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-24-91-2v

Trustees' Sale
—OF A—
VALUABLE FARM,

Near Louisville, in Freedom district, Carroll county, Maryland.

By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Carroll county, bearing date February 14, 1893, and passed in cause No. 3080 Equity, wherein Annie V. Green, by her husband, &c., is complainant, and Reuben Conway and others are defendants, the undersigned trustees, named in said decree, will offer at Public Sale, on the premises, situated on the Public Road called the Nicodemus, and also on the Davis Road leading to the Liberty Road, and about one-half mile from Louisville, on

WEDNESDAY, THE 22ND OF MARCH, 1893, at 1 o'clock, P. M., sharp, all that Tract of Land containing

180 ACRES, MORE OR LESS,

being the same land of which Zachariah Conway, Jr., died seized and possessed. The improvements consist of Two Log Houses, and all other necessary outbuildings; there are two [illegible] springs of water near the buildings and all kinds of fruit, Apples, Pears, &c., About

50 ACRES ARE IN GOOD TIMBER.

The property adjoins the farms of Captain Joshua Bessaman, Nathan Conway and others, is convenient to schools, churches, &c., and well worthy the attention of any one wanting a good farm. A plat of the farm will be exhibited on the day of sale.

Terms of Sale:—One-third part of the purchase money to be paid on the day of sale or upon the ratification thereof by the Court, balance in one and two years; the credit payments to be secured to the satisfaction of the trustees, and bearing interest from the day of sale.

For further information call upon or address the Trustees at Westminster.

DAVID N. HENNING,
GEORGE L. STOCKSDALE,
Trustees.

D. N. Henning, Solicitor.
Joseph W. Berrett, Auctioneer. fe-25-4s

MORTGAGEE'S SALE
—OF—
TWO HOUSES AND LOTS,

On College street, Westminster, Md.

By virtue of the power contained in two mortgages from Catharine E. Fowler, and William H. Fowler, her husband, to David D. Bonsack, one bearing date March 29th, A. D., 1881, and recorded among the Real Estate Mortgage Records of Carroll county in Liber F. T. S. No 16, folio 355, &c., and the other one bearing date July 9th, A. D., 1881, and recorded as aforesaid in Liber F. T. S. No. 16 folio 358, &c., the undersigned, Executrix of the last will and testament of said deceased will sell at Public Sale, on the premises, on

SATURDAY, the 18th day of MARCH A. D., 1893, at 2½ o'clock, P. M., all those parcels of land described in and conveyed by said two mortgages.

First.—A parcel of land containing

ONE-QUARTER OF AN ACRE,

more or less. The improvements thereon are a comfortable Two-Story Frame Dwelling House, with basement, Frame Stable, Hog House, Smoke House and other outbuildings and a well of excellent water on the premises, garden, &c.

Second.—A parcel of land containing

ONE-QUARTER OF AN ACRE,

more or less, adjoining the above, improved by a good Two-Story Frame Dwelling House, with basement, and other outbuildings.

These properties are situate on College street, in the West End of the city of Westminster, and are worthy the attention of purchasers.

Terms of Sale.—Cash or, if desired by the purchasers, one-half cash on the day sale or on the ratification thereof, and the other one-half in six months 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.

CATHARINE BONSACK,
Executrix of the last will and testament of David D. Bonsack, deceased, Mortgagee.
Reifsnider & Reifsnider, Solicitors.
fe-18-4s Jno. T. Diffenbaugh, Auct.

Trustee's Sale
—OF A—
LOT OF LAND,

Near Westminster, Maryland.

By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Carroll county, sitting as a Court of Equity, the undersigned Trustee will sell at Public Sale, at the Court House Door, in Westminster, Md., on

TUESDAY, MARCH 21st, A. D., 1893, at 2 o'clock, P. M., a parcel of land containing

7 ACRES AND 20 PERCHES,

more or less. This land is situate on the Ridge Road, leading from Westminster, past the residence of W. A. Cunningham, is about one-half mile from Westminster and adjoins the land of Jacob Myerly, Dominick Fowler and others, and is the same of which George W. Woodrow died seized and possessed.

Terms of Sale:—One-third cash on the day of sale, or on the ratification thereof, one-third in one 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.

ABRAHAM I GEIMAN,
Trustee.
Reifsnider & Reifsnider, Solicitors.
John T. Diffenbaugh, Auct. fe-25-ts

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 ENGLAD,
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.

AMERICAN SENTINEL.

VOL. 61 NO. 11. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 18, 1893. ESTABLISHED 1833.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE
—OF A—
Valuable Farm,

Situated on the public road leading from Watersville to Woodbine Stations, on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, in Carroll county, Md.

BY virtue of the power of sale contained in the mortgage from Jno. T. W. Poole and wife to Mary S. Wentz, dated 15th July, A. D., 1887, and duly recorded among the real estate mortgage records of said county, the undersigned, as attorney and agent named in said mortgage, will offer at public sale, on the premises now occupied by said Jno. T. W. Poole, situated on the public road leading from Watersville Station to Woodbine station, on the Balto. & Ohio Railroad, about 1 mile from the former and 2 miles from the latter place, adjoining the lands of Samuel Davis and the home place of the late James H. Steele, deceased, and others, on

WEDNESDAY 22nd MARCH, 1893,

at 1 o'clock, P. M., that valuable farm, containing

89 ACRES, 1 ROOD, 36 PERCHES

of Land, more or less,

of which about 20 Acres are heavily Timbered with thriving young Oak and Chestnut, and the balance in a productive state of cultivation.

The improvements consist of a large and comfortable two-story Log Dwelling House, recently erected; good Stable, 2 Tobacco Houses and other necessary outbuildings.

There is a never-failing Spring of splendid Water near the dwelling, a large young Apple Orchard, in full bearing condition, and other fruit trees in great variety, while the land, having been heavily limed, is in a productive state of cultivation and enclosed with fair fencing. A plat of the land will be exhibited on the day of sale.

The proximity of this farm to the Watersville and Woodbine Stations, on the Balto. & Ohio Railroad, and to Churches, Schools and Post Offices makes it worthy the attention of any person in want of a desirable farm situated in one of the best neighborhoods in the county. Persons desirous of viewing the premises can call upon Jno. T. W. Poole, Esq., residing thereon, who will take pleasure in showing the same, and for further information call upon or address Wm. A. McKellip, Attorney at Law, Westminster, Md.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third part of the purchase money to be paid in cash on the day of sale, or upon the ratification thereof by the court, (which will be in about two weeks thereafter,) and the balance in two equal payments at six and twelve months, credit payments to bear interest from the day of sale, and to be secured to the satisfaction of the Attorney and Agent; or these terms may be made more easy if desired by the purchaser.

WM. A. McKELLIP,
Attorney and Agent of Mary S. Wentz, Mortgagee.
Wm. A. McKellip, Solicitor.
John. T. Diffenbaugh, Auctioneer.
feb-25-4s.

Trustee's Sale.

BY virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Carroll county, sitting as a court of equity passed in cause No. 3105, the undersigned trustee, will sell at Public Sale, on the premises, on

TUESDAY, MARCH 21st, 1893,

at 1 o'clock, P. M., a parcel of land containing 8,000 SQUARE FEET, More or Less.

The improvements thereon are a comfortable Two-Story Frame Dwelling House and other outbuildings, in excellent repair.

This property is situated on Farquar street, in Union Bridge, Carroll county, Md., adjoins the lots of Calvin Wantz and Henry Shriver, and is the same of which Mary Haines died seized and possessed.

It is conveniently located to depot and is in a desirable part of the town.

Terms of Sale.—One-half cash on the day of sale, or on the ratification thereof, and the other one-half in six months from the day of sale, the credit payment to be secured by the note of the purchaser or purchasers, with approved security, bearing interest from the day of sale.

JOHN W. HAINES,
Trustee.
Reifsnider & Reifsnider, Solicitors.
Thos. Roop, Auct. fe-25-ts

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.

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 $12,000—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, 1¼ miles from Westminster land good; buildings good; orchard choice fruit; price $80 per acre.

Farm 75 Acres, 8 miles from Westminster, miles from Hampstead, nearest R. R. Station good house and barn; 55 acres cleared land in good condition; $35 per acre.

Nice Little Home, one mile from Westminster; 60 Acres prime land, good brick house price $8,500.

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; $1,300.

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

Also, some fine pasture lots, ranging from 2 to 5 Acres, adjoining Westminster.

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

Choice Little Farm, 55¾ 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.

For Sale.

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

Select Poetry.

THE TWICE-TOLD TALE.

BY RITA.

The milkmaid lingers near the stile,
And waits the well-known song
Of her light-hearted shepherd lad
Who comes the path along;
Then springs with joy to clasp the boy
Who speaks with smile and voice so glad,
It sings afar to yonder star
The echoes of his evening joy.

With tell-tale blush on either cheek,
A maiden seeks the glen
To hear a true heart speak of love,
The twice-told tale again.
And soon through dells the marriage-bells
Will their dreams tell to stars above:
For peace serene sits near the scene;
With music sweet the soft breeze swells.

The far-off moon smiles from the sky,
Proud queen of twilight hour!
The silver beams steal o'er the sward
To kiss each sleeping flower;
And all is fair as through the air
She sails, a work of nature's God,
Whose mighty hand is on the land
When all is dismal, dark, and drear.

Select Story.

"JUST SUPPOSIN'."

BY LAURA M. SMITH.

"Hetty Cummings, you may come out here to me!"

A black-eyed girl in the third seat in the second row of the little log school house arose promptly and walked to the teacher's desk.

The teacher stood up. She stepped around to the side of the desk the better to fix Hetty's eyes with her own.

"Hetty, what did you do to Annie Jenkins just now?"

Before the question was well out of her mouth the answer flashed back:

"Put some cold shot down her back. I bought it a purpose."

The teacher's white fingers tightened on the desk, and she opened her lips twice before she spoke.

"Oh, you did, did you?"

She felt this to be an utterly inane remark, but to save herself she could not think of anything else. No need to have fixed those eyes of Hetty's—they were relentlessly and unflinchingly fastened on her face. To get them off, she remarked: "You may go to your seat, and I will attend to you later."

She sat down again at the rough red-wood desk. It was near the close of school. It had been a hard day and Hetty was about the last straw. She tried to reason, and finally without reasoning she breathed to herself: "I'll give it up. I simply cannot stand it."

For one moment she sat very still, trying to stop the quivering of her nerves. Then taking a large, shaky-looking letter in her hand, she arose and stood before the school. "Children," she began, "we can not have our picnic on the 9th of September. I received a letter from Mr. Johnson this morning and—I will read you what it says." Then she read the letter aloud:

"I heered you wer-a-comin' up to my reservore next week to have a grand time an' I want to say that I don't want you an' your tribe a-runnin' through my meadows, an' scarin' my fish and smashin' my strawburries, so you'll hav to look out for some other place, an' there ain't none.

"H. JOHNSON."

It was the horrible unkindness in that last phrase which had hurt the young teacher when she received the letter; and now as she read it again her lip trembled so that she could scarcely continue: "Children, I am"—with white fingers tightened again—"the picnic will have to be given up, because—we might find another place—but I shall only be with you three days more. I'm going home—East."

At the word "East" a tremulous smile broke over her lips and ended in a gasp. She sat down and laid her head on her desk with a moan of physical pain, while the sobs came thick and fast. The little clock said it was time to dismiss school. For a moment the children were held quiet by the spectacle of their teacher in tears, then with faces half-frightened, half-ashamed, they gathered up their dinner buckets and stole out, disappearing behind a rise in the road. The young teacher still sat there. Every now and then she said over and over to herself: "I give it up. I've given it up"—with every time a fresh sob. "Everybody East said I would"—here a great gasp—"and I have! People are so ignorant here—stocks and stones. It's no use to try to do anything, even the children are little brutes."

She was half blind with tears, but she become conscious of a red calico dress just then—a skirt blowing in at the door and curling around the jam. It was turkey red—yes, it was Hetty's dress and her freckled nose and great black eyes. It was Hetty Cummings—bold, hard, brutal little Hetty. She stood full in the door and gazed at the teacher. Her black eyes were blacker than ever, but a soft black now. The red mouth was very gentle, and that aggravating curve around her nose was gone.

As the little girl met the teacher's glance all the ugly lines came back. "Mean old thing;" she said through her teeth, "I'll fix him."

Down the schoolhouse hill Hetty fled and out upon the main road, where she struck into a steady and determined walk. Her black eyes were blazing. She delivered kicks to sundry bunches of sage-brush without once taking her gaze off the distant road ahead. This road stretched down the valley into one of those vast sage-brush plains lying on the boarder of Nevada.

Where was Hetty going? She evidently knew. There was something to reach at the end of that road. It was H. Johnson, the writer of the teacher's letter, and in her heart she was kicking him instead of the sage-brush.

This H. Johnson was a man who lived a hermit's—not to say a dog's—life in a log cabin away on the edge of the plain at the foot of the Sierra Nevada ridge. He had turned a mountain stream upon his land, and by sixteen years of back-breaking labor had transformed it into a paradise compared to the arid waste around it. He had founded a reservoir or fish-pond, and run his domain into the cool forest.

"Oh, won't I fix him though!"

Hetty was getting tired and she said this, I think, to keep up her indignation. She had never been to H. Johnson's cabin, and she didn't know how much further it might be, but she had no intention of owning that she was tired.

She had walked three miles already; just here the road turned sharply to the left and she began to go toward the mountain. Soon she came in sight of the green, pleasant plantation.

Now how should she proceed to "fix" him? Hetty had had several horribly dark schemes in her mind when she started out. But as she drew nearer they all seemed tame and foolish,

"I'll just sneak up and get the lay of the land," she said, "and then I can tell what I'll do."

She slid from one tree to another as she drew nearer and nearer the cabin, a low structure near the edge of a stream.

"If he's in the house I'll lay low till dark and then I'll do something fearful!" gnashed Hetty.

There was no sign of life about the place; nothing but the silence of the late afternoon. The golden light lay over the rough logs, the low chimney, and glittered on a heap of tin cans just out side the door. The stream rippled softly. The shadows of the reed grasses was on the doorstep. The wrathful little girl stood there just thrilling with interest. She expected every minute to see the crabbed, selfish old man emerge from the open door. She moved slowly toward it.

There she waited. Not a sound, not a breath.

Slowly she crept to the door and peeped around the jam with eyes of startled expectancy. No one was there. She stepped on the door-log with an air of possession, and gazed boldly into the room.

"Well! sho-o-t the house!" was her slow comment, as she contemplated with childish disgust the dirt and confusion.

Now was Hetty's chance—the old man gone and his possessions were at her disposal. She could tear, rend, destroy, burn.

But she stood in the same position looking intently into the room.

Suddenly she turned around and gazed into the stream. Her face was thoughtful.

"Suppose"—she began. Then stopped with dreamy eyes and sat down on the door-step with her chin in her hand. "Just supposing," she began again, and then fell to digging the toe of her shoe into the soft earth.

Suddenly she jumped up and disappeared inside; an hour passed with little more sound than before.

Then Hetty came hurriedly out with a queer expression on her face, and almost flew from the cabin straight to her home.

She was in her place at school as usual next morning. So was the teacher. There was a subdued and painful atmosphere in the room. The classes moved to and from their seats seeming to keep a watchful eye upon the teacher as though she might do something strange at any moment.

Suddenly every head turned at a tremendous knock at the door.

Hetty Cummings' heart gave one leap and then she commenced to work arithmetic as she had never worked it before.

At a look from the teacher one of the boys opened the door. A tall man edged in and made his way to the desk where the teacher stood. He had bent shoulders, straggling gray whiskers, uncertain, light eyes. If Hetty had looked up she would have seen a scared expression in them to match that in her own. The teacher waited, standing. The children dropped everything to listen.

"Mom," he began, one big hand on the desk and his eyes looking out of the window, "I come down t' thank ye for what ye did to my cabin. 'Taint had a woman's hand on't since it was built, an' wen I come home tired plumb out 'n foun' that room a-lookin' like my mother's sittin'-room at at home the cupboard straightened out, 'n the bed made like a white man's, 'n the sugar bowl clean—why, I just darsent stay in. An' I sat down on the door step, an' the crickets or suthin' kept a talkin', an' it got to seemin' like I was sittin' on the door-step 't home, 'n the Sunday school teacher I had when I was a boy—why, she kept a-comin' up, and suthin' run through my mind about coals o' fire bein' heaped on people's heads, an' I says, 'Its that school teacher that's who it is! She's been a-heapin' coals o' fire onto my head.' And then the cricket or suthin' seemed to say 'Supposin' it was that Sunday school teacher that was a-tryin' to teach way out here in the wilds 'thout nobody to care whether she lived or died—just supposin' somebody sent her a letter like that'—here the the old man straightened and turned a steadier eye on the teacher—"so I thank you, young woman, 'n the hull of you kin come to my ranch 'n if I don't give you the rastlinest good time ever you had then I'm not a better man."

He turned with the last words and with two shaky strides was out of the door, before the astonished teacher could say a word.

She looked dazed until her eyes rested on Hetty Cummings—one look was sufficient to tell her that with Hetty lay some part of the mystery. Just what Hetty's look was like I could never tell you—how astonished and delighted, how wide-eyed and glowing with intelligence! Anyway that look enabled the teacher to say calmly: "The third class in arithmetic will please step to the front."

It was hard for Hettie to wait until noon. Yet when noon came and she was called to the desk she felt uncomfortable. The teacher looked into her flushed face and downcast eyes and a half-smile came to her lips. "Hetty," she said, "what do you know about Mr. Johnson's house?" The little touch of demand in the teacher's tone brought Hetty's fire to a glow. She threw back her head. "Why, I was goin' to fix old Johnson for writin' that mean letter to you, that's all—and I'd a-done it too—only say, wasn't it funny, teacher?" drawing closer in an awed way—"that's just what I said about him. His house was just awful, teacher, an' so lonesome, an' I got to thinking 'now just 'sposin' it was my father livin' like that!' an' I just couldn't help fixin' it up and say—you won't tell him who it was, will you? 'Cause it will be the same to him. Wasn't it funny that he said supposin' about you? It must be a good thing to suppose about people, don't you think? 'Cause I felt fearful happy afterward. It must be a fearful good way," she added dreamily, remembering the old man's face as he went out.

The teacher stood quite still a little while. Then she put both hands on Hetty's shoulders and looked down into the brave black eyes and said: "Hetty, I'm not going home, I'm going to try supposin' about everyone here. I'm going to stay, Hetty." The teacher and Johnson and the whole school silently agreed in their minds on the day of the picnic that "just supposin'" was a "fearful good way" of looking at things.

A TERRIBLE MOMENT.

BY E. W. P.

From the Saturday Evening Post

Yes, terrible—that is just what it was. I shall never forget it, even should I live to one of those wondrous ages at times recorded in the papers. Moreover, it was not a thing for a man to forget. Many events may slip from our mind, but never that moment when we stand on the brink of the grave, brought thither by the probability of an awful death.

It happened in this way. I had been in Australia for about five years, during which time I had amassed a tolerable fortune, when I began to long to see the old country again—a desire considerably strengthened by the fact that the girl I loved, and who had consented to be my wife, was going to England, and I could not bear the thought of such an extent of ocean between us; so I determined to go too, and let our marriage take place there.

May Brodstone was the only daughter of a well-to-do squatter, and the prettiest, nicest girl for miles round the station, though, until I had become acquainted with her, rather fond of a bit of girlish flirtation. This was the worse for me, as it turned out.

Among her many admirers was one Jacob Kiel. Dark-haired, dark-eyed, dark-complexioned, he was of that class of men who feel strongly, and who never forget an injury—like wild cats, they are nasty customers to offend. Well, May, I fear, had flirted somewhat with Jacob Kiel, who, I really believed, loved the very ground she walked on, though she declared—and I knew it was true—that she had never given him the slightest hope.

It was about this time that I appeared upon the scene; and she discovered that she had found the right man, as I had found the right girl. May Brodstone instantly gave up all her admirers, was as steady and quiet as a gum-tree when no wind blows, and finally said the "Yes" upon which my happiness depended.

Old Mr. Brodstone knew that the catch would be a good one, and readily gave his consent, so that our engagement was soon made public. I was present when the news reached Jacob Kiel. I shall never forget his face. His lips were compressed, his dark eyes contracted; he looked from May to me, and I felt if he could he would do much mischief. Without a syllable he quitted the place. A strange sensation ran through me as he departed; and May told me that a cold shudder had run through her veins.

We did not see much of Kiel after this, though we knew he was often about the station upon business; but the man somehow threw a kind of shadow over May's and my happiness, and we were not at all sorry when we got on board the steamer and steamed off towards Old England. We had not, however, got clearly out of sight of land when May, giving a little cry, put her hand on my arm, and, slightly nodding her head towards the lower deck, said—

"Oh, Edward, look—he is here too!"

And so he was. Leaning quietly over the side, watching the land apparently, was Jacob Kiel—a passenger for England, like ourselves. I will own that I was considerably annoyed, though when May, drawing nearer, exclaimed, in a low startled voice, "Edward dear, I don't know how it is, but I dread that man—I cannot divest my mind of the thought that he means us harm," I laughed, and tried to banish so absurd an idea. And certainly it appeared I had every right to do so. Save by a casual interchange of a few words, Kiel never troubled us; and we were making a capital journey, when just as we were within twenty degrees of the line, we were struck by a hurricane which the captain declared was almost a cyclone in violence.

The vessel could not weather it. The masts crashed overboard, taking several of the crew with them, and, before the wreck could be cut adrift, a portion of the broken spars, dashing against the ship, had caused a leak below the water-line, and the cry was—"We are sinking! Lower the boats—the pumps are useless!"

The Captain was marvelously firm and cool, and by his example made us all the same.

The boats were rapidly lowered and filled, while, thank Heaven, the storm seemed to abate. The women went first, of course, and all was proceeding well, when, just as the last boat was being filled, I remembered that in my hurry I had left my mother's miniature in my chest. There was plenty of time to fetch it, and in a second I was down in the cabin. Flinging the lid open, my hand was already upon the likeness, when I heard a foot upon the stairs. I turned, and by the dim light yet swinging from the roof perceived Jacob Kiel.

Good Heavens! The diabolical expression on his face, the fiendish malice in his dark snake-like eyes, revealed his intention in a moment. He had come to do me some deadly harm. Looking up, I seized my revolver, to be on my guard; but an attack was not his purpose. Before I could prevent him, he had quickly closed the cabin door, and locked it on the outside.

Like a flash of lightning all the horrors of my position instantly flashed before me. I was a prisoner in the sinking ship! Uttering a loud shout of fury, I sprang forward; the cry was echoed by a laugh from Jacob Kiel. I heard him say, "Who will marry May Brodstone now?" and then his feet went rapidly up the stairs.

I called aloud for help; the uproar of the storm drowned my voice. I paused. Just then the wind lulled, and I heard an order to push off; the speaker was Jacob Kiel. I again shouted in my agony; but my voice and the wind rose together—I was not heard. I continued to shout like a madman, though I knew that all hope was gone—that I was alone, like a trapped rat, in the sinking ship.

Furiously I beat the doors, all the while painfully conscious that rescue was impossible and death certain, for it was night, and, as no doubt the storm would separate the boats, my absence would not be discovered until the vessel had foundered.

Could I expect aught else, when in the occasional lull of the hurricane I heard the rush of the deadly waters in the hold, and felt the ship lurch more heavily each moment as she plunged in the trough of the sea? Suddenly she gave a terrific heel over, and a wave came rattling down the companion ladder like thunder, rushed under the door and inundated the cabin.

I shrieked in agony, believing that all was over—that I was to die thus, not even with the chance of battling for life.

I felt that I could meet death calmly if I were on deck, with the heavens above me; but my very hair stirred at the thought of being buried in the sea as it were in a box. Was there really no way of escape? I looked round and gave a great cry of joy, then leaped forward, careless now that the water mounted higher and higher.

"Fool! Idiot!" I exclaimed. "Why did you not think of it before? You are your own murderer!"

My eyes had rested upon my revolver. In a second I had fired two of its barrels into the lock of the door, shivering it to atoms, and the next minute I was upon the deck—only just in time, for the vessel was settling fast. It would have settled long before, but that the storm had abated.

With a wild hope I looked for the boats. Near or far all was alike—darkness hid the waters. But having succeeded so far, I resolved not to despair. One by one I discharged the remaining barrels of my revolver, and then plunged into the sea, to swim as far as I could from the ship before it sank, hoping that I should find some pieces of wreck. I did so before I had proceeded far—a mast, with cordage attached. This helped me; for, after lashing myself to the mast as well as I could, the waves bore me away. Suddenly, however, a fearful rush of water seized me. I was drawn rapidly back, and then down as in a whirlpool—flung, it seemed, here, there, and everywhere—after which I remembered no more. When I came to, I was in one of the boats, with May Brodstone leaning over me.

It appeared that directly morning dawned the boats were called together, and the captain went over the names, when mine was found missing; upon which he had resolved to row back, and see if he could not find me, urged thereto by many of his companions, who wondered—as did not Jacob Kiel—what could have prevented my getting into one of the boats.

The sea was nearly calm, the sun shining, and their search was not difficult. They soon perceived a dark object. Approaching it, they found it to be myself, clinging like grim death to the wreck, but laughing and yelling like a maniac. In fact I was mad, and for some time after they had managed to get me into the boat I remained so; then I became calmer, though I was delirious for a whole day and night.

Directly sensibility returned I told my story, filling every one with horror, especially May Broadstone.

"I see it all!" exclaimed the Captain. "The villian! Last night our boats separated in the darkness; this morning the one bearing Jacob Kiel and the worst of the crew was missing. He has either steered the boat into a different track, or paid the fellows to desert us, fearful of the punishment that might have awaited him when we touched land."

Whether this was so I do not know, for we never heard of Jacob Kiel again.

That day we were picked up by one of Green's ships, homeward bound, and in due time were landed in England, where May and I were married, and where we now reside; for my wife will not hear of crossing the ocean again, as she cannot forget that most terrible moment of my life

Spring work has begun.

Not a Virtue.

Those uncomfortable people who pride themselves upon saying just what they think on all occasions are unpopular, and deserve to be. Their boasted frankness is generally ill-concealed malice, and their unsolicited opinions are merely insolent. We have no right to say what we think unless we think kindly and lovingly; no right to unload our jealousies, envies, bad humors and miserable spites upon the hearts of our neighbors. If we must be bad tempered we should at least keep our venom locked up in our breasts and not let it out to wound others. Truths need not be unpleasant in order to be true. Are there no lovely, charming, gracious truths in the world? And if there are why cannot people diligently tell these, making others happier for the telling, rather than hasten to proclaim all the disagreeable ones they can discover? The judicious flatterer is sure to be a favorite, for—no matter what is said to the contrary—there is no one quite impervious to compliments when he feels that there is reason for them. Even those who have an humble opinion of themselves can not fail to be pleased by the kind intention shown. Every man, too, is sure to be a success in one direction, at least. Then why not tell him so? So far from desiring to say disagreeable things, kindly folk are continually on the alert lest they even unconsciously wound others. They make a point of avoiding localisms, or unpleasant generalities which may seem to include any member of the company in which they may find themselves. Strange to say, this class of people is considered light-minded, false and worldly by the stern moralists who can not recognize truth in a pleasant garb; but why any one should consider it more Christian-like to utter unpleasant facts than pleasant ones, is a puzzling question.

The Next Century.

What will the discoveries and inventions of the nineteenth century leave to the twentieth? Steamboats and railroads, ocean steamer navigation, clipper ships and screw propellers have been invented; the powers and mysteries of electricity have been developed to the uses of mankind.

Implements and machinery to enable farmers to master the tillage of thousands of acres with less toil than was required in the cultivation of the small farm of less than one hundred acres.

Lighting by gas was introduced, metal pens and friction matches were invented; aluminium was discovered; also chloroform, iridium, lithium, magnesium, palladium, potassium, quinine, rubidium, ruthenium, strontium, thallium, yttrium, and zirconium; daguerreotypes and photography, phonography, the stethoscope, the complete sewing machine, the bicycle, revolver and Gatling gun, and tremendous explosives used in quarrying, mining and gunnery.

The steam printing press was an invention of the early years of the century, now developed to the printing of many thousand of sheets per hour.

Electricity has been reduced and trained to the uses of mankind in every conceivable manner, and Edison has made its power the wonder of the age. Franklin caught it, Morse reduced and utilized it to the uses of telegraphy, Field and his associates employed it, Puck-like, to cable continents and belt the world with instantaneous intercommunication.

Electric light and railways are among the wonders which are in common use. The phonograph and telephone are trained mysteries, which everybody uses. What will there be for the twentieth century to discover or invent.

A Hint to Parents.

Many persons when told never to punish a child in anger, reply, "Then we should never punish them at all, if we did not do it while we are angry." Very well, be it so; a blow struck in anger has made more inmates of our prisons than almost anything else. How many boyish wanderers from the parental roof can trace their ultimate ruin from it! How many women, who have lost all semblance of womanhood, can date their first downward steps from this cruel, maddening, discouraged moment! Oh, never strike your child in anger? The bitter resentment and heart-burnings which it causes is the seed of that deadly night-shade—despair. A little patience (and how much your Heavenly Father has had with you!)—a little love (and how freely have you received it from Him!) and your child's waywardness will disappear, and your old age be blessed, instead of being remorseful.

Macadam's Ideas.

About a century ago Louder Macadam inaugurated a new system of road making and road repairing. His leading principle was that a road should be an artificial flooring, so strong and even as to let the heaviest vehicle pass over it without impediment. Another principle was that the native soil when dry was more resistant than when wet and that as it had to carry the road as well as the traffic it should be kept in its condition of greatest resistance, i. e., dry. The best way of keeping it dry was to put over it a covering impervious to rain, the road in fact; and that the thickness of this covering should be regulated solely in relation to its imperviousness and not at all as to its bearing of weight, to which the native soil was quite equal. Instead of excavating the native soil he raised the road above it sufficiently to let the water run off. Impermeability he obtained by the practical discovery that stones broken small and pressed together by the traffic of vehicles rapidly settled down face to face and angel with angle making as close a mass as a wall. This important discovery has given to us the verb to macadamize—to pave a road with small broken stones.

The Present.

We cannot truly honor the past, we cannot prepare in the best way for the future, unless we have learned how to dwell rightly in the present. We find ourselves here to-day in a certain condition of life. It has its advantages and its dangers, its pleasures and pains, its opportunities and hindrances. Unless we know how to avail ourselves of the one and avoid the other, we cannot hope successfully to enter other and better conditions. Unless we learn how to dwell where we are, we shall not be prepared to dwell somewhere else, however much we may long for the change. It is our firm pressure on each step of the ladder of life that alone renders us able to tread the next securely. The boy longs to be a youth; the youth to be a man. The intervening time seems worthless; everything is centered on the future, which appears to offer boundless opportunities and to promise unlimited delights. Meantime, by neglecting the present, by spurning the duties and joys of youth, by slighting the golden season through which he is passing, he is preparing for future failure and disappointment. Unless he lives well the life of a boy, he cannot live the life of a man in all its fulness and richness. He will have missed something valuable out of life which he can never regain.

Advantages of Good Roads.

A country without roads will remain undeveloped, its hidden treasures stored away.

Where poor roads prevail everything else is very apt to be poor, the horse, farmer and merchant.

If two horses haul the load of four, one wagon haul the load of two, one set of harness haul the load of two, one driver serve for two and six miles instead of three be made per hour, the aggregate saving would double the net income of the average farmer. This desideratum can only be accomplished by the means of good public roads.

The effect of good public roads upon land value is to increase the value of such lands.

Experience has shown that the value of ground is in direct ratio to the good condition of the streets or roads which traverse them.

A road system is the means of facilitating intercourse.

Inter-communication is the backbone of business. Good public roads are the primary necessities of civilized life and national prosperity.

The Teaching of Children.

What should children be taught to believe in order that, when they grow up, they may find that later experience does not alter what they learnt when young? We must teach them that, beyond what they feel and see and touch, there is something better and greater which they can neither feel nor see nor touch. Goodness, kindness to one another, unselfishness, giving up their own inclinations—these are the best things in all the world. It is true that goodness and kindness have no faces that we can kiss, no hands that we can clasp; but these are certainly there, in the midst of our work or our play. And this goodness and kindness which, except in outward acts, we cannot see is something which existed before we were born. It is from this that we have all the pleasant things of this world; the flowers, the sunshine, the moonlight—all these were given us by some great kindness and goodness which we have never seen at all. And this goodness and love are that great Power from whom all things come.

There are people who think their neighbors' houses need painting because they neglect to wash their own windows.

The most deadly sins are those that appear to be respectable.

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