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Public Sale
OF VALUABLE
REAL ESTATE,
Situated in Woolery's district, Carroll county, Maryland.

The undersigned, administrator de bonis non with the last will and testament annexed, of Allen Baker, deceased, and by virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, will offer at Public Sale, on the premises, situated near the public road leading from Carrollton, on the Baltimore Turnpike, to Patapsco Station on the Western Maryland Railroad, about one mile from the former and a like distance from Carrollton Station on the Western Maryland Railroad, on

SATURDAY, JUNE 10th, A. D., 1893, at 1 o'clock, P. M., that tract or parcel of land known and called by the name of Obrian's Folly, containing

44 ACRES OF LAND, More or Less,

of which a due proportion is in timber, and being the same tract or parcel of land which Allen Baker in his life time obtained from Noah Taylor and wife, by deed dated 18th May, A. D., 1858, and recorded in Liber G. E. W. No. 24, folio 76, &c. The improvements consist of a Dwelling House, Barn and other necessary outbuildings,  an apple orchard of choice fruit; in thriving condition, an excellent spring of water near the door, with running water through the farm, whilst the land is of a good quality easily improved and under fair fencing. This property adjoins lands of Jeremiah Ebaugh, Azariah Oursler, John A. Chew and others, and is convenient to churches, schools and postoffice, and its proximity to two stations on the railroad, makes it worthy the attention of any one in want of a small farm in a good neighborhood.

Persons desirous of viewing the premises can call upon the undersigned residing at Carrollton.

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, (which will be in about four weeks from the day of sale) balance in two equal payments at six and twelve months from the day of sale, credit payments to be secured to the satisfaction of the administrator and bearing interest from the day of sale.

MILTON CHEW,
Administrator d. b. n. c. t. a. of Allen Baker, deceased.
Wm. A. McKellip, Attorney.
Wm. Blizzard, Auctioneer. my-13-ts

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

PETER BAILE,

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 19th day of December, 1893; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 19th day of May, 1893.

MARY J. BAILE,
my-20-4t Executrix.

Mutual Fire Insurance Company
OF CARROLL COUNTY.

OFFICE, - - WESTMINSTER, MD.

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AMERICAN SENTINEL.

VOL. 61 NO. 23. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 10, 1893. ESTABLISHED 1833.

AN ADDRESS.

Delivered by Major John I. Yellott, of Towson, at Westminster, Md., Memorial Day, May 30th, 1893.

COMRADES, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—It is a noble impulse which prompts us to pay fitting homage to the worthy dead. Civilized nations have ever held in grateful remembrance those of their citizens whose wise statesmanship, military achievements, merit in literature or broad philanthropy, have enshrined them in the hearts of their countrymen. The principle which inspires this gathering is one engraved upon the human heart and to be found in the simple but inspired language of the sacred command—"Render honor to whom honor is due." And those who deplore our memorial services as tending to keep alive the animosities and hatreds engendered by the war, little understand the human heart, or, seek to hide their real reasons beneath a thin garb of hypocrisy.

There are memories of the war that should never be forgotten, any more than hatreds and animosities should be cherished. Among these memories to be kept alive is that of the fallen heroes who loved their country more than the peace, the safety, and comfort of their homes, and gave up their lives as a willing sacrifice upon her altars. It matters not whether the resting places of our fallen comrades in that terrible strife be marked by monuments of marble, shafts of granite, statues of bronze, or the plain wooden board, they are martyrs to a holy cause, and alike worthy the grateful remembrance of all who enjoy the blessings of American Citizenship on this Memorial day.

One other memory of the war should be cherished if we would keep alive in the national mind the priceless value of our institutions, and their great cost. I speak of the cause and responsibility of the war of the rebellion. Many of the active men of to-day have come upon the theatre of life since the surrender of Lee at Appomattox, and may well ask, "For what did these men whose graves have been this day strewn with flowers, fight and die?"

A truthful answer to this question may be unpalatable to many, and some may criticise the taste which approves a candid reply on an occasion like this. The time is now upon us when the good of the country, the great cause for which the Union soldier battled and died, the memories of those who fell in that struggle and a proper respect for those who survive, all unite in demanding that some plain truth be spoken.

The discovery of this continent was an inspiration at a time when the world was ripe for the founding of the home of freedom; the hardships to which the founders were subjected were wisely planned to make them safe guardians of the infant plant and noble defenders when European oppression sought to crush it out. Our revolutionary fathers were great men, great in all the higher elements that constitute true manhood. They stand quite alone, in the honor paid to modern heroes. They founded, what is to day the greatest country on the globe, and established a government based on the solid foundations of truth. They were warriors, statesmen, philosophers and patriots who by their struggles, sacrifices, wisdom and success, won the admiration of the world. When they had determined to establish a government founded upon the principles of human right and justice, born amid their trials and sufferings, and approved by their statesman and philosophers, they loftily proclaimed; that, "All men are born free and equal; that they are endowned with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." In a bloody struggle with the most powerful nation in the world, of long duration and fought with untold suffering, they won at the sword's point the right to establish a government based upon this Divine truth.

The time is not far distant when the loyal soldier of the war of the rebellion will be honored as the heroes of the American revoultion are now honored by all lovers of American Institutions. The former conceived and won the right to establish a government upon the basis of immutable truth, while the heroes of the war of 1861, in a more desperate and bloodier war, made that truth a living, vital principle of the government, and settled the destiny of humanity and liberty on the Amercan Continent.

The war of 1861 was not brought about for the purpose of freeing slaves. Not one soldier in thousands entertained such an idea when volunteering to defend his Country's flag; it was the logical result of a long strife between the principles of right and wrong, truth and error. A distinguished orator of the North has said that the war the rebellion was precipitated by ten men, while a distinguished son of the south, Alexandria H. Stephens, declared it was brought about for the purpose of founding a government of which slavery was to be the chief corner stone. Both these great men have borne testimony to the truth.

The heresy of secession, the false doctrine of extreme States rights,—the right of the State to be the sole judge of her rights and her wrongs, and to dictate to the National Government, were the natural outgrowth of slavery in the South, and the doctrines inculcated by its defenders. So persistent was this teaching, and so thoroughly inculcated, that in a period, less than half a century, it had four times threatened a dissolution of the Union, and twice obtained from the government unfair and dangerous concessions. Emboldened by its success in threatening secession, intoxicated by a false idea of the value of Southern cottonfields and sugar plantations, when the people of the country exercised the constitutional right of electing a Chief Magistrate by lawful means in 1860, the South threw off all disguise, disavowed allegiance to the government, and plunged the country into the bloodiest and most costly war of modern times. With full representation in every Department of the Government, and a national Congress and a supreme Court in sympathy with correct Southern feeling, the Southern States seized government arms, forts and arsenals, and forcibly interdicted all governmental control in their territory, for no reason except that the people had elected a President who was distasteful to their section; a result made possible by their own action.

The North and West were so occupied in the mill, the factory, the counting room, and the pursuits of trade and commerce that even this action on the part of the South did not arouse them; but, when the Flag of their Country was fired upon, when the blood of a soldier wearing the uniform of the Republic was drawn, they forgot all the pursuits of trade, money-making, and the peace and comforts of toil and thrift. Father and mother, wife and children, the endearments of home, and the demands and love of money getting, were no more the magnets to hold the greyhaird men, and the youth of the loyal States, to the fireside; but the privations, the hardships, and the dangers of the soldier's life were eagerly sought, for love of Country. Then we knew how dear to the American heart was the starry symbol of our Republic, and its Constitution, its libery and its glory. When the red hand of treason touched the flag it aroused a wild indignation that soon settled into a fixed resolve, that the war for the Union should be waged until that flag was again recognized as the emblem of a purified, strengthened and a redeemed nation. In the grave of the gigantic rebellion which found its "last ditch," and recognized the majesty of loyalty to the Union, at Appomattox, lie buried every cause which can threaten the integrity of the Union of the American States, or imperil constitutional government on this continent.

When we view the grand results which have followed the war, when we see as a fact that freeing black slaves meant the loosing of the shackles of the white masters, when it is demonstrated that the destruction of one kind of southern wealth has created another, tenfold in magnitude, can we wonder that the brave men who bore arms in that great conflict have joined hands over that grave in heartfelt reconciliation! So hearty has that reconciliation been between the contending soldiery, that now, after the lapse of a short quarter of a century, the honest, manly men who wore the grey are as loyal to our Common Government as those who wore the blue; the one has vied with the other in healing the wounds and building up the waste places caused by the mighty struggle. And with what glorious success? Though more than half a million men were killed and two million other men were wounded; though eight thousand million dollars of money and property, (one half the taxable property of the Country in 1861,) was expended; though wives were widowed, children orphaned, and thousands of homes desolated by the mad effort of a half score of men to destroy the Union, and build up an aristocracy upon its ruins, to-day, many new stars shine in the bright constellation of States, and our wealth has increased twelve times over, with an average daily increase of several millions. The imagination almost fails to grasp the rapidity and the stability of our growth in wealth and power. As we view our country and contemplate our government to-day, the wonder and the admiration of the civilized world, "with no clouds overhead, and no convulsions under our feet", and know in our hearts that so much of the grand spectacle is due to the heroic sacrifices of the loyal soldiers of the war of '61, are we not justified, my comrades, in feeling a pride that we were of that illustrious band.

In countless cemeteries, throughout our land, lie the remains of our comrades who fell in the fierce heat of battle while offering themselves as a bulwark to save the Union they loved; in countless others are the dust of those who survived, and who have since succumbed to age, or wounds received in the same immortal cause. Palsied be the tongue that would condemn our tribute to the memory of those men. Memorial day! how beautifully named! What touching and soul stirring memories well up in the old soldier's heart when he visits the grave of his departed comrade in arms, to strew it with flowers, "of which each perfumed bud is but a poor representation of the affection that binds the living to the dead." There is no patriotism in the heart that would abridge or discountenance this expression of feeling one day in the year. The man who opposes it needs re-construction. He is not a true patriot.

John Boyle O'Reiley said but a few years ago: "While the men in blue and the men in grey faced each other, never was fight so full of hatred and death since Cain slew his brother with a brand, because there could be no compromise. It was death or separation—and separation was death. Only the angels of God could steal the bitterness from the heart of the beaten, proud South. Truly, no hands but the hands of slain men could solder up the rift."

And yet, to-day, the war with all this hatred and bitterness is only a memory. When we recall some of the familiar scenes, we must believe it to be a miracle when we contemplate the loyal support given by the South to the Government they so lately sought to destroy. How much of this is due to the soldiers? Ah! what a thrill of holy satisfaction passed through the Northern heart when we heard of the touching tribute paid to the fallen soldiers of the Union who had found their last resting place in the South, by their late enemies, while decorating their own soldier graves! Upon no page in the world's history will we find anything written so touching and magnanimous, as that of our soldiers, strewing with flowers the graves of the Southern slain! The war was a bitter one, with no place for compromise, but one for preservation, not for destruction,—a fact seemingly remembered by the magnanimous Grant, the chivalrous Lee, the immortal Lincoln, and the brave men of both armies who survived the slaughter. At its close, no train of captives was required to give eclat to the triumphant return of the conqueror, and no gibbet was built to disgrace the dying of a single leader of the rebellion. The door of no prison cell was closed upon a single captive. Sweet mercy ruled the councils of the nation and there was forgiveness for all.

All the glorious results of the great struggle for the Union were embodied in the Constitution and the laws of the land, and loyal men, on whichever side they fought, whether Yankees or Rebels, hold to-day, that the observance and enforcement of these constitutional and legal enactments, in letter and in spirit, are the tests of true citizenship and loyalty. Men who led brave hosts against the Nation's life have long been seated among our law makers, side by side with those who defended that national life, and both in full accord as to the results of the war. Those who spat upon and trailed in the dust our glorious flag are now ready to shield with their lives that national ensign from all dishonor. No man can doubt to-day the thorough reconciliation of our people, north and south, and no old soldier can be found who is so unamerican and unpatriotic as to wish to fan into new life the old flame of sectional hatred. On the field of danger we did our duty, and in times of peace we cannot be found wanting.

It is our duty to remember the cause of the war, and to view with pride its grand results. Many of those who fought against us are glad that the struggle resulted as it did, and ere long all will find the same pleasure in this day that we enjoy. Englishmen fought against Englishmen in the American Revolution, and we "rebels" won our right to celebrate our 4th of July. The wiser of the English people now regard that national holiday with a pride quite as great as the American. "We won our independence, the Briton won a larger liberty and a better government." And so with the South. Her sons may pretend to grieve for the "Lost Cause," but ere long none will be so blind as to deny that their defeat was a greater victory than they could have won for themselves.

And now, my comrades, our country has the right to look to us as teachers of patriotism. To justify this, our love of country must rise superior to all love of party and partisan considerations. It is our duty to affiliate with any party whose principles we prefer, but to oppose the party, whether it be that of our preference or not, which professes high and lofty principles of patriotism, but ignores those principles in practice. As old soldiers, as members of our glorious Grand Army, we cannot be the henchmen and the slaves of any political organization which has no higher political purpose than partisan success and individual aggrandizement.

It is by the independence of our organization and our individual independence, that we must deserve, and command the respect of our countrymen. If the old soldiers of the war, those who wore the blue, and those who wore the gray, could advance one step farther in this age of demagoguery, and form non-political organizations to be used as a menance to selfish political bosses of all parties, then, indeed, would we be able to render our country a magnificent political service, eclipsing in glory that given upon the field of battle.

I have referred to the great wealth of our nation, and the marvelous rapidity of its increase, as one of the results of the service rendered by the Nation's soldiers in the day of its distress; I might also refer to the increased comforts of life enjoyed by the larger portion of our people, and the cheapened price of the necessities of life. A partisan press, and loud talking politicians who seek to delude, and to reap personal success, may declaim as they please, but the unprejudiced observer knows that our people, as a body, live more comfortably than in the days gone by; that our nation is prosperous beyond all others. Yet, blind to all these truths, this same press, these same small politicians, surfeit the public ear with nice calculations as to the value, in dollars and cents, of the services of the soldiers who saved the nation's life and brought about the blessings we enjoy. They seek to make the term "Pensioner" opprobrious. If an old soldier has had his name put upon the pension roll through fraud and imposition, then the term "Pensioner," as applied to him, is one of dishonor and opprobrium; he has dishonored himself and done his comrades a cruel injustice; he is a criminal, and deserves the same punishment as some of our statesmen who loot the ballot box or quietly enjoy the fruits of a polluted ballot. The term "Pensioner," as understood in all civilized countries, is a decoration of which any soldier may well be proud; and the principles upon which pensions are paid are those which any enlightened christian nation may well foster and encourage; no soldier entitled to a place upon his country's pension roll can be ashamed to appear there; no soldier, whether he be a Pensioner or not, can, with self respect, support and aid to bring dishonor upon an honorable Pensioner, or to make the pension roll a roll of paupers only.

This country is too great; it is too wealthy, it owes to its soldiers too heavy a debt to bring such dishonor upon the Pensioner. If the soldiers are true to themselves, true to their comrades, true to the high principles of right for which they risked their lives, marched under blazing suns, breathed the miasma of swamps, endured the sufferings of the hospital, and secured the grand triumph of 1865, they will never do anything, direct, or indirect, which may tend to bring dishonor upon their name, and deny to them the justice that is their due. Every Grand Army Post, and every individual soldier of this broad land should be an earnest protestant against such an injustice and indignity.

[redacted]

its defenders who freely offered up their lives in the hour of her sore trial, and watered her soil with their blood.

The silvered head and the bent forms of those of us who have not yet been mustered into the Grand Army of the spirit land, attest the length of time since the war ended; we will soon answer to the dread roll call that must come. On occasions like this we are carried back to the times when the recruiting officer was seeking volunteers; again we hear the martial music that stirred our souls and quickened our steps; to the comparative quiet of camp life where sweet dreams of home came to us; to the field of carnage when death dealing shell went screaming through the air, and the groans and wounds of our fallen comrades but made us more determined to conquer. How sacred are all these memories to the old soldier. They are scenes and memories never to be forgotten, never to be effaced from our minds and our hearts. On an occasion, so beautifully solemn as our Memorial day, it is the duty of each one of us to resolve anew that we will be true to our every duty as citizens of our great republic; that we will, with true self-sacrifice, be ever ready to defend and protect, "The Starry Flower of Liberty"; to strengthen the ties that bind us together, and to re-light the tender flame of love we bear the memory of our departed comrades, who now gaze upon us, from their ranks in the spirit land, with a joy unknown to us finite beings.

Select Poetry.

THE DAYS OF OLD.

BY S. W.

Dost remember the days of old,
When our hearts were young and light,
When our cyildish joy was without alloy,
And all seem'd fair and bright;
When we danced the sunny hours away,
And imagined all the world at play?

Dost remember the merry time,
When we gather'd the cowslips pale,
And sat in the shade, by the oak tree made,
To list to some fairy tale?
How we laughingly search'd each blossom fair
For the fairy we fancied was hiding there!

Dost remember the pureness of heart,
In those days of long ago?
Has it been thy lot since thou left the spot
Such sweet content to know?
'Twas a happy time, and I'll ne'er forget!
But, oh! dost thou remember it yet?

Select Story.

WITH WET CARTRIDGES.

The story which I am about to relate was told me beside the camp fire on the banks of the Big Squatook, in southeastern Quebec:

The wild regions of the Squatook lakes are rich in fish and game. A party of four devotees of gun and rod and paddle, we went one July to this land of the Big Squatook; and round the camp fire one chilly evening when a sudden north wind had put an abrupt end to our fishing, Stranion, being in a certain sense the leader of our party, was called upon for a story of adventure.

We were all experienced woodsmen, with a large stock of stories at our command; but Stranion's experience was the wildest, and to him had fallen the strangest and most thrilling adventures. When Stranion was not with us a good yarn might be elicited from the lips of W. B., or Sam, or even myself; but in Stranion's presence we paled our "ineffectual fires." When we had heaped our camp fire to thrice its accustomed height and had huddled ourselves comfortably in our blankets under the lee of the tent, we turned our attention to Stranion, and Stranion began:

"Boys, the air bites shrewly. It is a nipping and eager air. In fact, it puts me forcibly in mind of one of my best adventures, which befell me that winter when I was trapping on the Little Sou'west Mirament."

"Oh, come! Tell us a good summer story, old man," interrupted W. B. "I'm half frozen as it is to-night. Tell us about some place down in the tropics, where they have to cool their porridge with boiling water."

"Nay," replied Stranion, "my thoughts are wintry and even so must my story be."

He traced in the air a few meditative circles with his pipe (which he rarely smoked, using it rather for oratorical effect) and then resumed:

"That was a hard winter of mine on the Little Sou'west. I enjoyed it at the time, and it did me good; but, looking back upon it now, I wonder what induced me to undertake it. I got the experience and I indulged my hobby to the full, but by spring I felt like a barbarian.

"I had Noel with me that winter—a good hunter and true, but about as companionable as a mud turtle. Our traps were set in two great circuits, one on the south side of the stream, the other on the north. The range to the north was in my charge, and a very big charge it was. When I had any sort of luck, it used to take me a day and a half to make the round, for I had seventeen traps to tend, spread out over a range of about twenty miles. But when the traps were not well filled, I used to do it without sleeping away from the camp.

"Its not much like play, I can tell you, tramping all day on snowshoes through those woods, carrying an ax, a fowling piece, food, ammunition and sometimes a pack of furs. Whenever I had to sleep out I would dig a big oblong hole in the snow, build a roaring fire at one end of the hole, bury myself in hemlock boughs at the other end, and snooze like a dormouse till morning. I relied implicitly on the fire to keep off any bears or Indian devils (panthers) that might be feeling inquisitive as to whether I would be good eating.

"The snow must have been fully six feet deep that year. One morning, near the last of February, I had set out on my round, and had made some three miles from our shanty when I caught sight of a covey of partridges in the distance, and turned out of my way to get a shot at them. It had occurred to me that perchance a brace of them might make savory morsels for my supper. After a considerable detour I bagged my birds and recovered my trail near the last trap I had visited. My tracks, as I had left them, had been solitary enough, but now I found they were accompanied by the foot-prints of a large Indian devil.

"I didn't really expect to get a shot at the beast, but I loaded both barrels with ball cartridges. As I went on, however, it began to strike me as strange that the brute should happen to be going so far in my direction. Step for step his foot-prints clung to mine. When I reached the place where I had branched off in search of the partridges I found that the panther had branched off with me. So polite a conformity of his ways to mine could have but one significance. I was being tracked!

"The idea, when it first struck me, struck with too much force to be agreeable. It was a very unusual proceeding on the part of an Indian devil, displaying a most imperfect conception of the fitness of things. That I should hunt him was proper and customary; but that he should think of hunting me, presumptuous and most unpleasant. I resolved that he should be made to repent it before night.

"The traps were unusually successful that trip, and at last I had to stop and make a cache of my spoils. This unusual delay seemed to mislead my wily pursuer, who suddenly came out of a thicket while I was hidden behind a tree trunk. As he crept stealthily along on my tracks, not fifty yards away, I was disgusted at his sleuth hound persistence and crafty malignity. I raised my gun to my shoulder, and in another moment would have rid myself of his undesired attactions, but the animal must have caught a gleam from the shining barrel, for he turned like a flash and buried himself in the nearest thicket.

"It was evident that he did not want the matter forced to an immediete issue. As a consequence, I decided that it ought to be settled at once. I ran toward the thicket, but at the same time the panther stole out on the other side and disappeared in the woods.

"Upon this I concluded that he had become scared and given up his unhallowed purpose. For some hours I dismissed him from my mind and tended my traps without further apprehension, but about the middle of the afternoon or a little later, when I had reached the farthest point of my circuit, I once more became impressed with a sense that I was being followed.

"The impression grew so strong that it weighed upon me, and I determined to bring it to a test. Taking some luncheon from my pocket I sat down behind a tree to nibble and wait. I suppose I must have sat there ten minutes, hearing nothing, seeing nothing, so that I was about to give it up and continue my tramp, when along came the panther! My gun was leveled instantly, but at the same instant the brute had disappeared. His eyes were sharper than mine. 'Ah!' said I to myself, 'I will have to keep a big fire going to-night or this fellow will pay me a call when I am snoozing.'

"About sundown I met with an unlucky accident, which dampened both my spirits and my powder. In crossing a swift brook at a place where the ice was hardly thick enough to hold up its covering of snow, I broke through and was soaked. After fishing myself out with some difficulty I found my gun was full of water, which had frozen as it entered. Here was a pretty fix. The weapon was for the present utterly useless. I feared that most of my cartridges were in like condition. The prospect for the night, when the Indian devil should arrive upon the scene, was not a cheerful one. I pushed on miserably for another mile or so, and then prepared to camp.

"First of all I built such a fire as I thought would impress upon the Indian devil a due sense of my importance and my mysterious powers. At a safe distance from the fire I spread out my cartriges to dry, in the fervent hope that the water had not penetrated far enough to render them useless. My gun I put where it would thaw as quickly as possible.

"Then I cut enough of firewood to blaze all night. With my snowshoes I dug a deep hollow at one side of the fire. The fire soon melted the snow beneath it, and brought it down to the level whereon I was to place my couch. I may say that the ground I had selectod was a gentle slope, and the fire was below my bed, so that the melting snow could run off freely. Over my head I fixed a good, firm 'lean-to' of spruce sapplings, thickly thatched with boughs. Thus I secured myself in such a way that the Indian devil could come at me only from the side on which the fire was burning. Such approach, I congratulated myself, would be little to his catship's taste.

"By the time my shelter was completed it was fully night in the woods. My fire made a ruddy circle about the camp, and presently I discerned the panther, gliding in and out among the tree trunks on the outer edges of the circle. He stared at me with his round, green eyes, and I returned the gaze with cold indifference. I was busy putting my gun in order. I would not encourage him lest he might grow too familiar before I was ready for his reception.

"Between my gleaming walls of snow I had worked up a temperature that was fairly tropical. Away up overhead, among the pine tops, a few large stars glimmered lonesomely. How far away seemed the world of my friends on whom these same stars were looking down! I wondered how those at home would feel if they could see me there by the solitary camp fire, watched relentlessly by that prowling and vindictive beast.

"Presently, finding that I made no attack upon him, the brute slipped noiselessly to within a few dozen paces of the fire. There he crouched down in the snow and glared upon me. I hurled a flaming brand at him, and he sprang backward, snarling, into the gloom. But the brand spluttered in the snow and went out, whereupon the brute returned to his post. Then I threw another at him, but he regarded it this time with contempt, merely drawing aside to give it room. When it had gone black out he approached, pawed it over, and sniffed in supremest contempt. Then he came much nearer, so that I thought he was about to spring on me. I moved directly to the other side of the fire.

"By this time the gun was ready for action, but not so the cartridges. They were lying farther from the fire and dangerously nearer my unwelcome visitor. I perceived that I must make a diversion at once.

"Selecting a resinous stick, into which the fire had eaten deeply, so that it held a mass of glowing coals, I launched it suddenly with such careful aim, that it struck right between the brute's forelegs. As it scorched there, he caught and bit at it angrily, dropped it with a screaming snarl and shrank farther away. When he crouched down, biting the snow, I followed my advantage by rushing upon him with a blazing rod of birch bark. He did not wait my onset, but bounded off among the trees, where I could hear him grumbling in the darkness over his smarting mouth. I left the bark blazing in the snow while I went back to see my precious cartridges.

"Before long the panther appeared at the limits of the lighted circle, but seemed not quite so confident as before. Nevertheless, it was clear that he had set his heart on making a meal of me, and was not to be bluffed out of his design by a few fire-brands.

"I discovered that all my ball cartridges were spoiled; but there were a few loaded with shot which the water had not penetrated. From these I withdrew the shot and substituted ball and slugs. Then slipping a ball cartrikge into one barrell, slugs into the other, and three or four extra cartridges into a handy pocket I waited for my opponent to recover his confidence. As he seemed content to wait awhile, I set about broiling my partridges, for I was becoming clamorously hungry.

"So also was the panther, as it seemed. When the odor of the partridges stole seductively to his nostrils he once more approached my fire, and this time with an air of stern determination quite different from his former easy insolence.

"The crisis had come. I seized my gun and knelt down behind the fire. I arranged a burning log in such a manner that I could grasp and wield it with both hands in an emergency. Just as the animal drew himself together for a spring I fired one barrel—that contained the ball—and shattered his lower jaw. Mad with pain and fury, he sprang. The contents of my second barrell a heavy charge of slugs, met him full in the breast, and he fell in a heap at my feet.

"As he lay there, struggling and snarling and tearing up the snow, I slipped in another cartridge and the next moment a bullet in his brain put an end to his miseries.

"After this performance I ate my partridges with a very grateful heart and slept the sleep of the just and victorious. The skin of that audacions Indian devil now lies in my study, where Sam is constantly desecrating it with his irreverent shoes."

A few moment after Stranion had finished his story the camp on the Big Squatook was wrapped in slumber, and the loons out in the bosom of the moonlit lake were laughing to one another unheeded.

The Queen's Witty Rebuke.

A fact but little known is that, besides Lord Kingsale and Lord Forester, there is another individual who has the curious prerogative of remaining covered in the presence of Queen Victoria, namely, the Master of Trinity College, Cambridge. Anent this a curious anecdote has been narrated. A superstition prevails concerning the necessity for exercising the right or losing it altogether; so, when on a certain occasion the Queen visited Cambridge University, the well-known and highly popular Master of Trinity kept his hat on during the proceedings. The Queen apparently did not notice the circumstance, and the Master began to feel uncomfortable. At length, just as her Majesty was about to depart, he approached deferentially, and said:

"Your Majesty has perhaps wondered that I should appear so far wanting in respect as to keep my hat on all day; but—er—perhaps it has escaped your Majesty's memory that Lord Kingsale in Ireland, Lord Forester in England, and also the Master of Trinity, have a right to keep their hats on in the presence of their Sovereign."

"Quite so—ahem—but not in the presence of a lady!" was the rejoinder.

The Palmieri Family.

A poetical legend derives the name of Palmieri from a favorite young cup-bearer of Emperor Otho I. It runs thus: When the Emperor had defeated Berenger IV, Pope Agabetus II sent him a palm branch with a long message of congratulation. Otho gave the branch to his young favorite to carry before him so that all the world should see how the Pope had honored him. The youth came to be called "il palmiere" (the palm-bearer) and adopted the appellation as his name. Afterwards the emperor gave him a castle, and his grandson, being handsome and of noble mien, won the heart of the only daughter of a rich noble, one Latino, the Lord of Rasoio. Thus the Palmieri became, according to the old legend, very powerful and possessed of much wealth.

Disposing of Her.

A missionary from Africa tells the following story:—

"One day an old chief came to me, with two wives, one old, and the other young, and wanted to join my church. I told him we didn't allow a man to have more than one wife.

"He went away, and the next week came back with the young wife, both of them smiling, and said—

"'Now me join church; me all right now.'

"'Where is your old wife?' I asked.

"'She all right, too; me eat her up,' placidly answered the old savage.

"I postponed the decision as to his application for admission to a more convenient season."

He who is sympathetic has his entrance into all hearts, and is the solver of all human problems. To him is given dominion where he thinks to serve; and the love which he gives without stint, as without calculation, he receives back without measure, as without conditions.

Laziness grows on people; it begins in cobwebs and ends in iron chains. The more business a man has to do the more he is able to accomplish, for he learns to economize his time.

Envy is no less foolish than detestable. It is a vice which keeps no holiday, but it is always working upon its own disquiet.

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