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

By the Insurance Department.

STATEMENT

Showing the condition of the Farmers Fire Insurance Company of York, Pa., Dec. 31st, 1892.

ASSETS.

Value of Real Estate owned by the Company, less amount of encumbrance thereon		$ 36,500.00
Loans on Bond and Mortgage		203,499.88
Stocks and Bonds absolutely owned by the company (market value)		312,421.00
Amount of all Loans (except Mortgages) secured by stocks, bonds, and other securities hypothecated to the Company for cash actually loaned by the Company		1,080.00
Interest due and accrued on stocks, bonds and other securities		3,702.13
Cash in company's principal office and belonging to the Company deposited in bank		43,930 79
Premiums due and in course of collection.		27,237.21
All other admitted Assets detailed in statement on file in this office		132.50
Total admitted Assets.		$628,423 51

LIABILITIES.

Losses reported, adjusted and unpaid	36,273.00	
Reserve as required by law	338,358.99	
All other claims	3,709.33	
Total Liabilities		$378,341,32
Surplus as regards policy-holders		$250,082.19
Total income	411,750.46	
Total expenditures	371,205.65	
Amount of policies in force in United States on 31st Dec., 1892	53,388,992.00	
Amount of policies written in Maryland during the year 1892.	1,747,264.00	
Premiums received on Maryland business in 1892	16,325.95	
Losses paid in Maryland during 1892	13,897.66	
Losses incurred in Maryland during 1892	11,524.81	

STATE OF MARYLAND,
Insur. Department, Commissioner's Office,
Annapolis, January 16th, 1893.

In compliance with the Code of Public General Laws, I hereby certify that the above is a true abstract from the statement of the Farmers Fire Insurance Company of York, Pa., to December 31st, 1892, now on file in this Department.

I. FREEMAN RASIN,
Insurance Commissioner.

THOS. F. SHEPHERD, Agent.
ap-29 3t Uniontown Md.

Ratification Notice.

In the Orphans' Court of Carroll County.
APRIL TERM, 1893.

Estate of John H. Chew, deceased.

On application it is ordered, this 25th day of April, 1893, that the sale of the real estate of John H. Chew, late of Carroll county, deceased, made by Milton Chew and Ezra Chew, executors of the last will and testament of said deceased, and this day reported to this Court by the said executors, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause be shown to the contrary on or before the 5th Monday, 29th day, of May next; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Carroll county, before the 4th Monday, 22nd day, of May next.

The report states the amount of sale to be two hundred and four dollars. ($204.00).

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

True copy—Test:
GEO. M. PARKE, Register of Wills.
apl-29-3t

Ratification Notice.

In the Orphans' Court of Carroll County.
APRIL TERM, 1893.

Estate of David Coppersmith, deceased.

On application it is ordered, this 24th day of April, 1893, that the sale of the real estate of David Coppersmith, late of Carroll county, deceased, made by John T. Coppersmith, administrator de bonis non with the last will and testament annexed, of said deceased, and this day reported to this Court by the said administrator d. b. n. c. t. a., be ratified and confirmed, unless cause be shown to the contrary on or before the 5th Monday, 29th day, of May next; provided a copy of this order be inserted for three successive weeks in some newspaper printed and published in Carroll county, before the 4th Monday, 22nd day, of May next.

The report states the amount of sale to be nine hundred and one dollars. ($901.00).

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

True Copy—Test:
GEO. M. PARKE, Register of Wills.
apl-29-3t

Prepare for Harvest.

Get the best Machine. The

Low-Down Buckeye Banner Self-Binder,

Has no competitors. Having taken the management of the Buckeye Company agency in Westminster, which is located on Main street, adjoining the hardware store of Babylon & Gilbert, I am prepared to show this incomparable machine; also the Buckeye Mower, Horse Rake, and Akron Corn Plows. Also headquarters for Binder Twine. Satisfaction guaranteed.

apl-29-3t ELIAS B. ARNOLD.

NEW MUSIC

—AND—

Musical Instrument Store

IN WESTMINSTER.

Prof. John T. Royer

Has taken a store-room in the Zeiber Building, No. 46 West Main street, and will keep on hand a fine stock of Pianos, Organs, Violins, Guitars, Mandolins, Banjos and other Musical Instruments and appurtenances; Music Books of all kinds, and a large line of Sheet Music from the leading Publishing Houses, including new Music as soon as issued.

I have a room connected with the store in which I will continue to instruct pupils in music.

The patronage of all persons requiring instruments, music, or anything in the lines of goods kept by me, is respectfully solicited. Special rates will be made to teachers of music. Orders for music received and filled by mail
mr-4-1y

AMERICAN SENTINEL.

VOL. 61 NO. 19. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 13, 1893. ESTABLISHED 1833.

Select Poetry.

For the SENTINEL:

ODE TO APRIL.

BY WILLIAM M. PANEBAKER.

Oh, April, how inconstant a month thou art!
And yet the most important part
Of Nature's work is thine;
To waken earth to life again,
By thy thunder and living rain,
Is thy fair task divine.

How changeable a month art thou!
One day there're tears upon thy brow
And then a pleasant smile.
Sanguinaries from out their chilly bed,
With beauty, virtue great thy features spread,
Dost thou seek to beguile.

Thou art the month of gentle showers,
Of swelling buds and early flowers,
And fields and meadows green;
Thou dost brighten history's page,
Acting on the world's wide stage
In robes of wondrous sheen.

Thou hast broken the icy fetters 'round,
Which held the joys of Spring all bound
In its relentless grasp;
Thou didst bring life to mother earth,
And fill'd it with exceeding mirth,
When thou didst come to reign.

And now the lovely month of May
Will soon appear in nature's play
With more resplendlendant gown;
Her days will be more sunny still,
The many birds the air will fill
With strains of sweetest song.

And yet, oh month of fickle weather,
Sending wind and rain together,
We're glad thy face to greet;
Thou dost tell of lovelier days,
When the sun will send brighter rays,
And make springtime more sweet.

Manchester, Md. April 24th, '93.

Select Story.

SLOW JOE'S FREEDOM.

From YOUTH'S COMPANION.

About this little Virginia town there is an air of weariness, as if the old houses straggling over the hill had stopped half way up from sheer fatigue. They stand all huddled together, nearly leaning on each other, or with their old heads nodding over the street, the little square window in the gable staring blankly and sleepily at the occasional passer-by.

That deserted cabin at the foot of the hill is the place where Joe lived. It has been many years since then, but I shall never forget the first time he came directly into my notice.

One summer afternoon the butler came into my room, and said apologetically: "Marse Henry, won't you step out on de po'ch, sah? Dey's a 'onery quartah nigger out dar, where say he bound fo' to see yo' hisself, sah."

A bedraggled negro boy met me outside, and said with a mysterious air: "Marse Hinry, dar white lady down yander in de woods whar want you."

"What are you talking about? A lady! Who is it?"

"Hit's—hit's Miss Ell'n Tracy sah."

"Did Miss Tracy send you for me?"

"Naw, sah, she ain't sent me arter yo', sah; but she, she hollerin' fo' yo' mightily."

"What do you mean? Where is she?"

"She down yander gittin' drownded. She done fall in de ribber, Marse Hinry, and she ware callin' on yo' mightily, so I 'lowed I'd caam 'long fotch yo,' sah. Lawdy, Marse Hinry!"

I knocked Joe over like a ninepin, and with an expression as forcible as the blow shot out the house, jumped on my horse and galloped toward the woods. To think my lady was drowning while that stupid negro was dawdling over telling it! To think I was parleying with him when I might have been saving her! Now it might be too late!

With a horrible fear crushing on me, I spurred toward the foot-ridge where it was probable she had fallen. As I turned the bend of the river and saw a woman's figure lying on the grass a few rods ahead, I scarcely believed my eyes. I jumped off my horse, ran to her, bent over her, saw she was breathing.

When I realized that she was safe, the revulsion of feeling was so strong that if I had been a woman I should have cried. As it was—well, I don't know exactly what I did. Perhaps I did shed a tear or so.

Ellen said the hand-rail on which she was leaning must have given way. She had a fearful sense of falling, a dim recollection of screaming as the waters closed over her, a confused remembrance of some one crushing through the undergrowth and swimming toward her, then no more consciousness till she found herself on the bank, with Joe leaning over her, saying:

"Lay still, mistiss; Joe gwine ter fotch him fo' yo'. Soon es I squaze de water outen dese breeches I gwine run fur him."

Then he had set off for me and brought me as soon as if he hadn't scared me half to death.

Joe received my grateful demonstrations, when we returned to the house, in awkward silence, and replied when I rebuked him for neglecting to say that he had saved Ellen:

"Marse Hinry, I ain't never say yit dot Miss Ell'n ware drownded daid. I say she ware gitting drownded when she ware callin' on you; and she ware, sah, 'cept I fotch her out."

I offered to buy Joe from my father and set him free. After some days' cogitation he declined the offer, and I was at a loss what to do for him. Such a service as he had rendered could not go unrewarded. I found that the desire of his heart was to be a skilled carpenter and have his own tools, so I apprenticed him to a good builder.

He was an odd-looking fellow—tall, thin and loose-jointed, his face curiously unresponsive, with a fixed gravity of expression very strange in a negro. His mind was like his body, loosely hung together, and an idea was long in possessing it. Once there, it was immovably fixed. His slowness of speech gained him the reputation of dullness and the sobriquet Slow Joe. He was a man of one idea, and that idea was his work.

One day I saw something that made me think Joe was getting another idea. He was working in the yard, and Henrietta, a free negress who sewed for my mother, came around the house and went briskly down the walk past Joe, without looking at him, not seeming to hear his "Howdy, Henr'etta?"

He called after her: "Yo' walkin' mighty swif. Do de san' bu'n yo' foot? Come back yere, Henr'etta; I wantter ax yo' 'bout sumpin'."

She turned her head and looked at him. "I aint gwine to turn in my parf an' cross my luck fur no fool nigger, lestwise sech as yo' is!"

"'Taint gwine cross yo' luck. I'll spit in de parf."

He stooped down, made a cross mark in the sand, and gravely spat in it. Henrietta watched the performance silently. Then she laughed derisively, and walked on as briskly as before.

A spool of thread dropped out of her bundle and rolled back to Joe's feet. He pushed it angrily out of his way, took up his saw and worked steadily for a minute. Then he put down his saw, picked up the spool and wound the loose thread; stood an instant looking after Henrietta's retreating figure, then followed her.

I saw him overtake her and give her the spool, watched them stand talking, and noticed Henrietta wave her hand at him as he came back, with a grave satisfied look on his face.

Joe had another idea; that idea wasHenrietta! I was sorry for him. She was free-born, as was her mother before her, and her freedom was "the immediate jewel of her soul." Her determination never to marry a slave was as well known as her ability to abide by that decision. So I was sorry for Joe.

But Joe went on his way as gravely, industriously and calmly as before. I supposed that my sympathy was misplaced, and after awhile forgot all about it. Joe's memory was better.

It was fully a year later when he came to me and axed: "Marse Hinry, how much yo' reckon I'se wuth?"

"I could sell you for fifteen hundred dollars."

"Humph! Dat's a sight o' money! But yo' got right smar' chance o' dough, Marse Hinry, an' lan' an' cattles an' craps ev'y year, an' niggers. Sho! one nigger ain't no mo'n drap in de bucket. 'Pears like yo' wouldn't sca'cely miss one nigger."

"Well, what do want, Joe? Say what you have to say, and don't take all the morning. You're burning daylight."

"Marse Hinry, yo' sets heap o' store by Miss Ell'n?" I nodded my head.

"Yo' recommember, sah, dat day she ware drownded an' I fotch her out?"

"As if is were yesterday."

"Dat's so, hit do 'pear like 'taint no mo'n yistiddy, but hit's nigh onto ten year. Dat's long time. I spec'," and his voice fell into that caressing cadence peculiar to his race, "I spec' yo' done forgit what yo' say to me dat day, I recollec's hit, dough; yo' says: 'Joe, I gwine sot yo' free.' Aint dat so, Marse Hinry?"

The light was dawning on me, and I said: "I remember it perfectly. Have you forgotten your answer?"

"Naw, sah, naw, Marse Hinry, I hanit forgit hit. I says 'twa'n't wuth while fo' to free me—I gwine be ole marse's nigger. But hit don' 'pear to me now dat way. Hit 'pear like I done change my thinkin'."

"You have been a long time doing it" I remarked, dryly. "Why do you want to be free now? Have you had a hard time? Have I been a hard master?"

"Laws, Marse Hinry, don' look at me like dat! God knows yo' been good to me. You gimme what I want; yo' larn me to be cyarpenter; done gimme dat suit wid the brass buttons 'n' long-tailed coat! Don' nobody say nothin' 'tall 'bout me hevin' hard time! Whar dat dawg, whar dat gun yo' done gimme? Aint yo' 'low me g' off huntin', 'tother niggers wukkin' in cawn-fiel'? Aint yo' done trest me? Law, Marse Hinry, de angel Gabr'l ain't had no better time 'n me. Hit 'taint dat, sah! hit—hit 'taint dat—"

"Then what is it?"

"Hit's—hit's H-Henr'etta! Henr'etta say dat she ware born fee. She aint gwine marry no slave; but she 'lowed ef I ware sot free, she 'low she mout marry 'long me. Dat's how cum I ax yo' does yo' 'member dat drowndin', 'n' how yo' say dat—I save—Miss Ell'n life dat day?"

He was no longer shuffling or embarrassed, but had pulled his loose figure together and stood with uplifted head in the unconscious dignity of a just cause.

He had pleaded his cause better than he knew. I would have freed him on the spot if it had been possible. But my estate had been lessened by a disastrous lawsuit; besides, I was heavily indebted. It was out of the question to free Joe, and thus, besides losing so valuable a slave, lose the income his wages brought me—a matter of some five hundred dollars a year.

I explained this to him as plainly and gently as I could.

He listened silently, and then said:

"Dat's so, marster, dat's so. Hit's chance o' money. Yass, sah, I b'lieve you'd gi' 't ter me ef you could. Good-by, sah, I gwine fin' Henr'etta." He walked slowly away with the old shuffle, the erectness all gone out of his figure. Poor Joe!

I felt so sorry for him that I tried to think of some way to help him to his freedom without injuring myself. I decided to credit him with half his earnings, and when the credits amounted to one thousand dollars to free him, five hundred dollars to be paid by him afterward.

Joe accepted this with gratitude. No man ever worked harder. In four years my books showed one thousand dollars to his credit, and Joe was free. He got his free papers and his marriage license the same day.

The laws concerning freed slaves were very strict. No freed slave was allowed to remain in the state longer than twelve months, except by special decree of the court for extraordinary services. Henrietta, being free-born, was not amenable to this law; but shortly before the twelve months expired notice to leave was served on Joe. When he found the law to be inexorable, he decided to leave and make his home in a free state. But he had reckoned without Henrietta.

She refused to leave her home, and declared that he must go without her. She thought more of her land than of him, she said, and deplored her fate in marrying a born slave. She was now affectionate, now abusive. In short she behaved like the obstinate and selfish woman she was, till Joe was nearly beside himself.

When he came to me, I told him the only way to keep Henrietta and to stay in Virginia was to get some trust-worthy and honorable person to "stand as master" to him, so he would be legally a slave, but actually and morally free. It was a severe remedy, but the case was a bad one.

He decided to let Henrietta stand as his mistress, "'case 'taint nobody gwine set mo' sto' by me bein' free dan Henr'etta is. We-alls same es one, 'case ain't Marse Passon Page say what God hev j'ined together shell no man set insunder?"

The matter was so arranged. Few live a life of more unbroken content than Joe lived with his wife and children, but man is born to trouble, and Joe's time came. He was a middle-aged man when the blow fell.

An eastern speculator bought up the Carter estate, of which Henrietta's land was formerly a part. I heard some rumor of a defective title—some talk of her land belonging really to the speculator. I heard nothing of it from Joe and concluded it was a mere rumor.

Joe came to me one morning looking uncommonly pleased and said: "Marse Hinry, dat law mahter done settle. Henr'etta she fix hit. She 'lowed I dunno nothin' 't all 'bout hit, an' she 'lowed she'd 'ten ter hit herse'f. Henr'etta smart ooman! Hyar de dokymint. She done gi' 't ter me an' 'low es how yo' mout 'splanify hit ter me."

He drew a paper from his pocket. I glanced over it carelessly; then, with surprise growing into horfor, read it through twice before I co grasp the iniquity of its purport.

It was the contract for the sale a slave, one Joe Willis, registe slave of his wife, the free negr Henrietta Willis; said slave to delivered in thirty days from da said Henrietta Willis to receive payment a clear title to land n occupied, etc., etc.

It was duly signed and sworn. J placid face confirmed my suspici He knew nothing of the transact the paper ratified, When I m him understand he laughed.

"Marster, Henr'etta jes' foolin' wid we-alls; dat dokymint ain't nothin' 'tall 'cept a fool! Henr'etta sprightly ooman, allus foolin' somebody. I 'low I'll fin' her an' show her she ain't fool me."

But in spite of his words his face was gray, his hands were clenched, and his breath came labored. I went with him to find Henrietta.

She was sewing at the window we went to the house. She dropp her work with a start at sight of t then she took it up and sewed stea ily, her face as hard as a flint. knew there was no hope. Joe saw too.

He walked up to her, the paper his hand.

"Say," he exclaimed, "dis yere per air a lie!"

She sewed on, and neither look up nor spoke.

He snatched the work from her. "Don't fool wid me, ooman! Say dis yere air a lie! Say it, Henr'etta, fo' God's sake say hit!"

She stood up, pulled the dead leaves off the dead geranium flaunting in the window, flecked the dust off the sill, looked at him silently and stolidly a moment. Then she spoke:

"Ef yo' wa'n't sich a slow fool you'd know I ain't gwine stan' as mistiss to no slave widout I gwine sell dat nigger when I gits ready. Hit 'taint no lie in dat paper. I done sell yo' 'case it suit me."

Dumb with rage, Joe sprang at her and struck her full in the face; she dropped at his feet, stunned or dead.

He stood over her, his body vibrating and quivering, his arms swaying, his hands clenching and loosing tremulously; in his convulsed face the fury of a wild beast—a soul's despair.

"I done shet yo' mouf up!" he gasped. "Free, is you? Free? I 'low you never gwine say 'free' no mo'! I gwine be joyful de day dey puts yo' in de ground! How come I ever sot eyes on yo'? How come dat passon say what God hev j'ined shell no man set insunder? Hit air lie! I don set hit insunder myself!"

A wail interrupted him—the child, terrified into silence till now, began to cry: "Mammy! mammy! He done kill mammy!"

His child's voice turned the man's passion. He took the little one up and began soothing it. "Hush, honey—yo' got yo' mammy an' yo' pappy—yo' pappy gwine wuk fo' yo'—"

Then the truth crushing on him, he broke into sobs.

"Oh my God! yo' got no pappy! She done sell him."

He put the child down, and turned again in fury toward his wife.

"Sell me! yo' don' sell me, Henr'etta? Sell po' Joe whar wuk ten year for freedom? Sell me whar love yo' twenty year? Whar done wuk fo' yo', nuss yo', deny myself fo' yo'! Sell yo' chillun' daddy? Sell me, whar God hev jined to you?"

He fell into a wild denial of God's justice.

"Would de good God," he wailed, "'low me go off fo' slave! Would he leave dat little Joe, whar cyarnt so much es say daddy—leave 'em all an' never see 'em no mo? He don' know, dats hit, don' know en—don' kear!"

The last words fell slowly and monotonously like a knell. Joe walked feebly to the chimney corner and sat down. The glow of anger, love, tenderness, supplication had burnt out of his face; there was left only ashen despair.

I turned and left the house; the woman, now moaning on the floor; the children huddled near her; Joe motionless in the chimney corner, his head on his breast, his arms hanging loosely.

The next day, and the next, and the next Joe was still there, speechless, motionless. Every morning Henrietta put a plate of food by him, every night she took it away untasted. Nothing roused him, nothing moved him. He seemed beyond touch or voice of human sympathy.

I busied myself in his behalf, bought him from the speculator, and after some weeks delay, took him his free papers. As I reached the door a negro woman came out.

"Joe's free agin, Marse Hinry," she said.

"Yes. I have his papers now, but how did you know it?"

[redacted]

and other ornamentation. The architecture of the building is of the Classic Renaissance style. It fronts on the Basin and is directly opposite the south end of the Manufactures and Liberal Arts building. At the west of it is the South Canal, which separates it from the Palace of Mechanic Arts, while in the rear, or east of it is what is called the South Pond. This building, like all the

[redacted]

Curtains connect the corner pavilions, forming a continuous arcade around the top of the buildings. Each corner pavilion is surmounted by a dome 96 feet high, and on each of these domes is a group of maidens of heroic size, called the Horoscope Group. These figures are represented as holding aloft a globe about which is a zone with signs of the zodiac. The figures are made of staff, while the globes are of sheet copper. Each group represents a distinct race, one the Caucasian, another the Mongolian, another the Ethiopian, and the fourth the American Indian.

The main entrance leads through an opening sixty-four feet wide into a vestibule, and from this vestibule into the rotunda, which is one hundred feet in diameter. This rotunda is surmounted by a mammoth glass dome one hundred and thirty feet high.

Perhaps the most conspicious figure on the building is that of Diana the huntress mounted on the dome of the central pavilion. This is the figure of Diana that was formerly on the tower of the Madison Square Garden in New York City. Immediately over the main entrance is the winged figure illustrative of the "Victory of Ceres." This is a female figure with outstretched hands, holding a laurel wreath. On each side of this figure is the Ceres group. This group comprises two female figures holding between them a large shield on which is the word "Ceres," and underneath this is a garland of fruit. Cupids stand on either side of each of the figures, holding in their hands cornucopias which are running over with abundance.

On each corner pavilion are two reproductions of what is called the Four Seasons, making altogether eight of these groups. This group consists of four female figures representing the four seasons of the year, spring, summer, autumn, and winter. They are set back to back with their arms outstretched for sheaves of wheat extended above their heads.

Besides these groups of figures, which are decidedly Grecian in design, there are two other groups which are eminently rural and illustrative of agricultural pursuits. One of these is a horse group, the other cattle. There are four of the horse groups, two on the front of the building, one on the east end of the building facing the pier at which steamboats will land passengers, and one on the west front. The group comprises a figure of a Grecian plowman standing on a slightly raised elevation holding the handle of an ancient stone plow; two spirited horses are attached to the plow, yet held in check by a firm hand.

In the cattle group, which is likewise strongly Grecian, is a woman standing on a slightly raised pedestal holding a garland of flowers which encircles the necks of the cows. Standing on the right side of the group is the figure of a goat, and on the left is that of a calf. The number and positions of these groups are relatively the same as those of the horses.

On the exterior walls of the building, in strong relief, are fifty-four single figures of the Angel of Abundance holding a cornucopia which is overflowing with the fruit of the harvest. These figures are clothed in loose flowing robes and are classical like the others. Between the springs of the arches of the north, east, and west sides of the building are twenty-two more single figures in relief representing a female classically clothed, holding in her hand the signs of the zodiac. On the east front there are two spandrels, also two on the west and one on the north side. Four of these are the same. The two on the west side are immediately under the Horoscope Group and represent a pastoral scene of a shepherd with a crook in his hand, sitting on the right with two ewes and a lamb. The other spandrel represents the triumph of Ceres, and is on the north front. Ceres, the central figure, is represented as standing erect, holding a sheaf of wheat in her left hand and a shepherd's crook in her right. Further down on the pediment are other reliefs. On the left is a reproduction of Flora, Bacchus, and other mythological deities seated in a chariot drawn by two tigers. Over against this relief on the right hand is a figure of Mercury and pastoral deities in a car drawn by two dragons. The statuary is all the work of William Philip Martini of New York, with the exception of Diana, which is the work of Mr. Augustus St. Gaudens.

In addition to these decorations and ornamentations in staff, there are six mural paintings on the exterior walls, four on the west face and two on the east. These paintings consist of female figures gracefully draped, with flowers and fruit in their hands typifying the fruitfulness of nature. These paintings were executed by Mr. George W. Maynard. In the main entranceway are four mural paintings similar to the others in style and effect. One of these, representing "Fertility," carries a sheaf of wheat and a basket of fruit. The other figure, "Abundance," carries a shock of grain in one hand, while in the other there is an overturned horn of plenty, from which fruit and flowers are flowing out in abundance. Two other figures painted on the side walls of the entranceway represent mythological beings. One is a male figure driving a chariot drawn by dragons, the other a female figure in a chariot drawn by lionesses. The ornamental painting in connection with these figures was done by Charles Schladermaundt.

Thirty-seven States in this country and thirty-five foreign nations and states have exhibits in this building. The interior arrangements is such as to provide over fourteen acres of desirable space for purposes of exhibiting.

Strange Sounds.

It is a matter of common observation that the loudest sounds are not always made by the largest animals. The roar of the lion exceeds in sonorousness the cry of the elephant. Anyone who had only heard, without seeing, a bull-dog might well suppose that its fearful voice, breaking the silence of the night, must certainly come from the throat of an animal of formidable dimensions.

But perhaps the most remarkable case of vocal power in an animal is that related by a recent traveler in the highlands of Borneo. He was informed by natives that they had a tiger roaring in the neighborhood. Such news is always startling to a stranger in the jungles of the east, and hardly less so to the natives.

An investigation was accordingly set on foot, which resulted in the discovery that the alarming roars had been emitted by a toad! This toad of Borneo, however, was by no means an ordinary member of the family. It measured no less than fourteen and one-half inches round the body.

That the natives should not have recognized the true source of the sound shows that the existence of such toads was either unknown to them, or that, at any rate, they had never discovered the remarkable vocal capabilities of the animals.

This recalls a story in Mr. Bates' account of his travels along the Amazon. Among the many sounds heard in the dense Brazilian forests was a kind of loud metallic clanking, that sometimes rang through the trees, and the origin of which Mr. Bates was unable to discover. Whenever it was heard the natives cowered with fear, ascribing it to a supernatural origin.

Possibly the noise was so loud that they missed the discovery of its source by searching only for something of corresponding physical dimensions.

No man can be truly brave who is not seeking to be truly good.

The best answer you can make to self-conceit is to keep still.

Wherever there is selfishness there is sin.

Within the Earth.

From Youth's Companion

What is inside the earth? Metals, the materials of rocks—about the same things, in short, that we find on its surface, except plants and animals. But in what condition are those minerals that lie deep in the earth, clear down to its very center? In what proportions do they exist? Has our planet a metallic core, where iron and silver and gold abound in marvelous profusion?

Is the earth simply encased in a solidfied crust, underneath which is an ocean, a globular ocean, of molten matter, or are there only fiery lakes of melted rock that supply volcanoes with lava, while the great mass of the globe is solid to the core?

These are some of the interesting questions that men have asked about the world on whose surface they dwell. Most of them remain still without anv decisive answer. It is no longer generally believed, as it once was, that the central parts of the globe are wholly composed of melted rock, but just what the condition of things is there nobody knows.

The great difficulty is that we cannot dig deep enough to find out, for the deepest mines and artesian wells are, after all, but insignificent punctures in the outer rind of the globe.

One fact does seem to be established: The deeper you go the warmer it gets. An important contribution to our knowledge on this subject comes from the deep well that is being driven at Wheeling in West Virginia. The facts ascertained there were the subject of a report to the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

The well, which is a little less than five inches in diameter, is now about forty-five hundred feet deep, and it is hoped to make it at least a mile deep. Thermometers are lowered into the well, which, fortunately for science, is perfectly dry, and the temperature is thus taken at various depths.

At the depth of 1,350 feet the temperature is 68.75 degrees; at 2,375 feet it is 79.2 degrees; at 3,375 feet it is 92.1 degree; at 4,375 feet it is 108.4 degrees, and at 4,462 feet it is 110.2 degrees.

It will be observed that the temperature goes on increasing faster and faster the deeper the well gets. For instance, the increase in the thousand feet of descent from 2,375 feet to 3,375 feet is about 13 degrees, while the increase in the thousand feet from 3,375 feet to 4,375 feet is more than 16 degrees. If the heat should go on increasing in a similar progression, a depth would soon be reached where every solid substance would be melted.

Possibly if the driving of the well were continued, such a place would be found; but that would not prove that the same condition of things exists everywhere under the earth's crust, because deep wells have been driven in other parts of the world which show different rates of increase in the heat. The indication is that there is a particular hot spot in the earth under Wheeling.

The Snake Nut.

A nut which should be classed with such wonderful vegetable productions as the "Vegetable Worm" of China, the "Vegetable Fly" of Australia, and other plant oddities of that ilk, is the snake nut of Demerara. This paradoxical vegetable is said to also grow in some parts of Cuba and British Guiana, the first specimen in the British museum having been sent from the latter country. These remarkable nuts vary in size, some being as large as a goose egg, others not larger than a walnut. The kernel of each and every one does not simply "bear a close resemblance," but is a perfect counterpart of a boa constrictor, lying coiled up as if asleep—the head, general taper of the body, spots and everything being true to life. When the kernel is yet unripe it may be unwound or uncoiled and straightened out. In this state, although it is then without the spots, the resemblance to the body, fangs, scales and tail of a reptile is simply extraordinary. Those who can overcome the natural aversion to tasting such a thing declare that the nut is one of fine flavor, being equal in every particular to the cream nut or the English walnut.

Loyalty to truth requires that as much attention be paid to giving sufficient force and strength to our words as to refraining from giving too much. Yet very intelligent and careful people frequently do not see this; and, in their anxiety to avoid the exaggeration which they so much despise, they fail to give that force and vigor to their words that truth demands.

Nature's Scavengers.

From Washington Star.

"The important part which fungi are intended to play in the economy of nature, chiefly as scavengers, is indicated by the plentiful provision made for their reproduction," said a student of vegetable pathology to a Star writer. "So widely distributed are the germs of these plants that every breath of air you take probably contains several kinds. They are everywhere in the atmosphere, ready to develop themselves whenever the peculiar conditions adapted to each species are offered. This accounts for the prevalence of those troublesome forms of vegetation which are called 'mold,' 'mildew,' and so forth. Fruit preserves are very apt to afford a propogating ground for mold, likewise any pair of shoes which you may leave unworn for any length of time. There is a sort of cheese, much prized by epicures, which derives its flavor from the quantity of fungus vegetation it contains. It is prepared simply by breaking up the curd and exposing it for a day or two, in small lumps laid upon a cloth, to the sun and air. There it receives the spores of the fungi, which vegetate in it and spread their growth through the mass while it is yet soft.

"All the energies of the fungus plant seem to be directed to the production of germs for propogating its kind. Their number is often almost incalculable. You have doubtless observed that the common puff ball when mature is filled with a fine dust and this consists entirely of spores corresponding to seeds, which are eventually diffused in the air by the bursting of the puff ball. In a single puff ball more than ten million of them have been counted, and when these minute bodies are once set afloat in the atmosphere they are distributed abroad over an indefinite space, being so small that it is difficult to conceive of a place from which they could be excluded. Their astonishing fertility and rapidity of growth are among the most remarkable characteristics of this vegetable tribe. A single fungus plant has been known to attain a weight of thirty-four pounds in six weeks. The power of expansion which fungi possess is wonderful. Great toadstools will sometimes lift heavy paving stones out of their beds, and it was once necessary to repave the whole of a certain town in England in consequence of such a disturbance."

A House Mistress.

Most young wives desire to have a home of their own; and though the mother is loath to lose her darling, she cannot deny her the privilege of following her mate, as the mother did before her, it is considered an undesirable thing by most mothers to have a house full of "old maids." But it is a fact, in spite of this feeling, that many mothers do not prepare their daughters for happy marriages. They neglect to teach them the commonest duties of a housekeeper, under the mistaken idea, which they hold, of love and tenderness, that they do not want their daughters to have so hard a life as they have. But if they are not properly educated, their lot will be even harder.

Besides having a knowledge of cookery, the young woman needs to know how to fashion and make garments for ordinary wear, for we rarely find an average family in our country communities that is able to hire all the necessary cutting, fitting, and sewing, without seriously clipping its resources for other needs.

One need not, in order to be thrifty and economical, always be her own dressmaker, or her good man's tailor; for there is often real economy in getting these heavy jobs off one's hands, thus leaving the wife readier and stronger for the many duties constantly arising, which no one else can do so well. But the plain sewing can be most neatly and savingly done at home, under the careful, instructive eye of the "housemother," even though she can afford to hire assistance.

An Illuminating Tree.

From N. Y. World.

A very useful kind of tree to have in one's front yard is reported as growing near some springs about twelve miles north of Tuscarora, N. Y. Its truly wonderful characteristic is its luminosity, which is so great that on the darkest night it can be plainly seen a mile away. A person standing near could read the finest print by its light. It is about six feet high, with a trunk which at its base is three times the size of an ordinary man's wrist. Its foliage is extremely rank, and its leaves resemble somewhat those of the aromatic bay tree in shape, size and color. The luminour property is due to a gummy substance, which can be transferred to the hand by rubbing. The principal objection to the use of this kind of tree for a street lamp would seem to be that its luminosity is probably due simply to phosphorescence, and therefore if it were not planted in a damp place and if the sun did not shine every day it would not be up to candle-power at night.

The greatest of all duties is the present one.

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