AMERICAN SENTINEL.

VOL. 59 NO. 29. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 25, 1891. ESTABLISHED 1833.

CHEAP MARYLAND LANDS!

YOUNG MEN, WHY GO WEST?

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

BARGAINS IN ST. MARY'S COUNTY.

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 $1,000.

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.

my-16-tf

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, postoffice 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.

Address
W. F. FORD,
Fishing Point Postoffice,
St. Mary's County, Md.

☞ 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

F. A. Sharrer & Son

Undertakers and Cabinet-Makers.

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Coffins & Caskets Always on Hand

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jan-10-1y

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THE First-class Paper Mill, known as the "IVY MILL," situated in Carroll county, Md. This property is in GOOD ORDER, and will be sold VERY CHEAP and on VERY EASY TERMS. For further information apply to

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H. & P. R. R. at Shippensburg, Shenandoa Valley and B. & O. Railroads at Hagerstown; Penna. R. R. at Frederick Junction, and P. W. & B., N. C. and B. & P. Railroads at Union Station, Baltimore, Md.

MAIN LINE AND CONNECTIONS

Taking effect Sunday, June 14th, 1891.

TRAINS WEST.

LEAVE	1. A M. *	11. AM. †	15. AM. †	23. PM. †	29. P M †	53. AM. ‡	55 P M. ‡
New York	9.00	12.15		10.10			
Philadelphia	12.03	3.53		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		8.49	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	3.35
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. A M ‡	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.

Through trains for Hanover and Gettysburg and points on Baltimore and Harrisburg Division leave Baltimore, daily, except Sunday, at 7.06 A. M. and 3.32 P. M. Through cars for Gettysburg and intermediate pointe leave Baltimore also daily except Sunday at 10.00 A. M.

J. M. HOOD, General Manager.
B. H. GRISWOLD Gen'l Passenger Ag't.

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Manufacture and keep constantly on hand

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—AND—

CHOP OF ALL KINDS.

Highest Cash Prices Paid for Grain. Longberry a Specialty.

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Seed Buckwheat.

For sale, a choice article of Japanese B
wheat, for seed, by
jy-11-3t N. I. GORSUCH, & SO

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Select Poetry.

BALLADE OF THE BABY.

Cheeks that are dimpled and pink,
 Twin roses abloom on a spray;
Red lips full of love to the brink;
 Soft glances that, pensive or gay,
 A world of sweet meanings convey!
Wee fingers that flutter and cling,
 A snowdrift of crumpled array—
This is the Baby, the King!

What though he tips over my ink,
 And drives my five wits all astray,
Shall I grumble indeed, do you think,
 Because in his innocent way,
 He wakes me long hours before day
 And wants me to walk and to sing?
Why not, if it pleases, him pray?
 This is the Baby, the King!

Our fortunes they rise and they sink;
 We let the world wag as it may;
Our lives narrow down to the chink
 That encircles his Majesty. Nay,
 Our lives and our fortunes we lay
At his feet, with his rattle and ring,
 Content to adore him and say,
"This is the Baby, the King!"

ENVOY.

Prince, you may boast of your sway,
 'Tis but an ephemeral thing!
The Empire of Hearts is for aye,
 This is the Baby, the King.

—MARGARET JOHNSON, in Harper's Young People.

Select Story.

A DUEL UNDER WATER.

"You didn't forget the widow, did you, Tom, when you paid the lad off? We've been on a pretty long cruise this time, and like enough she'll be in need of many more things than the boy's wages will buy for her."

"Oh, no, Bill, I don't forget Nancy. I put two $10 bills in an envelope, one from you and one from me, and gave them to the young chap for his mother. But I say, Bill, I think that on the next job we'd better 'dress' the boy, and let him make a 'dip' alongside of either one of us while the other 'tends' him. My word for it, he will make a good diver after a little practice, with such men as you and I to teach him the business."

"I guess you're right mate," answered Bill. "If Neddy has a liking for the work, and the widow doesn't object, the lad might as well commence now as any time. I'll take a walk up to the cottage to-night, and see what Nancy has to say about it. She may think it's most too dangerous a business for her only boy, but Lor', Tom, ain't you and I spent half our lives under water, and are none the worse for it now?"

"That's so, Bill. Why, a diver in his armor, with a good 'tender' at the surface, is just as safe as a parson in his pulpit. Yes, you'd better go and see Nancy," continued Tom, reflectively, "and have a talk with her. And say, mate, see if she wants anything, so that we can get it for her afore we go away again."

"All right, old man. So long!" and with that the one who had been addressed as Bill turned and walked away, while his companion, Tom, seated himself upon a diver's pump-box and watched his friend out of sight.

The aforegoing conversation took place on the deck of a small wrecking schooner which was lying alongside of one of the wharves in San Francisco, having just arrived at that port from a trip down the coast, where her crew had succeeded in securing all the valuable materials of a sunken vessel that had been lost some 150 miles to the northward of Cape St. Lucas.

The two characters introduced were the divers, and firm friends they were, having worked together continuously for years In fact, neither one would accept a "contract" unless the other was included within its terms.

Bill had just disappeared, when the captain of the schooner emerged from the cabin and approached the solitary figure on deck.

"Ah, Tom," he began jocosely: "counting the stars, or thinking over your past sins?"

"No, cap; you're wrong about the stars, for I haven't cast an eye aloft for the last half hour; but as for the past—yes, I was beginning to think over that a little. I often think over it. Sometimes I'm pleased with the recollection, and then again I wish it had been somebody else that had gone through what Bill and I have, and not us."

"Why, man, what is it that you and your mate have done that you dislike to recall to mind? I've known you both for nearly 20 years, and, though I say it to your face, I never saw two squarer men on salt [redacted] characters of two men."

"I have always believed that there was a page in your histories which you have hitherto carefully guarded. Now, if it is not asking too much, I beg that you will make a confidant of me, and accept the word of a sailor that I will never reveal the secret."

At this Tom hesitated ere he began.

"Cap, although Bill and I never said that what happened that day we wouldn't talk about, yet we have mutually kept silent on the subject, more because it wasn't real pleasant for either of us to think of than because we were ashamed to let the world know what confounded fools we made of ourselves. Yes, cap'n, I'll tell you. It was way back in '65, when Bill and I were working together on a wreck just inside of Chesapeake bay, between Cape Henry light and Hampton roads.

"We had come down from New York, and were pretty spruce young chaps in those days. Now, it seemed, although neither one of us knew it, that we were both thinking considerable of the same girl. We had been aboard a wrecking schooner, about the size of this one, for nearly two weeks, when one Sunday I was overhauling my things in the forcas'le and was just taking out a picture of the 'little one' that I'd left home. Bill came along, and looking over my shoulder, says 'Hullo, chum. Who have you got there?'

"Says I, as honest as could be, handing him the picture, 'That's the woman I hope to be my wife some day.'

"'Your wife!' says he, as he took the photograph. 'My God! That's Nancy Stewart!' and glancing up, I saw Bill staring at the picture with his face as white as a new gaff-tops'l. Then thrusting the likeness into his pocket, he hissed through his clenched teeth, 'No, Tom Baxter! She will never be your wife!' and turning, he sprang up the steps out of the forcas'le before I could stop him.

"As you may imagine, I was boiling mad, and surprised as well. I followed Bill on deck, and saw him sitting on a water cask with both hands up to his face. I approached him, and touching him on the shoulder, I asked him as gently as I could for the return of the picture.

"As he looked up to me the expression of his countenance was that of a maniac; his features were distorted with either anger or anguish, I know not which.

"'Come, come,' I said after a pause, during which my chum glared vacantly at me. 'Give me back the photograph.'

"The answer I received was a blow, and down I went as though shot, with Bill on top. I was considerably stronger than he in those days, and soon got the best of the affair. I held Bill down on the deck with one hand at his throat, and with the other pulled the picture from his pocket; but in doing so it was torn in two, and I only secured one half. At this instant our shipmates separated us, and for the rest of that day we avoided each other as much as possible.

On Monday morning as we were dressing ourselves side by side as usual, ready to go down to work, I could hear Bill muttering under his breath, and just as his 'tender' was screwing on the face piece to his helmet I caught a most malignant look upon his features, but he uttered no threats aloud.

"My companion had scarcely reached the bottom ere I was in the water and rapidly descending. I had made up my mind to give Bill as wide a berth as possible during the day, and began my labors, stripping off the copper from the wreck well aft while he was amidships.

"We had been down, perhaps, half an hour, and I was commencing to feel a little more at ease, when all at once I heard a slight tapping on my copper helmet and a hand was placed upon my shoulder. I had been kneeling, but quickly rose to my feet, and turning, saw Bill standing before me; but his aspect sent a chill to my very heart. He was extending toward me a knife, the blade of which he touched with one finger, and then pointed to my weapon, which hung in its sheath at my belt.

"I comprehended his meaning. It was a challenge to mortal combat. But what a place for such an encounter! I am ashamed to admit, however, that after the brief first instant of surprise I began to feel an insane desire to overcome and subdue my rival, even though it was in a struggle to the death.

"So, dropping the short iron bar with which I had been previously working, I drew my knife in turn. On seeing this move Bill reached forth one hand and grasped mine, which he gave a convulsive pressure, and then waved me back to prepare for action.

"Now began the battle. The thrusts, as you must know, were somewhat impeded by the pressure of the water, but still they were given with sufficient force, if they had not been skillfully parried, for anyone of them to have proved fatal. In a little while we found ourselves locked, each with his left hand grasping the other's wrist, while the knives waved to and fro above our helmets.

"Suddenly I began to lose my air, and was horrified to see a small piece of the rubber hose drop down before my eyes, and I knew that Bill had severed the pipe—but still at that moment I remember thinking that it must have been accident, as Bill, even in his anger, would not take such a mean advantage over his adversary.

"Suffocation quickly followed, but before entirely losing consciousness I gave the signal to be drawn to the surface; and then I knew no more until I found myself lying upon the schooner's deck, with helmet off and my head resting on Bill's knee, who was wiping the blood and foam from my nostrils. He was 'dressed' just as he had been when going into the water, barring the removal of the glass 'face piece' in his head gear.

"When I opened my eyes and looked around I saw him wave the rest of the chaps aside, and then he bent down until the cold copper of his hemlet touched my cheek, as he whispered: 'Thank God, Tom, you're safe. But, don't for the sake of our friendship, say a word of what's happened to our shipmates. And oh, if you can forgive me yourself.'

"Forgive him? Why bless him, I've loved him since that moment. And never from that day until this has the affair been spoken of to anyone but ourselves."

"How was it that he cut your hose, willing to take your life, yet still did so much to bring you to?" asked the captain, incredulously.

"Bill was quick tempered, and he was in an awful rage. He would not have hesitated to have thrust his knife into my heart, albeit he would have been sorry for it the next instant, but cutting the pipe was an accident—and when he saw the terrible death with which I was threatened his anger disappeared like the mists of morning before the gentle sea breeze. The 'boys' told me that when I came to the surface I was in Bill's arms, and it was his own hands which unlocked the hemlet from the 'collar' and gave me air. They also told me that he would not stop to have his 'weights' unbuckled nor his 'head piece' removed, but just knelt down beside me calling all the while for me to open my eyes, just as though I had been a brother."

"How about the young woman who was the cause of all this trouble? What became of her?" inquired the captain, with much interest.

"O Nancy? Poor girl," said Tom. "Why she didn't care nothing for either of us two fools. All the time we were thinking that we might prevail upon her to cruise into our company she had agreed to sign articles with a young mate of an East Indiaman. So when we found out we both of us took a job which lasted us all of two years down in Key West. And when we got back we heard that Nancy had been a bride, a mother and was then a widow, the poor chap whom she married having been lost at sea on his very next voyage.

"Then Bill and I hunted her up, and when we found her we adopted her for our sister. We came out here to 'Frisco,' where business is better than on the Atlantic coast; and she came too, and we've looked after here ever since."

"Her child. Did it live?" inquired the captain, interestedly.

"Well, I reckon it did. Leastwise, it was alive a couple of hours ago, when I saw it going over the rail yonder with a month's pay in its pocket to gladden a mother's heart," replied the old diver, with a quiet chuckle.

"What? Do you mean that Neddy, your 'tender,' is Nancy's boy?"

"That's just about the size of it, cap'n. And he's a boy that no woman need be ashamed of either; and if his mother will let the lad follow the business into which he started—and that's what Bill has gone up to the house to find out—I'll wager my gear and 'dress' that within five years there won't be a diver on the Pacific coast who will 'dip' deeper or work longer under water than that same boy."

"But Nancy?" asked the captain. "Will she never marry?"

"Hush, cap!" exclaimed the diver in a low voice. "Not until either Bill or I have 'sounded' for the last time and been laid away in our armor. Then perhaps she might."

"A HEALER."

A lady lay on a lounge in a beautiful room. There were great soft, silken pillows arranged about her and, although it was a balmy spring morning and the breeze which came through the open window was soft and warm, she had a thick eiderdown quilt thrown over her shoulders. Her eyes were heavy, but she could not sleep. Night after night she had lain during the long hours—wide awake.

Physicians had pronounced her disease "insomnia," but had done little to relieve it. Drugs had brought her a little relief for a time, but they soon lost their effect. She had tried them all—bromides, sulfonal, that queer drug with a name like one of Ouida's novels, chloral, morphine—but she had an honest horror of narcotics and she feared to trust herself with them.

And now her husband had brought her a new doctor—a shabby, little, old man who had no great name nor even a particular school. In fact, he called himself a "healer," and you or I would have branded him a "quack."

The lady glanced up as the two men entered the room, and she was conscious of wondering where on earth her husband had picked the man up. Even that was something; she had not had enough interest of late even to wonder about anything.

[redacted] My— rupted—"Oh, never mind; just call me 'doctor,'" and the lady actually raised her languid head to look at the "doctor." He was a bright-eyed old man with a great mane of gray hair thrown back from his forehead, and a long white beard falling over his breast. His clothes were old and threadbare, and his boots rusty and red at the toes. In one hand he carried a carefully brushed silk hat of an ancient style, and in the other a huge bunch of great, fragrant lilac blossoms.

He sat down in the chair offered him, facing his patient, and her husband seated himself near, anxiously watching the "doctor's" face.

The old man made a few remarks about the weather, glancing out at the budding trees on the avenue, then he turned to his patient.

He did not feel her pulse nor examine her tongue—he looked steadily at her pale face with its hollow cheeks and great dark circles about her eyes, and then he nodded his head emphatically.

"Um! yes—worn-out, nervous; too much gayety last winter, perhaps; insomnia, can't sleep at all. Well! well! that's bad," muttered he. Then he leaned back in his chair closed his eyes, and seemed in deep thought.

Suddenly he started up. "Madame, I am something of a mind-reader, and I am going to tell you what the odor of these old-fashioned flowers has brought to your mind."

The lady had been looking at the bunch of lilacs, but when he spoke she turned toward the old man with a half-amused smile; and in a soft [redacted]

"Of course I am," said he, cheerily; "I always am. Now, your father had promised to take you for a week's visit to your grand-mother's, and you were to go on your birthday; but when your birthday came your father found that there was some business which he could not leave, and your mother was expecting company, and so they let you go alone."

The lady raised up a little from her pillows and fixed her eyes upon the "doctor's" face. The man went on in the same soft tones. "It was your first journey alone, wasn't it? Yes; and you were very proud to sit alone in the seat and to throw kisses to your father and mother as the train moved out. It was not far to your grandmother's, but it seemed ages to you before you got to the little red depot and saw your grandfather standing on the platform. The conductor carried your satchel out and you walked behind him very straight and dignified. When grandfather found that you'd come alone he said 'Bless me!' didn't he? And you felt that somehow it was a compliment. Then he said how you'd grown; and Mr. Smith, the station master, said: 'You don't mean to tell me this is John's little gal! Well, well!' and that seemed complimentary, too.

"Grandpa let you drive old Pete after you had turned the corner, didn't he? And when grandma saw you coming and you called out to her that you'd come alone she said 'Bless me!' too.

"After you had kissed grandma you ran to change your dress and put on your long-sleeved pinafore, just as you had promised your mother; then you went to see if you couldn't help grandma get dinner, but she said she'd rather you ran out of doors—so you went out into the back yard.

"That back yard of grandma's; was there ever such a delightful place! There was the smokehouse first of all, just the right size for a play house, only grandma always kept it locked. You watched to see when she took the key down from the nail in the kitchen, then you followed her, and saw her take down a great, glossy, brown ham, and cut off the smooth, pink slices from its heart.

"Then you ran to see grandpa start the leach. The leach was only a barrel of ashes set upon a sloping board platform, but it was very mysterious to you, and you nearly broke your neck climbing on the fence so that could peek in and find out what made the pail of water which grandfather poured in at the top of the barrel change to the dark brown liquid which fell drip-drip into the stone jar below.

"Then you ran out under the cherry trees to the chickens. Some were in three-cornered coops with slats nailed across the front, and some in barrels with sticks driven into the ground at the open end. There were lots of little downy chicks, like round yellow balls, and they ran about crying 'peep! peep!'

"Then you had dinner. You ate in the kitchen because grandma said that she and 'father' ate there when they were alone, and they didn't want to 'make company' of you. You had ham and eggs, and asparagus, and baked potatoes, and for desert there was the Indian-meal pudding that you liked so well. You wiped the dishes after dinner, and when you had set them away you ran to hunt eggs. The first nest you found held twelve beautiful white eggs, and you brought them in to grandmother in your apron. How foolish you felt when she told you that she had just set the hen on them, and she hurried to put them back before they were cold.

"Your spirits fell a little than, and you went away by yourself behind the currant bushes. There were some sheets bleaching on the bushes, weren't there? Yes, and there were some cotton rags which grandmother had dyed hanging on a clothesline near by.

"They were copperas-yellow, butternut-brown, and indigo-blue. As you saw these your spirits fell still lower. for you thought that you might be asked to help sew them after they were torn into carpet-rags. In fact, you weren't really happy again until grandfather called to you that he shouldn't wonder if the old cat had kittens hid somewhere about; then you fairly fell over yourself in trying to beat grandpa to the barn.

"You found the kittens in an empty manger; there were three, two white and one Maltese. Then there were some baby pigs behind the barn, and you visited them and the doves in the cote, and when grandfather wanted a drink you held the dipper for him to pump into. Pretty soon it was milking time, and then supper-time, and then, oh, so soon! bed time. Grandmother heard your prayers, and helped you up into the high, creaking bed and tucked you in and kissed you good-night.

"You lay there, drowsy and happy, with the scent of the lilacs and flowering currants coming in at the window. There was a white quilt on the bed with blue calico stars, not a soft, silk thing like this," and the "doctor" touched the eider-down quilt which had slipped to the floor as the lady nestled comfortably back among the pillows. "After a time," continued the "doctor," "you turned a little and the bed creaked, and the noise startled you. You heard the soft, mournful cooing of the doves, and it made you feel lonesome.

"You wished your mother were there, then you remembered that you hadn't said the prayer about 'bless mamma and papa, so you slid down from the bed and whispered your little prayer, and then you climbed back and in a few minutes you were——"

But the "doctor's" soft, droning voice stopped here. He had no need to finish the sentence, for the lady's drowsy eyes had closed and her regular breathing showed that she was sleeping naturally and peacefully. There was a smile on her lips although her cheek was wet with tears. Softly the old man laid the bunch of lilacs on her pillow and tiptoed from the room, followed by the husband.

There was a moment's whispered conversation in the vestibule and a chink of gold coin; then the door was opened noiselessly and the "doctor" shambled down the street.

MARIE MORE MARSH.

Was No Squaw.

From YOUTH'S COMPANION.

At the beginning of this century the fur trade was a lucrative business; but the traders led a life of privation, and often of danger and hardship. Many of them were rude of manner, with a reckless courage which served to keep the Indians respectful. But occasionally a gentleman choose the position, either with the hope of bettering his fortune, or with a Quixotic notion of benefitting the Indian. With some such idea as last mentioned, John DeVine moved his family to an isolated station in Minnesota, in 1804, and opened a store to trade with the Indians.

Mr. DeVine was small of stature and quiet in his ways, and treated his red custimers with honesty and fairness. The previous trader had been a man of a different stamp, and the Indians naturally at first failed to understand the newcomer.

Mr. DeVine had been at the station but a few months when the Indians began to be impudent and disagreeable; and to demand more than their due. Thus does a man often suffer from the mistakes of others.

The Indians were well aware that the old trader had cheated them whenever he could, and they supposed that Mr. DeVine would do the same if he dared. They deemed him a coward and acted accordingly. "He squaw," they said.

As the weeks passed the Indians became more troublesome. One young brave in particular had two or three times audaciously helped himself to something that he wanted, and laughed when the trader objected.

"O, yes, me pay, me pay!" he said, insolently.

One day he went to the counter and took a plug of tobacco. Mr. DeVine ordered him to pay for it and leave the store. Instead of obeying, the young redskin coolly went up and took a second plug of tobacco.

Mr. DeVine lost his temper at this, and seizing a knife which lay near, he brought it down forcibly upon the Indian's fingers. As a result the tips of two fingers were left on the counter. The redskin put the bleeding stumps in his mouth, and walked out of the store without a word. The trader had not meant to strike so hard a blow, and regretted his rash act. The brave was a chief's son, and Mr DeVine expected that trouble would result. He felt vaguely uneasy during the rest of the day.

The next forenoon, as Mr. DeVine stood before the door a half-score of Indians filed into the store. One of them bolted the door. They were in war paint, fully armed, and evidently had come for mischief.

"We come kill you!" spoke out the foremost Indian.

Quick as thought the trader seized a burning brand, and leaped to the side of a barrel of gun-powder.

"Come one step nearer," he said, resolutely, "and I drop the brand into the powder, and we'll all blow up together! I'm not afraid," and he held the brand almost over the open powder barrel.

"No blow up powder!' the Indian leader exclaimed: "no blow up powder!" and then turning to his followers, he said, "He no squaw; he brave man!"

"Put down your guns!" commanded Mr DeVine.

The Indians hesitated a moment, and the trader advanced the burning brand an inch nearer the powder. At that every Indian laid down his gun. It was evident that the trader was in earnest.

"Now, leave the store," commanded Mr. DeVine, "and don't one of you dare to show his face here for a month! I won't stand any more nonsense!"

The door was unbolted, and the redskins solemnly filed out, leaving the trader master of the situation. That was the end of the trouble for that year. Mr. DeVine had proved his courage.

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Numerous remedies have been prescribed for mosquito bites, but a German writer says that ordinary soap is as good as any of them. He always carries a small piece with him on his country excursions, and in case of a bite makes a lather over the affected part and allows it to dry on. The burning is at once relieved, and all pain soon disappears. Should it return, as sometimes happens, it is only necessary to repeat the application.

The Pool of Death.

"Talk about Death Valley," said Gavin McNab. "I know a spot in this state where no living thing can exist five seconds, and the place is within thirty feet of a traveled country road."

"Tell us about it," said the gentlemen clustered around the speaker.

"Well," said Mr. McNab, "I will, but if I did not know there was a superabundance of proof concerning the story I am about to relate to you, I would hesitate to tell it. Along the foot of the Mendocino mountains, in the county by that name, runs a much-traveled road, which leads from the town of Hopland to Ukiah. The road is on a bench or shelf above a valley created by the Russian river, which, like nearly all California streams, is constantly changing its channel, and hence it is sometimes within a hundred yards of the road at the nearest point and again a half-mile away. When the annual overflows occur it spreads over the whole valley and is a mile or more wide. I mention this in order that you may understand the nature of the valley. It is a dry river bed, all sand and gravel, with here and there a bunch of scrubby willows.

In a clump of these stunted trees, at a point about three miles from Hopland and about thirty feet from the road I have mentioned, there bubbles a spring of the clearest sparkling water you ever saw. The only thing peculiarly noticeable about the spring from a distance is the loud hissing sound it makes as it gushes up out of the gravelly soil. It sounds more like boiling water with occasional jets of steam escaping than it does like the ordinary purling of a stream. Approach it and you will be startled to see lying around the spring the skeletons of hundreds of birds, scores of small animals, such as coons, foxes, and the like, and nearly always there will be a body or two of birds or animals in a more or less advanced stage of decomposition near the edge of the spring. If a man is wise he will be content with an inspection of the unattractive spot from a distance, more especially if there happens to be the carcass of a steer lying beside it with the nose an inch or two from the water. The fact is, gentlemen, that there rises constantly from the spring a gas so noxious and deadly that one whiff of it is sufficient to extinguish life.

"The terrible character of the spring," continued Mr. McNab, "is well known to all who reside in the neighborhood, and they tell some horrible stories concerning it. One day the little six-year-old daughter of a farmer living near the spring wandered away from home. Its absence was not noticed for an hour or two, and then the parents went in search of their child. They found her lying dead beside the spring with a little dead bird clutched in her hand. She had evidently seen the bird lying beside the stream, and, being attracted by the bright colors of its plumage, had tried to pick it up, and in so doing had inhaled the gas arising from the water and died with the bird.

"Another time," said the narrator of this strange story, "a squaw who was supposed to be recovering from a spree wandered down by the spring. She probably started to the river to get a drink, when she discovered the spring and knelt beside it, dying in that position. The strangest thing about it is that, well known as is the deadly character of the spring, there is absolutely no warning posted, no fence around it, nor protection against it of any kind other than a few limbs of trees and bushes thrown over the place by farmers to keep their stock away from it, and the last time I saw the place even the brush had been scattered until the spring was uncovered. A venturesome man once held his breath and nostrils and leaned over the spring to hear the noise it made, which he described as something terrible.

"The water is thought to be comparatively wholesome, but nothing is known positively about it, as it has never been analyzed. There can be no doubt, however, that the spring is certain and instant death to every living thing that approaches it."

Hints for Travelers.

Nausea, from the motion of the cars, may be prevented in the following way: Take a sheet of writing paper large enough to cover both the chest and stomach, and put it on under the clothing next to the person. If one sheet is not large enough paste the edges of two or three together, for the chest and stomach must be well covered. Wear the paper thus as long as you are traveling, and change it every day if your journey is a long one. Those who have tried it say that it is a perfect defense.

Those to whom the term "sleeper" is a hollow mockery may profit by the experience of salesmen and others who travel frequently, and have the bed made up with the pillow toward the locomotive. Just why this should make sleep easier is not explained, but the plan is highly recommended.—Ladies' Home Journal.

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It takes a true humorist to appreciate the fun of a practical joke when it is played on himself.

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