FOR SPRING CROPS!

We manufacture all of our

FERTILIZERS

and consequently have but one profit and can, therefore, guarantee to sell any of our brands from $3 to $5 dollars per ton less than the city mixtures sold through second hands. We do not only have ONE BRAND but we have a

Special Mixture

to suit the requirements of each crop; and can sell the farmer anything that is necessary for the growing of

Oats, Corn, Peas, Potatoes,

and general trucking. Our special brand of

Vine & Vegetable Compound

for potatoes and general trucking, we guarantee to raise 25 per cent. more potatoes than any Fertilizer sold in the county, and we guarantee it, under the forfeiture of the purchaser's bill, to be as good in every way as the Mapes or Stockbridge Manure, (which has been known to raise 1,600 bushels per acre.)

☞GIVE US A TRIAL.☜

☞Send for our Farmers' Manual.

H. S. ROBERTS & CO.,
WESTMINSTER, MD.
mar-14-3m

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 Mape'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.

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

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,
an-8-1y JOS. W. SMITH.

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

BARK WANTED

Schlosser Tannery.

We will pay Seven Dollars ($7) Cash Per Ton of 2,000 Lbs.
FOR CHESTNUT OR SPANISH OAK BARK,

of this year's peeling, delivered in good order and condition at the Schlosser Tannery, before the 1st DAY OF JULY, 1891.

ENGLAND & BRYAN,
Proprietors.
JAS. S. BAER, Superintendent. mar-14-2m

AMERICAN SENTINEL.

VOL. 59, NO. 18. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 9, 1891. ESTABLISHED 1833.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE
—OF A—
SMALL FARM
Near Taneytown, Carroll county, Md.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a deed of mortgage from Samuel E. Reindollar and wife to Samuel Swope, dated April 5th, 1887, and recorded among the real estate mortgage records of Carroll county, Md., in liber W. N. M., No. 25, folio 159, &c., the undersigned will offer at Public Sale, at Elliott's Hotel, in Taneytown, in said county and State, on

SATURDAY, 16TH DAY OF MAY,

A. D. 1891, at 2 o'clock, P. M., a parcel of land containing

11 ACRES, 1 ROOD AND 20 PERCHES,

more or less, being the third parcel of land conveyed by and described in said mortgage. This property is located about 4 miles from Taneytown and about 1 mile from Harney, adjoining the lands of Wm. Legore and others. The improvements consist of a Two-Story Weatherboarded House with back building, a bank barn, and, other outbuildings, all in good order. There is a well of water and good spring near the house. Fruit of different kinds.

This property is in good condition and well worthy the attention of any one desiring a cheap home.

Terms of Sale:—One-third cash, balance in two equal payments of one and two years, with interest from day of sale; or all cash if desired.

CHAS. E. FINK,
Attorney and Agent named in the mortgage.
Geo. A. Flickinger, Auct. apl-25-4t

Assignee of MORTGAGEE'S SALE
—OF A—
DESIRABLE LITTLE PROPERTY
at Carrollton Station, Western Md. Railroad.

By virtue of the power contained in a mortgage from Jacob Lockner and Catharine Lockner, his wife, to Thomas M. Shamberger, bearing date August 12th, A. D. 1878, and duly recorded among the real estate mortgage records of Carroll county, in liber F. T. S. No. 12, folio 379, &c., the undersigned, assignee of said mortgage, will sell at Public Sale, on the premises, on

TUESDAY, MAY 19TH, A. D. 1891,

at 2 o'clock, P. M., all the land conveyed by said mortgage, being parts of tracts of land called "Rochester," "Davy Martin's Mistake," or "Oxmore," containing

10½ ACRES, MORE OR LESS.

The improvements thereon are a Two-Story Log Dwelling House, Stable, &c. Water on the premises. The land is in a good state of cultivation.

This property is in Woolery's district, Carroll county, Md.; is about 300 yards from Carrollton Station, on the Western Md. Railroad, and is on the county road leading from said station to the Baltimore and Reisterstown Turnpike Road.

This property is offered with the consent of Mrs. Catharine Lockner and at her request.

Terms of Sale:—Cash; or, if desired by purchaser, one-third cash on the day of sale, or on the ratification of said sale, one-third in six, and the other one-third in twelve months from the day of sale; the credit payments to be secured by notes, with approved security, bearing interest from the day of sale.

WILLIAM H. STARR, Assignee.
Reifsnider & Reifsnider, Solicitors.
R. C. Matthews, Auct. apl-25-ts

Desirable Property,
at UNION MILLS, Carroll county, Md.,
AT PUBLIC SALE.

By virtue of the power contained in two mortages from Joseph Erb and Ruth A. Erb, his wife, to the Westminster Savings Institution, one bearing date May 5th, 1879, and recorded among the real estate mortgage records of Carroll county, in liber F. T. S. No. 13, folio 314, &c., and the other bearing date March 21st 1881, and recorded as aforesaid, in liber F. T. S. No. 15, folio 445, &c., the undersigned, attorney or agent therein named, will sell at Public Sale, on the premises, on

SATURDAY, THE 16TH DAY OF MAY,

A. D., 1891, at 2½ o'clock, P. M., all that land described in and conveyed by said two mortgages, being parts of tracts of land called "The Resurvey on Ten Tracts," "Bankert's Amendment," "Addition to John's Lot," and "The Resurvey on John's Lot," containing

ABOUT FORTY-SIX ACRES.

The improvements thereon consist of three TWO-STORY FRAME DWELLING HOUSES, with back buildings attached, and other outbuildings, pump with good water on the premises, garden, fruit trees, &c.

The land will be laid off in several lots previous to the day of sale, and a plat of the same be exhibited on the day of sale, by which the land will be sold. The land upon which the buildings are, will be laid off so as to contain about one half an acre in each lot. All the land fronting on the Turnpike road will be laid off in building lots and the residue of the land in fields of desirable size.

This property is situate immediately on the Littlestown Turnpike road in the village of Union Mills, and is about eight miles from Westminster. A rare opportunity is here presented for the purchase of building lots and dwelling houses in one of the most desirable localities in the county, and the land is in a high state of cultivation.

The property above described is the same of which Joseph Erb died seized and possessed.

Terms of Sale:—One-third cash, on the day of sale, or on the ratification thereof; one-third in nine, and the other one-third in eighteen months from the day of sale, the credit payments to be secured by the notes of the purchaser or purchasers, with approved security, bearing interest from the day of sale; or all cash, at the option of the purchaser.

CHAS. T. REIFSNIDER,
Attorney or Agent named in the mortgages.
R. C. Matthews, Auct. apl-25-ts

Private Sale.

THE subscriber offers at private sale his property, about 2½ miles from Westminster, on the road leading from the Manchester to the Gorsuch road, containing 35 ACRES, fifteen of which are in growing Timber. The improvements are a good Frame Dwelling, bank barn, smoke and hog house, and other outbuildings. The land is in a good state of cultivation, under good fencing, has a young orchard, water, &c.

Also 16 ACRES OF LAND, adjoining the above property, improved by a two-story Log Dwelling House, &c. For particulars apply to

J. L. STORMS,
my-17-11m* On the premises.

Notice.

The undersigned respectfully informs his friends and the public generally that he has disposed of his stock of merchandise to Messrs. Barnes & Sauder, who will continue the business at the old stand in New Windsor. With sincere thanks for the patronage extended to him he respectfully requests its continuance to his successors. His books will be left with the new firm during the next two months and all those indebted to him will please call and settle their accounts.

apl-25-3t GUSTAVUS BARNES.

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

Chas. B. Roberts.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.

☞Office directly opposite the Court House, Westminster, Md.

Select Poetry.

TOIL AND REST.

"For so He giveth his beloved sleep."

When sets the weary sun,
And the long day is done,
And starry orbs their solemn vigils keep;
When bent with toil and care,
We breathe our evening prayer,
God gently giveth His beloved sleep.

When by some slanderous tongue
The heart is sharply stung,
And with the sense of cruel wrong we weep;
How like some heavenly calm,
Comes down the soothing balm,
What time he giveth His beloved sleep.

O sweet and blessed rest,
With these sore burdens pressed,
To lose ourselves in slumbers long and deep:
To drop our heavy load
Beside the dusty road
When He hath given His beloved sleep.

And on our closed eyes
What visions may arise,
What sights of joy to make the spirit leap,
What memories may return
From out their golden urn,
If God but giveth His beloved sleep!

And when life's day shall close
In death's last deep repose,
When the dark shadows o'er the eyelids creep;
Let us not be afraid,
At this thick gathering shade,
For so God giveth His beloved sleep.

To sleep?—it is to wake,
When the fresh day shall break
When the new sun climbs up the eastern steep;
To wake with new-born powers,
Out from these darkened hours,
For so He giveth His beloved sleep.

To die it is to rise
To fairer, brighter skies,
Where Death no more shall his dread harvests reap!
To soar on angel wings,
Where life immortal springs,
For so He giveth his beloved sleep.

Select Story.

HORRIBLE FASCINATION.

The Story of a Terrible Tragedy on Stone Mountain.

Who has not heard men relate the mighty fascination experienced in witnessing some terrible tragedy, in which they had no possible responsibility and which they were as powerless to avert as the inanimate objects about them? And also heard them add that the sensation gave them the same pleasure experienced in witnessing high tragedy in a play? That may be true enough—up to a certain point. But beyond that point, even to the most helpless, irresponsible and disinterested witness, the scene shakes off its theatrical pleasure, and becomes agonizing reality.

There are various elements which determine this point of convergence, in the mind of the spectator, between the theatrical fascination and the vital personal terror produced by the tragedy. One element is time; another individuality. With the individuality of the participants clearly developed, and time, the important factor in the result of the tragedy, the emotion of terror becomes supreme with the spectator.

Nor does the amount of fatality in the balance at all determine the extent to which the spectator realizes the terror of the situation.

For instance: It is a well-established fact that a spectator can witness, with playhouse pleasure—when powerless to attempt to prevent inevitable collision—the awful spectacle of two swiftly-approaching trains freighted with doomed human beings. The people are concealed. The spectator knows that they are there, knows that they are *many* and that they are *surely doomed*. But he does not see the distinct individuals implicated, and he feels that time holds no hope for deliverance. Therefore he consciously or unconsciously gets a kind of stage pleasure out of the exciting spectacle.

Let me illustrate from a personal experience, the point where the elements of time and individuality render a tragedy insupportably and supremely terrible to the most innocent, helpless and disinterested spectator.

Many autumns ago, the approaching marriage of a family friend furnished me occasion for a visit at Atlanta, where he and his promised wife resided. Under the circumstances, I expected to see little of him, but the southern country was new to me and I anticipated seeing as much of that as should prove of interest.

One exquisitely clear day, shortly after my arrival, I took an early lunch and boarded the noon train for Stone mountain.

The gentleman who shared his car seat with me was on the same mission, but was far better posted on the scene which we were to visit than I. He stated it was rumored that there was a cave, in the most perpendicular side of the mountain, which was inhabited by myriads of bees. As it was discernible only at a distance, we agreed to make a wide circuit at the base of the mountain to a point opposite the supposed bee cave, and see if my powerful field glass would reveal the cavity and possibly some safe way of reaching it from the summit above.

Stone mountain is a single immense bowlder, one solid rock rising to a height of three thousand feet from an almost level plain. Its three sides are all steep, but the facing out upon the open plain, invisible from the railroad, is extremely precipitous and in places perpendicular. The soil which ages had strewn into its crevices and upon its dizzy little tableland had rooted occasional clusters of hardy black jack oaks, and the vaulting ambition of some settler had led him to plant a cabin and a vineyard upon the most sheltered and fertile portion of the plateau.

At the base of the mountain nearest the station are the stone quarries. A number of men were at work in them cutting paving stone from the foot of the great bowlder. It occurred to me as I noticed them that James Hardy, my Atlanta friend, was interested in the quarries.

As our circuitous walk brought us into view of the most precipitous side of the mountain, my companion passed the glass to me and said:

"Now for the cave."

"Yes now for the cave!" I repeated, lifting the glass to my eyes.

We were no small distance from the foot of the mountain, and perhaps a mile from the nearest place of ascent, at the quarries. But the glass was a powerful one and brought out every feature of the mountain as clearly as though close at hand. After watching the graceful flight of a pair of buzzards, soaring about the middle girth of the mountain, I scanned its beetling brows.

"Nice secluded place for a lovers' stroll up th—Well, look at those reckless fools!" I exclaimed, catching sight of a man and woman threading the narrow path upon the side of the lofty decline, which dropped a few feet below them sheer to the plain, more than two thousand feet down. It was as though they were walking a cleat across some gigantic Gothic roof. A false step would send them tumbling down its steep descent and dash them off its dizzy eaves—down—down—! The thought sickened me.

My companion had a small spy glass, which somewhat facilitated his vision.

"The fools! The fools!" he cried, clinching my arm with his unoccupied hand.

I was too frozen by the spectacle for utterance.

"God! God! There they go!" he exclaimed.

The woman slipped and as she fell she caught her companion's feet, pulling him after her down the decline.

A faint uncertain cry reached us from the upper air like the bodyless voice of the prairie "kill deer." The hand holding my glass dropped from my eyes and I became faint, almost to unconsciousness.

"Look! Look!"

The words aroused me. Again I raised the glass. Terrible spectacle! The man had clutched both hands over the sharp edge of a rock that formed a kind of trough or lip on the very verge of the perpendicular precipice. The woman still retained her grasp upon his feet, and they hung, like bats, flat against the bare face of the cliff.

Stone mountain is a mica rock, and the face of that cliff sparkeled and glistened like a front of diamonds under the brilliant sun. A background of light that showed every line of their contour with fearful distinctness!

"See! some one above has sighted them and gone for help."

True! But how long could he hold on supporting the woman's weight in addition to his own? Only a few seconds at the longest! O, for time! Time and strength!

At first it seemed that he could not possibly cling until the rescuers should return. But as moment after moment passed, and still they clung, the agony of witnessing the spectacle was increased by the feeble hope, that by some miracle of strength he might yet endure unto deliverance. The seconds seemed to lengthen into minutes. Still no help!

I felt that the supreme moment had come; that he could not keep his hold for another fraction of time if it were to bring certain safety.

Just as a murmur of joy escaped my companion's lips at the sight of the rescuers, the human mass upon the mountain's brow grew suddenly less. The woman had released her grasp and shot down the precipice—visible only as a dark streak, a sable flash, against the glittering surface of the rock!

The idling buzzards careened away in frightened haste and I lifted my glance to the man again. One moment more and the rescuer who had been let down would make the rope fast about his body. He endured.

As I saw them begin to draw him up, consciousness forsook me. When I was revived by the chafing of my companion, we started for the station. Although our progress was slow, we reached the town just as a dummy car from the quarry was being pushed along the side track to the station. Upon it was the man who had been rescued.

As the quarryman supported him in walking from the car into the station I caught the first glance of his face. It was John Hardy!

He was very weak, and did not speak a word during the whole homeward journey. He was seriously ill for some weeks, and not even his promised wife was permitted to see him. Their marriage was indefinitely postponed.

The coroner's inquest over the woman's remains revealed the fact that she was a daughter of the settler living in the little cabin upon the table-land, and was in the habit of conducting parties of visitors about the mountain. She was supposed to know its every point and crevice.

Hardy was well-known to the jurymen and the coroner, and upon the testimony of the two eye witnesses to the tragedy a verdict of accidental death was rendered.

As soon as Hardy was partially convalescent, my visit ended. Although his physical condition furnished ample occasion for the indefinite postponement of their marriage, I was certain that there were elements other than health connected with that awful tragedy, which were still affecting his relations with Laura Davis, his future bride.

Five years later I was again summoned to Atlanta to attend the postponed marriage.

"Sit down," said my friend, sadly; "sit down and let me tell you all about that awful Stone mountain affair. I feel that I must tell you."

It was some moments before he obtained sufficient mastery of himself to continue.

"Well, you know I came here with very fortunate connections, which gave me welcome into the first families of Atlanta. My engagement with Laura Davis was a speedy consequence. I loved her and her only. She returned my affection with true southern intensity.

"For two years after the beginning of my engagement, I was almost constantly at the quarries. How well I remember my first visit to the summit of the mountain! It was made with a party of friends under the guidance of the girl whom you saw die for me, five years ago. She was bright, clever and beautiful, but of very humble birth and, of course, ignorant. But she was quick and anxious to learn. She interested me. We became friends. I loaned her books and we took frequent rambles about the mountains together. I never made love to her, even in a sentimental way and prided myself on maintaining very strict and exemplary relations with her. But what nonsense! I might have seen it all from the beginning. But I didn't. Not until I ceased to be so frequently at the quarries and only saw the girl on rare occasions, did I see the mishief I had so stupidly wrought. Then it looked like crime to me.

"The day before I was to have been married I resolved to go there and have a frank talk with her and return in the afternoon with you.

"Her joy at my coming was too intense and ill-concealed to have but one meaning. It confirmed my worst fears. She loved me desperately.

"We took the favorite path to the brow of the cliff. She believed that I had come to ask her to be my wife. I am certain of that. How could I endure to crush her heart with what I must tell her. I could not! I delayed. O! the agonies of remorse that I suffered, as we walked on—I scarcely knew where. But at last I blurted out:

"'Dessie, I'm going to be married to-morrow.'

"She walked on in silence immediately in front of me. She must have been utterly dazed and unconscious of where she was going, for instead of stopping where the protecting border or railing of scrubby black jet ceased she led straight on in the path out upon the steep roof of the mountain. I touched her arm to stop her. It startled her as though from sleep. She turned quickly, missed her footing, and as she fell caught about my feet.

"After I had clung to the edge of the cliff until I should have gladly dropped if it were not for the terrible consciousness that she must fall with me, she said:

"'Can you hold on any longer?'

"'Not much,' I answered.

"'You must! You must! For your own sake and hers!'

"Then she deliberately dropped to save me.

"I told everything to Laura. I have never ceased for a moment to love her singly and supremely; but it has seemed to me that I belong to the dead. But no urging has been able to shake her refusal to release me from our engagement. She only asks:

"'Do you love me?'

"And I can only reply. 'Supremely.'

"'Then our separation would only wreck both our lives. And you must remember that she died for me, also,

"'And so I am saved again by a woman's love!"

FORREST FRISSEY.

Above the Clouds.

FROM the PALADELPHIA LEDGER.

I have sometimes stood with friends upon the summit of some lofty mountain where, beneath the clear skies of summer, there has been spread out in front a thousand square miles of rolling, forest-clad, tumultuous wilderness and far-reaching cultivated plains. I have listened to their rapturous exclamations upon the noble scene, and have smiled gently to myself upon reflecting that I have sailed over mountains as high as the coign of vantage upon which we then stood, and so great was our elevation that the vast storm-swept crags seemed to us but as the haystacks far down in yonder valley. No ingenious combination of words can convey an adequate idea of a day spent in the basket of a balloon three miles above the earth. No view that rewards the climber of Alpine peaks can rival the vastness of the panorama seen from such an airship as King and Donaldson and Wise have commanded. The absolute silence in the awful utter depths, beyond the utmost sound waves of earth, impresses one more than any other element of a journey "out of the world."

More than once I have prevailed upon my fellow-voyagers to forego that lively chatter which seems to be inspired both by the dry atmosphere of the upper heavens and the excitement of a new experience, and to remain perfectly silent for five minutes by the watch. And then what did we hear? At an elevation of two miles, the running of many rivers, and cascades leaping over rocks, the sighing of the gale through the forest, the roar of breakers upon far-away shores, the clangor of bells and the faint scream of steam whistles were yet to be distinguished, but at three miles what may one hear?

The stillness is more absolute than that of the grave, for even there the number of passing wheels, the sounds of human effort and of nature penetrate, but disturb not the still sleeper.

The silence smothers and chokes the human mites that dare to enter its cold, pitiless depths. We listen, immovable.

We distinguish the metallic ticking of our watches, buried beneath our thick wrappings. We hear the reverberations of mental processes within our heads. Our heart-beats are accelerated and are the strokes of a great engine. There is no sighing of a gale through the rigging above as in a ship, for we are borne with the wind, and, although, perhaps, rushing on with the speed of the fastest express, we seem in the midst of a great calm.

In such a place and time, once drifting above a great silvery sea of clouds a rift appeared in the mass below, and through it we saw the picture of a river and the white dots of village homes. It brought us back to life and its affairs, but while my senses were excited with the experience of the hour, I actually felt a pang of regret that I must again go back to the earth, to creep along with its creeping multitudes and bear once more the black burden of care, and in that brief period of exaltation, and its following regret, I believe there was something of that ecstacy which must be the share of angels, a foretaste of the joys of another life.

No person having witnessed or participated in the vicissitudes that very often accompany the return of a balloon to the earth, especially if there is any ordinary wind driving it along, would be likely to credit the idea that the air-ship, rigged with various complicated machines and gearings, would ever be fit for a second journey into the skies.

A well known cultivator says that the greatest mistake made in setting out orchards is to suppose the trees will grow and bear good crops without care, attention and cultivation; and another mistake is to plant apple trees on wet land without underdraining, which causes the apples to grow knotty and rot on the trees.

Why is a beautiful girl like a butcher? Because she is a killing creature.

Tears Which Seem to be Glass.

The *Chicago Herald* says: The physicians and oculists of this city are greatly puzzled over a case which is as remarkable as any that ever came under observation, writes a Findlay, O., correspondent. This was the taking from the right eye of Jennie Sutton, a 15-year-old girl, of 54 pieces of broken glass by Dr. T. C. Tritch. While this of itself would be very much out of the ordinary, when it is considered that the eye was not at all affected by these foreign substances, and that there was no inflammation or obscurement of vision, as well as no pain, it is a fact that these pieces of glass have been coming from the eye of this girl for the past month, and only the day before yesterday Dr. Tritch removed every evidence of glass in the eye, and announced that all were taken out.

Yesterday she came back and had 54 more pieces removed, and yet no one knows how they came into the eye. The girl is a domestic in the family of ex-Surveyor Stringfellow, whose wife has been taking these particles of glass from the girl's eye for a month past, but becoming alarmed at their appearance almost as soon as removed had Dr. Tritch undertake to cure the young woman of her peculiar affliction. The case puzzles the doctor quite as much as it has the girl and her employers, as she met with no accident by which the glass could get into the eye, and the fact that the particles give her little or no pain is equally as inexplicable.

It is estimated that over 100 pieces of glass have been taken from the eye since the case first attracted attention. The glass has been tested and found to be pure crystals, and as the girl has no means of putting the pieces in the eye, and, as a matter of fact, would hardly have intelligence sufficient to carry out a system of imposition, not to speak of her ability to do so without pain, the matter has aroused the liveliest sort of speculation, and the only theory thus far advanced to explain the matter is, that the girl has some sort of a chemical nature, and that the crystals are formed by her tears.

Habit Beats the Bishop.

A Washington correspondent of the *Boston Gazette* writes: During the session of the Methodist conference one of the ministers went into a drug store about dusk on a chilly evening and asked the proprietor for a good, mild cigar. After paying for it he added:

"Is there any place around your store where I can have a quiet smoke? Our bishop has just been preaching pretty sharply against the use of tobacco, so I don't want to smoke 'round the house where I am staying, nor out in the street, on account of the bad example I might set. But a mild cigar does rest one so!"

The druggist quite agreed with him and said:

"Step behind my prescription counter, sir; and you will be unseen there."

Two minutes later another good minister came into the store, bought a mild cigar and asked if he might be permitted to smoke in the store, because:

"Our bishop has just been preaching against smoking," he explained, almost in the exact words of his predecessor.

He also was sent behind the prescription counter. The screen hid the two dominies from sight, but it did not shut out the peals of laughter which arose when minster No. 2 encountered minister No. 1.

Propagating Currants.

For cuttings use thrifty wood of the same season's growth. Cut in fall, in pieces six to eight inches long, and plant, somewhat slantingly, in well-prepared soil, leaving only the topmost bud above the surface of the ground. Pack the soil firmly about the cuttings. Mulch during winter. Or you may tie the cuttings in bundles, and bury in sand, moist moss or earth in the cellar, in same way as grape cuttings are treated; and plant in spring. Most varieties are propagated very readily in this way. The celebrated Fay's Prolific, however, is not quite so tractable, and its propagation requires greater care and effort. As to the question, whether it would be advisable to sow the seed, we would say "yes, by all means." Select the finest, largest and most perfect fruit; gather and sow the seed and raise seedlings. The currant deserves greater attention than growers of "new varieties" have heretofore bestowed upon it. When seedlings are more largely grown, we will make more marked progress in currants than has been made for many years.

True honor despises evasions.

Senator Sharon's Joke.

"I have had many funny experiences on the road as conductor and excursion agent," said Capt. Knight of the Southern Pacific Railroad, "but one which is very well worth printing is in connection with the late Senator Sharon when I was a conductor. I knew the Senator well and also knew that he was a great practical joker, and was always wary of him. It was several years ago. Mr. Sharon saw me pass through the car, and he said to some ladies and gentlemen with him, "Now, when the conductor comes to collect my ticket I will have some fun with him." "You had better not," said one of the party. "He is a very strict man, and does not care about jokes when on duty." "Well, I will have the joke on him. I am going to ride to San Francisco and not pay my fare." "I bet you can't do it," was the answer. A large amount was named. I came along slowly and saw there was a game ahead, but of course I did not know what it was. I asked for tickets. They were all produced except Mr. Sharon's. "I have no ticket," he said. I named the fare and Mr. Sharon drew out a bill. I looked at it. It was for $1,000. That rather staggered me, but I was not going to give in. I thrust the bill carelessly in my pocket as if it were for $10, and said to Mr. Sharon! "I'll bring you back the change in a few minutes." Mr. Sharon's face was a study, and the rest of the party were amazed, for I forgot to tell you all the occupants of the car were in the joke, all being from Nevada. I went through the car coolly, but when out of it I made a rush for a man who had been telling me that he was in constant dread about a great deal of silver he had with him, and which he was taking to San Francisco. He had about $3,000 or so in change. I told him my predicament, and we went in the express car, where we would not be troubled, and he counted me out $1,000 in silver. I made the exact change, and with it and the help of all my friends on the cars, who wanted to see Mr. Sharon discomfited, we lugged his change into the car. "Here is your change, Mr. Sharon," I said without a smile. "What in the name of goodness can I do with it? I can't carry it," he pleaded. "Sorry, Mr. Sharon, but I thought you were in need of small change." And we dumped the sack on the floor. The laugh was on him, and Mr. Sharon never forgot me, nor forgot how his joke failed to carry."

Length of Whales.

Most of the stories we hear about whales of 200, 300, and 400 feet in length are the imaginary musings of persons who have more respect for the size of a story than for the truth it may contain. Mr. Scoresby, a very high authority on this subject, declares that the common whale seldom exceeds 70 feet in length, and is much more frequently under 60. Out of 362 whales which he personally assisted in capturing not one exceeded 58 feet in length, and the largest he ever heard of being captured and measured by persons who could be relied upon only measured 77 feet. Of the razor-backed whale he has seen specimens that measured 105 feet. One of these was found dead in Davis straits which measured 101 feet, and a skeleton of one found in Columbia river was 112 feet. Other specimens have measured all the way from 80 to 100 feet. One cast on shore at North Berwick, Scotland, and preserved by Dr. Knox, was 83 feet in length. These instances seem to establish the average length of these huge animals. In his earlier accounts Cuvier, the eminent naturalist, with considerable credulity says: "There is no doubt that whales have been seen in certain epochs and in certain seas that were upward of 300 feet, or 100 yards, long."

A Good Forcing Ration.

A good forcing ration for yearling heifers, one that will push them forward rapidly and keep them in good health would be as follows: Eight pounds of the best clover hay; cut and moisten this and mix with four pounds wheat bran, two pounds fine middlings, one pound linseed meal. This will make a full day's ration, and should be given in two feeds. If after a month or two they seem to require more, add one pound of hay and one-half pound of oil meal to the ration, which will be enough until they reach a weight of 900 pounds. After this hay may be added as the stock seem to require it. Such feeding should produce rapid development of muscle and frame, as well as add flesh rapidly.

A man never gets so poor that he can't borrow trouble without security.

A Lake of Molten Fire.

The following remarkable account has been culled from the writings of Joaquin Miller, and have reference to the Volcano of Mauna Loa, in the Sandwich Islands:

After visiting the American Consul at Honolulu, we started for the volcano, and after a hard, hot climb, reached the edge of a precipice overhanging a lake of molten fire, ten miles in circumference and 100 feet below us. This is called by the natives Kilianea, or god of fire.

It is the largest active volcano in the world, and is 6,000 feet above the sea level. This molten mass went dashing against the cliff on the opposite side with a noise like the deep and mighty surges of a stormy ocean.

Waves of blood-red fiery liquid lava hurled their billows on an iron-bound headland and then rushed up the face of the cliff to toss their gory spray high in the air. This restless, heaving lake of fire boiled and bubbled, never remaining silent for a single instant. There is an island on one side of this lake which the fiery waves attack unceasingly, and with restless fury, as if bent on hurling it from its base.

On the other side there was a large cavity into which this burning mass rushed with a loud roar, breaking down in its impetuous, headlong career, the gigantic stalactites that overhung the mouth of this cavern, and flinging up the liquid material for the formation of new ones. It is terribly grand, magnificently sublime; but no words can adequately describe such a scene, and no power but that of Omnipotence produce it.

Animal Smokers.

In the Berlin zoological gardens Professor Paul Meyerheim, painter of animal life, has been trying the effect of the fragrant weed on various denizens of the gardens, with results which are as novel as they are undoubtly amusing. Chief among the subjects of his experiments was the brown bear. He declares that the "common brown bears" are genuine enthusiasts for tobacco.

"When I puff my cigar smoke into their cage," he remarks, "they rush to the front, rubbing their noses and backs against the bars through which the smoke is penetrated."

The professor, with some temerity, once experimented on the lion. The creature was asleep, and this was the moment selected for puffing a volume of tobacco smoke in his face. Did he at once wake up with a savage growl lash his tail and springing at the bars, shake the massive iron? Not at all. He awoke and "stood on his legs," which seems a natural enough attitude to adopt, and "sneezed powerfully."

Then he quietly lay down on his side and "elevated his nose, as if ask-for a second dose." It may be news to some naturalists to hear that goats, stags and lamas all devour tobacco and cigars with remarkable satisfaction. It is certainly somewhat of a waste of the material to let a prime Havana be bolted in one gulp by an antelope, but the professor was actuated by a praiseworthy desire to discover scientific facts, and also by a wish to get on good terms with creatures that it was his business to sketch.

"I made a personal friend," he writes, "of an exceedingly malicious guanaco, or wild lama, by simply feeding him again and again with tobacco."

Now that the hens can hunt for a variety of food, there is no necessity for feeding soft messes, as the hens will be better off with whole grains. The object should be to compel the hens to secure for themselves a large share of their food, giving them grain food at night should they seem to lack a sufficiency. When they come up at night and the crops seem full give them nothing. The fullness of the crops will indicate the industry of the birds during the day. An active bird, on a good range, should come up at night with the crop completely full and distended.

Dairymen who have an eye to quality as well as quantity of product are learning that the best milk cannot be obtained from the use of ground feed of any kind. The ration must be largely of hay, supplemented with a little grain or cotton-seed meal, mangolds, carrots, or some other rich or succulent food. The objection to a liberal use of cotton-seed meal is that it is not ordinarily fed with sufficient judgment. Good ensilage is the one thing that may safely be used as a main ration in place of hay.

When the earth was young, says the astronomer royal for Ireland, it went around so fast that the day was only three hours long. The earth was liquid then, and as it spun around and around at that fearful speed and as the sun caused ever-increasing tides upon its surface, it at last burst in two. The smaller part became the moon, which has been going around the earth ever since at an increasing distance. The influence of the moon now raises tides upon the earth, and, while there was any liquid to operate on the moon, the earth returned the compliment.

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