JOS. W. SMITH

Successor to H. W. Dell,

DEALER IN LUMBER and COAL,

Main St., Near Depot, Westminster, Md.

Having taken the old and well-known Coal and Lumber Yard of H. W. Dell, I am prepared to furnish all kinds of

Building Lumber

such as Joist, Shingles, Siding, Flooring, Boards, Laths, Palings, &c.

I have on hand

Anthracite and Bituminous Coal.

Embracing all the best grades for housekeepers', manufacturers', lumbermen's and blacksmiths' use, which will be sold at

LOWEST MARKET PRICES.

☞Give me a call.☜

Respectfully,
JOS. W. SMITH.

an-8-1y

WESTMINSTER

FLOURING MILLS.

W. S. MYER & BRO. Proprietors.

Manufacture and have on hand and for sale

FLOUR, FEED,

—ALSO—

Seeds, Salt, Kainit, S. C. Rock, Plaster,

AND ALL KINDS OF

Standard Brands of Fertilizers

At Manufacturers' Prices.

HIGHEST CASH PRICES PAID FOR GRAIN.

☞Grain of all kinds on storage.☜

Mar-28-1y

Central Drug Store,

OPPOSITE CATHOLIC CHURCH,

Main St. Westminster, Md.

JOSEPH R. BOYLE

SUCCESSOR TO WELLS BROS.

DEALER in Pure Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Perfumery, Fancy Articles, Hair and Tooth Brushes, Combs, Toilet Soaps, &c. Also Trusses and Shoulder Braces.

Pure Wines & Liquors

FOR MEDICAL PURPOSES.

Patent Medicines, Horse and Cattle Powders, &c. A fine assortment of

STATIONERY.

Physicians' orders promptly filled and Prescriptions carefully and accurately compounded. mar-13-tf

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Undertakers and Cabinet - Makers.

A Fine and Assorted Stock of

Coffins & Caskets Always on Hand

We have just had completed one of the finest Hearses in the State with which all funerals entrusted to our care will be attended. We are manufacturers and dealers in

FINE & COMMON FURNITURE

Spring Beds, Mattresses, Fancy Chairs, &c., which we offer at lowest rates. An examination of our stock is solicited before purchasing elsewhere, as you can save money by buying from us.

F. A. SHARRER & SON,
Main St., East End, Westminster, Md.
jan-10-1y

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JNO. E. ECKENRODE

(SUCCESSOR TO ECKENRODE & SNYDER)

MANUFACTURER OF

Coaches, Carriages, Jagger Wagons, Buggies, Phætons, &c.

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO REPAIRING

All orders promptly filled and work of every kind warranted.

☞Factory Corner Liberty and George Sts no17 1y

FRANK K. HERR. SAMUEL K. HERR

F.K.HERR & BRO

AT THE OLD STAND,

MAIN STREET, OPP. MONTOUR HOUSE

MANUFACTURERS OF

Coaches, Carriages, Buggies,

Jagger Wagons, Phætons, &c.

Special attention given to repairing.

All orders promptly filled and work of every kind warranted. se-12

G. E. BAUGHMAN, D. D. S.,

SUCCESSOR TO DR. CHARLES BILLINGSLEA,

DENTIST.

Office 107 East Main Street, one door west of Union National Bank, Westminster, Md.

Will visit the following places:

UNION BRIDGE—1st Wednesday of each month.

NEW WINDSOR—2d Wednesday of each month.

Painless extraction of teeth by the use of Nitrous Oxide Gas. fe-23

Dr. J. W. Helm, Surgeon Dentist,

(Graduate of Md. University, Baltimore),

New Windsor, Carroll County, Md.

OFFERS his professional services to the Public in all its branches. He will visit TANEYTOWN—on the 1st Wednesday of each month.

☞Nitrous Oxide Gas administered.

A liberal share of public patronage solicited

Respectfully,
J. W. HELM, D. D. S.

1y-20 1y

AMERICAN SENTINEL.

VOL. 59, NO. 16. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 25, 1891. ESTABLISHED 1833.

TO THE FARMERS!

The Farmers' Fertilizer Company begs leave to say upon the opening of the Spring Season that it is again in the market to accommodate its large and rapidly increasing trade with the Best SELECTED STOCK of

FERTILIZERS

in the county. Its stock is Strictly Pure, for it keeps no other. For Spring Crops it has now on hand several qualities of Fertilizers adapted to character of soils for

Potatoes, Peas and Garden Truck Generally.

Remember that the company guarantees these goods to be as represented, and it further asserts that by buying from this Company you can save on

TRUCK FERTILIZERS

alone from 15 to 20 per cent. on every ton as compared with Maps's and many other of our manufacturers. If you will call on our Superintendent he will be pleased to give you such information as may be necessary in the selection of a suitable Fertilizer for your Spring Crop.

Don't forget that when you bring your sacks you save $1.00 on each ton, and that if you pay cash for your goods you save two per cent. besides.

E. M. BISH, Sup't.
Farmers' Fertilizer Company,
Office 28 W. Main street,
apl-4-tf Westminster, Md.

Announcement!

Having purchased the business of Jos. A. Waesche, I will continue the wholesale and retail business of all goods pertaining to house furnishing.

To my stock, which is decidedly the largest in the county, I am daily adding

New Goods,

all from first class importers, to which I invite public inspection.

Desiring to decrease my stock of

Silverware,

for the next 30 days it will be sold at cost. In this department there are many extraordinary bargains.

Queensware

AND HOUSEKEEPING GOODS at astonishingly low figures. Persons in need of goods in this line will do well to examine my prices, as they are much lower than the lowest.

The most complete line of

FANCY GROCERIES

every exhibited in Carroll county, in fact will compare favorably with any in the state. These goods have been bought from the first importer, and shipped direct from New York, and will be sold at prices which defy competition.

A large and varied stock of Drugs and Patent Medicines, at very low figures.

A fine line of

Confectionery and Stationery, Etc.

You are especially invited to inspect stock, and receive our prices.

FRANK Z. MILLER,
Opp. 1st Nat. Bank, Westminster.

☞Country produce taken in exchange for goods. mar-7-1y

THE LEADING HOUSE in TOWN

IS AT

M. W. BABYLON'S.

Pure Wines and Liquors of all kinds.

Rum and Brandy for Mince Pies. A full line of Fruits, such as Seedless and other Raisins, Citron, Currants, Figs, Dates, Lemons, Oranges, Bananas. Spices of all kinds. Full line of

FRESH GROCERIES,

Syrups, and New Orleans Molasses. A fine line of

Plain and Fancy Candies,

Cakes and Crackers of all kinds. Canned Goods, Apple Butter, Jellies of all kinds, a fine line of

Lamps of Assorted Colors.

QUEENS AND GLASSWARE of various styles, &c. ap-19-1y

E. O. GRIMES. J. Q. STITLEY

E. O. GRIMES & CO.

AT THE

Principal Depot, Westminster, Md.

PAY the highest cash price for Wheat, Corn, Rye, Oats, and all kinds of Country Produce. Constantly on hand a full line of

Choice Groceries

CANNED GOODS.

Cigars, Tobaccos, &c.

THE BEST BRANDS OF

FLOUR AND FEED

OF ALL KINDS.

GUANOS AND PHOSPHATES

of all the principal dealers for sale at manufacturers' prices. Agents for Laflin & Rand's Blasting Powder and Judson's Dynamite for Stump Blasting, &c.

Purchasers may rely upon getting the best goods in our line that the market affords, at the lowest cash rates.

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MACHINERY REPAIR SHOP.

JOHN A. SHOWER

Liberty St., Westminster, Md.,

IS PREPARED TO

Repair All Kinds of Machinery.

Special Machinery Made to Order.

Castings and Repairs

for Machinery built at the old Union Works and by E. Wagoner can be furnished at short notice.

☞All Work Guaranteed.☜

oc-12

Select Poetry.

JUDGE NOT.

Judge not: the workings of his brain
And of his heart thou can'st not see;
What looks to thy dim eyes a stain
In God's pure sight may only be
A scar, brought from some well won field,
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.

The look, the air, that frets thy sight
May be a token that below
The soul has closed in deadly fight
With some infernal fiery foe,
Whose glance would scorch thy smiling grace,
And cast thee shuddering on thy face!

And judge none lost, but wait and see,
With hopeful pity, not disdain;
The depth of the abyss may be
The measure of the height of pain
And love and glory that may raise
This soul to God in after days!

—*A. A. Proctor.*

Select Story.

A CARBON COPY.

How a Law Firm Was Supplied with Their Opponents' Thunder.

BY AUSTIN GRANVILLE.

"Somebody interested in this matter is stealing our thunder," began Mr. Capias, of the famous law firm of Capias, Summons & Circuit, as he motioned an unassuming, quiet looking, middle-aged man to a seat in his private room.

The quiet-looking man said nothing in reply. He sat down and waited, smiling pleasantly.

"He is not only stealing our thunder," continued the lawyer, sitting bolt upright in his huge leather chair and fingering nervously with a paper-knife, "but he is actually selling it to the other side."

"You have no idea who it can be?" replied the quiet-looking man.

"Not the slightest. I don't suspect anybody in this office. Our clerks have all been in our employ for years. We feel that we can trust them implicitly. But so important is secrecy in this matter that I have given nobody a chance to go back on us. My interviews with our client have been conducted right here in this room with closed doors."

Through long habit, the eyes of Henry G. Marshall, one of the most experienced detectives in the West, rested for a moment on the transoms. They were hermetically sealed. Two winters ago the crevices had been stuffed with cotton batting. It had never been removed.

"What letters have you written? Who has access to your press copy-books?" was his first question.

Mr. Capias smiled slightly. "The ability of these men is sadly overrated," thought he.

"Letters of this character I always write myself, copy myself in my private book, and that book I keep in that vault under lock and key. The leak is not in that direction. Now, what do you advise?"

The detective considered a moment. "I will work on the case outside for a few days. I will watch your office and have those characters whom I may consider suspicious watched and shadowed. If I find no clew it may become necessary for me to take a place in the office myself."

"In my office!" ejaculated the astonished lawyer. "In what capacity, pray?"

"There are a variety of openings. I can come as a copyist, confidential messenger, constable, just as you wish."

Mr. Marshall took his hat and left. Mr. Capias said nothing of his interview with the detective to either of his partners. The case in question, a very important one, involving the recovery of a great estate, the Bangs litigation, was entirely under his management. What he loved best was to work in secret and astonish Mr. Summons and Mr. Circuit with his grand coups. These latter gentlemen, whilst excellent and painstaking lawyers, lacked the genius which undoubtedly distinguished Capias in the management of affairs. Retainers from great corporations came his way as naturally as water finds its own level. A great bank rang him up over the telephone one day.

"Please come over at once. We wish to retain you in an important matter."

"My office is blankety-blankety blank, Blank street. I shall be in from four to five, when I shall be happy to see you. I am now in consultation," was the audacious reply of Mr. Capias, who really had nothing more important on hand at that particular moment than usual.

Messrs. Summons and Circuit were appalled. Capias was crazy to talk that way to such an institution as the Mutual Credit, Trust, Loan and Universal Accommodation Association. They exchanged looks of alarm.

But Capias was right. There is nothing your great corporation reveres so much as independence. A man who declined to come out and see them must necessarily be a great lawyer. An official called that very day with an immense retainer, and confidence was restored in the breasts of Mr. Capias' more timid associates.

But even Mr. Capias had been unable, with all his astuteness, to get to the bottom of the Bangs mystery—who was furnishing facts to the other side? He was opposed by very shady practitioners. Slivey, Tove & Sons had a very unsavory reputation in the profession of the law.

Neither could Mr. Marshall, the equally astute detective, succeed any better, it appeared. At any rate, he so informed Mr. Capias at the end of a week's seemingly fruitless search, adding, however:

"The man must be in your office. I must come in there Monday morning."

"Who is that new clerk in the outer office who spells injunction with a "g?" inquired Mr. Circuit of Mr. Summons. "Did you engage him?"

"I did not," emphatically.

Mr. Circuit's face grew as long as that of a master in chancery who has lost his fees or the receivership of a fat estate which has settled amicably with its creditors.

"Capias must have hired him!" he ejaculated.

That settled it. If the new clerk had spelled injunction backwards it would have made no difference. Capias had hired him—that was sufficient.

For three days Mr. Marshall remained in the office of Capias, Summons & Circuit where he soon became a prime favorite. If he was deficient in spelling, he was certainly the most amusing story-teller they had ever seen. Pretty little Mary Sunshine, the pretty type-writer operator, pronounced him the greatest acquisition possible. Mr. Waxinski, the chancery clerk, declared him to be a superb judge of beers. As by an instinct he had tasted of that gentleman's favorite brand of malt beverage, only to unqualifiedly indorse his opinion that it was the best in the market.

There was one person in the office of Messrs. Capias, Summons & Circuit, however, who appeared to take offense at this addition to the clerical force. His name was Henry Badinger. He had been promoted from office-boy to docket-clerk, from docket-clerk to the position of confidential man. He was a jewel in the eyes of Messrs. Capias, Summons & Circuit. He was possessed of a prodigious memory. In the outer office he was nicknamed the Encyclopedia.

"What is the title of the Rush & Bust Company's case before Morton, Henry?" Mr. Circuit would ask, peering out of his especial den from behind his eye-glasses, and Henry would reply, off-hand: "Silas G. Rush and Timothy Flimsey Bust, trading under the firm name of the Rush & Bust Manufacturing Company. General No. 581,246, term No. 4,938, document No. page 143. Files in the vault, box No. 36," with much more useful information on the subject.

It was this gentleman whom the new clerk decided in his own mind would bear watching. But a week went by and nothing came of his suspicions except his own discomfiture, which was mainly brought about, too, by the aforesaid Badinger.

The confidential man had been one of the first to ascertain that the new clerk indulged in such little slips as "mean profits" "and as to your honors shall seem meet," etc. He was perpetually laying traps for the detective, and all that the trapped one could do was to grind his teeth behind his desk and emulate that Scriptural exemplar of the hardest of the cardinal virtues, Job. Only Job had his boils outside. He, the detective, could only "boil within."

"I don't want you over in the law library," Badinger remarked one morning.

"Mr. Circuit—" began the detective; but Badinger cut him short. Badinger was the only one in the office who dared to bully the junior partners, but he did it effectually.

Mr. Marshall left the library, however, only to appear a few minutes later in a disguise so perfect that it was wonderful how he had effected it in such a short time.

Mr. Badinger passed the little, bent man with the blue spectacles and short red hair a dozen times in the course of the morning; but he never suspected his identity. Behind those blue spectacles, however, a pair of steel-gray eyes were relentlessly watchful of the confidential man's slightest movements.

A boy passed the detective with a list of books in his hand which he saw Badinger prepare. He came back with an armful. Pretending to be occupied with important business, the detective looked and saw Badinger very distinctly mark each book with a pencil.

He immediately determined something was wrong. At all hazards he must possess himself of the list.

He arose and crossed to the table at which Badinger was seated.

"Excuse me," he said, "have you Rorer on Railroads."

At the same time he slipped the little list, which the boy had placed on the table, into his palm.

There was nothing about it to excite suspicion. It read simply:

Ayres v. Mason, 3 Mich. 142.
Mulligan v. Smith, 59 Cal. 206.
Hays v. Jones, 27 O. State, 218.
Sharp v. Spier, 4 Hill, 76.
Dillon Municp. Corp. Vol. 2, Sec. 720.
Cooley on Taxation, 659.
Wame v. Baker, 35 Ill.
Roberts v. Easton, 1 O. State, 78.
Black v. Marvey, 8 Md. 228.
Friend v. Coons, 26 N. J. 594.
Lyle v. Winston, 6 Bradwell, 172
Nye v. Houston, 43 Ill. 126.

There were twelve books in all.

Pretty soon Badinger got up.

He began looking for his list. Not finding it, he sat down and made out another. The detective was sure of this, for he saw him pick up each book and read its title. Then he opened each book carefully and began searching for certain pages. Not finding them readily, he began marking the books afresh.

The detective was tremendously puzzled. It is against the rules of the library to mark the books. Why was Badinger so persistent in the practice? Could it be possible that in that way he was conveying a message to some confederate in crime?

He began to grow excited. Perhaps he was on the right track at last.

Badinger left the library. The boy gathered up the books and put them away. The detective arose and strolled past the table.

To his intense astonishment he saw the list still lying there.

He did not disturb it, but immediately retreated to a safe distance, from which spot he kept his eyes riveted upon that corner of the room where Badinger had been seated.

He waited and waited. Several lawyers came in the course of an hour and sat at the table. One even picked up the list and glanced carelessly at it; but he tossed it aside again.

Suddenly a man came through the library door who set his heart to beating.

Mr. Slivey, of the firm of Slivey, Tove & Sons, approached the table.

He was a very cautious man evidently. "He won't pick up that list yet," thought the detective; "but he'll pick it up, nevertheless."

Sure enough, Mr. Slivey, after a few minutes' wait, stretched forth a long, lean skinny hand and took hold of the little piece of paper. He beckoned up one of the boys and gave it to him.

The boy passed the detective on his way to the book shelves, grumbling as he went: "That's the second time I had that very list of books this blessed morning."

The detective watched Mr. Slivey closely for the next few minutes. He was but a very short time in the library before he got up and went out. The boy came and put away the books again.

"He's got his message sure," thought Marshall. "Now to find out what it is." He called up a fresh boy and gave the list to him in order to avert suspicion.

Unfortunately the boy he called was busy. He eyed the list for a moment, and handed it to his companion.

"Here, Jim; take those books to the old fellow over there with the blue glasses."

Jim took it. He was simply thunderstruck.

"What's in the blamed thing," he ejaculated. "That's the third time I've been asked for those books this morning."

However he took them over to the detective, eying him meantime suspiciously.

Marshall took the first book on the list and opened it page at 142. On that page he found underlined in pencil the word "further." He went through the whole list, picking out the marked words and writing each opposite its own book.

The result then stood:

Letter further another must before go I any more have expect night.

Read either backwards or forwards this message was rank nonsense. For a quarter of an hour Marshall kept revolving the words in his mind. Suddenly an idea flashed across his brain. With fingers trembling with eagerness he placed the books before him in their alphabetical order. A cry of joy, with difficulty suppressed, arose to his lips, as the result stood thus:

Expect another letter night must have more before I go any further.

Who was to expect another letter? Slivey! of course. And "night" simply meant "to-night." And Badinger must have more money before he would "go any further!" He saw it all now.

With an extraordinary feeling of elation, the detective left the library. As he stepped across the hall to the elevator, he disposed of his wig and glasses and turned down the collar of his coat. When he stepped into the elevator, he was once more the new clerk of Messrs. Capias, Summons & Circuit. All trace of the old gentleman with his fiery red hair and the blue spectacles had disappeared. Perhaps he had gone over into the water office to pay his taxes. Who knows?

"It is awfully hot in this closet. Can't I get out for a minute," complained poor Mr. Capias.

"Not unless you want to spoil every thing. He'll be here, I tell you, as soon as every thing is quiet. You mark my words. You won't have long to wait. It's nearly eight now."

"But I'm suffocating," pleaded Mr. Capias. "I'm not accustomed to being shut up in closets. And he won't come any way, for I heard him ring up a friend on the telephone and invite him to dinner."

"I'll bet a week's wages that was a blind. How do you know he wasn't just talking into the receiver, without any connection. Any one can invite people to dinner at that rate and not ruin themselves. Hark! What's that. Hush, not a sound, mind you. I heard a key in the lock."

It was quite dark in that closet in Mr. Capias' room. They listened and heard a key inserted in the door of the outer office and caught the sound of footsteps cautiously approaching. In another moment a key grated in the door of the private room and a man entered.

By the light of a sulphur match which he struck noiselessly, they looked and saw Badinger—the confidential Badinger.

He lit a little piece of candle and placed it on the very desk where Capias had that day written to important letter in the Bangs litigation.

His eyes almost stood out of his legal head as he saw his favorite clerk lift up his thin blotting pad and take therefrom a sheet of carbon and a very thin sheet of tissue paper.

On the latter was an exact fac simile of the letter written by his client that afternoon. Unconsciously, Mr. Capias had been furnishing Slivey, Tove & Sons with carbon copies of his correspondence.

Overcome with indignation, Mr. Capias rushed from his hiding place, and seizing Badinger commenced pounding him with both his fists. Entirely taken by surprise, the unlucky clerk offered not the slightest resistance. He would have been murdered but for the timely interference of the detective.

"There! that's enough for that fellow. Discharge him. You can a[redacted] on Mr. Capias. You'd be the laughing stock of Chicago."

Mr. Capias saw he was right. He contented himself with dismissing Badinger from his service. Next morning the famous suit of Bangs vs. Bangs was settled forever.

Red Water in a Tunnel.

When workmen were engaged in the tunnel of the Daniel Webster mine at Virginia City, Nev., at a depth of 300 feet beneath the surface, they struck a "flow" of water of very strange character. It boiled up through the floor of the mine, and in the flickering light made by the miners lamps presented an almost blood-red appearance. After flowing for a few yards down the floor of the tunnel it was again swallowed up by a crack or seam; not, however, until it had turned to a dark blue color and had begun to smell like creosote. Miners who tasted it said it was the most disagreeable dose they had ever taken in their lives. On the skin it left dark brown stains; samples of it taken from the first opening, bottled and sent to the surface had a rich burned sienna color. Exposure to light had the same effect upon it that air had—turned it to a dark blue color.

The young man who thinks that every girl he meets is in love with him manifestly judges others by himself.

How can a man follow a calling and yet be at the head of his profession?

Nothing keeps a person from knowledge and wisdom like thinking he has both.

Honey bees never sting one another.

Maryland Horses.

From the BALTIMORE SUN.

Within half a mile of the town of Middleburg, Carroll county, Md., lies Bollingbrook, the stock farm of Mr. R. W. Walden. The locality has long been known for its celebrated horses, as within sight of Bollingbrook is the old E. A. Clabaugh training farm, from which many famous horses were produced. R. W. Walden's brother was trainer at Clabaugh's, and it was at his brother's suggestion that R. W. Walden bought his present farm, when he began breeding thoroughbreds on a limited scale. To-day the farm stands second to none in its appointments, and the fame of its horses has reached every portion of the civilized world. Years of patient industry have brought their reward, and success has not been won by lucky chances through the pool-box, as the proprietor never bets on the races, but by close attention to business, careful thought in crossing strains in breeding and judicious selection in buying.

There are now on the farm 43 horses in training, 33 brood mares, 14 yearlings, 3 stallions and 10 foals, with 10 foals about due. The combined value of the stock is in the neighborhood of $300,000. A majority of the stock belongs to J. A. and A. H. Morris, of New York. The animals were bred or bought, trained and entered for races by Mr. Walden, and are otherwise controlled exclusively by him. The horses trained on the farm in 1889 won in cash $65,482.50, and last season the winnings amounted to $158,863.50.

It is contended that as all race-horses now are bred through thoroughbreds, the getting of winning colts is to a great extent a lottery. The purchases of yearlings in 1889 made by Mr. Walden offset the assertion. Every yearling he bid on he purchased, and in his lot was found nearly every winner of big money last season. It was not the high-priced ones that proved the best two-year-old race-horses, as was shown by Russell, who won $56,123.50 and cost but $625. The training naturally had much to do with the result.

During the winter, from early morning until 9 o'clock at night, the proprietor and his sons, aided by 40 stable boys, were diligently at work building up the strength of the forty-three horses which are in training, and a majority of them just in shape to have the finishing edge put on by a little fast work. It is a critical time, and handsome little Fred. Littlefield, the jockey, has arrived from New York and is ready to pilot the untried animals around the track while Mr. Walden holds the watch and discovers the result of his work.

Horse feed and bedding has been scarce and high, and it was a natural desire that an early start should be given the horses to earn something to pay for their keeping. The weather, however, seriously interfered with the work, especially that last effort of the snow-storm. Many of the horses are entered for fixed events, Russell, Ambulance, Westchester, Key West and Recken each being entered for about thirty races, the entrance money in each race averaging about $35. It will thus be seen what a lengthy obstruction to training might cost.

The horses are too well-known to need special mention. In conformity with the thorough system and close attention to detail observed, the names given the horses receive careful consideration. A colt by Reform, out of Issqueena, is called Prohibition; one by Plevna, out of Mars, is called Minerva. A filly out of Silver Bell is called Tinkle. Marionette is by Stirling, out of Judy, while Fickle is by Tom Ochiltree, out of Faithless. The celebrated stallion Galore is at Bollingbrook. He cost Mr. Walden $30,000. He was bred by the Duke of Portland. His sire is the celebrated Galopin, and his dam is Lady Maura. He cost Mr. Clark Maxwell, who imported him, $10,000. Mr. Astor, from whom Mr. Walden bought him, paid $15,000 for him. He was foaled in 1885.

During the winter not a loss by death occurred, and the horses are all in good condition. Britannic, the celebrated son of Plevna, adorns the stud, and Holiday, daughter of imported Hopeful, occupies a place among the brood mares. Mr. Walden's success last spring will doubtless make his entries especially interesting this season.

The following are the two-year-olds in training which will be on the track this season. The figures show the cost of each: Barefoot, b. c., by Longfellow—Blue Stocking, $1,800; St. Florian, ch. c., by St. Blaise—Fen Follet, $6,600; Dr. Wilcox, br. c., Sir Modred—Rosa B., $2,550; Oppressor, b. c., by Tyrant—Ventura, $850; Peruvian, b. c., by Glenelg—Peru, $2,600; Octopus, br. c., by Falsetto—Jamaica, $5,500; Malt, ch. c., by Glenelg—Malta, $2,300; Pearl Rivers, ch. f., by Falsetto—Pearl Thorn, $3,500; Georgia, br. f., by Himyar—Dixietta; Anna B., b. f., by Glenelg—Ann Fief, $3,050; Spinalong, br. f., by Duke of Montrose—Spinaway, $3,250; Even Weight, b. c., by Bend Or—Equipose; Prize, ch. c., by Sir Modred—Preciosa, $2,450; Trophy, br. c., by Sir Modred—Carissima, $4,200; Upward, b. c., by Onondaga—Kelp, $4,000; Caterer, b. c., by Glenleg—Katarina, $1,250; Exotic, b. f., by Tom Ochiltree—Allie Slade; imported Fauvette, ch. f., by Town Moor—Chopetti; Laughing Water, b. c., by Dalnacadoch—Fairwater; Prohibition, ch. c., by Reform—Issqueena; Zitella, b. f., by Barnes—Bonelle; Mars, b. c., by Plevna or Barnes—Minerva; Jester, br. c., by Tom Ochiltree—Jennie B.; imported Tinkle, blk. f., by Glen Arthur—Silver Bell; Spavonia, b. f., by Markland—Rosa Kader; imported Judy, b. f., by Sterling—Marionette; Fickle, blk. f., by Tom Ochiltree—Faithless; Recess, ch. f., by Barnes or Hopeful—Minnie Mc.

The Banner Hair Grower.

The longest suit of hair in the world is perhaps that which grows on the head of Miss Asenath Philpott, of Gainesville, Tex., hers trailing on the ground when she stands nearly four feet, and measuring in all 10 feet seven inches. Miss Philpott is a slight, delicate woman, approaching middle age, and regards her magnificent tresses as rather a nuisance, complaining that their weight actually drains her strength. The present growth is of the past seven years, as in 1884 her head was shaved during a spell of brain fever. It is necessary to her health to cut out large quantities of hair every few months, and this she has a regular sale for at some large wig manufactory in the East, which pays her well for it, as its fineness and silk gloss is exceptional, being of a much admired red-gold tint.

The Crows' Judicial System.

But that feature of crow life that we might call the judiciary system has interested ornithologists more than anything else. There seems to be no doubt that crows have a judicial system for the trial and punishment of culprits. According to the accounts of reputable observers the crow courts are conducted something after this fashion. A solemn conclave of old croakers is held on a tree; a crest-fallen prisoner is among them. Three or four old fellows, probably crow lawyers, will jabber away for a while and then there will be an apparent consultation of the whole flock, sitting as a jury. If the verdict be against the prisoner he is sentenced to death and turned over to the executioners, who peck the life out of him.

An Unsolved Problem.

To call right handedness an instinct may seem to some an evasion of the question, an explanation which does not explain, but this criticism is not just. We call certain phenomena electrical, though we do not know what electricity is; and in the same way we may call others instinctive, though we must content ourselves with defining instinct as an inborn impulse to certain actions for the benefit of the individual or his descendants, depending neither on reason nor experience. When we understand instinct, then, and no sooner, we may hope to understand right handedness, and to know why it is sometimes reversed.

Experiments recently made in Germany have added convincing evidence to a fact already noted, to wit, the variability of terrestrial latitudes, for example, the latitudes of Berlin, Potsdam and Prague, diminished between August, 1889, and February, 1890, about a half a second of arc. In the latter year, between April and August, the latitude of Berlin increased four-tenths of a second. In other words, Berlin is nearer the North Pole in summer than in winter. The periodicity of these variations would indicate that the direction of the earth's axis, under the influence of some external or internal disturbance, was changing. The phenomenon is attracting very general attention.

By all means, my son, get ahead, but not the kind of a head that is obtained at a tavern.

The poker editor refers to an accumulation of old newspapers as a "Stack of reads."

An Ottawa, Kan., doctor has sent a bill to a widow for "doctoring your husband until he died."

Nights with the Coyotes.

A Barry (Mo.) correspondent of the Kansas City Times writes: Sitting around the stove at the railroad station one cold day, whiling away the time telling stories of wild adventures, one old fellow—I forget his name—asked: "Did you ever see a coyote?" And at once a half dozen chorused: "Let's have it."

"Well," he said, as he knocked the ashes from his pipe and filled it from a huge twist of aromatic "long green," "it was in 1850. I had started early in the spring to the land of gold and glittering generalities, hard tack and bear meat, with three ox teams loaded with goods supposed to be suited to the mining trade, consisting of heavy boots, miners' jackets, dried fruit, tobacco, cigars, cards and whiskey, and was pretty well loaded. At Forts Kearney and Laramie I disposed of some extra weight and at Salt Lake disposed of a lot of dry goods I had carried along to trade to the Mormon merchants. After laying in a supply of flour at $25 a 100 and resting our stock we struck out over Thousand Springs valley to the head of Humboldt river, following it down to the 'Big Meadows,' where we made hay for our cattle and took in water, preparatory to crossing the great desert between the 'sinks' of Humboldt and Carson rivers. Finally we are in the midst of a trackless waste and water worth $1 a pint, dead mules and oxen enough to fence a lane clear across it and a million dollars' worth of outfits scattered all the way, not a mouthful of grub of any kind except what was in our wagons and with 10,000 coyotes howling and yelping worse than a legion of devils. The only living things to be seen were owls, prairie dogs, rattlesnakes and coyotes.

"It was right in the middle of this wild, barren, sandy desert, surrounded by the whole coyote family, with one day's rations of grub and water, that we had to double teams and leave one of our wagons while the others attempted to reach grass and water on the Carson that Morton and I were left to guard the last wagon.

"After supper, which we were careful enough to have over before night, the music and dancing began. The owls screeched, snakes rattled, prairie dogs barked and 10,000 coyotes set up their howl. Nearer and nearer they came—around and around they trotted—and we were forced to flee to our wagon for safety. Under and around they trotted, growling, whining and yelping, every one making the night more hideous by seeming to make a dozen of himself just to see how much of pandemonium he could scare up.

"What a night! and still another we must stay. The first was bad enough, but on the second one the animals returned with reinforcements. They leaped upon the front of the wagons, which we had barricaded the best we could, and we had to fight them with our pistols and guns, and a desperate fight it was. First one and then the other would punch them back. Morton killed one as it leaped into the front of the wagon, and as it fell back a dozen grabbed and devoured it in less time than I can tell it. This only made them ten times more ferocious and it became a fight of life and death to both of us. One after another leaped after us, snapping, snarling and determined to have us for a picnic supper. Morton had a foot snapped off, I had a hand badly torn and was nearly stripped of clothing. Both our guns were broken and we were about to yield the fight when daylight broke up the game. They decamped. I bound up Morton's leg with some old rags and then finished our last ration and sat down to wait for the returning teams, upon which depended our lives. At 10 o'clock they hove in sight and there was more rejoicing in that solitary wagon than I can tell. We made it safe through in due time. Morton finally went to Valparaiso and died. I gathered up a hundred thousand and —here I am in a way station as ticket agent on the C. K. C. & T. Railway.

"Boys it's over forty years since that awful night, but I shudder every time I think of it. The cold chills are running down my back now. Please pass that flask."

Sherman and Grant.

One of the noblest things about General Sherman was self-command. His freedom from jealousy was as great as that of Gen. George H. Thomas. Once he was asked how it was that he had always been willing to fight under Grant without question, or caviling, or opposition, or backbiting, or trying to supplant him. His answer was characteristic and a key to his situation. He said: "I could always plan a dozen different ways of accomplishing a military object, and Phil Sheridan would declare that he could fight any one of them out to victory; but we could neither of us tell which was really the best plan. Then we would go to Grant, lay the whole of them before him and he would tell us which plan was the best, and why; and then we could see it, too. Grant's place was where he was—at the head."

What a splendid, noble response!

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