AMER[illegible]N SENTINEL.

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THE BALTIMORE AMERICAN.

ESTABLISHED 1773.

THE DAILY AMERICAN.

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MAIN LINE AND CONNECTIONS

Taking effect Sunday, June 14th, 1891.

TRAINS WEST.

LEAVE	1. A.M. *	11. A.M. †	15. A.M. †	23. P.M. †	29. P.M. †	53. A.M. ‡	55 P.M. ‡
New York	9.00	12.15		10.10			
Philadelphia	12.03	3.50		12.35			
Washington		6.35		2.10			
Baltimore	4.10	8.05	10.00	4.00	6.28	9.30	2.30
Arlington		8.29	10.25	4.23	6.52	9.52	2.55
Mt. Hope		8.32	10.29	4.27	6.58	9.57	2.58
Pikesville		8.40	10.37	4.35	7.05	10.05	3.07
Owings Mills		8.50	10.48	4.48	7.15	10.15	3.18
Glyndon	4.50	9.05	10.59	5.01	7.26	10.28	3.32
Emory Grove		9.06	11.00		7.30	10.29	3.36
Finksburg		9.16	11.12	5.14	7.42	10.41	3.45
Carrollton		9.30	11.25	5.28	7.55	10.55	3.59
Westminster	5.20	9.50	11.41	5.44	8.13	11.12	4.17
Avondale		9.57	11.48	5.51	8.22	11.20	4.27
New Windsor	5.32	10.08	11.59	6.02	8.35	11.33	4.39
Linwood		10.13	12.05	6.07	8.42	11.40	4.45
Union Bridge	5.40	10.20	12.09	6.12	8.47	11.45	4.50
Middleburg		10.27	P.M.	6.18	P M	AM.	P M
Frederick Jc.		10.28		6.22			
D. P. Creek		10.33		6.27			
Rocky Ridge		10.40		6.36			
Mechanicst'n	6.03	10.53		7.06			
Edgemont	6.43	11.45		7.35			
Waynesboro	†7.02	12.02		7.53			
Chambersb'g	†7.43	12.40		8.32			
Shippensburg	†8.10	1.11		9.00			
Hagerstown	7.12	12.15		8.05			
Williamsport		12.30		8.20			
	AM.	P M.		P M.			

TRAINS EAST.

LEAVE	22. P M. *	4. AM. †	8. AM. †	12. P.M. †	18. P.M. †	52. AM ‡	54. P M. ‡
Williamsport			7.15		1.30		
Hagerstown	4.20		7.32		1.45		
Shippensburg			6.32		12.50		
Chamb'rsburg			7.02		1.23		
Waynesboro			7.37		1.58		
Edgemont			8.02		2.20		
Mechanicst'n	5.19		8.44		3.11		
Rocky Ridge			8.55		3.24		
D. P. Creek			9.03		3.32		
Frederick Jc.	5.37		9.07		3.39		
Middleburg			9.09		3.41		
Union Bridge	5.44	6.45	9.16	12.45	3.51	6.32	3.58
Linwood		6.49	9.20	12.49	3.56	6.38	4.03
New Windsor	5.52	6.55	9.26	12.55	4.03	6.47	4.09
Avondale		7.04		1.05	4.15	7.02	4.20
Westminster	6.07	7.10	9.43	1.12	4.27	7.12	4.28
Carrollton		7.24	10.00	1.27	4.43	7.30	4.44
Finksburg		7.33	10.13	1.39	4.55	7.45	4.58
Emory Grove		7.48		1.48	5.05	7.59	5.10
Glyndon	6.38	7.49	10.22	1.49	5.06	8.00	5.11
Owings Mills		8.01	10.32	2.00	5.21	8.15	5.25
Pikesville		8.10	10.41	2.09	5.33	8.27	5.37
Mt. Hope		8.18	10.47	2.16	5.43	8.36	5.46
Arlington		8.21	10.50	2.19	5.47	8.40	5.50
Baltimore	7.18	8.42	11.10	2.40	6.14	9.07	6.15
Washington			1.42	8.15	8.15		
Philadelphia	2.20		3.00		9.55		
New York	4.50	6.20	12.30				
	P M.	AM.	A M.	P M.	P M	AM	P M.

*Daily. †Daily, except Sunday. ‡Sunday.

ACCOMMODATION NO. 25.

Leave West, p. m., Hillen Station, 5.15; Westminster, 6.52; New Windsor, 7.12; Linwood, 7.18; Union Bridge, 7.22

ACCOMMODATION NO. 2.

Leave East, Union Bridge, 4.50; Linwood, 4.57; New Windsor, 5.05; Westminster, 5.38; Hillen Station, 7.30.

BLUE MOUNTAIN EXPRESS NO. 21.

Leave West, p. m., Hillen Station, 3.20; Westminster, 4.23; New Windsor, 4.38; Union Bridge 4.45; Hagerstown, 6.15.

Leave East, a. m., Hagerstown, 6.45; Union Bridge, 8.04; New Windsor, 8.11; Westminster, 8.24; Hillen Station, 9.31.

EMMITTSBURG R. R. (Daily except Sunday.)—Trains East will leave Emmitsburg at 8.20 A. M. and 2.45 and 5.45 P. M., arriving at Rocky Ridge, 8.50, A. M., 3.15 and 6.15 P. M. Trains west will leave Rocky Ridge at 10.40 A. M. and 3.25 and 6.36 P. M., arriving Emmitsburg 11.10 A. M. and 3.55 and 7.06 P. M.

FREDERICK DIVISION PENNSYLVANIA R. R. (Daily except Sunday.)—Trains for Frederick leave Junction at 8.00, 10.32 A. M. and 5.02 P. M. Trains for Taneytown, Littlestown and York leave Junction 9.58 A. M., and 3.37 P. M.

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When brighter prospects present themselves in Maryland; Cheaper Land, a Better Climate, and Convenience to the Markets of two Great Cities, Washington and Baltimore.

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Awake from your dreams of the West and think of the bright future of our own state. I present to you a few of the many farms I have to offer you, and at such prices as to induce you to drop in and see for yourselves.

No. 1—Small farm containing 60 acres, near California postoffice, improved by a small two room dwelling, a barn, fine spring of water, good meadow; a nice little home for $350.

No. 2—100 acres adjoining California, four room dwelling; land level and fine soil; a capital investment; $1,000.

No. 3—"Vineyard," beautifully situated on the St. Mary's river, within a few minutes ride of St. Mary's City, the historical spot marked by the Calvert monument, and lovely surroundings unsurpassed by nature's handiwork. The site of St. Mary's Female Seminary and Protestant Episcopal Church, fine society, great agricultural improvement in the section; half mile of river front combined with a fine oyster creek on said land; good meadow; finest location for peach culture in the county; fine site for steamboat wharf and ample fruit for domestic use render it a very desirable property. Price $2,500; 185 acres.

No. 4 is a very desirable farm 2½ miles from California; fine loamy soil in good state of cultivation; land level and well watered: conveniently situated; improved by a frame dwelling of four rooms and kitchen; good outbuildings and a lovely home; 300 acres. Price $4,000.

No. 5 is a large 400 acre farm, improved by two large dwelling houses; land level and susceptible of division into two or more farms; four miles from Millstone Landing and one mile from the bay; good outbuildings; all this for the low price of $10 per acre; buildings worth a large per cent. of the money; convenient to Baltimore and Washington markets.

No. 6 is "Flower of the Forest," containing 375 acres; four miles from steamboat wharf; land generally level and very fertile, well watered, fine grazing lands; improved by large and roomy dwelling, two large barns, two corn houses, two tenant houses, fine lot of valuable timber; altogether a very desirable farm for the low price of $3,500.

No. 7 is a model home for all conveniences, one mile from California; mail passes the door twice a day; improved by a large two story dwelling, good barn and tenant house; fine lot of timber; within one mile of the water and steam mill; 220 acres for the small sum of $1,200.

No. 8—One of Patuxent's beauties, which overlooks its mouth, with a complete title of five acres of the finest oyster ground known, which makes it represent a little fortune; within a few minutes row of wharf; soil dark loam and very productive; large dwelling and barn, finely watered, and altogether can be made a home equal to any in the state. This farm contains 140 acres and can be bought for $35 per acre.

No. 9 is 450 acres, on the Potomac river, one mile of river front, with all the advantages the Potomac can afford; fine large dwelling and necessary outbuildings; 300 acres of cleared land, perfectly level, adapted to all crops; fine grazing land, well watered; all this for the small sum of $5,000.

All the above lands are well fenced and are conveniently situated as to churches, mills, postoffice, schools, &c., and the good health of our people is known far and wide. My doctor's bill for a large family in 18 years has been $11. I invite those wishing to purchase land to come to St Mary's and look for themselves. Take the Weems line of steamers from pier 2, Light street, for Spencer's Wharf, Patuxent river. Boats leave at 6.30, a. m., Wednesdays and Saturdays and 9 p. m., Sundays, and return Mondays and Wednesdays in the morning and Monday nights. Refer to Messrs. Henry Vanderford and John W. Nelson, of Westminster, Md., who have viewed these lands and will give further information. Call on or address

L. J. WISE, California,
St. Mary's County, Md.

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GREAT BARGAINS

IN SOUTHERN MARYLAND LAND.

Capitalists will find investments in such land much better than Mortgages.

Young Men here is a chance to secure cheap Farms.

No. 1—Beautifully located on the Chesapeake bay; 300 acres of fertile land, 170 acres arable, balance woodland; two story frame dwelling, eight rooms; three tenant houses, good barn and other out buildings; good fencing, apple orchard and other fruit; good water; convenient to churches, schools, stores and postoffice. Price $20 per acre, $6,000.

No. 2—Beautifully located on the Patuxent river, 300 acres of fertile land, 200 arable, balance woodland; comfortable dwelling, 7 rooms, one tenant house, good barn and outbuildings; good fencing, some fruit, good water; convenient to churches and schools, stores and postoffice; good oyster creek. Price $5,000.

No. 3—Tract of woodland, 200 acres, located one mile from Chesapeake bay; 5,000 cords of firewood, an abundance of other timber; the land is level and lays beautifully for a farm, with a fine view of the bay. Price $500, a very cheap property.

No. 4—A farm containing 100 acres, 1½ miles from the Patuxent river; fine soil for all crops and fruit; a small dwelling house of four rooms, barns and other outhouses; good fencing, well timbered, good water, convenient to churches, schools, stores and shipping points. Price $600, a great bargain.

No. 5—A farm containing 400 acres, one mile from Chesapeake bay, well elevated with a beautiful view to the bay; good dwelling house of eight rooms, two tenant houses, good barns and other outbuildings; good fencing, apple and peach orchard, good water, fine soil for all crops; convenient to churches, schools, stores and shipping points; 200 acres of arable land, balance well timbered. Price $4,000, a great bargain.

No. 6—Farm beautifully located on Patuxent river, containing 100 acres; good oyster creek for bedding oysters; good land for fruit and other crops; comfortable dwelling and outbuildings, good fences, good water, convenient to churches, schools, stores and postoffice. Price $12 per acre. A very desirable property.

No. 7.—Farm beautifully located on Patuxent river, 150 acres, well improved; good peach and apple orchard, good dwelling, nine rooms and kitchen attached; good water at the kitchen door, good barns and outbuildings; one tenant house; good oyster creek, both for natural growth and bedding purposes and fishing; 100 acres arable land, balance timber; convenient to churches, schools, stores, post-office and steamboat landing. Price $20 per acre, $3,000.

No. 8—A lot of 10 acres, beautifully located on Patuxent river; good business place; good dwelling of eight rooms; storehouse 50 yards from dwelling; beautiful lawn sloping down to the river, good shape; valuable oyster creek attached, good fishing and oystering; a business of $10,000 was done last year; has a beautiful view of the Patuxent river, and Chesapeake bay; has a view of all sea-going vessels to and from Baltimore; Weems line steamboat landing in front. Price $2,000.

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☞To visit these farms take the Weems line of steamers, pier 2, Light street, Baltimore, for Millstone Landing, Patuxent river, at 6.30 a. m. Wednesdays and Saturdays, and Sunday night at 9 p. m. Returning, leave Millstone Landing Monday at 10 a. m., Monday night at 8, Thursday at 10 a. m. Round trip ticket from Baltimore $2.50, good till used. For further information refer to Messrs. Henry Vanderford and John W. Nelson, of Westminster, who viewed these lands and can give full particulars concerning the same. m-16-tf

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—AND—

Pure Spring Water Ice!

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I have 500 tons of Ice from Pure Spring Water and free from all washings from the turnpikes or county roads.

☞ Send orders to Postoffice Box 14. Those wanting Cream for Sunday should send in their orders by 3 o'clock, Saturday afternoon.

J. D. CROWL,
Westminster, Md.

my-16-2m

SALE BILLS, and all kinds of Job Printing done at this office, on resonable terms.

Select Poetry.

A DEAD SUMMER.

What lacks the summer?
Not roses blowing,
Nor tall white lilies with fragrance rife,
Nor green things gay with the bliss of growing,
Nor glad things drunk with the wine of life
Nor flushing of clouds in blue skies shining
Nor soft wind murmurs to rise and fall,
Nor birds for singing, nor vines for twining—
Three little buds I miss, no more,
That blossomed last year at my garde
door—
And that is all.

What lacks the summer?
Not waves a-quiver
With arrows of light from the hand of daw
Nor drooping of boughs by the dimpling rive
Nor nodding of grass on the windy lawn,
Nor tides upswept upon silver beaches,
Nor rustle of leaves on treetops tall,
Nor dapple of shade in woodland reaches—
Life pulses gladly on vale and hill,
But three little hearts that I love are sti
And that is all.

What lacks the summer?
O, light and savor,
And message of healing the world above!
Gone is the old-time strength and flavor,
Gone is the old-time peace and love!
Gone is the bloom of the shimmering meadows,
Music of birds as they sweep and fall—
All the great world is dim with shadow,
Because no longer mine eyes can see
The eyes that made summer and life for
me—
And that is all.

—Mary E. Blake.

Select Story.

TOWARD THEIR HAVEN.

One bright spring morning, the Italian steamer bound for New York was lying at Gibraltar.

Atley Hayne and Herford Eastlake stood on deck, looking up at the frowning piles of masonry, as they talked in a fragmentary fashion.

"I expected to be disappointed in the view by daylight," Miss Hayne said; "but it is as picturesque in a different way."

"Here comes our invalid American sea-captain," observed Miss Hayne. "He is the most delightfully original character I ever encountered."

The elderly sea-dog limped along the deck, and said as he passed:

"This morning is fine enough to have been made expressly for you, Miss Hayne."

Atley laughed and turned again to watch the boats.

"You have completely won his heart," Eastlake said.

"And I am proud of my conquest," she replied. "But see; there are some new faces in that boat."

Miss Hayne still watched the boats, but Eastlake had lapsed into silent congratulation over the fact that the voyage before them was still a tolerably long one.

Eastlake had spent the past winter in Rome, and there renewed his acquaintance with Atley Hayne, whom he had not seen since she was a child of nine, and he a youth of three-and-twenty.

Rome had been Atley's birthplace and home; her father, a sculptor of eminence, having, after the general habit of Americans of his profession, established himself in Italy at the outset of his career.

When Atley was just entering her teens she had lost her mother, and some eighteen months back, her father died after a lingering illness. A distant cousin, Miss Dusutan, had resided in the household since Mrs. Hayne's death, and proposed to remain with the girl. The spinster infinitely preferred to reside in Italy, where she and Atley could live comfortably by uniting their moderate incomes. But a great uncle of Atley's had been suddenly inspired with a desire to see his unknown niece, and Miss Dunstan, though far from worldly wise, knew that his liberal offers ought not to be disregarded.

The two ladies decided to take the Italian steamer direct to New York, and Eastlake concluded to return by the same. The three went down to Naples and spent a fortnight there, as some accident detained the steamer at Palermo, its original place of embarkation.

Eastlake was roused from his retrospective reverie by Atley's voice, full of excited wonder:

"Look—do look! Certainly that is Mr. Craven!"

"Oh, no; it must be somebody that resembles him. Craven is in Paris," rejoined Eastlake with a sensation as if a chill wind had suddenly swept athwart the sunshine, so many uneasy memories were roused by the eagerness of her tone.

"I said it was you—I said it was!"

A man's voice answered laughingly:

"Now, please to say that you are not sorry to have me for a fellow-voyager."

"Indeed, I am very glad; but it is a great surprise," Atley said.

"I had a pleasant anticipation, instead; I knew I should meet you," the musical voice replied in a still softer tone.

"Eastlake, I am awfully glad to see you!" the young man cried, with [illegible] instant to let some [illegible] with some luggage, and, when she spoke, only said:

"I must go see how my cousin gets on, else she will have good reason to grow misanthropic," Miss Hayne said; and, with a bow which included both gentlemen, she walked away so quickly that she had disappeared down the stairs before either of them could offer his arm.

"How is Miss Dunstan?" asked Craven, rather indifferently. "She dreaded the voyage so that she used to vow nothing should ever tempt her to make it."

"She has not suffered much," Eastlake replied; but she lives in a constant fear of doing so, which must be as bad. She kept in her stateroom till we reached here; she went on shore with us this morning, but disappeared as soon as we came on board again."

Craven lighted a cigarette and remarked:

"That little girl is prettier and more original-looking than ever." Eastlake received the observation in silence, and waved away the proffered cigarette. "Don't you think so?" persisted Craven.

"Oh!—Miss Hayne, did you mean?"

"You didn't think I meant her cousin?" Eastlake looked out across the sunshine, toward Africa, in obstinate silence. Craven laughed and added: "Though that delicate spinster has been very pretty in her time, she is like a carefully preserved flower—petals faded, but not really discolored. Now, at the same age, Atley's magnificent eyes will keep her from getting that faded look. They have figures exactly alike, though—that's because the younger has not filled out as she will do. Let me see; eighteen, about, isn't she?"

Eastlake brought his gaze back from the shores of Morocco, to say abruptly:

"Excuse me, please; I want to find the steward."

"And I must discover what my stateroom is like; so good by for a while," said Craven.

Eastlake caught a quizzical smile on the mocking lips and mentally anathematized himself, painfully certain that he had betrayed exaggerated annoyance almost as plainly as if he had expressed it in words.

Victor Craven had passed the winter in Rome, and his intermittent spasms of devotion to Atley Hayne had caused Eastlake much anxiety, he had suffered not only from jealousy, but a dread that the girl would surely live to rue the day that she allowed herself to become attached to a nature so unreliable as that of the young artist. Early in March, Cravan had been called to Paris; it seemed at first to Eastlake that his departure left a great blank in Atley's life. Still, he found hope in the fact that she openly expressed her regret; it hardly appeared possible that she could have done this, if she had really loved him. * * *

On the fifth morning after they left Gibraltar, the three sat together on deck. Eastlake was reading aloud, while Atley occupied herself with some dainty needlework, and Craven, having brought out water-colors and a sketching-book, was, as he expressed it, "courting insanity by an effort to reproduce a marvelous effect of color on the horizon."

Suddenly a loud noise surged up from the machine room, and then the engine stopped. The whole disturbance was over in a few instants. Before there could be any outbreak of excitement, even among the excitable Italians in the steerage, the captain appeared with an explanation which quieted all rising alarm. An accident had happened to some portion of the machinery, and their voyage must in consequence be a good deal prolonged; but there was no other unpleasant result to dread.

Eastlake noticed that Craven had disappeared; he returned while the captain wes explaining matters.

"I went to find out what the trouble was," he said. "Oh, there's my color-box upset—what a nuisance!"

Eastlake thought his face looked white. Had he been frightened?

"I must go tell my cousin there is no danger," Atley observed.

"I will go," Eastlake said.

At a little distance, he passed the American sea captain.

"I believe that painter-chap was badly scared," he said. "He hasn't got over it yet, it's my opinion. He's a taking kind of fellow, but I wouldn't trust him—especially if I was a woman."

He walked away without waiting for an answer.

When Eastlake returned to the deck, the chairs which Atley and Craven had occupied were vacant. He looked about, but the pair were not in sight, and he began walking up and down, mechanically prolonging his march until he reached the stern. There he saw them; their heads were partly averted, but he could see that Craven was gazing down into the face of his companion and talking earnestly, while she listened with eager, absorbed attention. Gradually he left the pair more and more to themselves, and then sometimes he fancied that he caught a wistful, regretful expression in Atley's glance or smile, which made him think she had perhaps guessed his secret and that her womanly heart was moved to pity by the knowledge. He did not chafe at the idea—he could bear her sympathy without humiliation—but it was harder to endure certain little airs of triumph which the artist occasionally betrayed when the two men chanced to be alone; but Eastlake bore these also with unflinching patience.

Time drifted on—grew into a week, a fortnight; the steamer's progress was so slow that its haven still seemed far off.

Miss Dunstan still spent the greater part of the time in her state-room, into which every novel the ship could furnish was carried in turn. She appeared daily on deck, for a short promenade, sometimes in a mood to join her friends and talk, but, as a rule, unhesitatingly making it known that she preferred her solitude; perhaps filling up the emptiness of her existence by weaving some impossible romance which might have been hers, if events in the past had chanced differently.

The resemblance between the spinster and Atley often caused Eastlake and Craven a certain unreasonable annoyance, which only the latter ever expressed. They never got accustomed to this likeness, which gave rise several times to amusing blunders on their part.

The two men were seated one evening in the twilight, idly conversing, when both started forward at the same instant, seeing Atley, as they thought, at the top of the stairs, standing with her back toward them. They discovered, on approaching, that the lady was Miss Dunstan—in one of her solitude seeking moods, too, it was evident, for she returned the chilliest of nods and briefest of answers to their salutations and walked unceremoniously away.

"That was an odd mistake for us both to make," Craven said. But look at her from here; wouldn't you swear it was her cousin?"

"Their figures and gait are so much alike," Eastlake answered.

"And somehow that exasperates me," Craven said, laughing. "The voyage is doing wonders for Atley Hayne—she grows prettier every day. Her relations in America can't help taking to her. Is the old uncle really rich, do you know?"

"Only moderately well off I believe," Eastlake answered, dryly.

"A pity! A girl like that ought to be an heiress," Craven pronounced. I tell you, Eastlake, in this age even a painter or a poet has to think of realities; he must confine his dreams to the canvass or his sonnets."

"Do you mean that, if he hasn't money, he must marry it?" Eastlake asked.

"Well, that's an awfully blunt fashion of putting it," laughed Craven, "but I thing it's about the size of the thing. But, mind you, a fellow can't always live up to his own doctrine. If his head gets a bit turned, the most practical man will astonish his friends by committing some terrible folly."

"Even marrying a poor girl?" Eastlake asked.

"Oh, even that—if he belongs to one of the professions in which imagination is a necessity. And there's a satisfaction in doing a crazy thing—letting your fancy run away with your head. You may be sorry afterward, but it is nice while the romance lasts."

"It occurrs to me that the woman such a man fancied he loved would be the one most deserving of pity—especially if she were to marry him," returned Eastlake, in a tone through which sounded both scorn and indignation. I think a sure way to prevent the latter catastrophe would be to have his theories explained to her."

A step sounded on the deck; Atley Hayne was so close to them that she might easily have caught their words.

Eastlake left the pair and indulged in one of his long promenades, which lasted till late in the evening.

Another week passed; three days more would see the end of the voyage.

Eastlake had grown terribly impatient. Looking at happiness through another man's eyes is dreary work, and it added to his burden to perceive that of late Atley avoided his society.

But there would soon be an end to all this, and, once back in his old home, he must do the best with his life, and try, so far as might lie in his power, to put aside the memories of the past month, with their withered joys and their harvest of pain. He was thinking these things as he paced the deck at a late hour of the evening on which he had been told that within three days they would reach Sandy Hook.

A chill wind had begun to blow, bringing with it a damp fog that clung about the rigging and wrapped the smokestack in gray shrouds.

The morning wore on. Noon came; 1 o'clock—2—still there was no break in the fog.

Eastlake sat holding a book, endeavoring to read; but his gaze kept wandering to the table at which Atley Hayne and Craven were seated, examining some photographs. After luncheon most of the passengers went to their state-rooms to find relief from discomfort or anxiety in sleep. Two or three elderly gentlemen sat dozing in their chairs and a pale sickly little lady was doing her best to amuse a couple of children by a game of dominoes.

Suddenly there came a terrible crash and recoil. The boat quivered from stem to stern like some sentient creature in agony.

Eastlake sprang forward just in time to prevent Atley from falling. Craven had started back; Eastlake glanced quickly at him—he saw fear in his blanched face and dilated eyes.

There was a rush of terrified passengers from their state-rooms; but Atley Hayne sat perfectly still, in obedience to Eastlake's low command.

"We have been run into by another boat," he said.

This proved to be the case. They had come into collision with an English steamer, which had got out of its course in the fog.

The European bound vessel had met with slight damage and soon moved on, as the Italian steamer was at first believed to have suffered almost as little.

The accident occurred about 4 o'clock; perhaps an hour later, considerable confusion rose among the crew, and the passengers soon learned that some serious harm had been done to the ship's side. But mattresses were crammed into the hole to stop the leak; great sheets of tin were fastened within and without, and finally the captain confidently declared that there remained no further cause for alarm.

A wind sprang up and blew the fog backward; it parted like a vast curtain, and the ship sailed out from its gloom into a cloudless horizon, on whose western rim rested an almost blood-red sun that illuminated sky and sea with a spectral light.

The quiet was abruptly broken by the clang of bells and the shrieks of the whistle. The order was passed for every man to get to the pumps. In a few instants the news spread that the leak had begun afresh with such violence that the danger was imminent.

Little commotion ensued on the main deck; but, out at the bow, where some thirty steerage passengers were huddled, a terrible excitement prevailed for a while. The officers and the crew behaved well, and were ably seconded by Eastlake, the American sea-captain, and most of the men among the first-class passengers. The sight of steadily-aimed revolvers reduced the frightened Italian peasants to submission; they patiently took their turn at the pumps and worked with a will.

Atley Hayne was soon at the bow, encouraging the women and children, several ladies followed her example, and, during the next two hours, a tolerable degree of order reigned.

At length it became necessary to give the order to lower the boats—the vessel was sinking fast. Again, in their fright, the emigrants attempted to defy control; but strong measures subdued them once more, and they began to build a raft, under the direction of some of the sailors and the almost omnipresent American sea-captain. There were not more than a dozen women and children among the emigrants, and these could all find places in the boats.

"The men with wives or families are to be thought of next—whether they belong in the saloon or steerage—" was the fiat that went forth, inspired by Eastlake, and the work began.

The ladies and children were got into the boats, and husbands and fathers were given places with the families.

The captain and Eastlake guarded the starboard boats, while the first mate and the American sea-captain took charge of those on the opposite side. Most persons behaved with reasonable composure, and, when the third and last boat began to fill, Eastlake told the captain he was going in search of Miss Dunstan and her cousin, whom he had bidden to wait quietly in the wheel-house.

As he moved away, he heard Craven say at his elbow:

"There won't be room for all us men."

Eastlake turned and looked at him; he was deathly white and shaking from head to foot.

"Will there be room, do you think?" he questioned.

"We shall know presently," Eastlake answered, and passed on.

Atley and her cousin were not where he had left them—neither was in sight. Eastlake looked into the captain's room—hurried down the deck. As he reached the stairway, a lady with her head enveloped in a white scarf ran up the steps and fainted in his arms.

In another second, Craven rushed forward, crying:

"Give her to me! It is Atley—I will have her!"

"Where is Miss Dunstan?" Eastlake asked.

"In the boat on the larboard side," Craven panted; your boat is already filled! The women are all in—there's place for two more with the mate! Atley! Atley! Give her to me, I say! She loves me—I have a right to take her."

"To be saved, you mean," Eastlake interrupted. "Quick! the mate is calling—quick! Take care of her—be worthy of her! I love her too but she is yours."

Five minutes later he stood looking about the deserted deck. But at the bow such of the crew and emigrants as had been left behind were working at the raft. Eastlake walked forward to join the party; he stopped to glance over the vessel's side. In the nearest boat he saw Craven seated, still supporting the slender figure with the head enveloped in a white scarf.

"She is safe!" Eastlake unconsciously exclaimed aloud. "If only at the last moment I could have seen her face! Oh! Atley! Atley!"

A hand touched his shoulder; he turned—Atley stood beside him, with a smile on her lips and an unfaltering courage in her eyes.

"You here?" he groaned. "They shall come back! You—"

"Must stay where I am," she interrupted, quietly. "There is not place for another person; I heard Mr. Craven tell you so when he took my cousin."

"Oh, this is too terrible! Atley! Atley!"

"I am with you—I am not afraid," she said, her low voice sweet as music. "Oh, I heard what you said—we are facing death too closely to keep up disguises now."

"I love you, Atley! I love you!"

"And I would rather die by your side than live without you," she answered.

"Oh, to die now would be too bitter," he cried.

The American sea-captain's gruff voice suddenly called, close by:

"It's all right! I thought I saw a light, so I sent up a rocket. I wouldn't tell you till I was sure—we are safe enough! It's a steamer—don't you see the smoke? They are making signals. Miss Atley, after all, we shall get to our haven within the promised time."

* * *

"What makes you look so pensive, my dear?" said Dr. Blick to his wife. "I was only thinking," replied she, that if the bait would only scatter itself around the back yard a little more we might have a real nice garden after a while."

* * *

The Pier family, of Milwaukee, is remarkable for its legal predilections. Mrs. Kate Pier is not only a lawyer, but also a court commissioner; her husband and one of her daughters are lawyers, and two other daughters are preparing to be admitted to the bar.

* * *

An adult laboring man wastes five ounces of muscle in the course of his daily labor.

PRIZE ESSAY.

Pay as you go; or, The advantage of Cash over Credit in the dealings of the People with the Merchant.

"He builded better than he knew" when John Randolph gave us the truism "Pay as you go," and handed to posterity the philosopher's stone. What was true when this was declared, with all the emphasis of half a century, has now a tenfold breadth of significance. The struggle for existence, the struggle for supremacy in every department of life, was never paramount with the present. Only the fittest survive. The most astute calculator is taxed to financier every day's transactions that he may attain the one source of wealth, always at his command, "Pay as you go." This is the wicket-gate into the path toward the promised land of competency, if not wealth.

Credit is a snare—a delusion. It leads to improvidence, discontent, poverty, and to positive dishonesty, while it is of unequaled power in producing restless nights and miserable days. Spot cash, on the other hand, is a king whose sovereignty is recognized by every nation. He encourages you to listen not to the siren's song—credit. He stimulates the workman to industry and carefulness, incites him to frugality and improves his moral, social and political character. The individual who "pays as he goes" need never dodge into by-streets or run up blind alleys to avoid meeting an angry creditor, but carries with him an angel who sings in his bosom "I owe no man."

But few men, comparatively speaking, can afford to buy on credit. The reasons are apparent. The merchant who sells on credit, must sell his wares at a greater margin of profit to compensate himself for losses incurred through the dishonest. While on the other hand, the merchant who sells for the solid cash has the cash to pay for his goods, turns his money over often, does a maximum business with a minimum capital, takes no risks, and thereby brings the manufacturer quite face to face with the people. He need not put a rum-shop in his basement to draw trade, or a gambling-hell in his attic.

I am told there is a store in London which sells goods 25 per cent. less than other stores. A price list of this establishment was shown to a trader in Birmingham. He said: "I cannot use these prices. I must practice the credit system here. If I could be insured against all bad debts then I would sell 20 per cent. lower and then have a larger income than now; otherwise I must tax the honest man to make me safe against the rogue."

In all the markets of the world cash secures the lowest prices and the most favorable consideration. It may be a strong statement, but I certainly believe that the commercial supremacy of Europe is due to the fact that its manufacturers receive cash for their work. And it is a well-known fact that the United States merchants secure lower prices in European markets than any other merchants on the globe, even lower than the native. Why? Because the cold metallic bullion is laid at the door of the manufacturer, and the looms of the world offer their weaves. And it cannot be disputed that it is nothing uncommon for our importations to be sold here at a less price than where they were manufactured. Just think! A foreign article sold here cheaper than the poor peasant can buy it from his town merchant. Enormous orders and spot cash produce these results, and were it not for the tariff duty our merchants would sell Belfast linen cheaper than in Belfast, Sheffield cutlery cheaper than in Sheffield, champaign's cheaper than in France, Nottingham laces cheaper than in Nottingham, and so on. As must be seen, cash is the most potent factor in the mercantile world, and credit the most stupendous evil that clogs the wheels of our commercial prosperity.

As plain and as clear as the noonday's sun must it ever be that the highest interest of the people demands this principal of buying for cash. The retailer then can purchase goods in quantities that an ordinary wholesale merchant would, and thus crush out the middle-man's profit, and offer to the people goods in a manner from first hands. Then with a small, uniform profit, in consideration of an immediate cash payment, and we have attained the highest point of excellence in our commercial system, for the distribution of general merchandise. When every merchant advocates this system, a new era of prosperity will dawn. Emerson says: "When all shoot at one mark then gods join in the combat." What a powerful check against extravagance will then be instituted! What an innumerable train of evils will then be side-tracked! Consider what an overpowering temptation to lie and cheat will be obliterated. A great portion of the dissatisfaction of the Nihilist, which engenders strikes, will vanish, and humanity will throb anew with inspiration.

It is a noticeable fact that the cash store, which now can be seen in almost every important village, as well as in the city, is the leading progressive and representative store. There is in it no long-time credit prices, attuned to the loss in interest and risks; consequently, the people reap the benefit. A. T. Stewart, one of the pioneers of the cash system, carries with his name a renowm unparalleled in mercantile history. His reputation secured for his firm minimum prices, which, in turn, were given to the cash buyer. The success he attained is largely attributable to his adherence to this principle of purchasing and selling for cash. In glancing over our commercial history, it is glaringly obvious that nine times out of ten the credit system precipitated the disaster. This being true is a powerful argument against the credit buyer. Keeping in view the extra profit on goods to subvert this crisis, which is being paid by the consumer, the fact becomes patent to the intelligent thinker that the individual with limited resources can never afford to buy on credit. It is the active nickel that the merchant should have—not the sluggish or compromised dollar.

Credit is a fungus—a parasitical plant that feeds upon and finally kills the supporting tree. With the promise of remuneration it saps the vitality of the tree and cankers the sweetest bud. It allures you with fair expectations into its meshes, which entwine tenderly around you its convolutions, but finally "leaves the wretch to weep." Remember the old maxim of John Randolph, "Pay as you go." This adhered to abolishes credit, which is the price of more cheerful homes and a more prosperous people.

FRANK J. DEVILBISS.
New Windsor.

English and American Homes.

Much is said of the luxury of the Old World, but people who have had opportunities for comparison testify that the average of comfort in living is much higher in the United States than in England and Europe. Even the homes of the wealthiest are entirely lacking in conforts and conveniences that are regarded as indispensable among the middle class and even the poorer homes of the United States. Many English houses occupied by families of means are not supplied with steam or water, and the general method of heating is by open fireplaces fed with smoky soft coal.

Hot air furnaces are almost unknown. Set bowls, with hot and cold water faucets, are regarded as non-permissible extravagances even by the wealthiest, and only the very wealthiest sometimes indulge in the luxury of a bathroom. A hotel having one advertises it as a special and unusual attraction. Candles are still much relied on for illumination. A hundred other conveniences regarded as necessaries in American homes are unknown in English households.

How to Sleep After Night Work.

From the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN.

A Swiss doctor says that many persons who extend their mental work well into the night, who during the evening follow attentively the programme of a theatre or concert, or who engage evenings in the proceedings of societies or clubs, are awakened in the morning or in the night with headache. For a long while the doctor was himself a sufferer from headache of this kind, but of late years has wholly protected himself from the complaint by simple means. When he is obliged to continue his brain work into the evening, or to be out late nights in rooms not well ventilated, instead of going directly to bed he takes a brisk walk for half an hour or an hour. While taking his tramp he stops now and then and practices lung gymnastics by breathing in and out deeply a few times. When he goes to bed he sleeps soundly. Notwithstanding the shortenings of the hours of sleep, he awakes with no trace of headache. There exists a clear and well-known physiological reason why this treatment should be effective.

They Want the Earth.

British fondness for territory is illustrated very graphically in a well known pocket atlas published by an English firm. British possessions are printed in a brilliant shade of red, but the world is a large place, and even the numerous colonies of the little island fail to make as great a show as was desired, so Great Land, the great continent of rock and ice lying north of the Arctic circle, and Graham Land, a similar tract south of the Antarctic circle were also printed in a rosy hue. These desolate wastes are undefined and unexplored, and of about as much use as the milky way. Certainly no nation will dispute Britannia's right to paint them red if she wants to.