# AMERICAN SENTINEL.

VOL. 59 NO. 38. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 26, 1891. ESTABLISHED 1833.


## Notice of the Registrars of Voters.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Officers of Registration of Voters for their respective districts in Carroll county, will sit for their respective September and October sittings in their respective election districts, at the places and during the hours below named:

1st. For the purpose of ascertaining and registering the persons qualified to vote at the next ensuing election in the election districts and each of the election precincts of which they are respectively Officers of Registration, for three successive days in September, beginning on the

3RD MONDAY OF SEPTEMBER, 1891,

which will be the 21st day of September, and four successive days in October, beginning on the

1ST MONDAY IN OCTOBER, 1891,

which will be the 5th day of October, respectively.

2d. For the purpose of revision and for the hearing of applications for reinstatement by persons whose names shall have been stricken off their respective registries of voters, on the Monday next succeeding the second Monday of October, 1891.

IN ELECTION DISTRICT No. 1, CALLED TANEYTOWN DISTRICT,

J. Sylvester Fink, the Officer of Registration, will sit from 8 o'clock, a. m., until 8 o'clock, p. m., at the tin store of P. J. Fink, on Frederick street, in Taneytown.

IN ELECTION DISTRICT No. 2, CALLED UNIONTOWN DISTRICT,

Harry Weaver, Officer of Registration, will sit from 8 o'clock, a. m., to 8 o'clock, p. m., at the residence of the Registrar, on the main street, in Uniontown.

IN ELECTION DISTRICT No. 3, CALLED MYERS' DISTRICT,

Jacob P. Hull, Officer of Registration, will sit from 8 o'clock, a. m., to 8 o'clock, p. m., at his office in Silver Run.

IN ELECTION DISTRICT No. 4, CALLED WOOLERY'S DISTRICT,

John H. Taylor, Officer of Registration, will sit all days in September from 8 o'clock, a. m., to 8 o'clock, p.m., at the home of the Registrar, on the county road leading from Patapsco, on the W. M. R. R., to the Baltimore and Reisterstown turnpike. On October 5th at Harry C. Allgire's, Mechanicsville. On October 6th, 7th and 8th at Jabez A. Bush's store, at Sandyville. On October 19th at the residence of the Registrar.

IN ELECTION DISTRICT No. 5, CALLED FREEDOM DISTRICT,

Wade H. D. Warfield, officer of Registration, will sit from 8 o'clock, a. m., to 8 o'clock, p. m., at the Office of the Registrar, in Sykesville, on the Main street.

IN ELECTION DISTRICT No. 6, CALLED MANCHESTER DISTRICT,

George Shower, Officer of Registration, will sit on the third Monday in September, being the 21st day of September, at Jacob Blocher's store, at Alesia; on all other days of the said September and October sittings will sit at the residence of the Registrar, on the main street, in Manchester, from 8 o'clock, a. m., to 8 o'clock, p. m.

IN ELECTION DISTRICT No. 7, CALLED WESTMINSTER DISTRICT,

Wm. L. Corbin, Officer of Registration, will sit in the first precinct in the room adjoining Huber's Drug Store, on the 21st and 22rd days of September, 1891, and on the 5th and 6th days of October, 1891, and on all other days of said September and October sittings he will sit at the Montour House, No. 61 W. Main street, Westminster, from 8 o'clock, a. m., to 8 o'clock, p. m.

IN ELECTION DISTRICT No. 8, CALLED HAMPSTEAD DISTRICT,

James W. Hann, Officer of Registration, will sit for his September and October sittings, 1891, at Elisha Snyder's store, on the main street, in Hampstead, from 8 o'clock, a. m., to 8 o'clock, p. m.

IN ELECTION DISTRICT No. 9, CALLED FRANKLIN DISTRICT,

Lewis C. Franklin, Officer of Registration, will sit for his September and October sittings as follows: September 21 and 23 at his residence in Franklinville; on September 22 and October 6th at Winfield, and October 5th, 7th, 8th and 19th at his residence in Franklinville, 8 o'clock, a. m., to 8 o'clock, p. m.

IN ELECTION DISTRICT No. 10, CALLED MIDDLEBURG DISTRICT,

George W. Shank, Officer of Registration, will sit for his September and October sittings all days at Stephen C. Chipley's store, from 8 o'clock, a. m., to 8 o'clock, p. m.

IN ELECTION DISTRICT No. 11, CALLED NEW WINDSOR DISTRICT,

William D. Lovell, Officer of Registration, will sit for his September and October sittings all days at the residence of the Registrar, Main street, New Windsor, from 8 o'clock, a. m., to 8 o'clock, p. m.

IN ELECTION DISTRICT No. 12 CALLED UNION BRIDGE DISTRICT,

Theodore A. Clay, Officer of Registration, will sit for his September and October sittings 1891, at his place of business on Main street, in Union Bridge, from 8 o'clock, a. m., to 8 o'clock, p. m.

IN ELECTION DISTRICT No. 13, CALLED MT. AIRY DISTRICT,

Oscar M. Spurrier, Officer of Registration, will sit on the 21st day of September, and the 5th day of October, 1891, at Anderson's store, on the main street in Mt. Airy; on all other days of his September and October sittings will sit at the residence of the Registrar, on the Harrisonville road, near the Westminster and Mt. Airy road, about three miles from Mt. Airy, from 8 o'clock, a. m., to 8 o'clock, p. m.

J. SYLVESTER FINK,
Officer of Registration for District No. 1.
HARRY WEAVER,
Officer of Registration for District No. 2.
JACOB P. HULL,
Officer of Registration for District No. 3.
JOHN H. TAYLOR,
Officer of Registration for District No. 4.
WADE H. D. WARFIELD,
Officer of Registration for District No. 5.
GEORGE SHOWER,
Officer of Registration for District No. 6.
WILLIAM L. CORBIN.
Officer of Registration for District No. 7.
JAMES W. HANN,
Officer of Registration for District No. 8.
LEWIS C. FRANKLIN,
Officer of Registration for District No. 9.
GEORGE W. SHANK,
Officer of Registration for District No. 10.
WILLIAM D. LOVELL,
Officer of Registration for District No. 11.
THEO. A. CLAY,
Officer of Registration for District No. 12.
OSCAR M. SPURRIER,
Officer of Registration for District No. 13.

D. N. HENNING, Counsel for Registrars.
aug-29-5t


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## Select Poetry.

### WHAT IS THE CHRISTIAN LIFE?

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.

'Tis not a second blessing wrought,
And it impossible then to sin;
'Tis not to reach a state so high,
To which the Christ alone has been.

'Tis not perpetual ecstasy,
But often some sorrow to know;
Not always on the mountain top;
But sometimes in the vale below.

'Tis not to be so very pure
That satan will us never tempt;
To be absolutely whole,
We never more our sins lament.

But 'tis a thorough change of heart,
That must be wrought at the very start;
And to be free from inbred sin—
Then doth the Christian life begin.

It is to rest in Jesus' love,
He who has died and gone above;
To feel His spirit in the heart,
And joy and peace it doth impart.

It is to have strong faith in Christ—
In Him a firm and constant trust;
Through all the seasons of distress,
For God alone knows what is best.

It is in Christ e'er to abide,
And always have Him by your side;
To always feel His presence sweet,
And find in Him a calm retreat.

It is to follow in His steps,
Regardless of whate'er besets;
To shun not trials in the way,
But ne'er our trust in Him betray.

It is the life of constant growth.
In Christ the source of life and truth;
And to continually grow in grace,
Until we see His smiling face.

It is a waiting for that day,
When Christ shall bear the soul away
Into the realms of endless day
Where with the saints it e'er shall stay.

## Select Story.

### MISS PERRY'S MASCOT.

"I don't mind if ye bring one out for a few weeks Eben!" called Miss Perry, from the front door, where she stood shading her eyes with her hand; "but, mind you, it must be a good, hefty one, 'at can help me along with the work. I don't want no young 'uns around jest for me to wait on. an I'd druther it 'ud be a boy 'an a girl."

"Yes, Marthy," called Eben back from the wagon, gathering up the reins in his slow, deliberate way, and in a few minutes he and the fat old farm horse were jogging comfortably down the road together, while his sister went back into the house and "set" the bread to rise in the warm south window. "I do hope Eben won't commit no foolishness," she said to herself as she went busily from one piece of work to another. "He's been after me for the longest time to take a' orphan for the summer, because the Asylum people was a senden' 'em out that way, and I jist had to give in, but I know in reason I'll repent it. I oughter' a' gone an' picked one out for myself. Eben ain't got no practical notions about 'im."

Surely, if ever there was a place where an orphan could come and learn how to live, it was to this Perry farm. The house was large and cool, with wide galleries and great bowers of vines. The prairies stretched out in front of it, with wheat fields and corn fields and orchards; and back of it were high wooded hills, with the wind always making music among the leaves, and with a pretty little brook drawing a perfect trail of music about and about through the hills.

That little brook was alive with minnows, if only any child had been there to see them; and there were even tiny fish in the deeper holes, that might have been caught with a pin-hook, they were so tame.

The only trouble was that there was no child about the Perry farm. Those spotless floors had never been tracked by childish feet. The very cat, that great, demure, contented cat, had not seen a child for. so long a time that I think he would have been frightened almost to death if one had come upon him suddenly.

And now the word had been spoken, and Miss Martha's promise was given. A child was going to be brought there that very evening—perhaps some great, rough creature, who would spread disorder all over that orderly house. Miss Martha could only sigh and tremble, and hope again that the orphan would be a "good hefty one."

Eben was late getting home. Miss Perry fidgeted about from the kitchen to the front door until Socrates, the cat, grew suspicious of her movements and hid under the table and growled at her.

"Of course the child'll be hungry; children always are," she said, and she hurried back to the table and filled a glass with creamy milk and set it beside that plate that was to stand between hers and Eben's. Then she set down a dish of honey in its snowy comb. Then, after another journey to the front door, she brought out a glass of jelly.

Indeed there would have been nothing left in Miss Perry's stores if the sound of the wheels had not stopped her. At that sound she retreated into the corner at the end of the table, and stood waiting, as grim looking as though she had never had a kind impulse in all her life.

What had come over Eben? She could hear him talking before he reached the gate, and he drove up and stopped with a great flourish.

"Now then Sampson," he shouted cheerily, and before Miss Perry had collected her scattered senses they were coming along the hall. What was that sounding beside his heavy tread? Not the tap of a crutch, surely!

"Well, Marthy," he said slowly, twirling his hat a little awkwardly, now that he was face to face with the consequences, "I brung ye a' orphan, an' a good, hefty one, naw ain't he? Ye might hunt a year an' not find one as needed it any worse."

The little fellow beside him—such a tiny little fellow, leaning upon such a little mite of a crutch! looked from one to the other of them. He had a small, thin face and his eyes were far too large and bright for it. He had a friendly spirit, this orphan that had come to the country for the summer, and presently he limped over to Miss Perry and held up a tiny hand, with a smiling:

"Howdy!"

Miss Martha took the little hand; she could do no less; but she looked so grim and relentless that the child said, apologetically:

"I'm much obliged."

Miss Perry's face crimsoned, and she looked at her brother.

"I reckon he needs it," she said curtly, "an' as long as he's here he shall have it. Come on to your suppers. Everything's been waitin' for a' hour, an' I reckon the little chap's hungry."

As the child ate her heart warmed towards him. He had never been placed before such a supper in his life.

Real milk, and as much of it as he wanted!

Lovely bread, and country butter, and honey!

Why, whole generations of starvation were helping that boy eat, and Miss Perry could scarcely keep back the tears as she watched him. She might be old and grim and cross, but it was a horrible thing to think of any body's being hungry, when there was her table, for instance, always full, and only two old people, with very little appetite, to sit at it.

After the supper was over and the tired child had been put to bed, Miss Perry sat musing, with her work in her lap, and Eben held his breath, expecting the outburst of indignation that was sure to come; but, after a long silence Miss Perry began sewing very industriously, saying only:

"I'm glad you bought that little mite of a pony, now, Eben. Of course it's no account on a farm, just as I told you, but it'll be nice for the little chap to ride about the place."

"Great snakes!" murmured Eben softly, under his breath, but he was too wise to say anything in "Marthy's" hearing. He was well aware that "Marthy" was "kind o' scurious," and "likely to do most anything." At any rate, she was going to keep the child, and that was some comfort. He had rather expected to be posted back to town with him the next morning.

When Eben came in from the field the next day at noon he had to stop and lean against the back gate for a few minutes, so overcome was he with surprise. For there was Miss Perry, Miss Martha Perry, absolutely leading that small pony all about the yard, while the orphan rode, his thin face glowing with a smile of unspeakable delight.

Truly, this was paradise! And along behind them came a long procession composed of the cat, two dogs, a goose and seven ducks, all appearing to enjoy the promenade to the utmost. Miss Perry saw her brother and turned her face the other way while she lifted the boy down.

"I'm much obliged," cried the little fellow, stopping to shake hands. "I'm very much obliged."

It gave Miss Perry a queer feeling about her heart. She laughed tremulously and went into the house and Eben heard her singing.

"Great snakes! an' I can't say more'n that!" he ejaculated again. It was not that Marthy's voice was musical or her method accurate; it was only that he had not heard her sing for fifteen years.

"Anything you want from town, Marthy?" Eben asked one morning a few days later. "Now I'll see whether she wants to send the chap back," he was saying to himself, with some trepidation.

"Yes, Eben, you may get about twenty feet of rope, an' we'll make Bennie a swing under the elm tree. The fresh air 'll do him good," she added with a side-long look at her brother.

Eben thought he had reached the limit of surprises then, and he went away, looking quite round-eyed with astonishment.

But greater wonders yet were in store for him. He reached home about the middle of the afternoon, that day, to find the Perry farm house standing wide open and utterly deserted, not even Socrates being visible. The sound of voices and laughter came up from the woods beyond the house. Guided by these Eben stole down among the trees, and from behind a tangle of grapevines gazed in amazement at a wonderful sight.

On the bank of the little stream stood Bennie, holding a cane fishpole and intently watching a painted cork that was floating on the water. Behind him was Miss Martha, looking over his shoulder at the same object, and Socrates sat on a log beside them, while the two dogs and all the ducks and geese and chickens had come along, just for company, and were amusing themselves near by.

"There! Now! Jerk, Bennie, jerk!" shouted Miss Perry, and then clapped her hands wildly when the hook came up with the tiniest fish that ever was caught, one would think, wriggling and flopping upon it. Bennie's scream of delight was pleasant to hear, as he exclaimed rapturously:

"I did get him! Oh, isn't he pretty? Just see him wriggle!"

Eben stole back to the house, and attended to his evening work, whistling softly to himself, and yet smiling a little, too. That evening when the little "chap" was sleeping in his dainty white bed, Eben said to Miss Perry—that cunning Eben!—

"I reckon the little fellow ain't much help to ye 'bout the work, Marthy. After he's been here a few days more I can change 'im off for ye, an' git ye a bigger one, if you say so."

"What are you talking about, Eben?" asked Miss Perry, glaring at him grimly. "He ain't no help, of course, but he's not a-going to be changed off, now you've got him here. Besides, what does the work amount to? Tain't like there was a big family to do for. An' I'm a-gittin' stronger every day. I ain't felt so able an' hefty since I was a girl. What d'ye think that little chap said to day, Eben?" she added in lower and softer tones. "He said he didn't think it was so bad bein' an orphan after all. Only think of us two makin' an orphan feel like he didn't miss his father an' mother! I couldn't a been more su'prised if Socrates 'ad said it."

So the weeks went by, and Miss Perry's heart warmed and opened like a flower, and Bennie was growing brown, with a fine color in his cheeks. As the time drew near for the child to be returned to the Asylum, Miss Perry grew restless and moody, and Bennie caught her looking at him so long and anxiously that his heart was troubled.

"What's the matter?" he said sympathetically, one day, smoothing her cheek with his hand. "Is anybody going to send you off to the 'sylum?"

"I don't know, child. I think somebody'd better," she groaned.

The next day she said casually to Eben:

"I wish you'd hitch up Charley for me this morning, Eben. I'm going to drive to town."

Eben's heart was in his throat.

"She's goin' to take the little chap back," he said to himself, but Miss Perry's next remark set him at rest.

"You'll have to look after Bennie to-day. Put 'im on the little pony and let 'im ride around with you. An' be sure an' give 'im a good dinner, Eben. There's plenty cooked an' some crocks of milk in the spring house. I'll be home early, I reckon."

And so Miss Perry drove away, on some secret mission of her own.

Dr. Brant, the chairman of the Board of Asylum Managers, was somewhat startled by the tall, grim woman, who presented herself without ceremony in his office and looked him over through a pair of stony spectacles. When he courteously announced that he was at her service she said briefly:

"My brother, Eben Perry, and I took an orphan out o' the Asylum for the summer. An' now we want to keep 'im."

"Ah!" said Dr. Brant, consulting his books. "Let me see—um—Eben Perry—yes, here it is. Child, Benjamin Bartlett, age eight years. A cripple. Parents both dead. Yes, yes. And you want this child, you say?"

"Yes," she responded, her grimness beginning to relax. "We've took a kind of a notion to 'im. He's a sunshinny little chap, an' the house seems different, somehow, since he's been in it."

"Yes, yes, let me see!" mused Dr. Brant, turning the leaves of another book. "Bennie Barlett—Bartlett—yes here it is. Ah yes, I thought so. This is the child. The fact is, Miss Perry, a distant relative—a great uncle, I believe of the child, has been just discovered, and he has been interviewed by the Asylum managers, and has signified his willingness to take the child. Of course under those circumstances—"

Miss Perry had risen, and stood there clutching at the back of a chair. Great tears had started to her eyes, and her voice shook when she spoke.

"It can't be?" she said. "Take that child away from me? I must have 'im. I will not give 'im up. Dr. Brant, listen! My brother Eben an' I have lived together since we first grew up. Neither of us ever married. We have kind o' dried up an' hardened as the years went by until we was more shell than anything else. I was vexed with Eben when he brought the child home, he was so little an' puny, but I ain't the same woman I was. Why, I have gone fishin' with him, an' rode 'im on the pony, an' swung him till he was tired! I have done worse'n than that. I have played ball with 'im! Don't laugh, Dr. Brant."

Dr. Brant was not even thinking about laughing. He was searching through his pockets for his big silk handkerchief, and when he had found it he blew his nose with emphasis. Then he went out and climbed into Miss Perry's old-fashioned buggy, after handing her in with his courtliest manner, and they drove madly from place to place, as though their lives depended on getting possession of an eight-year-old orphan who was crippled.

The distant relative, having been found, pretended to want the child very much indeed, but was finally persuaded to give him up. And then Miss Perry went to the proper authorities and legally adopted Bennie Bartlett, and after awhile she bade Dr. Brant good-bye and drove home calm and serene.

The "little chap" was hers, with no one to dispute the title.

Eben came down the path to meet her, with Bennie on his shoulder. Both their faces were red with romping, and Bennie clapped his hands when he saw her coming and held out his arms to her.

"An' how is my little mascot?" she said, absolutely taking him in her arms and kissing him. Tears were shining in her eyes. Bennie put up both hands and wiped them away.

"Nobody oughtn't never to cry now, times is so good," he said.

"Yes, times is good," said Miss Perry, as she set him down on the steps. Eben, the boy's ours! I've adopted 'im. An' I went to that big surgeon up in town, an' told how he was ailin', an' he said he could be cured. He's goin' to git 'im a little iron brace to wear on that leg, an' before many months he'll have 'im strong and well. What's the matter with you, Eben?"

But Eben went out to the kitchen and set about making a fire in the stove, with a foolish, tearful smile playing hide-and seek among the wrinkles around his eyes. Bennie followed him out, presently, and took one of Eben's big fingers, and patted it reflectively, as he asked:

"Uncle Eben, what's a mascot?"

"I ain't shore, Bennie," replied Eben, cautiously, "but I b'lieve it's somethin' that brings good luck, an' makes old folks feel young again, an' sets 'em to playin' ball an' friskin' roun' like young lambs in the spring sunshine."

And the "little chap," feeling that he must say something, lifted that sunny smile towards Eben's face and said:

"I'm very much obliged!"

### A Movable Boulder.

There has been discovered about half a mile west of the Bargytown Ledges, a twirling stone of about five tons weight. It has always been regarded as a boulder, and from the way it is poised on the rock beneath it no one could see why it should not rock. Hundreds have tried to rock it in vain, and the surprise of the man who first felt it move under strong pressure may be imagined. It moves hard of course, but it moves, the finder informs us, round as if it was placed upon a pivot. It has been carefully examined, and, while it looks like a boulder, several allege that it must be a ceremonial stone set there by some prehistoric race. This rock creates great interest among the boulder hunters of eastern Connecticut.

How easy it is to feel big in the presence of a dwarf.

### Domestic Life of the Samoans.

The domestic life of a Samoan is of the very simplest type. Nature provides everything required to sustain life, and the clothing worn is of the scantiest possible description. The women do the simple cooking required in the preparation of taro and bread fruit for eating, braid mats, fans, lava-lavas (the only clothing worn by women), make the necessary kava, while the man cares for the children as far as is necessary, and twice a day sees that the family is assembled beneath the hut roof for prayers and hymn singing.

This is true, however, more of Pango-Pango than of Apia, the white man's influence at the latter place being somewhat against the practice of the simple domestic virtues. By the time the sun is well above the horizon the leading man or chief of a hamlet, standing at the entrance of his hut, sings in a loud voice the opening lines of a hymn and soon from all directions come answering voices, scattered through the forest, until the whole village is awake and the air is vocal with the higher but sweet notes of the women and children.

The Samoan voice is soft and flexible, and lends itself easily to the simple music taught by the missionaries, and an experience of the sort attempted to be described can never be forgotten. At night, after the sun has left the quick dusk so peculiar to the tropics, a similar worship is carried out, but the morning devotion is the most touching and picturesque. In some households the ubiquitous kerosene lamp illuminates the family at night, but with a great many the old fashioned method is still pursued of having a shallow hole in the floor at one corner of the but, where the dried shells of cocoanuts make a bright blaze of considerable duration, without smoke or smell.

On occasions of ceremony or going into battle, the Samoan warior paints his face and body, from the waist up, in the most fantastic manner, in some respects not unlike our Indians, and with beads made of nuts and necklaces of shells and fish teeth gives one the same impression as the fetichman of Africa.

Of musical instruments the native Samoan is scantily provided, the only thing worthy of the name being the huge hollowed log, which, on being beaten with a big mallet or beetle, gives forth a clear, resounding note, which can be heard a long distance.

At the intersection of several of the roads leading into Apia one of these drums was located during our stay, and at 9 o'clock each night two of the leading men would belabor it for a few minutes as a signal for all natives to retire for the night from the public highway on pain of arrest and confinement for the night in the native calaboose.—*Washington Star.*

### A Pathetic Story.

In the decline of Elmund Burke's life, when he was living on his farm at Beaconsfield, the rumor went up to London that he had gone mad. A friend, a man of influence and rank, hastened to Beaconsfield to learn the truth. From Mrs. Burke he received this pathetic explanation:

Mr. Burke's only child, a beloved son, had, long before, died, leaving a favorite old horse, which was kept in the park.

Mr. Burke, in his morning walks, would often stop and caress the favorite animal. On one occasion he perceived the horse at a distance, and noticed, in turn, that he was recognized by the horse.

The animal drew nearer and nearer to Mr. Burke, stopped, eyed him with a pleading look of recognition, which said as plainly as words could have said, "I have lost him, too;" and then the poor dumb beast deliberately laid his head on Mr. Burke's bosom.

Struck by the singularity of the occurrence, moved by the recollections of his son, overwhelmed by the tenderness of the animal expressed in the mute eloquence of holy nature's universal language, the illustrious statesman for a moment lost his self-possession, and clasping his arms around the neck of his son's favorite animal, lifted up in piteous grief that voice which had filled the arches of Westminster Hall with the noblest strains that ever echoed within them.

A valuable big dog, owned by a Grass Valley, Cal., man, was recently shown a parrot. He immediately "pointed," when polly marched up in front of him and said, "You're a rascal." The terrified dog turned tail and ran away, and is ruined for hunting, as he cannot now be induced to "point" any sort of bird.

The wages of sin are paid more promptly than the minister's salary.

### The Koords.

Their women go about with uncovered faces; many of them are distinctly handsome, with dark raven locks dragged over their cheeks, bright red complexions, and large, almost, Jewish noses; but unfortunately they love to tattoo these other wise comely faces, and to wear silver solitaires in their noses. Their heads are hung with all sorts of ornaments, cowry beads and savage jewelry, and their headgear generally is weighty and uncomfortable looking. Over their loose, baggy trousers, they throw a red dress, and in the photographic groups we obtained we find our friends at home are generally at a loss to determine the sex unless some babe in arms or other evidence of maternity settles the question.

The men have for their distinguishing feature the turban made of checkered silk, red, yellow and blue, with gold and silver thread; this is bound round a red cap, and is infinitely more becoming than the sheepskin bonnet of the Persian peasantry. A mounted Koordish chief, with his light blue jacket, long flowing shirt-cuffs, and magnificent things in the way of daggers, keenly excited my wife's desire to photograph; but before the camera could be set up he had fled, and we never saw his like again.

Everything among the Koords points to a higher state of art than among the other tribes; stone is largely introduced into the construction of the houses, red ornamentations made with henna adorn the doors and windows, and the construction of the "compound" is curious. You enter by a low wicket gate, which is covered with cakes of dung, into a court-yard; a covered shed contains the tripod for *mast*, the black-smith's bellows with double funnel ornamented at the top with carving, and standing on feet made to represent birds with long beaks. Out of this shed you pass into the family rooms full of great store cupboards of grain, elegantly-shaped water-pots made of clay found close to the village, in digging up which the women are employed; any number of quaint-shaped copper untensils for boiling milk and cooking stand around, and amid a haze of smoke you perceive women sitting on their haunches busily engaged in watching the pot boiling for the evening meal.

### The Physiology of Evil.

In his curious study of the "Physiology of Evil," Dr. B. W. Richardson declares that the man of science finds two natural causes of evil in mankind—hereditary and early environment. The operation of these causes is made conspicuous in a novel investigation carried out by Professor Dugdale, of New York, who has been able to trace one criminal family back to the settlement of its first members in America. He has found that from this parent stock has sprung 1,200 descendants. The lives of 709 of these have been closely followed by Professor Dugdale, the result of the investigation showing that not one of the 709 had escaped the contamination of evil or its consequences. His researches also show that the crimes of this one family have, during the last seventy-five years, cost the state of New York $1,200,000. Those who are born bad, however, are not always incurable. Mr. Isaac Ashe, president of the Central Criminal asylum, Dublin, Ireland, has suggested that inherited tendencies to crime can be treated in the young by teaching useful occupations, which will call into play the faculties exercised in criminal acts. Thus the child of a clever forger may be educated into an honest draftsman; so may the children of several generations of pickpockets be taught clever handiwork, such as watchmaking or other work requiring fingers unusually deft in their movements.

### One of Nature's Wonders.

A remarkable freak of nature is found among the hills of Delaware Co., N. Y., in a sunken lake covering about three acres of surface, which lies between two parallel ridges not far from the New York, Ontario & Western Railroad. The whole surface of the lake is covered with a thick growth of moss, whose stems extend to an unknown depth, but certainly further than the arm can reach. Each tuft of the moss is of a different color from its neighbor, so that the surface looks like that of a beautiful colored carpet. In walking over the velvety surface the foot sinks down a few inches without encountering the water, which is at least two feet below the surface. Near the shore, in a few places, the water comes to the top. The buried pond is a wonderful natural curiosity.

### Veterinary Dentistry.

Within comparatively few years a new profession has sprung into existence—that of veterinary dentistry. Until a few years ago all the dental work deemed necessary was to take a hammer and tenpenny nail and knock off "wolf teeth" to keep the horse from going blind, but now teeth are extracted, not to keep the horse from going blind, because they do not affect the animal's eyes more than does any other tooth, but to keep a bit from pulling and loosening them, causing the horse to have a sore mouth. As far as similarity of structure and kind of food extend horses' teeth are subject to the same deteriorating influences as the teeth of man. They may decay and expose the nerve enough to cause toothache, as is sometimes seen when a horse takes a drink of cold water, causing him to throw up his head or hold it sideways until the pain is over. Sometimes a tooth becomes ulcerated, the accumulated pus often causing the jawbones to bulge out or it may break and discharge either through the nostril or upon the outside, forming a disagreeable running sore. A horse's tooth is not covered on the outside with enamel like a man's tooth, but the enamel is folded through the substance (dentine) of the teeth. The enamel, being harder than dentine, is not worn away as rapidly and presents a roughened grinding surface necessary properly to masticate coarse food. These roughened surfaces should not be filed off unless upon the edge of the tooth when liable to cut the tongue or cheek.

As horses' teeth are worn away by contact with opposite teeth, they gradually grow out of the jaw bone until, in old horses, the teeth may simply rest upon the jaw, being held in place by the gums. If one tooth should be broken out, the opposite tooth is very liable to grow until it becomes long enough to strike the jaw opposite and produce a very sore mouth, making it difficult to eat. The results of diseased teeth are often serious and always important. They are sometimes the cause of indigestion and colic, because the food is not properly masticated. Sometimes mastication is so painful that a horse will scarcely eat at all and becomes gradually emaciated. When the teeth are diseased the saliva usually has a very disagreeable odor. Diseased or abnormal teeth are often the cause of horses pulling on the bit, or upon one line, or carrying the head sidewise and of other faults which can be remedied or removed by a good veterinary dentist. Dental work, properly done, does not deceive anyone regarding a horse's age, "bishoping" work done by unprincipled men with a view to deceive being easily detected. Colts, until five years old, should have their teeth examined quite often. After their teeth are all shed, at five years old, every year or two is usually sufficient. After a nice job of dental work that adds to the health, comfort and usefulness of the animal, it would be permissible, or be gratifying, at least, to "look a gift horse in the mouth."

### Mules vs. Horses.

The chief reason why a mule can nearly always wear out a horse when it comes to a trial of endurance is that the former lies down to sleep, and the latter, in a large number of cases, sleeps standing up. The habit seems to come to horses which have been hurt, especially in the stable, and they cannot be broken of it. Besides the absence of proper rest, and the constant danger of a heavy fall and consequent injury, this habit of standing up to go to sleep results in the giving way of the front knees, and gives the animal a prematurely aged and crippled condition. A walk through any large stable at night will show a number of horses standing up, but fast asleep, and whether these use three or four legs to stand upon, the knees of the fore legs are all baggy. With a mule of course it is quite different, for "Jack" lies down the moment he finds work is really over, and a somnambulist mule is seldom if ever met.

Flexible standstone is one of the curiosities found in North Carolina. The quarries are in the mountains of the southwestern corner of the State, and the stone is taken out more as a curiosity than for any other purpose, though it is sometimes employed in building. When cut in a thin piece, say the size and shape of a common whetstone, you can bend it into a considerable arc without its breaking, and it will resume its former straightness on the pressure being removed. Of course, if you bend it too far it will break, but the fact that it will bend at all is most remarkable.

### The Manufacture of Mirrors.

Probably few of those who find the mirror so essential an article in the home know that its manufacture is one of the most closely-guarded secrets in the industrial world. It is asserted on high authority that simple as would seem the few processes required, even those who have worked for years on one portion of the production know nothing of the other branches. There are but few manufactories in the country; in fact, in all the great manufacturing region lying between New York and Chicago but one firm produces plate-glass mirrors. So closely is the secret of fine mirror-making kept, it is said, that many of the most valuable processes are not even covered by patent, the procuring of which would be attended with more or less publicity, even in those cases where patent might legally be claimed, and the knowledge lives close-locked in the breasts of but very few people in the whole country. The plate-glass which is used for mirrors must of course be of the choiciest description, as the slightest flaw would be fatal. It is taken in the unfinished state to the factory, where it is cut, bevelled, polished, and silvered. The time required in the manufacture has been greatly shortened by the recent developments of the art of working, so that what only a few years ago required nearly a month in the accomplishment may now be completed within a single day. The bevels are cut, first by action of sand and water, followed by the emery-wheel, which is the last stage open to the public inspection till the polishing, through several additional processes, has been completed. But it is in the silvering that the most delicate and important steps are taken, as the most carefully-prepared glass is valueless if the silvering be anywhere defective. Formerly the back of the glass was coated with mercury, or quicksilver, from which the name of the process was derived; but the name is now even more true, since the backs of fine mirrors are generally coated with sheets of pure silver—or it would be more proper to say that they are backed with a plate of silver. This is a great improvement in many ways, to say nothing of the economy in the use of quicksilver. Not a few good good housewives will recall how provoking it has been to find that a patch of the coating had peeled from the mirror in the "spare room," the loss not being discovered till a valued and perhaps slightly critical guest was expected as an occupant for that very room, and when there was no time, and perhaps not the means, to replace the now worthless looking-glass. This cannot happen, of course, when the backing is a solid sheet of metal. Another advantage is in the greater reflective powers of the pure silver as now prepared. Formerly a reflection of two-thirds the light received was a very flattering result, and as low as sixty per cent. was satisfactory; now at least ninety-five per cent of the light is reflected from first-class glasses.

### The Coin of Polite Society.

Whenever a kindly or considerate act is shown you, my dear, be always careful to say that magic index to good breeding, "Thank you," writes Ruth Ashmore to the girls in *Ladies' Home Journal*. Certainly you say it to the man friend who has given you an evening of amusement at the theater, or the concert, or who has taken you to and fetches you from a friend's home. To whom else should you say it?

To the maid servant who hands you your letters, who makes a special point of keeping your room in good order, and who, remembering you liked certain things placed in a certain way, and careful always to do it.

To the stranger who holds open a door for you, to the elevator man who saves you from climbing so many stairs, to the man who gives you a seat in a car or omnibus, and to anybody in any station of life who shows you a courtesy of any kind.

We are apt to be very stingy with our thanks, to accept things entirely too much for granted, and to believe in having courtesies shown us, that they are only what we deserve. Now this is the wrong way of looking at it, and some day it will serve the girl right—that girl who believes that the good things of life in the way of politeness are hers lawfully, and that without any effort on her part they can be retained, will discover her mistake. You can never be too generous with your thank-you's; they are the current coin of polite society, the circulation which tends to make everybody more eager to do unto others as they would be done by. No girl makes a mistake who has a thank-you always ready. It is the index to a good character and a loving heart. Politeness is golden, and thank you is the coin which passes everywhere and is recognized by all.

"Economy is the road to wealth," but you can't get the boarders to believe it.

The man who tried heroic measures found they were several sizes too large for him.

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