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111 Acres prime limestone land near New Windsor, 7 miles from Westminster; fine buildings, all in good condition; a very desirable farm; price $12,000—half cash, balance on five years time.

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Also, some fine pasture lots, ranging from 2 to 6 Acres, adjoining Westminster.

Farm, 55¾ Acres, 4¾ miles from Westminster, 2¾ miles from Patapsco Station, W. M. R. R. Buildings fair. Price $2,500.

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Plaster and Bone Mill on W. M. R. R. Building new, best of machinery, 1½ Acres of land, good water power. A splendid opening to engage in a profitable and growing business. Terms easy. Price $3,000.

Machine Shops at New Windsor, Md. All the necessary buildings for the manufacture and repair of machinery. This property will be sold a bargain at easy payments. Price $4,500.

8 or 9 Acres of Woodland near public road from Westminster to Mount Airy, 4 miles S. E. from New Windsor. Price $350.

2,250 Acres Prime Timber Land on Cheat river, W. Va. Heavy original growth—poplar, red oak, ash, walnut, cherry, &c. Land valuable for grazing purposes after timber is off. Price $7 per Acre.

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ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County.
NO. 3115 EQUITY.

Ellen M. Monath, plaintiff, vs. Christopher Monath, defendant.

The object of this Bill is to procure a divorce a Vinculo Matrimonii of the plaintiff from the defendant.

The bill alleges that the plaintiff and defendant were married on the 3rd day of October, 1882, by the Rev. Jno. G. Noss, a minister of the German Reformed Church, and that they resided in this county until the 21st day of January, 1889. That the defendant without any just reason or cause, abandoned and deserted plaintiff, and that such abandonment has continued uninterruptedly for more than three years and is deliberate and final and the separation of the parties beyond any reasonable expectation of reconciliation. That the defendant is not a resident of the State of Maryland.

It is thereupon ordered by the court, this 25th day of January, A. D., 1893, that the plaintiff cause a copy of this order, together with the object and substance of the bill, to be inserted in some newspaper published in Westminster, Carroll county, Maryland, once a week for four successive weeks before the 27th day of February, A. D., 1893, giving notice to the defendant of said bill and warning him to appear in this court, in person or by solicitor, on or before the 15th day of March, 1893, to show cause, if any he has, why a decree shall not pass as prayed.

BENJ. F. CROUSE, Clerk.
True copy—Test:
jan-28-4t BENJ. F. CROUSE, Clerk.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

THE undersigned, having settled in the Orphans' Court an account of the Personal Estate of William H. Hood of J., late of Carroll county, deceased, and ascertained the balance in his hands for distribution, according to law, among the creditors of said deceased, hereby gives notice to said creditors to file their claims against said deceased, legally authenticated, with the Register of Wills for Carroll county, on or before the 20th day of February, 1893, preparatory to a distribution of the assets of said personal estate, to be made amongst said creditors under the direction of the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, on the 28th day of February, 1893.

After the final ratification of said distribution by the Orphans' Court aforesaid, the undersigned will be prepared to pay to each of said creditors their respective dividends, according to said distribution.

JOHN W. HOOD,
ja-28-4t Administrator.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

THIS is to give notice that the subscribers have obtained from the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, in Maryland, letters Testamentary on the estate of

SAMUEL FUSS,

late of Carroll county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscribers, on or before the 24th day of August, 1893; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under our hands this 24th day of January, 1893.

SARAH FUSS,
HARRIET Q. FUSS,
SARAH E. FUSS,
Jan-28-4t Executrices.

Water-Proof Grease.

I offer to the public my Water-Proof Grease for boots and shoes. It preserves the leather and prevents it from cracking or breaking. After its application the leather can be polished. It is guaranteed to turn water if applied according to directions. Liberal discount to dealers. Manufactured and for sale by

JONAS WOODYARD,
No. 21 Union street,
ja-28-4t Westminster, Md.

AMERICAN SENTINEL.

VOL. 61 NO. 6. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 11, 1893. ESTABLISHED 1833.

Select Poetry.

CAN STILL LOVE.

I thought I could not live if you were gone,
But life has taught me sterner things;
The bird whose mate is dead lives on—
Aye, lives and sings.
Perhaps his song has more of sadness—
A note or two of pain;
'Tis sweeter music with the mournful cadence
Than was the careless, joyful strain.

I stood beside your grave and wept alone
And thought love was forever dead to me;
My life had early lost love's glorious sunlight
And never more my heart could happy be.
But time has taught me many tender truths—
That life can never wholly be unblest;
I cannot live all lonely in this world of woe
Because I loved you, dear, the best.

The tender love that bears so much for me
I gladly take, nor feel
My love for you, dear one, has weaker grown,
My heart less stanch and leal.
I love you first, and you were always dearest,
Yet, like the bird whose mate is gone,
I still can find a tender joy in loving,
Nor wish to dwell forever here alone.

—AGNES L. PRATT.

Select Story.

GOOD-FOR-NOTHING.

Jean Clopin was a mender of musical instruments, a small beetle-browed man, well advanced in life—a widower with six children on his hands.

That is, he called them on his hands—groaningly spoke of them as such; but, in truth, four of those children earned as much as he did.

On account of his fifth child, perhaps, he had occasion to groan and complain. This child was a boy, seven years of age—Francois by name, but called by his father, and by the elder brothers, "Little-good-for-Nothing."

Strangers, passing that way, or bringing instruments to be repaired, upon marking the stolid appearance of Jean Clopin, and his evident ignorance, wondered whence his children could have inherited their brightness.

Ah, if they had known the mother they would have found no cause for wonder.

In the earlier years of his life, while engaged in patching up scenery for a theatre, Jean became acquainted with an actress—worshiping her from afar—who occupied a leading position on the stage. She had been an actress of the first class, and an accomplished singer also.

A terrible accident of fire, which sadly marred her face, destroying her beauty forever, and which would have caused her death had not the poor scene-mender, at the risk of his own life, saved her—obliged her to leave the stage; shortly after which, moved as much by gratitude as by love, she became Jean Clopin's wife. Jean loved her devotedly, and he had been sadly broken by her death.

Francois, at the age of seven, had grown to be a tall, slim boy, with flaxen, curling hair, a pair of large, brilliant blue eyes, and features inclined to be angular, yet exceedingly beautiful.

His sister, Madeline, the eldest of the children, was as a good mother to him; yet she did not appear to love him. She alone, of all the family, seemed to take entirely the father's habits and disposition; and, like the father, she regarded the dreaming, speculating boy as a Little Good-for-Nothing.

The instrument-mender's poor cottage was on the outskirts of the old city of Blois, the waters of the Loire flowing near to its rear porch, while the grand old castle of the Counts of Blois, when the sun was setting cast a shadow on it.

One dismal, rainy day Madeline found her little brother lying upon his back upon the floor of the garret, with his hands clasped above his head, seemingly asleep. She called to him thrice before he answered.

"Francois, what are you doing there?"

"Oh, Madeline, sweet sister, hearken to the music! Is it not grand? You know not what delicious dreams I have had. Do you think the angels are in the rain-drops?"

She gazed upon him in blank surprise. His rhapsody was an unknown tongue to her, and she asked him what in the world he meant.

He looked at her pityingly. Could she not hear music in the raindrops as they pattered softly on the tiles of the roof?

No, she could hear nothing of the kind; and it would be much better for him if he would wake up, and turn his attention and his energies to some useful occupation.

"Do you know," she said, with sorrow in her voice, "how you are worrying your poor father? Why will you not arouse yourself and do something to help him?"

She left him sobbing piteously. Nobody sympathized with him, but they blamed him because he could not learn to work with his hands. But anon he caught the music of the rain-drops again, and his tears were dried away. Patter, patter, patter—oh, how sweet the melodious rythm!

On the very next day after this Jean Clopin entered his shop, and found Francois seated on the floor, with M. Dupont's violin in his hands.

At that particular moment the little fellow had the mottled old instrument hugged to his bosom, as a mother would hug her darling babe.

With one hand the father carefully grasped the violin, while with the other he gave the boy a blow upon the cheek that came very near knocking him over.

"How dare you? Little Good-for-Nothing! you'll worry my life away one of these days! It is M. Dupont's violin—his Stradivarius! Go you into the house and tell Madeline to put you to bed; and hark ye: You'd better keep your bed, for I can see no use that you will ever be to anybody or anything out of it. Away you go!"

M. Dupont was chief organist and musical director of the great cathedral, and when he came for his violin the archbishop came with him.

It was a beautiful day, and the twain had been enjoying a walk upon the river's bank.

Dupont knew that Jean Clopin owned a very pretty little garden, wherein grew beautiful flowers, and while the violin was being made ready, he led the archbishop to see and admire.

This flower garden had been one of Madame Clopin's chief delights. The roses and the pinks, and the lovely and fragrant flowers of every description, had been planted by her own hands; and on her death-bed, when Madeline had brought to her a sweet bouquet, she had asked her husband to promise her that, while he lived and owned the garden, he would keep it in order, as she had kept it.

He promised, and he had kept his faith; but he never acknowledged to himself, nor would Madeline acknowledge how much the Little Good-for-Nothing did towards keeping the garden in order. Ah, but for him we fear the garden would have suffered.

The good old archbishop was a dear lover of the beautiful, and he thanked his organist for having brought him to the garden. He enjoyed every step of the way. By-and-by he stopped with his hand to his ear, and M. Dupont did likewise.

"My dear Dupont, what is it?"

"It sounds like a robin, your grace."

"There are two of them, and they are confabulating."

The twain pursued the sound, and presently came upon a boy stretched on the velvety sward, warbling like a bird. There had evidently been a robin in the tree above his head, but it had flown away at their approach.

M. Dupont recognized the little fellow, when he had arisen, as the son of Jean Clopin, and he introduced him to the archbishop.

The aged prelate seemed most favorably impressed in the outset. There was something in the look of the boy—in the truthfulness of the great blue eyes, and in the beauty of the whole face—that charmed him.

He sat down on a wooden bench under the tree, and called the boy to his side. A few questions, with the lad's ready answers, gave the man of wide and varied experience a clear insight into his character.

"Do you think your father would let you go away from home, to come and live with me?" the archbishop asked, taking him kindly by the hand.

"Ah, good sir, of what use could I be?"

"That is not the question. Do you think your father would let you go?"

"Yes, sir. I am but a Little Good-for-Nothing here at home."

"Dupont, you said you wanted a boy for our chapel organ. Why wouldn't this boy answer the want?"

The organist liked the idea. It pleased him. But would the little fellow go? Would he like the work?

"What would I have to do?" Francois asked eagerly.

"You would have to work the bellows when I played upon the chapel organ, and also the bellows of the archbishop's own organ in the music-room of his palace; and I should expect you to keep the instruments dusted, and the white keys clean, and, occasionally you would run upon errands for me."

The boy clapped his hands in the exuberance of his joy.

"Oh, yes, sir! I should love to do that. Oh, I would be very careful! I would never do wrong, knowingly; and I should hear you play; I should live in the sweet realm of music!"

The archbishop looked from the boy to the organist. He was wonder-stricken. The body of a puny boy, with the soul of a poet!

"You are fond of music my boy?"

The answer was not in words. Speech of tongue could not express the boy's feelings; but he clasped his hands and lifted his eyes heavenward.

Jean Clopin could hardly believe his ears when the archbishop himself offered to hire little Francois; but he was finally made to comprehend, and his consent was not wanting. He was cheerfully willing—aye, even glad, but he feared they would find him of no use.

However, the archbishop would assume the risk, and the arrangements were finally completed.

And from that day it could never be said of Francois that he was good for nothing, He was prompt and energetic in his new calling, seeming to have but one desire, and that to please the organist and the good archbishop.

The organ in the palace was so arranged that the boy, when he worked at the brake which filled the bellows, could watch the fingers of the organist as they rested upon the ivory keys; and Dupont often found himself forgetting his theme, and studying the ecstatic expression of Francois's face.

One day when the boy had been with him a week, M. Dupont was performing upon the organ in the chapel, the music of a new oratorio which was soon to be sung in public—an oratorio of his own composition.

One strain, a solo, which he particularly admired, he repeated several times, and by-and-by he was startled by hearing tones which he was sure were not produced by him, and yet they were as soft and sweet—as purely melodious—as any note the organ was capable of making.

The wonderful tones increased in volume, and presently the musician's ear caught the sound of words. Suddenly he stopped, and spoke. With this the organ bellows-boy was out of sight.

"Francois!"

"Oh, good sir, pardon me!—pardon!—I never will do so again."

"Was it you? Were you singing?"

"Yes, sir. I did not think."

"Tut, tut! Be not afraid, dear boy I have no blame. You charmed me. If I will call another hand to the bellows, will you stand here and try to sing?"

As soon as the lad could be made to understand that the organist was in earnest, he said he would try.

"Then go and find Pierre Basard, and tell him that I want him."

Pierre Basard was a man engaged about the chapel. He came, and took his place at the bellows, while Francois stood by M. Dupont's side. Then the organist gave into his hand the words and music of a solo for a female voice. He had not learned to read music at sight, but he had heard this played until he knew it by heart—knew every tone and every intonation.

The effect was wonderful. Dupont gave but the softest tones—dulcet strains—above which the voice of the boy arose rich, pure, and sympathetic. Several minor passages of exceptional beauty and pathos, and very difficult, were executed by the little singer with the perfectness of age and experience. At the end the player leaned back, and wiped the tears from his eyes. Then he threw his arms around the boy, and blessed him.

"You will sing for the archbishop?"

"If he would care to hear me—yes, sir."

But a curious circumstance was to happen before the boy could sing again.

The archbishop, at that time, was absent, and would not return until the following day.

It was the second morning after the scene in the chapel choir. The prelate had eaten breakfast, and was on his way to the study, when in passing the door of his music-room, he heard the tones of his organ.

He stopped in a startled mood and listened. He had never known Dupont to be there at that early hour. What could it be? Surely a sweet musician. There was no effort at execution, no grand passages, but rather a succession of sweet, soft tones, like celestial whisperings in harmonious concord.

How long he stood entranced by the strange music he could not tell, but by-and-by he softly opened the door and looked in, and there he saw little Francois Clopin at the finger-board, while a servant of the household was at the brake of the bellows.

An exclamation of surprise burst from the archbishop's lips, and the boy started up from the organ seat, and in a moment more was on his knees at the prelate's feet.

"Oh, monseigneur! Pardon! I did not know you were here. Indeed I thought no harm. Pardon, I pray."

The prelate took him by the hand and lifted him up.

"Francois! Was it you?"

"Yes, sir. But, truly, the organ was open. I did not——"

"It is well. Do not be alarmed, Francois. I am delighted. What was the air you were playing?"

"It was no air, monseigneur—only a poor weaving of strange fancies. Ah! if I could only play as I can think!"

"Oho? There you strike the very key-note, my boy. And, I think, with that voice of yours, you ought to sing."

"Sing! By the mass! Your Grace shall hear him sing!"

It was the voice of M. Dupont, who had come in, unperceived, just in season to hear the archbishop's last remark.

"Has he been singing for you?" he added, as he advanced toward where the aged prelate and the blue-eyed boy were standing.

The archbishop shook his head, and then told the story of the strange organ strains that had held him spellbound. M. Dupont heard; after which he said to the boy:

"Francois, can you remember the words of 'Mary's Lament'?"

"Yes, sir, perfectly."

"Then you shall sing that solo here and now. Ah, we will give his grace an entertainment. Now! Be not afraid. Open thy mouth. Give thy thoughts to the dead Christ and the weeping mother. Raise thine eyes as thou didst in the chapel, and think of nothing else under the sun."

If anything was different, the singing of the boy on this occasion was better than it had been before. The archbishop was like one entranced. He declared that it seemed to him more like a dream than reality.

At the conclusion of the performance M. Dupont leaped to his feet, and smote his hands together.

"My faith! I shall change the score of my oratorio. That solo, and one other, I shall put into the mouth of an attendant spirit. I will make a seraph attend upon the Virgin: and he shall sing these solos. Will it not be grand?"

As the chief musician said, so it was done. He made a satisfactory arrangement with the lady who had been engaged to enact the part of the Virgin Mary, and little Francois went into training for the new character, which the author gladly introduced.

Though the boy could not read music from the written notes, yet his memory of musical sounds was so wonderfully acute and sure, that, when once he had sung a piece, he could not forget it, nor could he mistake. And another thing was in our hero's favor: the singers, old and young—every one of them—fell in love with him, and gave him all the help in their power.

At length the evening came for the singing of the new oratorio in the great cathedral. It had been announced that a new singer had been engaged, but the name was not given.

The cathedral was filled with a music-loving audience, including the first people of the city; Jean Clopin and his three elder children were there, because free tickets had been sent them.

"Well," said the old instrument-mender, when he received the tickets, "our Little Good-for-Nothing has done us so much good. We get these tickets because he works the brake of the great organ bellows!"

The oratorio commenced, and the opening was well received. By-and-by came the requiem of the seraphim, with a solo by their leading seraph.

There was a hush upon the vast audience, people seeming to hold their breath for fear a note of the wondrous music might be lost. It was sublime; it was heavenly; though the tones were but as the evening zephyr in volume, yet they were so sweet, so pure, and so entrancing in quality, that they reached to the uttermost parts of the vast auditorium.

When the song was done a dead silence followed—a silence lasting until the hearers could regain their suspended breath; and then the thunders of applause burst forth. And the tempest continued until the boyish seraph came forward and bowed to the audience, and resumed his place for a repetition of the piece.

Madeline Clopin sat pale and quivering. Could that be her brother? She could not believe it until he had come forward and made his bow, and then she knew him. She caught her father's arm, and whispered into his ear:

"Oh, father! It is our Francois! See!"

The old man saw, and the effect upon him was wonderful. He saw again the beautiful singer of long ago, as she was before the sad accident befell. He saw again his own loved and worshiped Lizette, as she was before she became his wife.

Strange was it, that he had never before seen how much the boy looked as his mother had looked in her youth. But he saw it now; and from that moment the boy was taken to his heart.

But never again was Jean Clopin to have the boy under his care and keeping. The great public claimed him. Yet it was a blessed hour for Francois when his father clasped him to his bosom and kissed him. It brightened his life, and gave him new strength for the work before him.

And, in after years, when Francois Clopin had become known, and loved, and honored, not only throughout his native France, but through Southern Europe, when kings and princes deemed it a favor to patronize him, the late evening of the old instrument-maker's life was made bright and blessed by the untiring and generous devotion of the child whom he had once found heart to call his Little Good-for-Nothing.

The Silence of the Plains.

From the Great Plains of Canada, in Century.

We speak of darkness which can be felt. Similarly we may speak of silence which can be heard, and this is another impressive element of an experience of the plains. On the sea, except in calm, and in the forest and among the places of human habitation, there is always sound, even at night; but on the treeless plains, in the midst of normal activity, there is silence as of the grave. Even the hurricane is comparatively inaudible, for there are no waters to dash, no forests to roar, no surfaces to resound, while the short grasses give forth no perceptible rustle; and there is something awful in the titanic rush of contending natural forces which you can feel, but cannot see or hear. The wind may sweep your breath on a current of sixty miles an hour, and the clouds may rush through the sky as in a tornado, but no sounds confound the ear. A winter blizzard, which carries on its frigid breath destruction to life, which blinds the eyes, and which drives the particles of ice and frozen snow with cutting force against the frozen cheek and through all but the heaviest fur clothing, is comparatively inaudible, and the traveler appears to himself to struggle vainly with an implacable, ghostly force which fills the whole creation. When, also, nature is undisturbed in tranquil summer mood, and the sky is blue and flecked with fleecy clouds floating far aloft, all sound seems to have died out of the world, and the mantle of silence enfolds everything.

Partaking of the predominant natural sentiment, man becomes silent also; he ceases to talk to his mates and becomes moody and taciturn. The merry song of the voyager, re-echoing between wooded shores, the shout, the joke of the cheerful traveler here are stilled—stifled you may almost say—by the immeasurable muffle of silence. Here are no woods to give back an answering shout, and the crack of the rifle is insignificant. The cry of the passing wild-fowl in the darkness, as you lie awake in your tent at midnight, comes to you with a weird, faint, far-away sound as if heard in a dream, and even the rare thunder breaks impotently on the continent of silence. If a comrade is lost and you wish to make some sign to direct him to the camp, no noise which you can make with voice or firearms will be of any avail, for such noises will penetrate only a few rods at farthest. By day the only resource is a flag on some elevation or a smoke of burning grass; by night rockets must be sent up as at sea, or if these have not been provided, fire-brands from the camp-fire may be thrown up with hope of success. No one can know until he has experienced it, the longing which takes possession of one who has been for weeks practically separated from speaking men, once more to hear the sounds of common life; the roar of the city streets, the sound of bells, and even the crowing of the cocks in the early dawn.

Somebody says that a man can get roaring drunk on water. Well, so he can on land.

Whenever there is any doubt about a dog's sanity an ounce of lead is worth a pound of cure.

The Great Plains of Canada.

C. A. Kenaston, in Century.

No one, I think, who is acquainted with the great plains of our own western continent lying north of the great lakes can read the narratives of the expeditions sent out in search of the Jeannette explorers, or Mr. George Kennan's accounts of Siberian travel, without being impressed with the likeness suggested between the Asiatic steppes and the "Great Lone Land" of the western hemisphere. Many of Mr. Kennan's descriptions of the country through which he passed on his memorable journey to the penal colonies and the prison mines of eastern Siberia are equally well suited to the almost boundless tracts west of Hudson's Bay, and northward to the region of the Great Slave Lake. Indeed, I know of no more graphic and truthful portraitures of many parts of what used to be marked on the maps as British North America, and is now more commonly known as the British Northwest, or the Canadian Northwest, than these same narratives; but I am sure no words or pictures can adequately convey to the mind the real impressions which these regions make upon one who lives among and travels over them in long journeys in summer and winter. It is one thing to talk of vastness and solitude and silence, of transparent air and illimitable sunshine in summer, or of fierce, howling winter tempests shutting down about the lonely traveler as he struggles forward, the only spot of color in the weltering waste of snow, with no friendly shrub or tree or sheltering hill greeting his tired senses, only to find an enforced halting-place where darkness overtakes him, from whose frozen torpor and death no morning may arouse him—it is quite another to have experienced these things in one's own person.

Among the mountains there are grandeur and solitude: mists wreathe the lofty summits, and lie along the valleys where the rivers run; morning and evening bathe the snowy, ice-clad peaks in floods of golden and crimson glory; from moment to moment shadows, tints, and tones of color come and go to mark the passing hours; and climb where you will, the prospect is always limited, bounded, varied. Even the barren, unsociable sea is not without changing aspects and motions, fraught, indeed, at times with danger and terror; but the traveler who has passed many seasons in the grandest mountain scenery, or has sailed on many a sea, has yet to find, in an acquaintance with the great plains, a new set of novel and strange experiences.

Enfants Terrible Indeed.

From the Danville Times.

In the Caucasus Mountains there are many wild, uncultivated tribes of people whose terribly rough ways would make the heart of a civilized mother stand still with fear if her child were to be treated as the people of the Caucasus treat their children every day. The first thing that a Caucasus baby is given for a plaything is a dagger. This is presented to him as soon as he can walk. For an hour or two each day his mother spends her time teaching him how to use the weapon, so that he will some day become on expert. He is taught to stab water so that it makes no splash and is made to hurl his dagger at a mark again and again, until he cannot miss his aim. And all this is done during the time that other boys are spinning tops and studying a spelling book. When the Caucasian boy grows up he knows just one thing—how to use a dagger—while civilized boys know—well, some of them know a great deal.

How He Knew.

From Youth's Companion.

Before the fish commissioners of California decided to stock the streams of the state with that much despised but powerful fish, the German carp, they were greatly concerned as to whether it would live in certain waters. The question was debated at several meetings and was finally submitted to Professor H——, an eminent authority.

Samples of the water were obtained and turned over to the professor, who in a short time submitted a favorable report, and the carp were accordingly turned loose in the rivers.

The commissioners were greatly impressed by the professor's knowledge, but one of them had a question to ask.

"How could you be sure that carp would live in the water submitted to you?" he inquired.

"Why," answered the professor, with an amused look, "I bought a carp for 10 cents and put it into the water. It lived."

In bad odor—the sewer pipe.

No Holy Ties in Abyssinia.

Abyssinia is a country where, if marriage is a failure, it can be easily dissolved. There is absolutely no legal or holy tie. When a man is desirous of marrying a girl he directly applies to her parents. The maidens, like those in many European countries, are seldom consulted on the question, the lover arranging with the father or male relatives regarding her dower, which generally means a few beeves, sheep or pieces of cloth, and sometimes gold. On the marriage day, says a writer in the *Century*, the bridegroom presents himself with his best man at the house of his future father-in-law. Much feasting goes on till the bride is carried off by her husband, generally on his shoulders, while the male relatives closely follow, making a canopy of their togas to keep off the rays of the sun, or perhaps of the evil eye. Behind come a crowd of young boys and girls, methodically lifting their arms above their heads and clapping their hands to the measured beating of tomtoms carried by men running along the flanks of the procession, who also blow long trumpets.

The happy couple that I saw married outstripped their followers, with the exception of their best man, and at last reached the town green, where the groomsmen formed a screen with their cloaks round the happy pair, when the deferred courtship began.

It is a custom for the supporters of the groom, generally six in number, to be present on this occasion, and for many days afterward to go round visiting the houses of the mutual friends of the married pair, extolling the beauties of the bride and the accomplishments of the groom, generally finishing up with a grotesque dance, which is enjoyed by the enthusiastic neighbors crowding round the open doorway.

Though this marriage can be annulled according to mutual agreement of bride and groom, if, after years of happiness together, they wish to cement the tie more closely, the pair simply attend the holy communion together in the church and the marriage is then looked upon as indissoluble.

The Coincident Curse of Gold.

The goldseekers of both America and Australia all have a singular but well-grounded superstition that the discoverers of hidden treasures are sure to meet with violent deaths. The original proprietors of between thirty-five or forty of the most prosperous gold and silver mines in this country are known to have come to just such ends. Out of the forty or less twelve were shot or stabbed to death in saloon and other broils; five committed suicide; three were engulfed by landslides; five turned murderers or robbers and were caught and executed in various ways; one fell into a boiling spring and had his flesh literally stewed from his bones, while the others have disappeared and no one knows what ever became of them. George H. Fryer, once the millionaire proprietor of the "Fryer Hill Mine," committed suicide in Denver after spending the last nickel between himself and starvation. The discoverer of the great Standard Mine (California) was caught and swallowed up in an avalanche; Col. Story was killed by Indians; Wm. Fairweather of the famous "Alder Gulch Mine" died with the "frenzied horrors" after a continuous two years' debauch. "Farrell of Meadow Lake" died with a terrible disease in a San Francisco hospital. The owner of that great mine, the "Hamestake," became a highwayman and was shot while robbing a stage coach. John Homer tried the same route that Fryer went. "Doughnut Bill," "Minemile Clarke," "Old Eureka," and many others were killed in saloons. Plummer, known as "Montana," the discoverer of the richest mine in the world, and at one time "Sheriff of the largest county in the United States," was finally hanged on his own scaffold.

Farmers do not get the full benefit of the noxious weeds laws or the contagious diseases (animal and plants) laws, because it is impossible to get neighbors to inform against each other. Nor would it be right for neighbors to do this unpleasant duty. Bad feelings and permanent harm would ensue. It ought to be made the duty of assessors during their spring rounds to ask these questions: Have you any violations of these laws on your own premises? Are there any cases on land adjoining your property? This might lead to a state warfare against noxious weeds and contagious diseases.

A drinking vessel—the schooner.

A trial trip—from the jail to the court.

Columbian Stamps.

For the year 1893 a series of Columbian stamps are being issued by the postoffices of the United States, beginning January 1, the color and designs of which are as follows:

1-cent stamp—Columbus on shipboard, in sight of land; color, medium shade of blue.

2-cent stamp—The landing of Columbus, color, maroon.

3-cent stamp—The Santa Maria, the flag-ship, of Columbus; color, medium shade of green.

4-cent stamp—The fleet of Columbus, consisting of the Santa Maria, the Nina and the Pinta; color, light blue.

5-cent stamp—Columbus appealing to Queen Isabella for aid; color, chocolate brown.

6-cent stamp—Columbus entering Barcelona in triumph; color, royal purple.

10-cent stamp—Columbus presenting natives at the Spanish Court; color, Vandyke brown.

15-cent stamp—Columbus reciting the story of his discovery; color, dark green.

30-cent stamp—Columbus at La Rabido, demonstrating the theory of his enterprise; color, Sienna brown.

50-cent stamp—The recall of Columbus by Isabella, after the rejection of his proposition; color, carbon blue.

$1 stamp—Isabella pledging her jewels in support of the project; color, rose salmon.

$2 stamp—Columbus in chains; color, toned mineral red.

$3 stamp—Columbus describing his third voyage; color, light yellow green.

$4 stamp—Portraits, in three quarter face, of Isabella and Columbus; color, carmine.

$5 stamp—Portrait, in profile, of Columbus; color, black.

These commemorative stamps will be of extra size. They will continue on sale for the year, when they will be withdrawn. Their issue will not discontinue the use of the regular stamps.

A special series of Columbian embossed stamped envelopes will be issued for 1893.

Celestial Photography.

One of the great works which modern science has set itself patiently to perform is to make an exact map of the heavens by the aid of photographic camera and the telescope. How stupendous is this work may be realized when it is remembered that by the unaided sight we see stars up to the sixth magnitude, numbering in all not more than 8,000. Those of the seventh magnitude, which the vision must be aided to see, are twice as numerous as all the first six put together; the eighth magnitude doubles all before, and including the fourteenth magnitude, which bounds the present range of the telescope, it is calculated that there are more than forty millions of stars. Astronomy and photography have set themselves to work to make complete charts of the heavens and give accurate place to every one of these forty millions of stars. In describing the process the New York Tribune says that "a photographic plate 24 by 30 centimeters, or a little less than ten by twelve inches in size will receive an impression of five astronomical degrees. Something more than 8,000 such plates, therefore, will cover the entire apparent surface of the sky. It is considered better, however, to use smaller plates, covering only two degrees each, and of these 22,000 are to be employed. They will be distributed in lots from 1,000 to 1,500 each among eighteen observatories in different parts of the world, and the work will be pushed forward as rapidly as possible. It may be four or five years before it is entirely done. But then, by arranging in proper order the 22,000 photographs, we shall have a complete and accurate map of the visible heavens, with more than forty millions of stars set down in their proper places, and with their apparent magnitudes correctly indicated. It will be an achievement of which both the astronomic and photographic arts may well forever be proud."

"We cannot rightly claim to have done great things, or to be above our fellows in attained character; but we have a right to desire and to strive to be and to do a great deal better than those around us. A lofty aim is worthy of us, even though a lofty claim is not so. 'Sit not down in the popular seats and common levels of virtues,' says Sir Thos. Brown, 'but endeavor to make them heroical.' It is not enough to be as good as the average man. Our striving should be after completeness in character and spotlessness in conduct. Anything below this standard should be below our aspirations and endeavors."

A dozen nice large onion bulbs of good shape (typical of the variety), planted as soon as the ground can be worked, will grow enough choice seed for the family sowing. Like peas, the best fertilizer for these is phosphoric acid and potash. For onion sets and for the crop grown from seed, some soluble form of nitrogen must be added to the acid and potash.

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