CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

Castoria promotes Digestion, and overcomes Flatulency, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, and Feverishness. Thus the child is rendered healthy and its sleep **natural. Castoria** contains no Morphine or other narcotic property.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 South Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"I use Castoria in my practice, and find it specially adapted to affections of children." ALEX. ROBERTSON, M. D., 1057 2d Ave., New York.

"From personal knowledge and observation I can say that Castoria is an excellent medicine for children, acting as a laxative and relieving the pent up bowels and general system very much. Many mothers have told me of its excellent effect upon their children." DR. G. C. OSGOOD, Lowell, Mass.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray St., N. Y. oc-24-6f 2y

Public Sale

—OF A—

DESIRABLE FARM,

Three Dwelling Houses and Lots of Land,

Personal Property,

CAPITAL STOCK OF FARMERS' FERTILIZER COMPANY OF WESTMINSTER, WESTMINSTER AND MEADOW BRANCH TURNPIKE COMPANY, CARROLLTONIAN PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, &c.

THE undersigned, by virtue of the power contained in the last will and testament of David D. Bosack, late of Carroll county, Md., deceased, also of an order of the Orphans' Court of Carroll county will sell at Public Sale, on the farm now occupied by David E. Boyer, known as the 'Stoner Farm," on

THURSDAY, MARCH 16TH, A. D., 1893, at 1 o'clock, P. M., the following Valuable Property: First—A Farm containing

94 ACRES, 2 ROODS AND 5½ PERCHES of Land, more or less. The improvements thereon are a large Two-story Brick Dwelling House, with basement and cellar; large Bank Barn, with wagon shed attached; smoke and wash house combined, carriage house, wood house, hog house, dairy and other necessary outbuildings. Water convenient to all the buildings. There are also two Orchards of apple and other choice fruit trees on the premises. The land is in a high state of cultivation, with a due proportion of Wood and Meadow Land. The buildings are in first-class condition, having been erected within the last few years. The fields are enclosed with good fencing and are conveniently watered by running streams. The quality of the land is not surpassed in the county. This farm is on the Westminster and Meadow Branch Turnpike road, is about 2 miles from Westminster, and adjoins the land of John Roop, Mrs. Elizabeth Stoner and others, and is now in the occupancy of David E. Boyer.

Second—A parcel of land containing

26 SQUARE PERCHES,

more or less. The improvements thereon are a two-story Frame Dwelling House, with basement, and other outbuildings. Water with pump at the house. This is the Gate House property on the aforesaid Meadow Branch Turnpike road, and is about one-half of a mile from Westminster.

Third—A parcel of land adjoining the above, containing

23 PERCHES MORE OR LESS.

The improvements thereon are a 1½ story Frame Dwelling House, with basement, and other outbuildings.

Fourth—A parcel of land situate on Pennsylvania Avenue, at the West End of the city of Westminster, containing about

ONE-EIGHTH OF AN ACRE.

The improvements thereon are a comfortable two-story Frame Dwelling House, with a backbuilding attached; woodhouse and smokehouse, stable &c.; water on the premises convenient to the buildings. This property adjoins the lots of Wm Lippy and James Boylan.

Fifth—Also the following property, viz: One Dayton Wagon, one Family Carriage, ten Shares of the Capital Stock of the Farmers' Fertilizer Company of Carroll county, Fourteen Shares of the Capital Stock of the Westminster and Meadow Branch Turnpike Road and Two Shares of the Capital Stock of the Carrollotinian Printing and Publishing Company.

All the above property will be offered and sold at the first mentioned farm, except the fourth parcel of land, which will be sold on the premises on

SATURDAY, MARCH 18th, 1893, at 2 o'clock, P. M.

Terms of Sale of the Real Estate.—One-third cash on the day of sale or on the ratification thereof, and the residue in two equal payments, the one payable in one and the other payable in two years from the day of sale, the credit payments to be secured by the notes of the purchaser or purchasers, with approved security, bearing interest from the day of sale, or all cash, at the option of the purchaser.

Terms of Sale of the Personal Property:—All sums of $10 and under, cash; on all sums above $10 a credit of six months will be given, on notes, with approved security, bearing interest from the day of sale.

CATHARINE BONSACK, Executrix of the last will and testament of David D. Bonsack, deceased.

Reifsnider & Reifsnider, Attorneys. feb-18-ts Jno. T. Diffenbaugh, Auct'r.

Trustee's Sale

OF A VERY

DESIRABLE LOT,

In Westminster, Carroll county, Md.

By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Carroll county, sitting as a Court of Equity, passed in cause No. 3091, wherein Charles S. Rich, administrator, &c., is the complainant, and Edward Murdock Barron, infant, is the defendant, the undersigned, trustee, will offer at Public Sale, on the premises, situate on Park street, near Belle Grove Square, in the city of Westminster, Carroll county, Md., and adjoining the lands of R. C. Matthews and Mrs. James Zepp, on

SATURDAY, MARCH 11th, 1893, at 11 o'clock, A. M., the lot of land which Samuel H. Barron, deceased, owned at the time of his death, containing seven thousand, one hundred and seventy-four square feet of land, more or less, and being all that lot of land which was devised to the said Samuel H. Barron by Rebecca A. Barron, by her last will and testament dated the 18th day of December, 1883, and recorded in the office of the Register of Wills for Baltimore county, in Liber T. T. No. 8, folio 468, &c.

Terms of Sale.—One-third cash on the day of sale, or upon the ratification there of; one-third in one year and the other one-third in two years from the day of sale, the credit payments to be secured by the notes of the purchaser or purchasers, with approved security, bearing interest from the day of sale.

JOHN M. ROBERTS, Trustee.

Clabaugh & Roberts, Solicitors. John T. Diffenbaugh, Auctioneer.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

The creditors of Samuel H. Barron, deceased, are hereby notified to file their claims, with vouchers thereof, with the Clerk of the Circuit Court, within two months from the day of sale.

JOHN M. ROBERTS, fe-18-4t Trustee.

For Sale.

A number of shares of the stock of the CARROLLTONIAN, (known as the Carrollotinian Publishing Company.) Inquire at this office. no-19-tf

AMERICAN SENTINEL.

VOL. 61 NO. 10. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 11, 1893. ESTABLISHED 1833.

FOR SALE.



111 Acres prime limestone land near New Windsor, 7 miles from Westminster; fine buildings, all in good condition; a very desirable farm; price $ 25,00—half cash, balance on five years time.

300 Acres near Finksburg, Md.; 6 miles from Westminster, 1 mile from Railroad Station land in fair condition; 100 Acres in timber; stone house, bank barn; will be divided if desired; $50 per acre.

32 Acres prime land, half a mile from Westminster; large bank barn, fine orchard; splendid building site for house; price $6,000.

Large brick Hotel in Westminster, on Main street, near Railroad Depot; price $14,000.

Farm 45 Acres, 1½ miles from Westminster land good; buildings good; orchard choice fruit; price $80 per acre.

Farm 73 Acres, 3 miles from Westminster, 2 miles from Hampstead, nearest R. R. Station, good house and barn; 53 acres cleared land in good condition; $35 per acre.

Nice Little Home, one mile from Westminster; 60 Acres prime land, good brick house price $3,500.

Twenty Acres good land, good buildings, near Westminster, $3,800.

One hundred Acres, best quality of land, 2½ miles from Westminster; buildings only fair, good water, &c.; price $8,500.

Small home, 4 Acres, 3 miles from town good new house, fruit, &c., $700.

Brick house and lot in Westminster; $1,200.

Double brick house and lot in Westminster $2,500.

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

Farm, 58⅞ Acres, 4⅜ miles from Westminster, 2½ miles from Patapsco Station, W. M. R. R. Buildings fair. Price $2,500.

Choice Little Farm, 55⅞ Acres, ¾ mile from Westminster; good soil, brick house, large barn, all in good condition. Price $11,000.

Nice Little Home, 8 Acres prime land, 4 miles west from Westminster; brick house, bank barn. More land if desired. Price $2,800.

Plaster and Bone Mill on W. M. R. R. Building new, best of machinery, 14 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.

For particulars call on or address se-4-tf E. LYNCH, Westminster, Md.

ORDER OF RATIFICATION.

In the Orphans' Court of Carroll County.

Ordered, this 28th day of February, 1893, by the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, that the account and distribution of the assets of the personal estate of William H. Hood, of J., deceased, in the hands of John W. Hood, Administrator of said deceased, made among the creditors of said deceased, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause be shown to the contrary on or before the 20th day of March, 1893; provided a copy of this order be inserted for two successive weeks before the last named day in some newspaper printed and published in Carroll county.

DAVID H. HOFFACKER, LEWIS CASH, ALBERT SCHAEFFER, Judges.

True copy—Test: GEO. M. PARKE, Register of Wills. mr-4 2t

Public Sale

ON SATURDAY, MARCH 18TH, 1893, at 12 o'clock, M.

Two Houses and Lots in New Windsor, one a large Weatherboarded House, with 8 rooms, the other a Frame House with 5 rooms. A good lot and fruit to each house. A large Cistern and Pump near the door. These properties lie in New Windsor, Carroll county, Md., opposite the property of Mr Charles Jones on Bath street, and adjoining residences of Wm Lovell and Miss M. Curry. They will be sold cheap. Call and get the bargains. For further information call on or address the undersigned, or J. Thos. Roop, New Windsor, Md.

feb-4-3t CATHARINE S. ROELKEY.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

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

WILLIAM LOGUE,

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 subscriber, on or before the 21st day of September, 1893; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 21st day of February, 1893.

GEORGE L. STOCKSDALE, fe-25-4t Executor.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

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

HIRAM ENGLAR,

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 20th day of September, 1893; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under our hands this 20th day of February, 1893.

DAVID ENGLAR, ALFRED ENGLAR, fe-25-4t Administrators.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

THIS is to give notice that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, Md., letters Testamentary on the estate of

ELIZA JANE ENGLAR,

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 subscriber, on or before the 20th day of September, 1893; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 20th day of February, 1893

JOSEPH ENGLAR, feb-25-4t Executor.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

THIS is to give notice that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, in Maryland, letters of administration on the estate of

SOLOMON PENN,

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 subscriber, on or before the 14th day of September, 1893; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 14th day of February, 1893.

EDITH A. PENN, fe-18-4t Administratrix.

Seed Potatoes for Sale.

250 bushels of Pure Burbank Potatoes are offered at 50 cents per bushel until March 10; after that time they will be shipped.

E. B. ARNOLD, feb-18-3t Smallwood, Md.

Select Poetry.

LOVE'S HORIZON.

Manrice Thompson in the Century.

The sky is like a woman's love,
The ocean like a man's;
Oh, neither knows, below above,
The measure that it spans!

The ocean tumbles wild and free,
And rages round the world;
On reef and wreck eternally
Its restless waves are hurled.

The sky has many a gloomy cloud
And many a rainy dash;
Sometimes the storms are long and loud,
With wind and lightning flash.

But over somewhere, fair and sweet,
Low stoops adoring blue,
Where ocean heavenward leaps to greet
The sky so soft and true.

They meet and blend all round the rim;
Oh, who can half divine
What cups of fervid rapture brim
On the horizon line?

The sky is like a woman's love,
The ocean like a man's;
And neither dreams, below, above,
The measure that it spans.

Select Story.

THE BRASS KETTLE.

"Leave off spinning, Mercy, and reel what you've got on the spindle for me. There'll be enough, I guess, to finish this web, and I'll put it in without securing. Then run over to Wilson's and borrow Sarah's brass kettle. We'll have some hulled corn to-morrow, now the leach is up."

It was late on a May afternoon in Maine, then an outlying part of Massachusetts, more than a hundred and thirty-five or forty years ago. A pioneer's wife sat at her loom, playing the shuttle rapidly while with sturdy blows of her foot on the treadle, she beat the woof yarn into the web.

Her daughter Mercy, a pretty, blue-eyed girl of seventeen, who had been making the spinning-wheel hum merrily for the last two hours, laid down the wheel-finger with a willing "Yea, mother," and plied the less noisy reel, counting off the threads in a low tone.

"Six knots, mother," she said.

"It will make enough," replied Mrs. Cary, her voice half drowned by the loud clatter of the high, brown old loom in which she sat. "Wind it on the quills."

The girl did so, but lingered a bit as she set the quill box in the loom.

"Can't I take that piece of cherry ribbon, mother?" she asked, a little confusedly.

"Yes, yes child," said the mother, somewhat impatiently. It was not the first time Mercy had asked for the ribbon; and with pleasure in her fresh face, the girl withdrew quietly to the other room of the log-house, where for some secret reason she now attempted a few details of self-adornment, before she set off on her errand to the Wilson's.

A ruddy boy in homespun, eight years old, perhaps, ran in barefoot as Mercy withdrew.

"Marm!" said he, with a mysterious half shake of his head, "I believe there's an old Indian out by the log pile. Tige's all bristled up, and keeps looking out that way."

"There, there, Josh, stop that talk!" cried his mother, sharply. "What did your father tell you this morning? He bade ye not to say Indian again for a month. There's none anywhere about now. 'Twas nothing more than a bear that Tige smelt."

"I'll bet it isn't a bear," muttered little Josh to himself, as he went out, rebuffed. "Tige always barks for a bear; but he never barks, nor growls out loud if it's an Indian. Old Jed Haney taught him that when he was a pup."

Tige, a large white and brindled dog, with a broad head, pink nose and strong, bony legs, was standing in the dooryard. The hair along his shoulders and back showed a tendency to rise, and from moment to moment he turned his glaring eyes slowly in the direction of the woods to the southwest of the stumpy clearing.

Mercy meantime started on her errand for the kettle. Her mother peered out from the loom frame.

"There, Mercy, you vain girl!" she cried, laughing a little; for Mercy had arranged the cherry ribbon in a bow at her throat, and displayed a little antique pin of gold, a gift of her grandmother. She blushed at her mother's good-humored raillery.

"Don't stay," Mrs. Cary added. "It'll soon be night now. And Mercy!" she called again stopping the loom a moment. "Take Tige with you. Josh may go, too, if he wants to."

An interesting legend from the early folk-lore of the colony has descended to us of Mercy Cary's trip for the brass kettle. From Casco—now Portland—the settlers had by this time begun to push forth into the wilderness, in the direction of Yarmouth, Brunswick, New Gloucester and the Saco Valley.

It was the period of the French war, with its many Indian outbreaks, which so greatly distressed the people. Incited by the infamous "scalp bounties" and "captive bounties" offered in Canada, the savages not only made attacks in force upon the garrison houses, but singly, or in little parties, lay in wait on the borders of the forest, to cut off the settlers who were at work in their clearings, or going to and fro on their long trips to mill or to procure supplies.

Many were thus foully murdered, or captured and hurried away through the woods to be sold to the French in Canada.

Young English captives were then in much request among the wealthy French families at Montreal, Three Rivers, Sorel and Quebec, as servants, particularly young women from sixteen to twenty-four years old. Scores of girls were dragged away into captivity, only a few of whom were ever so fortunate as to meet their relatives again.

The settlers built block-houses as places of refuge here and there; and scouts were set out to give warning of Indian parties. But often their utmost vigilance failed to detect the presence of the lurking redskins.

Three miles from the block-houses at Chepidneck lived the Cary and Wilson families. Their clearings were on the opposite banks of a large brook, the outlet of a considerable lake. The rich intervale land along the stream offered good farm sites; and with hard-working thrift, both these neighbors had already cleared and burned off tracts of from forty to fifty acres.

Nathan Wilson and his wife had four boys, named Reuben, Joseph, Hiram and George. Reuben was already nearly twenty, and an expert woodsman.

Silas Cary was less favored. His boys, as he was wont jocosely to remark to his neighbor "were all girls save one—little Josh."

But his girls, of whom Mercy was the eldest, were almost or quite as good as boys for all the lighter labors of the new farm, and helped their father at his planting and harvesting.

The distance from Cary's house across to Wilson's was not much more than a quarter of a mile. A well-beaten path led through the stumpy clearing and down the bank to the brook, over which there was a rude log bridge. Beyond the brook were clumps of bushes and a few maple trees; and still farther on the way led through an open clearing again to Mr. Wilson's house.

Mercy, with Tige and little Josh, had been gone on her errand perhaps three-quarters of an hour. The sun had set; and meantime Silas Cary, with the three younger girls, came in from the field where they had been planting corn and potatoes.

"Where are Mercy and Josh?" asked Silas, taking down the cedar buckets from their pegs, preparatory to milking the two cows.

"I've sent them to Wilson's for the brass kettle," replied Mrs. Cary. "Its time they were back."

"They are coming!" cried Patience, as a faint outcry was borne to their ears. "I hear Josh shouting 'Tige?' to the Wilson boys."

The lad was indeed shouting, but not to the Wilson boys. As he and Mercy crossed the bridge on their way home with the kettle the dog suddenly growled and drew back. Mercy hurried across, and little Josh followed; but as soon as they had reached the other end of the bridge two hideously painted savages leaped out from the alders, there, and seizing them by the wrists, dragged them away along the hollow of the brook.

Tige dashed at one of the savages and would have pulled him down; but the redskin beat him off with his tomahock. Mercy screamed, and the lad cried out and kicked his captor, but was beaten so cruelly that he dared not resist further.

Mr. Cary, now out in the yard with his buckets, heard Mercy's piercing scream. He rushed into the house, seized his gun, and dashed down the path to the log bridge, past the bushes. He met Tige running toward the house. The dog's head was bleeding from a cut; his hair stood up like bristles; his eyes glowed like live coals.

"Its Indians! Its Indians!" muttered Cary, stopping short. "Tige's after help!"

Presently he heard a quick step up the path to the other side, and saw young Reuben Wilson coming hastily down to the bridge. Mercy's scream had reached his ear, where he had been at work mortising fence-posts with a post-axe, beside the path, about fifty rods distant.

Not ten minutes before, he said, Mercy had stopped to chat with him, as she passed. He had only the post-axe in his hands.

"Reuben!" hailed Cary, in tones which shook from a father's anguish. "The Indians have got Mercy and Josh."

Reuben turned without a word and ran back to his father's house to give the alarm and get his gun. Hearing the tidings, Nathan Wilson at once despatched Hiram to the block-house, to summon assistance. Joseph he bade guard the house and sent George to Cary's place. Then seizing his own gun and ammunition, he followed Reuben.

They overtook Cary half a mile up the brook, and came out on the shore of the lake, a mile farther to the northward, just as the last gleam of the fading twilight shone on the water. Faintly as it gleamed, it was still sufficient to disclose the light imprint of a canoe's bottom on the soft sand. Near by were several moccasin tracks. Tige had led the way directly to the place.

"That's bad," murmured the elder Wilson, with a sharp glance along the darkening shores. "There are two. We shan't come up to them to-night."

The savages had gained a start sufficient to have already doubled a point on the shore, six or eight hundred yards distant. The settlers had no boat on the lake. The pioneer knew that the Indians could paddle their canoe faster than the whites could follow them through the woods by night, around the shores. The contour of the lake, too, was such that the whites must take a wide circuit, and cross two tangled swamps.

It was probable that the Indians would make directly for the head of the lake, six or seven miles distant; yet there was no certainty of this. They might veer away to the right or left shore.

After a hasty consultation it was decided that the elder Wilson should return and get a pack of provisions, and lead the party which might come from the block-house; while Cary and Reuben, with Tige, should skirt the lake in the hope of discovering where the Indians landed. The night bade fair to be very dark.

At about ten o'clock in the evening eight men arrived at Wilson's place with their guns, from the garrison-house; but by this time clouds had gathered, and they deemed it unwise to enter the forest until daybreak. Cary and Reuben, meantime, had pushed on around the lake and reached the mouth of a small brook near the head of it, by the time the clouds obscured the stars.

Not only did they find moccasin tracks in the sand here, but other smaller tracks, which Cary had no doubt were those of his children. The trail led along the bank of the small brook. But Cary thought it imprudent to go on before Wilson and the expected party came up, Reuben took Tige and went on alone.

The dog followed the trail readily, and the young pioneer kept pace with him, breaking a twig now and then to guide the party when they should follow him. At last he came to the foot of a gorge, or ravine, from which the brook issued. Here Tige sniffed about, and soon entered a little thicket of firs. There Reuben found a bark canoe, evidently hidden by the Indians.

Why they had left it there Reuben did not at first understand. He did not touch it, but continued up the ravine, and after a mile or two gained the summit of a long, rocky ridge, covered with a growth of hemlock-trees.

Northward the ridge fell off abruptly in a line of crags. Tige followed the trail downward over the ledges; but Reuben halted for a moment to look off across the expanse of forest beyond. The sun was now just rising.

A mile away he could see a sheet of water which appeared, from the way it opened to view around the base of a mountain, to be part of a larger expanse, out of sight beyond it. A slight bluish mist hovered over the tree-tops along the nearer shore, which Reuben was at first inclined to think might be the smoke of a camp-fire.

He heard the cry of blue-jays in the distance; and as he scrutinized the landscape, his sharp eyes detected, even at that distance, three crows flying over the woods along the shore.

Suddenly the crows circled around and dived downward, and a faint, inquisitive car-r-r was borne to his ears on the still morning air. Reuben had noticed that the crows always uttered this peculiar cry when they saw a human being in an unexpected place; and he was sure that the Indians and their captives were even now on the shore of the pond or bay.

Then he made his way down the steep side of the ridge, whither Tige had preceded him, but in a thick group of hemlocks at the foot of the ridge he met Tige coming back with with bristling hair.

The dog turned, but stood still at Reuben's feet, as if listening. His hair rose more stiffly on his shoulders, and he backed against Reuben's legs. His whole aspect seemed to give warning of danger near.

This hint was not lost on the young woodsman, who quickly stepped aside and concealed himself in the dense hemlock thicket. Tige crouched by his side.

The boy and the dog had scarcely hidden themselves when two Indians came swiftly up the hillside, their moccasined feet scarcely seeming to stir a dead leaf or crackle a twig, as they went backward upon the trail over which they had come. Each carried a gun, and had a tomahawk and scalping-knife at his belt. The faces of both were streaked with war paint, and their black hair stood up in tall, stiff tufts.

Silent and swift as two spectres, they glided past, and in a moment were lost to view. Reuben's heart beat fast, and he could see Tige's eyes glowing like fire from his strong hatred of the redskins. But not a growl escaped the dog.

The reason why the savages were retracing their steps occurred instantly to Reuben. They had led their captives to the larger lake and secured them there, and had gone back to fetch their canoe.

Emerging from his concealment, Reuben pushed forward as fast as Tige could follow the trail. In a few minutes he caught a glimpse of the water through the trees ahead.

But Tige now unexpectedly held back again; and after peeping ahead for some minutes, Reuben moved cautiously around to the left, to gain the cover of a swamp of fir balsams.

It was fortunate he did so, for on creeping forward through the thickets here till he could gain a nearer view, he saw a third Indian coming along the shore with a bunch of fish in his hand. The savage approached the embers of fire which was smouldering beside a drift-log, and sat down.

Raising himself cautiously for a little better view around, Reuben discovered a large black object beside a tree, which after a moment's keen scrutiny he saw was Mercy Cary, tied to a tree, with the brass kettle over her head!

Immediately, too, he espied little Josh's bare head and woe-begone face. The lad, like his sister, was bound to a sapling close to the shore, his hands tied behind his back and around the tree.

Reuben reflected hurriedly. What he did must be done at once, for the other two Indians would soon return with the canoe, and probably embark with their captives upon the lake.

Presently he heard little Josh crying dolefully. "O Mercy," whimpered the lad, "my arms ache awfully, they are tied terribly tight!"

Mercy said something to him in a low tone, which Reuben could not distinguish, for her voice was muffled in the kettle.

The Indian, who was placing the fish on the embers, grunted angrily, rose, and gave Josh three or four hard blows with a stick. The boy screamed from the pain, and his sister, unable to see, but hearing the blows, cried out, too. Thereat the savage rushed toward her and rained blows upon the kettle to frighten her into silence.

Reuben, his blood boiling, was already sighting along the barrel of his flintlock, but he did not fire until the Indian had drawn back a little from the children.

Then the old musket roared heavily on the morning air and the young marksman saw the Indian fall. Thinking that he might be wounded merely, and that he would crawl to his gun, Reuben remained concealed, and hastily reloaded his piece.

But Tige had run out, and Reuben had scarcely time to ram down a charge when he heard a frightful outcry from the wounded Indian. Tige was taking satisfaction for his own wound by fiercely shaking his hated enemy.

Hearing the shot and the growls of the dog, Mercy made a supreme effort to withdraw her head from under the kettle, and had succeeded in doing so as Reuben dashed forward.

With his knife he cut the thongs that bound her arms, and those which bound little Josh.

He seized the savage's gun, threw the brass kettle into the thicket, and started, leading Josh by a strong hand, while Mercy followed hastily in his steps, and Tige brought up the rear.

Having first taken a look around to get his bearings, Reuben made a wide circuit across the swamp and far off to the southward of the trail along which the Indians would come. He hoped that the two redskins might have crossed into the ravine, on the other side of the hemlock ridge, before the shot was fired, and that they had not heard it. The distance was two or three miles.

After a hot walk of two or three hours, Reuben, with his companions, came around to the lower lake, where he had left Silas Cary.

But before this time Nathan Wilson, with the party from the block-house and two dogs had arrived at this spot, and with Cary had set off up the brook, following the trail, as Reuben had done. They reached the foot of the second lake just in time to see the two Indians escaping in their canoe.

A scout returned and found the three young people at the head of the lower lake, and later in the day the whole party reached home in safety.

So much did the pioneers wives' miss their brass kettle, however, that Reuben and his brother Hiram made a trip to recover it the following week. The greatly-prized utensil was found in the swamp where Reuben had thrown it, and it was immediately put to service again in preparing the hulled corn.

The legend, indeed, runs that Mercy Cary, who afterward became Mrs. Reuben Wilson, inherited the kettle from her mother-in-law, and made a proper use of it for forty years.

Largest of Known Waves.

While we usually think of earthquakes as taking place on land, they do occur with equal devastation in the ocean. That point in the earth at which the explosion or breaking takes place is called the earthquake focus, and from it what are known as earthquake waves pass to the surface, says St. Nicholas. Take a basin full of water and dip a glass tube into it. Blow through the tube and you will see bubles rising to the surface and circular waves passing out. The disturbance at the bottom of the basin corresponds with the explosion or snapping of the crust at the earthquake focus, with the difference that instead of water waves, the latter produces earth waves passing through the ground. When the city of Lisbon, Portugal, was destroyed, the earthquake took place at the bottom of the sea, fifty miles west of the city. Yet it so agitated the water that a wave sixty feet high dashed over Lisbon, destroying it and its inhabitants in the space of six minutes. Another earthquake, occurring just off the coast of Peru, made such a gigantic wave that a large vessel was thrown several miles inland. These are called earthquake waves. They are the largest known waves and are caused by the heaving and rocking of the bed of the sea. In deep water such waves are not very high, but their motion extends far down into the ocean. When they reach shallower water, however, they heap up like a gigantic wall and, with a force more terrible than fire or sword, they sweep on, bearing destruction with them. Huge ships are tossed like straws far inland or mingle their ruin with that of a harbor town.

Ancestry of the Pen.

The earliest mode of writing was on bricks, tiles, oyster-shells, stone, ivory, bark, and leaves of trees, and from the latter the term "leaves of a book" is probably derived.

Copper and brass plates were very early in use; and a bill of foeffment on copper was some years since discovered in India, bearing date one hundred years before Christ.

Leather was also used, as well as wooden tablets. Then the papyrus came into vogue, and about the eighth century the papyrus was superseded by parchment.

Paper, however, is of great antiquity, especially among the Chinese; but the first paper-mill in England was built in 1588 by a German, at Dartford, in Kent. Nevertheless, it was nearly a century and a half—namely, in 1713—before Thomas Watkins, a stationer, brought paper making to anything like perfection.

The first approach to a pen was the stylus, a kind of iron bodkin; but the Romans forbade its use on account of its frequent and even fatal use in quarrels, and then it was made of bone. Subsequently, reeds, pointed and split, like pens as in the present day, were used.

The man who thinks that his sin will never find him out makes a great mistake.

The Gulf Stream.

There is a river in the ocean. In the severest droughts it never fails, and in the mightiest flood it never overflows. Its banks and the bottom are of cold water, while its current is of warm. The Gulf of Mexico is its fountain, and its mouth is in the Arctic Seas. It is the Gulf Stream.

There is in the world no other so majestic a flow of water. Its current is more swift than the Mississippi or the Amazon, and its volume more than a thousand times greater. Its waters, as far as the Carolina coasts, are of indigo blue. These are so distinctly marked that the common sea water can be traced with the eye.

Often one-half the vessel may be perceived floating in the Gulf Stream water, while the other half is in the common water of the sea, so sharp is the line and the want of affinity between these waters; and such, too, the reluctance, so to speak, on the part of those of the Gulf Stream to mingle with the common waters of the sea.

In addition to this, there is another peculiar fact. The fishermen on the coast of Norway are supplied with wood from the tropics by the Gulf Stream. Think of the Arctic fishermen burning upon their hearths the palms of Hayti, the mahogany of Honduras, and the precious woods of the Amazon and the Orinoco.

The Hair.

When not the consequence of old age, baldness is a disease, says a physician, and is a far more terrible enemy to overcome than white or gray hair. No healthy person should begin to be bald till after fifty years of age, and yet a general lamentation arises of young people barely in their twenties losing their hair. There must be some defect of constitution, some disease of the hair that should not exist. Headaches and almost every kind of suffering of mind or body, cause the hair to fall off. Close application, thought or study will have a similar effect. Women are less subject to baldness than men. Man works more with his brain, generally than woman. He also indulges in drink and other excesses, and keeps his head covered more than women do. Hygienic precautions may do much towards maintaining the thick hair. I knew of a man who kept his hair thick and black by never wearing a hat all his life. You must not expect that your hair will never fall, even in health; it falls at certain seasons to make room for new ones. If the fall continues too long, then cut the hair as you would cut a faded plant. It will grow stronger and richer afterwards. Frequent washing in cold water is also recommended to prevent the hair falling, and daily friction is good.

The Troubles of Life.

It is not true that the world is smooth. Therefore do not teach your boys that they will find it so. If you do they will have to learn the contrary by bitter experience. Tell them frankly that the pathway of life, to active men, to such as faithfully serve themselves and their kind, is rough, and rugged, and thorny. Then they will not be disappointed. But inculcate with this correct information lessons of physical and moral courage. Instruct them that he who shrinks from the encounter is a coward; while he who bravely does his duty, under all circumstances, in spite of opposition—sometimes, it may be, in the face of denunciation and obloquy—is a true hero. He has a sufficient reward, and of that he is always certain, in the mere conciousness of doing right. That will always buoy him up and support him in his darkest hours.

The wearing of birds' feathers on female headgear is so common that but few probably realize the immense slaughter of the bird tribes which it necessitates for meeting the demands of fashion. An idea of the great extent of this destruction may be derived from the fact that one dealer in London is said to have received in a single consignment 32,000 dead humming birds, 80,000 aquatic birds, and 800,000 pairs of wings, which latter are often wrenched off during life, leaving the mangled birds to die slowly of wounds and starvation. The above was only one shipment to the city of London, and when the other great capitals of Europe, as well as those in the two Americas, are taken into account it becomes apparent that the destruction of bird life, simply to gratify human vanity, is enormous. Such a barbarons custom is discreditable to civilization.

We should not make our profession of religion a receipt in full for all other obligations.

Woman in Adversity.

Women should be more trusted and confided in as wives, mothers, and sisters. They have a quick perception of right and wrong, and without always knowing why, read the present and future, read characters and acts, designs and responsibilities, where man sees no letter or sign. What else do we mean by the adage "mother wit," save that woman has a quicker perception and readier invention than man? How often when man abandons the helm in despair, woman seizes it, and carries the home-ship through the storm! Man often flies from home and family to avoid impending poverty or ruin.

Woman seldom, if ever, forsook home thus. Woman never evaded mere temporal calamity by suicide or desertion. The proud banker, rather than live to see his poverty gazetted, may blow out his brains and leave wife and children to want, protectorless.

Loving woman would have counselled him to accept poverty, and live to cherish his family and retrieve his fortune. Woman should be counselled and confided in. It is the beauty and glory of her nature that it instinctively grasps at and clings to the truth and right.

Reason, man's greatest faculty, takes time to hesitate before it decides; but woman's instinct never hesitates in its decision, and is scarcely ever wrong where it has even chances with reason. Woman feels where man thinks, acts where he deliberates, hopes where he despairs, and triumphs where he falls.

A Paper-Making Spider.

In the heart of the African Continent, where no other paper is manufactured, the spider paper-maker does her quiet work. Back and forth, over a flat surface about an inch and a half square, on the inside wall of a hut, the spider slowly moves in many lines until the square is covered with a pure white paper. Under this she places from forty to fifty eggs; and then, to fasten the square of paper more securely to the wall, she makes a strip of paper about a quarter of an inch broad, and with this glues the square carefully around the edges. When all is done, the spider—which is a lagre one—places herself on the center of the outside of the little flat bag so carefully made, and begins a watch, which is to last for three weeks without intermission. Apparently the young spiders would have many dangers to fear, did not their anxious mamma wage a fierce war upon the cockroaches and other insects that come near. After three weeks of unremitting watchfulness, the mother-spider leaves her nest in the daytime to hunt food, but she always returns at night, until her young are strong enough to take care of themselves.

Fertile Alaska.

The nature of the whole land can be roughly divided into three conditions: Snow and ice fields bury the coast range and choke up every hollow; to the immediate north the valleys are rocky and barren, but the vast interior beyond is richly clothed in luxuriant vegetation. Scientific authorities theoretically mapped out giant ice fields as spreading over the entire land from the Fairweather and Mount St. Elias ranges north almost to the valley of the Yukon. Colossal heights mantled in never-melting snows tower thousands of feet in the air, but within the shadows of these mighty uplands, in the sheltered hollows beneath, lie immense valleys carpeted in richest grasses, and gracefully tinted with wild flowers. Here in the summer a genial clime is found, where strawberries and other wild fruits ripen to luxuriance, where there are four and a half months of summer and seven and a half of winter. In June and July the sun is just below the horizon only for a few hours, and the temperature, though chilly at night, has an average of 65 degrees in daytime.

Saw Through Him.

It is hard for a certain class of people to understand that the successes of art are not the result of clever dexterity alone. The idea of anything like unusual and original power is quite beyond their comprehension, and they imagine that works of genius are produced by rule, as a cook makes a cake or a pudding.

A person of this kind recently called upon one of the best known of living portrait painters, and insisted on seeing him upon important business, although at the time he was engaged with a sitter. When he appeared the woman said—

"I want you to give me lessons."

"I am sorry, he said," looking at her in some surprise, "but I have not the time."

"Oh, I won't take up any time to speak of," the caller said. "I can learn very quickly, and you'll only have tell me how to do it."

"But I never take pupils," the artist said, with unmistakable decision. "I could not think of taking you."

"Oh," she said jeeringly, "I see how it is! You don't dare to give away your secret for fear it would spoil your business!"

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