TRUSTEE'S SALE

—OF A VALUABLE—

PARCEL OF LAND,

Adjacent to the village of Mayberry, Carroll county, Md.

By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Carroll county, as a Court of Equity, passed in cause No. 2945, wherein Samuel Bare is complainant, and Wm. L. Stonesifer and others are defendants, the undersigned, appointed trustee by said decree, will offer at Public Sale, in the village of Mayberry, in said county, on

SATURDAY, 19th DAY of SEPTEMBER,

A. D., 1891, at 2 o'clock P. M., the following valuable tract or parcel of land containing

14¼ ACRES, MORE OR LESS,

of which 6 Acres are Heavily Timbered. This is the second parcel of land described in the deed of conveyance from Jos. Shorb and wife to Samuel Bare, and which was subsequently sold by said Bare to said Wm. L. Stonesifer, and is fully described by courses and distances in Exhibit A filed with the bill of complaint in the above entitled cause; subject, however, to a right of way through the same, as described in said deed. This land is situated adjacent to the village of Mayberry, is well watered, under good fencing, and in a high state of cultivation.

Persons desirous of viewing the same can call upon Uriah Yingling, Esq., in Mayberry, and for further information call upon or address the trustee at Westminster, Md.

Terms of Sale.—One-third part of the purchase money to be paid in cash on the day of sale, or upon the ratification thereof by the Court; balance in six and twelve months from the day of sale, credit payments to be secured to the satisfaction of the trustee and bearing interest from the day of sale.

WM. A. McKELLIP,
Trustee.

McKellip & Clabaugh, Solicitors.
Jno. M. Yingling, Auct. au-22-5t

MORTGAGE'S SALE

—OF A VALUABLE—

FARM,

Situate in Manchester district, Carroll county, Maryland.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in the mortgage from Samuel S. Wareheime and wife to John C. Denner, the undersigned mortgagee, will offer at Public Sale, on the premises, situate in Manchester district, Carroll county, on the Becklesville county road, about one half mile from Maple Grove Station, on the Baltimore and Harrisburg railroad, and adjoining the land of John S. Strickland and others, on

WEDNESDAY, 23RD OF SEPTEMBER,

1891, at 1 o'clock, P. M., all that valuable farm, situated as above mentioned, and containing

78 ACRES OF LAND, MORE OR LESS,

and improved with a Frame Dwelling House, and Log Dwelling House, also a large Switzer Barn in first-rate condition, two spring houses, ice house, hog house, chicken house, and all necessary outbuildings. There is a well at the house and one at the barn. The orchard is in prime condition and has in it a fine variety of apples, pears, plums and peaches. This is a most desirable home, conveniently located to the railroad, to schools, mills and churches, and can be readily worked with two horses.

Terms of Sale:—Cash, on the day of sale, or upon the ratification thereof by the Court; but satisfactory credit terms can be had by purchasers applying to the undersigned mortgagee before the sale.

JOHN C. DENNER, Mortgagee.
Charles B. Roberts, Attorney. aug29-ts

Public Sale.

THE LARGE DOUBLE DWELLING HOUSE,

92 and 94 East Main St., Westminster, Md.,

containing 11 rooms, large double basements, cellars, gardens and chicken yards, pump and city water at door. Centrally located near railroad, postoffice, court house, schools, churches and banks. Will be offered at Public Sale,

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19TH, 1891,

2 o'clock, P. M.

Terms made known on day of sale. For further particulars address

WM. B. THOMAS,
Westminster, Md.,

Or MRS. G. W. SMITH, Waynesboro, Pa.
se-5-ts

Ratification Notice.

In the Orphans' Court of Carroll County.
AUGUST TERM, 1891.

Estate of Samuel E. Reindollar, deceased.

On application it is ordered this 1st day of September, 1891, that the sale of the real estate of Samuel E. Reindollar, late of Carroll county, deceased, made by William H. Starr and Samuel Reindollar, executors of the last will and testament of said deceased, and this day reported to this Court by said executors, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause be shown to the contrary on or before the 1st Monday, 5th day of October, next: provided a copy of this order be inserted for three successive weeks in some newspaper printed and published in Carroll county, before the 4th Monday, 28th day of September, inst.

The report states the amount of sale to be four thousand, seven hundred and five dollars. ($4,705.00.)

DAVID H. HOFFACKER,
JAMES P. SUMMERS,
JAMES W. WHITE, } Judges.

True Copy—Test:
GEO. M. PARKE, Register of Wills.
se-5-3t

THE LEADING HOUSE in TOWN

IS AT

M. W. BABYLON'S.

Pure Wines and Liquors of all kinds.

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

FRESH GROCERIES,

Syrups, and New Orleans Molasses. A fine line of

Plain and Fancy Candies,

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

Lamps of Assorted Colors.

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

CIDER MAKING.

CIDER AND VINEGAR FOR SALE.

Having added an Improved Hydraulic Press to my cider-making machinery, I have opened my mills and am prepared to make cider with promptness and dispatch. I have best cider and vinegar for sale. No cider made on Saturday.

JOS. P. YINGLING,
Pleasant Valley, Md.
se-5-3t

LIME,

OF SUPERIOR QUALITY,

Constantly on hand, and for sale, by Wm. F. Fenby, at the kilns, on the New Windsor Road, about one mile from Westminster.
se-5-3t

$50 Reward,

For a Leather Wallet, filled with five cent pieces, lost between Linwood and the New Windsor Bank.
se-5-3t EZRA B. NICKEL.

WANTED!

An Experienced Dry Goods Clerk. Must have best recommendations.
se-5-3t LOCK BOX E, New Windsor.

BEST Lanterns at BABYLON & GILBERT'S

AMERICAN SENTINEL.

VOL. 59 NO. 37. WESTMINSTER, MARYLAND, SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 19, 1891. ESTABLISHED 1833.

Select Poetry.

WE TWO.

Ah, yes, it was years and years agone,
When life to us had no care or blight,
That we watched the white ships come and go,
As we sat together each summer night.
We climbed the hillsides hand in hand,
With not a shadow of ill in view,
And drank from Nature's sweetest spring,
We Two!

My swain he was noble, brave and strong,
With a love as boundless as is the sea,
And so I was all the world to him,
And he, too, was all the world to me.
Though clouds obscured the glorious blue,
With joy within we knew it not,
We Two!

We met when the breath of morn was sweet,
In the shady lane where the robins sung;
And one blessed dawn we pledged our troth
In a little nook where the bluebells hung,
Where the roses blushed as the winds swept by,
And lilies bowed 'neath their weight of dew,
We walked and talked till the sun was high,
We Two!

Ah, yes, it was years and years ago
Since the wedding bells rang sweet and clear,
And our boys and girls are gone—all gone—
Some far away! some buried here!
Now we sit with thin and whitened locks,
And our days below we know are few,
But we love with deep unchanging love,
We Two!

Select Story.

CLETA'S LOVERS

"Is it true, Cleta? Tell me all about it. He is very handsome, they say; but then you are so beautiful, sister mine, that—"

"That I will make a splendid mistress for Glenallen Hall. Yes"—her lips curving scornfully—"I have made the most of my beauty."

Elsie Vernon looked at her sister, her soft eyes filled with questioning wondering.

"Are you not happy, Cleta?" she said gently; "something in your voice—manner, gives me that impression."

"I am happy. Who under the circumstances could be otherwise? Elsie, I was—I am so tired of poverty, and it is growing worse and worse. The homestead is mortgaged; next year we shall lose it, and then little better than starvation before us. The very thought makes my heart faint."

"I thought you braver, Cleta. We are young and strong, and others have fought and conquered worse poverty than ours."

"I dare not face it. Look over there; that is Glenallen Hall, a home for a princess. Roy Glenallen is a man worthy any woman's love and I have promised to be his wife."

"I wish you every happiness, Cleta," Elsie said, kissing her tenderly before she left the room.

When she was gone, Cleta crossed the room to the open window, and leaning on the casement, let her eyes wander idly over the fair scene that lay before her.

She was such a royally beautiful girl, this Cleta Vernon, that no one was surprised that Roy Glenallen choose her as a most fitting mistress for his stately home, nor that she accepted the offer.

She was only the daughter of a country doctor, and her father had died years before, leaving her and her sister Elsie to face the world and take care of an invalid mother, their only inheritance a heavily mortgaged homestead.

Elsie had obtained a position as governess, and Cleta stayed home and gave lessons in music and French to the very few pupils she obtained.

And then—well, then, Roy Glenallen came home from abroad, noticed the rare loveliness of Cleta, the haughty grace of every movement, decided she would do honor to his stately home, and won her promise to be his wife.

Leaning out of the window now she thought of it all, and a strange scorn of herself swept over her; not strong enough, however, to change the decision she had made.

Suddenly a shadow darkened her face, her dark eyes glowed with a strange light, and a shiver swept over her slender form as:

"Roll on, Queen of Night, on thy beautiful path,
While bright red are the roses in June;
But never again will my love and I stray
By the sweet silver light of the moon."

A clear tenor voice coming through the gloaming, and the next moment its owner stood before her, his dark eyes full on her face.

"What an exquisite picture you make, Miss Vernon, if you will pardon me for saying so," he said; "could I paint you thus, my fortune were made. Framed in flowers."

Then his voice changing from gay banter to a tone of passionate pleading that made the girl's heart stand still for a moment, her delicate face flush, her beautiful eyes droop:

"Cleta, Cleta! Is it true, this story that they tell me? Is it true that you are—that you will be mistress of Glenallen Hall?"

The girl's face paled, her eyes drooped a moment, then the long lashes swept upward, and the proud dark eyes met his.

"Is it true?" he said, hoarsely "only tell me, is it true?"

The passion in his voice conquered her.

"It is true, Vance," she said slowly. "I am Roy Glenallen's promised wife!"

For a moment he stood silent, his handsome face white as death, then he recovered himself.

"I wish you every happiness," he said; "is not that the correct thing to do?"

Without another word he turned and left her, and then, with a low shuddering cry, she turned from the window and sank on her knees, her face buried in her hands.

How long she knelt there she could hardly tell, only the gloaming had darkened to night, and Elsie's soft voice was calling her.

She rose to her feet as Elsie entered the room, and held out her hands with a low cry.

"Oh, Elsie! Elsie, pity me!" she said, "it is harder to bear than I thought."

"What is the matter, Cleta! Are you ill? What is so hard to bear? Your face is pallid, your hands trembling, and your eyes seem dark with pain. Cleta—sister——"

With an effort Cleta recovered herself, and forced a light laugh to her colorless lips.

"Do not look so serious, little one, I am perfectly well, but it will be hard to leave you, and home and mother."

A little later Elsie turned to Cleta.

"I saw Vance Seymour passing here. They tell me he is very clever. His picture took the first prize at the academy this year. You and he used to be friends before he went abroad, I thought it strange he did not call, I am almost sure he saw me."

Cleta's face paled.

"We are friends still," she said; "perhaps he did not have time to call to-day. His life is a very busy one."

Elsie's soft, serious eyes rested on Cleta's face.

"Sometimes I used to think he was more than a friend to you Cleta," she said.

Cleta's face grew if possible still paler, but she was spared an answer by the entrance of Roy Glenallen.

A tall, broad-shouldered man, with clear-cut though rather stern face, and bright blue eyes, with a kindly light in their depths; and Elsie thought, with an unaccountable thrill, how proud Cleta must be of her stately lover.

"This is Colonel Glenallen, Elsie," Cleta said. "Roy, this is Elsie, the baby of the family, whom you will have to pet, as well as mother and I."

Roy looked down and met a pair of soft brown eyes, saw a pale little face, with delicate features and sensitive mouth.

"My little sister that is to be," he said with a smile, as he held her slim, white hand a moment in his.

They were very unlike, these two sisters, and more than once during the night, Roy Glenallen found himself wondering what was the charm that Elsie seemed to hold for him—Elsie, the sister of his promised wife—the little, pale sister of the girl whose rare beauty, whose grace and hauteur were to do honor to his name as well as his taste.

That was only the beginning of the end, for before the summer waned, Roy Glenallen knew he had made a mistake—a fatal mistake—a mistake that would wreck his life's happiness forever—knew he loved Elsie Vernon with the one passion of his life—that for the sake of a little, pale, brown-eyed girl he would lay down his life if necessary.

He had been mad, the rare beauty of Cleta had taken his senses captive, and he had yielded to the spell.

Many fair women had sighed for Roy Glenallen, many beauties had smiled on him in vain, and after all he had fallen madly in love with a girl scarcely even pretty—a girl whom it was dishonor to love.

But Roy Glenallen was a man of honor, and death would have been preferable to him than the loss of it, and so he fought his battle bravely and believed he had conquered.

Believed it till one evening Cleta had been singing a sweet love song, and the passionate words had found echo in his heart.

As the last notes died away he met the glance of a pair of dark-brown eyes, that drooped beneath his own, as a soft, red flush swept over the delicate, sensitive face, and he knew his eyes had spoken to Elsie Vernon, and she—ah, Heaven! was he mad or dreaming, or what had he read in hers?

Elsie Vernon, however, came of a brave race, and the secret of her heart was her own, and as the days strong again, Elsie came to Cleta, a dewy light in her soft eyes.

"I want to tell you, Cleta, that Roy——"

Cleta stopped her with kisses.

"You need not tell me, little one. I understand it all; and, Elsie, he loves you as he never loved me, and if you and he are willing, we will be married on the same day."

When the double wedding took place the beauty of Vance Seymour's bride was the theme of every tongue, but if any one had read the happiness in Roy Glenallen's heart, as he kissed his dark-eyed little love, they would have realized that beauty is good, but that love, true love, is best.

For the SENTINEL.

LETTER FROM KANSAS.

From Central Kansas to Western Maryland.

The distance from Central Kansas to Western Maryland is not as great as it was a few years ago. In miles they are about fifteen hundred apart, in hours of travel by the Santa Fe Route and the Baltimore & Ohio less than three thousand minutes.

THE STARTING POINT.

There is no better town in all Kansas than the little city of Abilene, the county seat of Dickinson county, about one and a half times as large as Westminster, located on the Santa Fe, Union Pacific and Rock Island Railroads, just north of the Smoky Hill river, whose tributaries, one of which runs through the city, make the surrounding county one of the safest and most productive agricultural sections in the United States. The result of the labors of two farmers in 1891, who report, the one 200 acres of wheat averaging 40 bushels, the other 100 acres of corn, which he claims will average 115 bushels the acre, might be mentioned proof of the above statement. eastern investor, whose funds ha been judiciously placed, will lose dollar in Dickinson county, wh people, rejoicing in immense crops wheat, oats and corn and all kinds fruit, look for great prosperity in immediate future.

It is an interesting fact that same feeling of confidence noted Dickinson county prevails all o the State. That there is reasonable ground for this feeling of confidence may be seen in the following statement of Major R. Hurst, of the State Live Stock Commission, who says: "I think it a conservative estimate to say that the people of Kansas will sell within the next year one hundred million dollars worth of stock and farm products raised this year. I mean that that much of Kansas grain and stock will go outside of the State, besides what we use ourselves. The total corn crop this year will not be less than two hundred and fifty million bushels. The acreage is less than two years ago, because of the increased acreage of wheat in the western part of the State. I never saw such corn as there is in Kansas this year. There are fewer hogs in the State this year, and for that reason the bulk of our corn must go to the eastern market. There are about 3,000,000 head of cattle in the State in good condition, that are worth fully $60,000,000. The cattle which will be shipped from Kansas this year will be better fed and larger than usual. A great many of the farmers of Kansas will get out of debt this year."

ABILENE TO STRONG CITY.

Boarding the train on the Abilene and Superior Nebraska branch of the Santa Fe, the traveler is carried southward, over a rolling prarie, through fields of waving corn, covering from 40 to 600 acres; immense fields of equal extent, from which the wheat has been cut, and in which the productive soil has already thrown the sunflower stalks above the stubble; by great stretches of unbroken prairie, extending for many miles in every direction and covered with a luxuriant growth of hay; by orchards of apples and peaches, containing from fifty to six hundred trees, literally breaking down with their weight of fruit. En route he will pass through the town of Enterprise, six miles from Abilene, on the Smoky Hill, where there are large flouring mills and iron works, and after a two-hours' ride, having travelled sixty two miles, he will reach Strong City, on the main line of the Santa Fe Route. Strong city is a pretty little town, of about 1,000 inhabitants, near the Cottonwood, connected with Cottonwood Falls, a town of equal size, by a line of horse cars. At this latter place was buried the notorious Col. Sam. Wood, who was murdered by Brennan at Hagoton a few months ago.

THE KANSAS COAL FIELDS.

Moving northward, seated in a comfortable reclining chair car, (the Santa Fe provides chair cars for all its patrons, without extra charge,) after passing the beautiful city of Emporia, having a population of 8,000, the traveller hears the porter call the names of the stations—"Reading!" "Scranton!" "Carbondale!" and thinke of the mountains and coal fields of Pennsylvania. As he looks out over the prairie, the horizon limited only by the power of sight, he wonders why these names of eastern cities and towns have been given to these cities of the plain. Here and there over the prairie are to be seen great piles of waste and earth, and near them large buildings that look like elevators. Long trains of loaded coal cars, standing on the switches running to these buildings, explain it all. He is in the heart of the famous Kansas coal fields, the product of which fills his home with comfort during the short Kansas winters. The whole prairie in this section is said to be underlaid with inexhaustible beds of coal. The chief cities and towns on the Santa Fe, in this section, are Reading, Barclay, Osage City, Peterton, Burlinghame, Scranton, Carbondale and Wakarusa.

THE BANKS OF THE KAW.

Having crossed about 150 miles of prairie, the traveler reaches Topeka, the capital of Kansas, a city of about 32,000, one of the most substantial and thriving cities of the West. Here, at the Santa Fe Dining Rooms, a splendid dinner can be procured for seventy-five cents, and abundance of time in which to eat it. Then begins one of the most beautiful rides to be found on any railroad. For seventy-five miles the road bed follows the south bank of the Kaw river, a broad and beautiful stream, so straight that there are few curves on the railroad, though nowhere is

[redacted]

with its magnificent water power, one reaches Kansas City, Kansas, old Wyandotte, (population 39,000,) and crossing the river runs into the great Union Depot at Kansas City, Missouri.

KANSAS CITY.

The traveller, who wants to learn as much as much as possible of the country through which he is passing, will at once take the cable cars and ride through the principal streets of one of the most wonderful cities in the Union, to be astonished by the magnificent business blocks on Grand, Main, Walnut and other avenues, some of them many stories high, and covering a whole square, and if he has time to visit one of them, he will find that they are scarcely surpassed by anything in Chicago or New York. Then let him take the cable cars again, and go out Independent or Troost avenues, or indeed any part of the residence portion of the city, and if he was astonished at the great business houses, his wonder will be increased as he passes by beautiful churches and palatial homes, of marble, brown stone and brick, standing on either side of streets of great width—one hundred feet from the side walks—and surrounded by well kept lawns. As he returns from his Independence Avenue ride he will see the corner stone of the new Children's Memorial Lutheran Church about to be erected by Rev. F. D. Altman, though he will scarcely have time to leave the Troost Avenue car at Fourteenth Street and walk down to where Rev. J. M. Cromer is about to complete his great work of building the first Lutheran Church, at a cost of about $50,000. Returning to Union Depot at 6.40 he will take

"THE HANDSOMEST TRAIN IN THE WORLD,"

for Chicago. Though this train has come from the Pacific slope it will probably be on time. Its name is not a misnomer. "The handsomest train in the World" is a solid Limited Vestibule Express, made up of Pullman Palace Sleeping cars, Tourists' Sleepers, Library Reclining chair cars, (seats free), and Dining car. Its exterior finish and interior furnishings and decoration well entitle it to the name by which it is known all over the country.

In the dining car the menu will tell him that he can procure for his supper (if the trip is taken in July) stewed clams, broiled white fish, broiled spring chicken, tenderloin steak, with mushrooms, lamb chops, fruit, in fact all that can be found in the best markets. As he enjoys his supper in company with passengers from Los Angeles and San Diego, California; Guaymas, Mexico; Santa Fe, New Mexico; Denver, Col., and other western cities, he will be carried for many miles along the south bank of the Missouri river, through scenes as beautiful as those along the Kaw, and about sunset will cross the Missouri river bridge, and then, after a pleasant ride along the north bank of the river, beyond which he will see the spires of the bluff city of Lexington, the stream will be left to the south and in the gathering twilight he will be carried swiftly on his journey. If he is weary, he can now retire, and rolling over a solid road bed, almost free of curves, he can sleep as comfortably as in his own home, to be called by one of the obliging train officials, if he so desires, that he may see the "Father of Waters" and the great Mississippi bridge by the electric lights of the old river city, Ft. Madison, Iowa. Sleeping again, he is borne northward through the heart of the State of Illinois, by the cities of Galesburg, Princeville, Chillicothe and Streator, to be awakened in the morning on the banks of the Illinois river, in time to see the noted Joliet penitentiary. The remainder of his time will probably be passed in the dining car, and at 9.15 the train will enter Chicago, and if in haste the eastern traveller can take a bus provided free by the railroad and reach the Baltimore & Ohio depot in time for the 10.20 train for Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia, or New York, or better, he can by means of cable cars or carriage, spend several hours in Chicago sight seeing, and then leave for the east by the Baltimore & Ohio at 2.55.

THE SANTA FE ROUTE,

by which he has reached Chicago, is one of the most wonderful railroad systems in the world. There is scarcely a point in the central west, southwest and extreme northwest that cannot be reached by this system. A traveller, going west from Chicago, can reach by this route St. Louis, Kansas City and St. Joseph, Topeka, Abilene and Wichita, the Oklahoma Country or Galveston, Texas; Denver, Pueblo, Colorado Springs and Salt Lake City, Santa Fe, Albuquerque and Prescott, Los Angeles, San Diego, San Francisco, Sacramento and Portland, with all the intervening cities, and if the United States is not large enough for him, by the same system he can run down to Guaymas, Mexico, on the Gulf of California, or, at El Paso, Texas, can take the Mexican Central and thus reach the City of Mexico.

WILLIAM L. SEABROOK,
Abilene, Kansas.

For the SENTINEL.

The King's Daughters and Sons.

BY JULIA RINGWOOD BALCH.

In January, 1886, this lovely order was started by ten earnest Christian ladies, in the city of New York. They wanted to form a circle which would reach around this entire world, a "Vast Sisterhood of Service." How great have been the results of this endeavor. The original "Ten" have sent joy into unnumbered homes. The plan is to form in little bands, led by a president, and take up some work for the master. These lines of work have been so numerous that I could not relate them in a brief article, such as an *editor* would tolerate. But I will tell you of a few. Some circles are helping the pastor in his arduous toils, in any way he may direct, some are visiting the sick and poor; some visiting hospitals, sending flowers to the inmates, scattering reading among those eager for improvement, sending boxes to distant missionaries, writing letters of cheer to prisoners to be delivered at Christmas, in their dreary cells, and corresponding with the sick, the "Shut-ins" we call them—and I cannot begin to tell you what a work this last has become. In far distant and snow-bound cottages the "mail days" are joyful days, bringing words of cheer and joy from the busy outside world. We try to send them cheerful missives and stories, anything to brighten their isolated lives. Some of them say that this Shut-in Society is their chief pleasure, cut off, as they are, from the pleasures that we, the more favored, enjoy. And the reflex power is great, for in watering others, we ourselves are happy. In this vast order of the King's Daughters and Sons, there is a place for each and every one, and none can ever say again, "There seems no corner of God's vineyard for me to work." The harvest is great and calls for the reapers. Here are counsellors and fellow-workers and helpers, and we want you to join, not as a conscript, (we have none of these,) but a joyful volunteer in the sweet service.

If we would "keep in touch" with the work, and the Central Council we should take the exponent of the work, "The Silver Cross," only one dollar a year, published at headquarters, 47 W. 22d street, New York City, and, sold at the same place, at the small sum of thirty cents, is the symbol of sisterhood we wear, the little cross marked "I. H. N," and which proclaims so unobstrusively that we belong to the royal household.

Great and sympathetic are the offices of this vast organization, extending now to China, Japan, New Zeland, Australia, the two Turkeys, Russia, Scotland, England, Germany, France, and to many islands of the distant ocean. Rich and poor, young and old have adopted the simple badge, and whilst some are doing largely—others are simply "cutting with care minute the smallest chips;" but every "Mosaic has its place in the temple pavement;" yea, the the smallest are often the rarest and most precious. Little sticks make the best fires; little songs are sweetest; little farms best tilled, little songs most tender, and nature's best gifts, the smallest, as the dew drops and the diamond! Sweeter work could not be undertaken by our dear circles than the total abstinence work. If we would only look around us, we would find so much to do in this direction. Orphans of drunkards form a circle which reach three times around the world, and as we profess to love the Church of the Living God, and knowing that intemperance retards its progress more than any other evil, it is meet we should shun and battle against the *first* sparkling, delusive, treacherous, poisonous cup. It has brought distres and sorrow into unnumbered homes, and dashed to the ground the fairest and most alluring hopes.

Whales in Prison.

The whales that live in northern waters in winter have often to scour the seas through the wildest storms in search of food.

Sometimes they visit still regions at the bottom of the deep, and if they fail to find there cod, herring, haddock or the other fishes upon which they prey, they start for some arm of the sea or bay where they are pretty sure of finding at least a meal of herring.

When a gale blows very hard the whales get under the lee of some high cliff where the water is calm, and frequently take shelter by the edge of some great iceberg or piece of heavy ice floe.

Sometimes a large body of ice moves landward, driving them before it, and filling every nook along the coast.

When this happens, the whales are unable to rise to the surface to breathe, for a northern ice-floe is so thick that a thousand legions of men might move upon it with safety. The creature therefore drowns in a few minutes.

These facts bear upon something that happened on the coast of Cape Brenton. One morning early in April a fragment of polar ice-floe came in sight, and the wind brought it rapidly toward the shore. Some people watching it were surprised to see in a great hollow on the inner edge, two huge black objects.

As the ice drew nearer these were made out to be whales. They were evidently dead, for neither of them made any movement. The ice was wedged firmly around them, and they lay side by side, the tail of one being partly covered with ice. There was scarcely water enough in their icy prison to float them and evidently not enough for them to live in even had they been able to get food there.

When the ice floe touched the jutting point of headland it broke in two between the monsters, one part swinging outward around the point and moving seaward, the other pushing into a small, deep cove and carrying one of the whales along.

The fisherman launched their boats, mounted the floe and fastened grapnels and stout hooks into the blubber of the whale. The carcass was frozen hard as the ice itself, and must have been in its prison for a considerable time. The ice remained pressed close to the shore for several days, during which time the fishermen were enabled to strip off the fat with axes and sharp spades.

How were the whales thus imprisoned? My own opinion is that in some part of Baffin's Bay they had taken shelter on the leeward side of an ice floe which was probably aground. During the storm the floe became broken and the detached part swung around and imprisoned them. The mass afterwards froze together, and when the current began to set strongly towards the south in March, the ice and its captives drifted off, at last reaching the Cape Brenton coast.—*Youth's Companion.*

There is one thing which always gives weight to a fish story, and that is—the scales.

Light in the Stables.

All will admit that most living things do better in sunlight than in darkness. We have never met anyone who claimed that cows were an exception to this general rule, yet many farmers and dairymen act as though they believed they were. In witness of this fact notice the barns and cowstables along your road the next time you go to town. In fact how is it upon your own farm?

Those who have dark places claim they do not see but their cattle are well enough, and that the milk is as good as that produced by other cows. They have never tried the same cows in two different conditions so do not know from experience what the difference in results would be.

In a recent number of Hoard's Dairyman the editor told of an incident that occurred nearly a score of years ago in New York state. He had been looking over a fine herd of dairy cows owned by an intelligent dairyman.

"The cows were standing in the yard, and," says the editor, "we were much impressed by the strong indications of tone, vigor and thrift which marked every animal in the herd. On inquiry we found that they were not highly fed, yet they looked and appeared better than some herds that consumed a much larger daily ration.

"The owner explained the mystery by saying that he ascribed the superior condition of his cows very largely to the care he had taken, in the construction of the stable, to have it well lighted. His stable was on the south and east side of the barn, and the wall was filled with windows with double sash. The stable was as light as day in every part of it.

"The owner reported that he had noticed two particular effects: (1) the color of the butter was much higher. Sunlight was the secret. One principal reason why winter butter is so much whiter than summer butter is that the cows do not receive as much sunlight in the stable as in the pasture. (2) He believed the light, and consequent increase of heat, decreased the consumption of food. At any rate, he thought he could winter his cows in the new, well lighted stable with a considerable saving of food over what was consumed in the old stable."

Whether sunlight will make yellower butter than gloom or not matters little, but whether the cows are kept in damp and dark or in the full light of even a winter's sun matters much. Don't be afraid of letting in the light. Light is not cold.—farm, Field and Stockman.

Saved by His General.

Gen. O. O. Howard talked to a hundred or more men at St. Bartholomew's mission, 158 East Forty-Second street, the other night. He related an incident in his own life for the purpose, he said, of showing what great results sometimes came from little efforts.

At the battle of Fair Oaks, on June 1, 1862, Gen. Howard's arm was shot off.

"As I was making my way to the the hospital," he said, "weak from loss of blood and pain, I saw a young man intoxicated. He was so under the influence of whiskey that he could hardly walk. As I came near him I stopped long enough to tell him it did not pay to drink. It would ruin him, and he had better stop before the habit had control of him.

"I passed on to the hospital, had my arm amputated and was sent home to recover. I saw nor heard nothing more of the drunken soldier until a short time ago, when a letter from an officer in Washington told me his subsequent history.

"Impressed by the fact that in my wounded condition I had taken enough interest in him to stop and give him advice, he had then and there resolved to quit drinking. He kept his resolution, and when the war was over settled down to steady, honest, hard work. He gradually rose, and the letter from Washington told me he had just died, a judge on the supreme bench of the state of New Hampshire, one of the foremost men in the commonwealth."

A Singular Freak of Nature.

A singular freak of nature has manifested itself at Saratoga. Mrs. Mary Francis originally had very black eyes and a beautiful head of very black hair. She is about seventy years old now, in good health, and a rich widow. When she was about fifty her hair began to turn white, and in a few years the whole of it was as white as snow, and so remained until about a year ago, when it began to turn black again, and has now, without the use of any artificial means and purely as a freak of nature, almost wholly returned to its original color, and is as long and silky as when she was a young woman.

Soiled wall paper may be cleaned by first brushing the dust off and then rubbing down with pieces of light bread.

It seems like a paradox that the person who is of the smallest calibre is generally the greatest bore.

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