timid little Miss Jasper forget one dreadful morning when there came a loud decisive knock at her back door, and, on hurrying to respond to it, Miss Jasper found there a large, red-faced and furiously angry Irish woman who lived near her.

In her arms was a struggling, squawking and tailless rooster, while a fine Plymouth Rock hen lay dead in a basket dangling from her arm.

"Oh, good morning, Mrs. Moriarty," began Miss Jasper, pleasantly, to which Mrs. Moriarty responded loudly and angrily,—

"Ye see this hin, mum?"

"Yes, I—"

"Wan av the foinest birruds av 'is breed she wor, mum!"

"And is she dead?"

"Dead is it, mum? Dead wid its neck bruk? An' it a-settin' on fifteen eggs an' ready to come off the nist on Chewsday nixt!"

"I'm very sorry, Mrs.—"

"Luk at this rooster, mum," interrupted Mrs. Moriarty. "Luk at 'im!"

She held him up so that it could be seen that there was not a feather left in his tail.

"Poor fellow!" said Miss Jasper. "How did it happen?"

"Ye may well ask that, mum!" fairly shrieked Mrs. Moriarty. "Ye may well say, 'How did it happen?' since Oi've come here to have the loife av the jabberin baste that caused it to happen."

"Here, Mrs. Moriarty?"

"It's here he abides, mum, more shame to yeez for kapin' the bloodthirsty loikes av 'im on yer primises. Oi'll hev his loife or big damidges for the wurruk he's done this day. Two toimes hand-runnin' has this roosther tuk the first premium at the county fair, an' he'd tuk it again wid tail feathers beyand anny ye iver saw, until your murtherin' ould monkey—"

"My monkey?"

"He did it, mum! He bruk the neck av me hin an' stripped me roosther av the foinest tail in this county, mum. Oi'll hev his loife or the biggest damidges an honest coort an' joory will give me!"

The end of it was that Miss Jasper went very shabby for the next six months, because of the heavy "damidges" demanded by Mrs. Moriarty for the mischief done among her fowls by Dandy.

Miss Jasper thought of that affair as she took her new Easter bonnet from its box and poised it on her hand while gazing at it with the satisfaction most ladies naturally feel in the possession of a becoming new bonnet.

Dandy lay curled up in a snug corner of Miss Jasper's sitting-room lounge at the time, and she shook her finger at him while saying,

"There, you rascal! I have a new bonnet at last. I might have had three or four bonnets with the money it cost me to pay for the mischief you did the time you got out of the house and into Mrs. Moriarty's chicken lot. And you've had to pay for it, too, you rascal, for I've kept you in the house since then, or tied a rope to your leg when I've let you out. What do you think of that sir?"

She held the bonnet out toward Dandy as she spoke. He looked at it sleepily with half-closed eyes.

"Isn't it pretty, Dandy?" said Miss Jasper, as she put the bonnet on her head, and playfully pinched the monkey's tail. He sat up now with wide open eyes, and Miss Jasper said,—

"Don't you think that's pretty gay for a woman who will be forty-nine her next birthday?"

Miss Jasper had a habit of talking to her pets exactly as she would have talked to a human being, and now she said,—

"Think of my coming out in a bonnet with red poppies and a gilt buckle on it at my age, Dandy. But the milliner declared they weren't a bit too gay for me. She showed me a bonnet half covered with red roses that she'd made to order for Squire Fallon's wife, and she's twelve years older than I be. Still, I aint wore anything so gay as this for ten years, and I'm afraid folks'll think I'm getting giddy and foolish in my old age. I wonder if it really is becomin'. These milliners will tell you anything.

It was really a very modest bonnet, after all, and it looked very pretty above Miss Jasper's beautiful, wavy hair. She was not given to vain thoughts, but she could not help feeling that the dash of color in the bonnet was really becoming to a dark-eyed woman with hair that was almost white.

Suddenly she turned away from the little mirror, and walked across to Dandy and set the bonnet lightly on his head.

"There," she said, "let me see how it looks on you,—as well as it looks on me, I daresay. Do you want one like it?"

She took the little mirror down from its nail on the wall and held it before Dandy. He sat up very stiff with the bonnet on his head.

"And as true as I live, if he didn't grin and smirk like a silly woman," said Miss Jasper, when telling the story afterward. "Yes, he did. He just sat there twisting his head first one side and then the other, and actually if he didn't take the strings in his paws and try to tie 'em same as he'd seen me do. I tell you 'twas enough to make one believe in Darwin right straight through, and I have believed in his theory ever since."

It was on Friday that Miss Jasper's bonnet was sent home, and she stood many times before her mirror trying it on, and made several slight alterations in the arrangement of the trimming before Sunday.

It was a beautiful Easter morning. The sun shone brightly in an unclouded sky. The air and earth were full of suggestions of an early spring. Already the grass in Miss Jasper's dooryard had taken on a shade of green; the crocus buds were swelling, and the birds sang blithely everywhere.

Miss Jasper was up early. Her birds had begun to sing at dawn of day. Her magpie had been so noisy that Phœbe, the parrot, had several times cried out harshly,—

"Oh, shut up! shut up!" and Miss Jasper herself had called out before rising,—

"Yes, Pedro, do shut up. You are making too much noise for Sunday morning."

Phœbe herself had been chattering away at a great rate, saying again and again,—

"Where's Phœbe's breakfast? Break-f-a-a-a-st! Breakfa-a-a-st! Good morning! *Good* morning! Shut up, shut up, shut *up!*"

"Shut up yourself, and there'll be considerable less noise," Miss Jasper had said, reprovingly. "Although I can't blame any of you for wanting to rejoice this beautiful morning. Dear me, Dandy, don't tear the house down."

Dandy was never chained up at night. Indeed, there were days at a time when he was not chained up at all, although he had never been allowed to run free in the garden or yard since the episode involving the death of Mrs. Moriarty's "hin" and the total loss of her rooster's tail.

Miss Jasper fed her pets, put their various cages in good order, lessened their noise somewhat by putting the magpie into a room by himself, where he sulked in silence. Then Miss Jasper began getting ready for church.

First she took the new bonnet out of its box and laid it on a little stand by the mirror along with the new pearl kid gloves and the dainty new hemstitched handkerchief bought for this special occasion.

Then she stepped into her bedroom to put on her neat black silk dress which she wore to church on occasions of special interest. The echoes of the first church bell had slowly and sweetly died away when Miss Jasper came hurrying out of her bedroom with rustling skirts and quick movements.

"Dear me, I must hurry," she said, as she glanced at the clock. "It wont do to be late this morning. They'd say I came in late on purpose to show my new bonnet. Only twenty minutes until church time, and it takes so long to put on new kid gloves. I must get on my bonnet and—why, where is that bonnet?"

It was not on the little stand, nor was the handkerchief there, while but one glove was to be seen.

"Why, I know I put that bonnet on the stand and—O Dandy! Dandy!"

She stopped short in the centre of the room, transfixed with amazement, her hands clasped together and her mouth and eyes wide open.

There on the sill of an open window sat Dandy, the bonnet on his head, the missing glove partly on, and the handkerchief in the other paw, while he grinned until all his shining teeth were revealed.

"You Dandy! Come here, sir! Come to me, this instant! Dandy, you—oh, he's gone, he's gone! Why did I leave that window open? I might have known that—Dandy, Dandy, where are you?"

"Ha, ha, ha! He, he, he!" roared Phœbe, and then she comically mimicked her mistress by crying out in feigned distress,—

"Dandy, Dandy! Where are you? O, Dandy, Dandy!"

Miss Jasper ran to the window and looked out into her front yard. Dandy was sitting up very prim and stiff, daintily sniffing the cologne on Miss Jasper's handkerchief, while a gentle breeze set the crisp ribbons of the bonnet in a flutter.

"Dandy, dear," said Miss Jasper, cajolingly, but imploringly, "wont you come in, like a good fellow? Come, Dandy—please."

She ran to her pantry and got several lumps of loaf sugar, a delicacy of which Dandy was particularly fond, but it had no power over him now. It had been a long, long time since he had been free in the open air and the sunshine. It was in vain that Miss Jasper held out the sugar, and said, coaxingly,—

"Come get sugar, Dandy. Come get it all,—come."

He did not come. With a saucy flirt of the handerchief, he bounded away. The pretty bonnet fell off. He caught it up deftly, set it jauntily on his head, dropping the glove and clutching the bonnet strings with his free paw.

With a graceful bound, Dandy went airily over the low fence, and was in the street. Miss Jasper ran out to the gate just in time to see him turn the corner. She was bareheaded, and there were a great many church-goers on the street; but Miss Jasper was too excited to think of anything but Dandy and the bonnet.

She ran to the corner and saw Dandy running swiftly down the street, the bonnet strings streaming out behind.

It was a short street, and the church was at the end of it. Dandy ran past several persons, and Miss Jasper remembered afterwards how amused they seemed.

Three or four boys met Miss Jasper at a corner, and she said, hastily,—

"Oh, boys, boys, my monkey has got out with my bonnet. Can't you catch him? Do catch him for me—please do."

The boys gave chase. The church doors were open, and Dandy ran swiftly towards them, and dashed in among the people on the steps.

Fortunately the inner vestibule doors were closed, and Dandy could not get into the audience room of the church.

The sexton, moreover, was watchful and spry, although an old man; and while scandalized and amazed at the appearance of such a visitor, he did not lose his wits. And Dandy, somewhat dazed by his strange surroundings, had hardly reached the vestibule ere he was pounced upon by old Mr. Tabb, the sexton, who said in low but comically-earnest tones,—

"What do you want here? Git out, ye big rascal! Of all the bowdacious performances I ever see in one monkey, this is the wust! If I was Miss Lyddy Jasper, I'd have your neck wrung for ye!"

He had chased Dandy into a corner as he spoke, and now had him struggling in his arms, while the bonnet dangled limply from one of the strings still clutched in the monkey's paw.

Miss Jasper had hurried back home after meeting the boys, and was putting on her old bonnet to continue her pursuit of Dandy, when old Mr. Tabb suddenly appeared at her door, and said,—

"Here's your rascal of a monkey and your Yeaster bunnit, mum."

"Rascal! rascal! rascal!" screeched the parrot, truthfully. "Ha, ha! Ho, ho! Hey, rascal! Bonnet, bonnet! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, Mr. Tabb, I'm so very much obliged," said Miss Jasper, gratefully.

"He'd ought to have his neck wrung, mum," was all Mr. Tabb said; and when he had gone back to the church, Miss Jasper said sternly and tearfully to Dandy,—

"You wicked, wicked rascal! I've a notion to—to—well, I don't know what I really ought to do to you. Look at that bonnet! See how you've trailed the strings in the dust; and where's my handkerchief? Dandy, I—I—just—if it wasn't Sunday, and Easter at that, you'd get something awful. As it is, I'm going to shut you up all day in a dark closet, and it'll be a long time before I let you run loose, even in the house, you bad, thing!"

The minister was just beginning his sermon when Miss Jasper hurried up to her pew in her old bonnet and gloves.

"I just thought," she said afterwards, "that maybe I had given too much thought to that bonnet and those gloves, and that Dandy's running off with them was meant as a rebuke to me, and I wouldn't wear them after I'd got them back. I may wear them sometime; but I wouldn't wear them that day, because I don't think it was intended that I should wear them then."

Holland is noted throughout Europe as a center for fine geese, ducks, and turkeys. They show keen perception of the demands of the market by producing eggs and feathers, which bring better profits the year round than market broilers. Large flocks of from 1,000 to 6,000 geese may be seen on some of the best farms close to Amsterdam. The farmer drives his geese to market several miles distant, as we would a flock of sheep. They export large consignments of eggs and geese feathers to the New York commission houses each season, selling them at a good profit and pay expenses of transportation.

Lay a piece of thick Canton flannel under your tablecloth. Even coarse napery will look a much better quality with a sub-cover than if spread directly over the bare table top.

For the SENTINEL.

### MY HOME.

BY D. THOMAS REINDOLLAR.

O give me a home on the emerald hills,
A home on the mountains high,
A home, that is cooled by the breath of rills,
'Neath the blue, my native sky.

A home, that is charming! whose honeyed breeze
Is naught but the scent of the flower;
Where musical birds and blooming trees
Freshen the heart like a shower.

This is the home I entreat Thee to give,
A home that is severed from pain,
One that is pure, on the earth, while I live,
Like the heaven I hope to gain.

If, thus, I am reared, on the green lap of earth,
In a land of incessant bloom,
Why, then, should I mourn, when pleasure is dearth?
When I think of the silent tomb?

So, guard me, I pray Thee, great God in the sky!
Protect this fair land of ours!
And give us a home, at the last, when we die,
That is built on the fragrant flowers.

And, then, in those courts, in supernal array,
When all shall have sought a repose,
We'll worship Thee, King of the endless day!
In a land that is bliss, not woes.

For the SENTINEL.

### What Shall We Study.

BY JULIA R. WAYS.

New studies are always taken up with interest and enthusiasm, but the energy with which they are pursued often departs as the novelty wears off. We wish to mention, briefly, a few of the most interesting studies that could be given an advanced student.

First on the list we have Astronomy, that most fascinating science, which opens to our view the phenomena of the heavenly bodies, and the mysterious movements of the solar system which has been aptly styled "The mechanism of the Heavens." What field for enthusiasm can be named in comparison with the "ever-burning stars" that still reveal to Christian faith divine wisdom and glory,

"Forever singing, as they shine,
'The hand that made us is divine.'"

Many think there is little use in the study of Astronomy without an observatory and a telescope; but this is mere fallacy. While such aids render the study of Astronomy doubly interesting, yet they are only really necessary for scientific study and for making discoveries. The true student gets something higher and better from the study of the heavenly bodies than what comes through these enlarged optic-glasses.

Job discovered without the aid of the telescope that "He hangeth the earth upon nothing, and stretcheth out the north over the empty place."

We hope that no student will turn away from this wonderful and fascinating study, simply because he cannot mount an observatory or stare at the heavens through a telescope.

Next, we would call attention to Chemistry, which fills our minds with awe and wonder as it gradually unfolds to us the secrets of the mighty forces at work in the "economy of nature," and shows to us the mysteries of air, water, and other agents equally as common, though as incomprehensible, until seen through this intellectual telescope, as the people (?) who inhabit the stars. Chemistry is a study that well repays one for the time devoted to it, in as much as you find there things useful and practical and can find it even helpful to the house wife who will be all the more able to bring these chemical agents to her aid in cooking, etc., when she understands the "reasons of things," as one Vassar girl observed.

Geometry will not be regarded favorably by the feminine student, and by most persons it is regarded preeminently as a man's study, possibly on the ground of man's mental superiority over women. However this may be, it is certainly the great "bugbear" of female students. But recent events have proved that where prizes have been offered for excellence in any branch of knowledge, women, when allowed to compete, have stood side by side with the "Lords of Creation." So we may reasonably suppose that even Geometry is not too profound for the female mind. Geometry, with lines and curves, is wonderfully illustrated in many of the works of nature. It is said, "every snow-flake is formed with mathematic lines and exact curves representing stars, hexagons, and every variety of shapes possible between the angle of 60° and 120°."

"The tiny spherule traced with lines
Of nature's geometric signs."

What shall we say of the study of Literature? It is a subject that would require volumes in itself, the field of Literature is so wide and so filled with rare treasures of knowledge and pleasure. All agree upon the necessity of being familiar with the best works of English Literature, and most of us consider the study of the works of the best authors and poets rather a recreation than a task.

One word in passing in regard to using the works of the greatest poets as an exercise in parsing and transpositions. I have never yet been able to overcome my aversion to "Thomson's Seasons," and even "Paradise Lost" (which all judges consider superior to any work of its kind except the inspired Hebrew songs) has never been the intellectual treat it would have been, had we not been compelled to transpose and parse from it in our school days. Parsing as you read does not, as you can well imagine, add much to the pleasure of perusing such a work as "Paradise Lost." For in rushing through the intricate mazes of metaphor and simile, looking for the various parts of speech; chasing the subject of some poor unfortunate verb, hopelessly separated from its nominative by obscure and intricate flights of poetic fancy, we lose all idea of the beauty of the poem.

It must be confessed, however, in justice to the wisdom of our teachers, that much light will be thrown upon a subject by this method of treating it. But take our advice, read and enjoy your book first, and then go down into the depths after its buried treasures, or take some less sacred and profound work for your mental calisthenics.

And to those who take up these studies we hope that the end of the year will prove that the interest so far awakened is "Luring fancy still to climb."

### Dates of Easter.

The earliest and latest dates upon which Easter can fall are March 22d and April 25th. In 1886 Easter fell upon its latest date, which had not occurred before in the nineteenth century, and will not occur again until 1943. The last time Easter fell upon its earliest date, the 22d of March, was in 1818, and this will not happen again in this century nor in the next.

On turning back to previous centuries, we find that such a late date as April 25th for Easter Sunday has occurred once every hundred years, with one exception; that is, in 1734, 1666, 1546, 1451, 1204, 1109, 1013 and 919.

The earliest day for Easter occurred in 1761, 1693, 1598 and 1573, 1478, 1383, 1136, 1041 and 945. This time the thirteenth century is passed over instead of the fourteenth.

For the benefit of those who would like to know upon what date Easter falls for the remaining years of this century, we give the following:

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|---|---|
| 1891, March 29. | 1896, April 5. |
| 1892, April 17. | 1897, April 18. |
| 1893, April 2. | 1898, April 10. |
| 1894, March 25. | 1899, April 2. |
| 1895, April 14. | 1900, April 15. |

### Sick Headache.

This distressing complaint results from varied causes. Overdoing, overeating, overheating, lack of sleep, get the nerves of the stomach in a state of rebellion. In many cases there is a cure. Prevention by a careful diet and proper rest, is the wisest course. A little good baking soda in water often gives prompt relief, or powdered charcoal, two teaspoons in half a glass of water. One in authority says:

"Sick headache is often periodical, and is the signal of distress which the stomach puts up to inform us that there is an over-alkaline condition of its fluids; that it needs a natural acid to restore the battery to its normal working condition. When the first symptoms of the headache appear, take a teaspoon of lemon juice clear, fifteen minutes before each meal, and the same dose at bed time; follow this up until all symptoms are passed, and if not an exceptional case you will soon go free from your unwelcome visitor. Many will object to this because the remedy is too simple, but I have made many cures in this way."

Persons with a strong instinctive tendency to contradictions are apt to become unprofitable companions. Our thoughts are plants that never flourish in inhospitable soils or chilling atmospheres. They are all started under glass, so to speak; that is, sheltered and fostered in our own sunny consciousness. They must expect some rough treatment when we lift the sash from the frame and let the outside elements in upon them. They can bear the the rain and the breezes, and be all the better for them; but perpetual contradiction is a pelting hailstorm which spoils their growth and tends to kill them out altogether.

Let us seek our peace by fidelity. Let me do my duties. Why need I go gadding into the scenes and philosophy of Greek and Italian history before I have washed my own face or justified myself to my benefactors? How dare I read Washington's campaigns when I have not answered the letters of my own correspondents?

Contentment is the only true happiness of life; and a pleasant disposition and good work will make the whole surroundings ring with cheerfulness.

### Alfalfa.

Wm. H. Yeomans in *Mass. Ploughman* says: This perennial plant, called Lucerne by the French, usually bears the Spanish name Alfalfa, although in the southwest it is known as Chilian or California clover. It was known by the Greeks and Romans more than 2300 years ago, and its value as a forage plant recognized long before the Christian era.

It is supposed to have been introduced into Mexico at the time of the Conquest, and thence into South America.

It then naturally found its way into California where it has since been grown in large quantities. Its introduction into California was about the year 1854, and probably about ten years later it was introduced into Colorado in the Platte valley near Denver, from which point it has spread over the entire State.

Its general cultivation has demonstrated the fact that it will grow at any altitude below 7,000 feet, and on any soil that will produce other good crops, although sandy and clay loams seem to be best adapted to its growth. As stated in our previous article the root growth is enormous, and if unobstructed, will descend to great depths in search of moisture, so that upon dry soils, with no obstructing hard pan it will make a good growth. It is the most tenacious of all forage crops and will stand heat and cold, dry weather and harsh treatment after it once gets established, better than any other.

And yet when desired there is no trouble in killing the roots by using the plow, when the soil is wanted for cultivation.

The first crop is ready for cutting by the middle of June, the second in July, the third in September and the fourth in October.

The second and third crops are considered best for milch cows, or those animals that do not labor, being more succulent and containing less coarse stems.

The last crop is quite frequently allowed to seed and is cut for that purpose. The first crop is usually cut just before blooming, and containing more fattening elements is considered a stronger and better feed for working animals.

Horses will grow fat upon alfalfa alone; cattle make fat, flesh and milk; sheep thrive and keep healthy when fed upon it, and even hogs will need no other feed when pastured upon it.

In seeding to alfalfa certain conditions are neccessary to the best success. While the soil should be thoroughly pulverized, it should contain a good degree of moisture, in fact a large amount for a time is quite desirable until the plants are thoroughly rooted. The amount of seed per acre is from twenty-five lbs.; too thick seeding is detrimental to a large yield. If timothy and orchard grass are sown with it, they serve to keep it from lodging, and they also serve us as a preventive of hoven in the feeding and pasturing of cattle and sheep, and yet as far as we have observed, the rule in Colorado is to seed with the alfalfa alone. This may be done as early in spring as the soil may be worked, and is moist and warm. The cutting should be a little earlier than common red clover, being just before the bloom, and the curing becomes an important consideration.

As soon as very slightly wilted, it should be put up in small cocks to cure; if left to cure as spread, it is said that the stems become dry and hard, the leaves drop off the color is largely lost and it becomes of much less value for feed.

The alfalfa has a parasite in the shape of a dodder plant that should be avoided if possible. Its seed is much smaller than the alfalfa and may be screened.

Alfalfa seeds very unlike the common clover, as it produces the seed all along the stalks, or from top to bottom.

An important consideration to all farmers in the use of this forage crop, is its feeding value as compared with other forage crops.

John Peals was arrested in Kansas for malicious trespass. He promised the sheriff not to dig his way out of jail if left unwatched, but inside of three days he went through the brick wall, stole the sheriff's horse and buggy, and then took Mrs. Sheriff in with him and galloped away to parts unknown.

A steam phæton has appeared in Paris resembling an ordinary phæton. It carries under the body of the carriage a boiler which can not explode, with a funnel bent down and discharging smoke under the back seat.

Well kept fowls will commence to lay as soon as well matured.

From YOUTH'S COMPANION.

### An Easter Story.—Tommy's Taffy.

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"It is a remarkable occasion, and may not happen again in all your life," so Tommy's father had told him in regard to his seventh birthday, that came on Easter Sunday that year.

The usual birthday party was put off till Monday, but on Saturday night Tommy and five-year-old Lottie were allowed to sit up unusually late, coloring Easter eggs and making taffy; that is, they watched their mother and the cook, and when the taffy was done they ate all they could hold, after which there were several plates full of cream-colored love-knots, twisted sticks, and animals of all sorts to set away in the ice house, not to be touched until Monday.

It was a bright Easter sun that shone on Tommy's birthday morning; but Tommy's mother had a sick headache, and Lottie couldn't wear her new white dress and pink sash to church, after all.

She didn't mind the disappointment, but Tommy felt so badly about staying at home, it was decided to trust him alone in the big pew, for Tommy's father was the preacher.

When he was dressed in his new white braided suit, feeling very manly with his buttonhole bouquet of lilies of the valley, and waiting for his father to come out from the study, Tommy thought of that taffy, and what a help and comfort it would be to him through the long sermon.

"I won't go and ask ma about it, because she has such a headache it would be awful cruel," said Tommy to himself, "and pa don't like to be disturbed; besides, ma always gives me peppermints and lozenges to keep me awake."

So, although he knew neither of them would let him touch the taffy, by the time he had slipped slily out to the ice house, wrapped a lot of it in his handkerchief, licked off his fingers and put on his gloves, he had persuaded himself that Tommy Ray was a very good, thoughtful boy to provide something to help him behave well in church, and not trouble any one about it, and yet he tried to stand so that his father would not notice that stuffed-out pocket.

But he forgot all about it as he proudly marched up the aisle after his father, and the novelty of being alone in the big pew, with so many prayer-books, hassocks and footstools at his service, the singing, floral decorations, and other unusual things, drove the candy entirely out of his mind until his father began to preach.

Then he slid down on one of the footstools and drew it out of his pocket. It stuck to his handkerchief and it stuck to his gloves, and before he was satisfied it was all over his face. It was not all eaten by the time he felt sleepy, so he slid along his footstool to the register in the end of the pew, opened it, and with the rest of the candy in his hands, lay his head on a hassock he had put up on the cushions on the seat, and went to sleep.

His father was preaching an Easter sermon on the resurrection, and speaking of the faithlessness of Thomas, who would not believe the Lord had risen till he should see his hands and put his finger in the print of the nails, he cried out in an impassioned, reproachful tone, "O Thomas, Thomas, wherefore didst thou doubt?"

Now this sleeping, sticky little Tommy was accustomed to being called Thomas by his father when he had done something needing reproof, and the words wakened him, so starting suddenly up, his molasses-covered handkerchief sticking to his curls, he looked wildly around and then towards the pulpit, with a loud "Sir?"

There was not a little confusion in the house at the funny sight, and seeing smiles on all the faces around him, and his father's look of dismay, he whined out a most pitiful, "what do you want, pa?" and then sank out of sight in a tempest of sobs and tears, mingled with molasses.

Tommy has not yet forgotten that occasion, and he hopes that, as his father says, "It will not be likely to happen again in his whole life."

### How the Deaf-Mute Tells the Story.

"I have heard and read many pathetic stories," said Senator Hoar, "but none of them ever awoke so much sad sympathy as one which Prof. Gallaudet related recently. The professor has a favorite pupil—a little deaf-mute boy, who is exceptionally bright. Mr. Gallaudet asked him if he knew the story of George Washington and the cherry tree. With his nimble fingers the little one said that he did and then he proceeded to repeat it. The gesticulations continued until the boy had informed the professor of the elder Washington's discovery of the mutilated tree and of his quest for the mutilator. 'When George's father asked him who hacked his favorite cherry tree,' signaled the voiceless child, 'George put his hatchet in his left hand—.' 'Stop,' interrupted the professor. 'Where did you get the authority for saying he took the hatchet in his left hand?' 'Why,' responded the boy, (who knew nothing of speech,) he needed his right hand to tell his father that he cut the tree.'"

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