AMERICAN SENTINEL.

VOL. 62 NO. 33. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 19, 1893. ESTABLISHED 1833.

JOSEPH D. BROOKS, -- SOLICITOR.

Trustee's Sale
OF DESIRABLE
REAL ESTATE,

Near Owings' Mills, Baltimore county, Maryland.

By virtue of a deed of trust, duly executed and recorded among the Land Records of Baltimore county, from Hezekiah Morrow and Ellen H. Morrow, his wife, the undersigned will offer at public sale, on the premises, situated on the Baltimore and Reisterstown Turnpike, about 14 miles from the city of Baltimore, and about 1¼ miles west of Owings' Mills, about 1 mile from Timber Grove Station, and about ¾ of a mile from Gwynnbrook Station on the Western Maryland Railroad, on

TUESDAY, the 22nd day of AUGUST, A. D., 1893, at 10 o'clock, A. M., the following parcels of land to-wit:

1st. A tract of

35 ACRES,

situated on the south side of the Baltimore and Reisterstown Turnpike, and connected with said turnpike with a 16-foot private road, and bordering on the Church road leading to said turnpike. About 20 acres of the above tract is in heavy timber. The improvements consist of two small Dwelling Houses, 1½ stories high, in fair condition. This is an excellent quality of land.



2nd. A tract of land containing

48 ACRES,

commonly known as the 14-mile House Property, situated on the Turnpike, the Nicodemus road and the Church road. The improvements consist of an eight-room Log Dwelling House, which has been lately weatherboarded, tin roof on back building and new shingle roof on main building. The outbuildings consist of a smoke house, lien house, and stable. This property will be first offered as a whole and if not sold it will then be offered in lots. A plat of the same will be exhibited on the day of sale, no lot to contain more than 18 acres. This property is on one of the highest hills of Baltimore county, and is therefore a very desirable place for summer residences. Excellent water and fruit on the premises.



3rd. A tract of land situated on the north side of the said turnpike, containing

18 ACRES.

The improvements consist of a well built 8-room Brick Dwelling House with front and side porches; good bank barn and other outbuildings. Well of excellent water at the house. Good fruit. Excellent shade at the dwelling house. This property is situated on the corner of Gwynnbrook Avenue and the Baltimore and Reisterstown Turnpike, and about ¾ of a mile from Gwynnbrook Station on the Western Maryland Railroad, and about 1¼ miles from Owings' Mills.



All the above property is in fee simple, except the first mentioned tract, containing 35 acres, which is subject to an annual ground rent of three cents.

The proximity of all the above described property to Owings' Mills, Timber Grove and Gwynnbrook Station on the W. M. R. R., and also to the thriving village of Reisterstown, makes it well worth the notice of any one desiring a country home.

Terms of Sale.—One-third of the purchase money cash on day of sale, or upon the ratification of the same by the court; balance in two equal payments of six and twelve months, the deferred payments to be secured by the notes of the purchaser, with approved security, bearing interest from the day of sale; or all cash at the option of the purchaser.

For further particulars call upon George W. Stocksdale, Auctioneer, at Reisterstown, Baltimore county, or upon the undersigned, at Westminster, Maryland.

JOSEPH D. BROOKS,
Trustee

Geo W. Stocksdale, Auct. jy-29-ts

Public Sale
OF DESIRABLE
Private Residences,

In New Windsor, Carroll county, Md.

By virtue of the power and authority contained in a mortgage from Peter Baile and wife, to Deborah A. Baile, recorded among the Real Estate Mortgage Records of Carroll county, in Liber W. N. M. No. 24, folio 127, &c, and which mortgage has been duly assigned, the undersigned will offer at Public Sale, at Crabbs' Hotel, in New Windsor, Carroll county, Md., on

SATURDAY, AUGUST 19th, 1893,

at 1 o'clock, P. M., that valuable lot or parcel of land, situate on High street, in the town of New Windsor, and containing

ONE-HALF ACRE OF LAND,

more or less, and being the same land that was conveyed to the said Peter Baile by John Babylon, by deed dated December 9th, 1876, and recorded among the Land Records of Carroll county, in Liber T. S. No. 47, folio 280, &c. The improvements on this parcel of land consist of a Large Double Two-Story Brick Dwelling House and back building, with finished basement under the whole house; brick outbuildings, large frame stable, well of water, with pump on the back porch and under roof; excellent fruit and everything in complete repair. There is also on said lot a comfortable Frame and Weatherboarded Dwelling House, brick smoke house, and other outbuildings. The Weatherboarded Dwelling House is now in the occupancy of Mr. Wm. Repp. At the same time and place will also be sold the lot or parcel of land situate on Bath or Main street, in New Windsor, and containing





ONE-HALF ACRE OF LAND,

more or less, and adjoining the lot of William Lovall, and being the same that was conveyed to the said Peter Baile by William R. Curry and wife, by deed dated October 17th, 1865, and recorded among the Records aforesaid, in Liber W. A. McK. No. 32, folio 527, &c., subject, however, to an annual ground rent. The improvements consist of a good Two-Story Weatherboarded Dwelling House, with all necessary outbuildings, fruit, &c. And also at the same time and place will be sold all that parcel of land, adjoining the aforementioned property on Bath or Main street, in New Windsor, and containing



16½ SQUARE PERCHES OF LAND,

more or less, and being the same which was conveyed to the said Peter Baile by Mary A. Durbin, by deed dated March 16th, 1877, and recorded in the Records aforesaid, in Liber F. T. S. No. 47, folio 467. The improvements consist of a substantial Two-Story Stone House, with all necessary outbuildings.



These properties are all well located, in one of the most healthy and attractive towns of Carroll county, and are well deserving the attention of purchasers.

Terms of Sale:—One-third of the purchase money cash on day of sale, or upon the ratification of the same by the court; balance in two equal payments of six and twelve months, the deferred payments to be secured by the notes of the purchaser, with approved security, bearing interest from the day of sale; or all cash at the option of the purchaser.

For further information call upon or address the undersigned.

HARRY M. CLABAUGH,
Assignee of Mortgagee.

Clabaugh & Roberts, Attorneys.
Samuel Crawford, Auctioneer. jy-29-ts

Trustee's Sale
OF VALUABLE
REAL ESTATE,

In Middleburg district, in Carroll county, State of Maryland.

By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Carroll county, sitting as a Court of Equity, passed in cause No. 3165, wherein David Englar and others are the complainants and Elizabeth Englar and Laura V. Englar are defendants, the undersigned, trustee, will offer at Public Sale, on the premises, situate on the Monocacy River, two miles and a quarter northwest of the town of Double Pipe Creek, in said county and State, on

TUESDAY, AUGUST 22nd, 1893,

at one o'clock, P. M., the Farm which Louis F. Englar owned at the time of his death, containing

243 ACRES OF LAND, More or Less.

The improvements thereon consist of a Fine Large Stone Dwelling House, a 92-foot Stone Barn, in good condition, and all other necessary outbuildings. The land is in a good state of cultivation. There is a fair proportion of Woodland and some very fine Meadows for grazing.





The above described farm adjoins the lands of Samuel Weybright, Hezekiah Fox and others. This farm is now occupied by William F. Six.

Terms of Sale:—One-third cash on the day of sale, or upon the ratification thereof; one-third in one year and the other one-third in two years from the day of sale, or all cash at the option of the purchaser on the ratification 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.

ALFRED ENGLAR,
Trustee.

Clabaugh & Roberts, Solicitors. jy-29-ts

THE best Axes, Hatchets and Hand Saws at BABYLON & GILBERT'S

Columbus Discovered
America in 1492,

but the farmers of Carroll county have

Only Recently Discovered

that the place to get best value for their money in

FERTILIZERS
—IS AT—
H. S. ROBERTS & CO'S.,
WESTMINSTER, MD.,

and at the same time patronize a

HOME INSTITUTION.

They not only have about a dozen brands of their own, made from careful study and experience, but also have all the material to make any formula suggested by any of their customers, or can duplicate any formula made by any manufacturer and will

Guarantee under a heavy forfeiture to make it for less money.

The Vine and Vegetable,
THE CELEBRATED
Potato and Trucking Manure

has been tried side by side with the celebrated

Maple Potato Manure

and has given as good and better results in every instance. Also whenever it was used it not only more than paid for itself in the increased yield but the quality was very much superior than when stable manure or cheaper fertilizer was used. They have another special brand for potatoes, cheaper than the above, also special brands for PEAS, CORN, OATS, PEACH TREES, AND GENERAL TRUCKING; also for FLOWERS and SHRUBBERY. Remember they always

Guarantee under the penalty of the Forfeiture

of the goods to give as good or better results, in the chemical analysis or in a crop contest, as any other goods in the market for the same price. Farmers, give them a trial and be convinced. Call or send for one of their Farmer's Manuals to

H. S. ROBERTS & CO.,
ap-2-tf Westminster Md.

GRAND
Warm Weather Sale
OF OUR ENTIRE STOCK OF
SUMMER GOODS,
—AT—
OAK HALL,
NEW WINDSOR. MD.

We don't believe in dullness, either in people or in season. So, to avoid it, we have concluded to make the

Cut so deep and our prices so enticing

that you will see the advantange of buying. We invite you to come and see what you think of the bargains offered. From 25 to 33 per cent. reduction on all our

Summer Dress Goods.

$1.00 Henrietta Cloth for 75 cents, others in proportion. 75 cent goods at 50 cents. Summer Clothing very low. $10, $12 and $15 light suits, your choice at $8.50.

Children's Clothing ⅓ off regular price.

Straw Hats Half Price.

JOB LOTS OF SLIPPERS.

Our Stock is immense and we have decided to make the greatest cut of the season. Having had a goodly share of your patronage during the season, we are willing to show our appreciation by the above reduction. Space is too limited to tell of many bargains. But we say, come to see us and decide for yourselves. Thanks for past patronage.

Respectfully yours,
apl-16-93 GEO. C. ANDERS.

A. H. WENTZ,
Jeweler and Optician,

IS NOW PREPARED TO EXAMINE THE EYES AND PRESCRIBE THE PROPER GLASSES PERSONS HAVING HEADACHE CAUSED BY EYE STRAIN, OR WHOSE EYES ARE CONSTANTLY ACHING, HAVE NO IDEA WHAT RELIEF PROPERLY ADJUSTED GLASSES WILL GIVE THEM.

EYES EXAMINED FREE OF CHARGE.

fe-4-tf

MICHAEL E. WALSH,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Office No. 11 Albaugh Building, Court St., Westminster, Md. feb-9-tf

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-24-91-2y

J. T. Anders,
MERCHANT TAILOR,

34 West Main St., - - Westminster, Md.

Calls special attention to his line of

SPRING GOODS,

having the most complete assortment ever offered to the people of this county and at prices that cannot fail to compete with any house in the city or county. We have the

Finest line of Pantaloons

ever offered in the city. Look at our $5 and $6 Pants, and see if we are not in the swim. We also have better goods at higher figures. Special attention is called to

Our line of Shirts,

as we make a specialty of this. Also shirts made to order. Our line of

NECKWEAR

cannot be surpassed in the city. We are always looking for the latest.

OUR LINE OF GLOVES

is complete and everything in

GENT'S FURNISHING LINE.

All we ask is that you call before purchasing and we are sure you cannot fail to select from our line of goods. If you want a suit, shirt, necktie, collar, cuffs, suspenders, gloves, underwear, hosiery, gent's jewelry, do not fail to call. Fit always guaranteed or no sale.

oct-25 J. T. ANDERS.

GRAND
DISPLAY OF GOODS.

My storeroom having been enlarged, thereby giving me better facilities for displaying goods, and having selected a beautiful line of

SEASONABLE GOODS,

I invite you to call and be convinced that I have the largest and best stock in town. You can be supplied with anything you want in our line at very lowest prices.

Our stock of Goods surpass any we have ever shown. Such beautiful

China, Vases, Ornaments, Lamps, &c.

Lamps of all kinds and styles.

The Grocery Department

is stocked with the finest

Fancy and Staple Groceries.

All kinds of

FRUITS AND CANNED GOODS,

NUTS AND CANDIES;

JUST EVERYTHING YOU WANT.

Very respectfully,
G. W. MORNINGSTAR,
38 West Main St., Westminster. Md.
no-28-90

ICE CREAM!

The Pleasant Valley Cream Co.,

Having a large supply of Good Ice and being just far enough away from railroad to get all good Plain Cream, is prepared to furnish Celebrations, Fairs, Festivals, Weddings, or Private Families with a fine article of Cream at a very low figure and on short notice.

We will run a wagon to Westminster, Sunday and every day, to deliver to families in quantities to suit.

Cream can be had by the plate or any quantity at J. P. Wehlgemuth's Bakery, No. 241 East Main street, and at his branch store, No. 87, East Main street, who will also fill all orders at short notice and receive orders for cream for Sunday, and deliver the same. Sunday orders received at J. D. Bowers', or Fred. H. Myers', at the market at Zeiber building, on Saturday afternoons.

We also invite our customers to see our factory at Pleasant Valley, where they will be waited on by Mr. E. W. Devilbiss. Address all orders:

PLEASANT VALLEY CREAM CO.,
Pleasant Valley, Md.

They will receive prompt attention. Sunday orders received until 5 o'clock, Saturday afternoons. ju-3-3m

E. Wangerman's Restaurant,
17 N. Howard Street, Baltimore,
(35 Cent Dinners from 12 to 3.)

Is always stocked with the best the market and season afford. First-class dinners from 12 to 3 o'clock. Families visiting Baltimore can always be accommodated in a first-class dining room without extra charge. I especially invite your patronage.

apl-16-1y

For Sale—Cheap.

A small farm near Westminster, with frame cottage, barn, &c., in good order, and about 300 healthy fruit trees on it; ground nearly all under cultivation. Terms to suit purchaser. Desire to sell at once. Apply to

E. C. REGESTER,
jy-1-1m Spring Mills, Md.

Select Poetry.

WHAT MIGHT BE DONE.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

What might be done if men were wise—
What glorious deeds, my suffering brother,
Would they unite,
In love and right,
And cease their scorn of one another.

Oppression's heart might be imbued
With kindling drops of loving kindness,
And knowledge pour,
From shore to shore,
Light on the eyes of mental blindness.

All slavery, warfare, lies and wrongs;
All vice and crime might die together;
And wine and corn,
To each man born,
Be free as warmth in summer weather;

The meanest wretch that ever trod,
The deepest sunk in guilt and sorrow,
Might stand erect,
In self-respect,
And share the teeming world to-morrow.

What might be done? This might be done;
And more than this, my suffering brother—
More than the tongue
E'er said or sung,
If men were wise and loved each other.

Select Story.

HOW SANTHA'S HUSBAND WENT SHOPPING.

BY MRS. MARY A. DENISON.

From the Harper's Bazar.

"When you going to Philadelphy, Mart?" asked Mrs. Santha Ann Greenway, as she rinsed the coffee cups and placed them on the waiter. "To-morrer? I'm so glad? My chickeu an' butter money is come to consid'able this quarter, an I want lots o' new things. Think you could git 'em? Seems a pity for me to lose a whole day, an' spend more'n two dollars on them pesky kears, when you've got to go on business. I guess you could suit me; you use' ter do all yer mother's shopping."

"Well, I could try, Santhy Ann; but I don't know. Women's fixin's is so cur'us! What you got to git?"

"I've got to have some caliker gownds, fust an' foremost, I spose, and Achsy wants a few fixin's. However, it won't trouble you much, for I'll have e'm all writ out. An', father, you must git some homespun for yourself. You reely hain't got nothin' much 'sides your weddin' suit, an' mussy knows that ought to be wore out, though it don't look disrespectable; only I never did like them swallow's taile."

"Pa going to the city?" asked Achsa Jane, a girl of sixteen, coming in with a big loaf of rye bread hot from the kitchen stove. "Oh, pa, please do take me."

"He can't, Achsy; not just yit," said her mother. "You wouldn't want to go with your last year's bunnet on, that you ain't willin' to wear to picnics even. You'd better set down what things you can't do without very well, but you must make the list short, Achsy, 'nless your father should git more than he expects—more money, I mean."

"I'll make two lists," said Achsa, laughing—"one for short fodder, and the other for long. Well, I forgot," she added, as her mother looked her disapprobation; "I meant money."

"She's a reg'lar boy, mother," said the farmer, with a chuckle, "an' she always will be."

"You'll take the big spring wagon, I s'pose," said his wife. "I wish you'd git that five-gallon can full of oil."

"I do hate peskily to take that can," said the farmer; "it's alleys a-running over with the least jolting; but I s'pose I'll hev to. Fix it as tight as you can, and hev everything in readiness by seven. Mind, I don't wait for no one, you know, Santhy Ann."

"Oh, don't you worry," said the farmer's wife, absently, solving the problem in her mind of how far to make twenty-five dollars go, and how to snit prices to the exegincies of her many needs. "There's table-linen an' towels!" she ejaculated, mentally, "an' a piece or two of cotton cloth, an' things for Achsy—'twon't do not to git her a gown or two, a ribbon, an' a new hat. Oh dear! I wish I could go! Ef 'twr'n'a for my back, if only I could stan' that wagon; but I can't think o' layin' out two or three dollars on them kears. I'd ruther spend it in groceries. I wish I dare to trust Achsy, but she's young an' flighty, an ud be taken with every new thing she saw. No Mart's got extraordinary judgment—at least he used ter hev—an' I kin trust him, 'specially as there's law against liquor."

Poor Santha Ann. She had been imposed upon by some good neighbor of limited knowledge, and thought that all the bar-rooms in all the principal cities had been closed. Mart had never in his life been, so to say, drunk; but once or twice he had been overcome to the extent of taking a broomstick for Santha Ann, and sour milk for molasses; still, that was in the dusk of long years ago. As a general thing, he never touched the "critter," as his wife called it. "Now don't let any one impose on ye, Mart," she said, chucking him under the chin with wifely jollity, as she tied his madder red "hankercher" round his big brown neck. "You've got a good deal of your own money 'long with ye, as well as mine; spend as little as ye can, but git things that's needed."

"And don't forgit to buy me a book, pa," added Achsh, "and something sweet and nice. I wish ice-cream could be froze into a solid chunk. I'd like some o' that, now."

"'Member the homespun, an' don't bring me home no present on no account," said his wife, smilingly.

As they stood there side by side mother and daughter, Mart, looking back, thought to himself: "Seem's if I could go to fallin' in love over agen with Santhy Ann. She don't look much older than Achsy—she don't, that's a fact—an' I will bring her home a present.

Off rattled the big wagon behind the two powerful gray horses, and the mother and daughter went to their daily tasks full of pleasurable anticipations.

Mart sat jauntily behind his grays, speculating on the probability of coming back full-handed. He had secretly put a little money for speculation in the hands of a business friend, quite prepared to lose it, but still hopeful. Scarcely had he reached the city when he met this same old acquaintance.

"Good news for you!" cried the latter. "I made a little cool hundred for you on that venture. Do you want the money now, or shall I invest again?"

"Well, I rayther guess I'll take it now," said Mart, with bounding pulses, "an' try agen some other time. I'm in for business, and there's lots to be done for the folks to home. They don't know nothing about this, you see, an' I kinder want to surprise 'em."

"Very good; you shall have it. Come right in here to this restaurant, and I'll settle with you."

The two men entered. Lunch was ordered, and with the lunch wine.

"I told Santhy Ann I wouldn't drink no liquor," said Mart. "You see, it goes to my head before I know it, an' I've got considerable business to do."

"Liquor! You wouldn't call this mild and harmless beverage liquor, I hope? It has positively no intoxicating effects. You might drink sixty glasses, and then think and walk straight. I've drank it all my life."

"Well, seein's you say," said the easy farmer, "I s'pose I may just drink a little. Only one glass will do."

But mechanically Mart drank as often as his friend filled up the glass, and thought he was conscious of no loss of steadiness, still he was so far under its influence that he hardly knew where he was after he had found his way to the first-class store to which Santa Ann had directed him.

"What will you have?" asked the polite clerk.

"I'll hev a cheer, providin' you can 'commodate me," said Mart, looking impassively at the clean-shaved face before him. "I feel a little top-heavy."

A chair was brought. Mart took off his hat, placed it on the floor, and sat down. Then he began to fumble in his pockets, first his coat, then his vest, and finally, to the amusement of two or three of the clerks ranged round, who were watching the proceedings, he turned the list out of an inside pocket of his vest, together with Santha Ann's roll of bills.

"'Bleege me by reading them 'ere, if you please," he said, with a solemn roll of his eye, giving the list to the clerk. "Santha Ann's wrote what she wants."

"Indeed, my friend, I can't make it out," said the clerk, after looking it over. "'K-a-l-i-k-e-r.' I suppose that means calico," he said, after spelling it out.

"Well, yes, I s'pose so. Santha Ann's more of a scholard than I be," said the farmer. "Let me see. I guess I can get through it. Yes, I see, kaliker; seedsucker—I don't know what that is; cotton, a hundred yards, that means spool cotton, I cal'late; ball baby stockings; I wonder whose baby she means; we 'ain't got none, 'Catch a mare—well that is cur'us. I don't catch no mares on this expedition."

"She probably means seersucker—an article for ladies' dresses—Balbriggan stockings, and 'cashmere," said the clerk, politely, behind a smothered laugh.

"Well, I'm glad you know—I don't," was Mart's answer; and together they made out the list.

"You had better take your cotton and needles by the box; we always sell that way to parties out of town," said the clerk. "Here is something I think means satteen," he added, as he pointed to a word underlined—it was satinet. "Well, we'll put these up to the best of our ability, and have them ready for you in an hour."

"Very well," said Mart, thickly. "I'll be here by that time. Help yourself out o' them twenty-five dollars, and gi' me the change if there is any; if not, I've got plenty of cash;" and he swaggered out of the store.

At a late hour he came back, his wagon so loaded up that there was scarcely room to stow away the numerous bundles brought out of the dry-goods house. His gait was unsteady and his speech almost unintelligible by this time, for he had imbibed several times since lunch, and even bought some of the article to take home with him.

Meantime his women-folks passed a happy and comfortable day. There was little work to do, and no dinner to get. Santha Ann got out her sewing-machine and gave it a thorough over-hauling preparatory to the work she was expecting to begin on the morrow. Achsa anticipated the sensation she should make in her new hat with a bunch of blood-red poppies perched atop.

"It would be nice to set in the congregation, so folks could see," she said, half regretfully to her mother. "Up in the choir nobody knows whether you have new things or not."

"They'll know it, Achsy," said her mother, reflectively. "Hats is conspikyus nowadays."

Just then one of the neighbors came in. It was Widow Norris, with her everlasting tatting—and tattling, as Achsa said to herself. One of the widow's friends had just come in by the cars and brought news that he had met "the deacon," and that he was stumbling tipsy—as tipsy as ever was. The curious widow did not come to retail this pit of news. Oh no! She was no slanderer of her neighbors, but she sat so stiff and solemn, giving now Santha Ann and now Achsa the benefit of her silent sympathy, in the shape of long pitiful glances, that mother and daughter were uneasy in her presence, and could not tell why.

But the widow had come to stay.

Santha Ann put the cover on her sewing-machine, got tea, and sat down to wait. The widow waited also.

"I never knew Mart to be gone so long before," said Santha, visibly anxious.

"P'r'aps he had a big load," said the widow, in sepulchral tones. "But you mustn't indulge in wague speculations; I'll stay till he comes."

This little speech the widow delivered with pitying accents. It seemed to imply that she would stand between them and harm, whatever happened.

"I guess we'll have tea, Achsy," said her mother. "I'm kinder goose-fleshy; a cup o' hot tea 'll do us good all round."

The meal over, Santha Ann washed the dishes in silence. Seven, eight, nine o'clock, and still no sign of the deacon.

At ten Santha Ann went out, for the twentieth time, and peered down the moon-lighted road. She was very uneasy; but when she reflected that Mart had a good deal of business to attend to, and Achsa suggested that he had on one or two occasions before staid overnight, she gave him up at eleven, and they all went to bed, the widow included, who kept her own counsel.

Could they have seen, not more than two miles from home, in a secluded hollow, the object of their solicitude fast asleep the jaded horses asleep, as well, the moonlight falling upon the portly figure of the deacon, whose hat was pulled down over his face, they would have dreamed of midnight assassins, boarding-house expenses, and cattle feed, as did Santha Ann the whole night long.

All would have been well, for the deacon at least, if, as the sun rose too, he had not applied to the bottle for comfort. Some way he dreaded to meet Santha Ann, when he realized that he had been all night coming home, and his befogged brain craved more of the stimulant which had so basely betrayed him.

At early sunrise the three women sat down to breakfast, and that meal over, came the thud of horses' feet and a shrill voice beating about the bush to the time of "We w-won't" (very loud) "go home till morning; we w-*won't*" (still louder) "go home till Sunday morning (hic) anyhow."

Santha Ann looked at Achsa with the heartbreak in her face.

"Santhy (hic), ole girl, come out here—gee up, Dob!—come out here! I've brung ye home a (hic) present—half a dozen of 'em—come along, Santhy—long a long—upsy dumpsey, Santhy Ann."

Well, the disgraceful truth was out. Santha, seeing the horor-struck face of the widow, as well the pity in her eyes, straightened herself at once. Her pride took fire.

"Achsy," she said, with flashing eyes, "your father's been mighty lucky, or he wouldn't 'a took a single glass o' beer. I shouldn't wonder ef he'd made a thousand dollars!"

Then they both went out. The farmer was literally singing happy. He sang as he shook hands, sang as he unloaded, roared when he saw the widow, and wanted to dance with her; and finally, after drinking a strong cup of tea, he sat down somewhat subdued, while the widow discreetly left and went into the kitchen.

"Well, Santhy laughed her husband, as the hired man took the horses away, "see if I haven't remembered ye! An' I didn't tech no liquor; I only took some *beverage* once or twice."

Santha Ann gave him a look.

"Well, I didn't, Santha Ann; you can look for yourself. Them's the articles, but I don't know what they be." Then he sat back and sang,

"Come, ye disconsolate."

"Seems's if I ain't felt so musical inclined for a year. See, there's a c-carpet-s-sweeper, an' a cradle, an' an ice-screamer, an' lots more things."

"Man alive!" exclaimed Santha Ann, in dismay; "what on earth do we want of a carpet-sweeper? We haven't got a carpet in the house!"

"Git some, then, Santhy Ann—git lots of 'em; they're jest laying round loose at that store. Git plenty, or the carpet sweeper'll be kinder lonesome," he added, with a maudlin grin.

"And what do we want of a cradle?" was the next question.

"Well, it sort o' reminded me, Santha Ann, the recolection was kind o' subduin', an' I sort o' wanted that cradle to meditate over. You know it's from the cradle to the grave. The good Book tells us Santhy Ann, looking far back'ard into futer years that we was all babies once—all babies once! Santhy Ann 'Beloved brethren, we're all all pilgrims and travelers'; an' even Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* laid its infant head in a cradle. So I jest got it for a remembrancer, Santhy Ann—from the cradle to the grave!"

He took out his handkerchief and held it to his eyes. Achsa flounced out of the room, and with an expletive not at all filial ran up to her own room.

"But what do you mean by an ice-creamer?" tearfully urged his wife; "that thing with the churn-handle?"

"That is it, Achsy Ann—I mean Santhy Jane; you kin make gallons of ice-cream fer Achsy an' me."

"But we never see ice here," cried his wife, at her wits' end.

"Hire Spot Pond next winter, Santhy Ann; jest hire Spot Pond, the hull of it, an' we'll hev a corner in ice ourselves, an' make 'nough ice-cream to last all winter."

"And what is this?" asked his wife, picking up a large roll.

"Lot's o' sheet music for Achsy; 'nough to last her long as she lives. Got it at a bargain, Santhy Ann—got 'em all at bargains, horseshoes an' all."

Santha Ann groaned. "But Achsy hain't got no pianner," she said, despairingly. "Nor no organ, nor anything."

"We can buy 'em, Santhy—lot's of 'em; they'll be handy to hev in the family," muttered the farmer, now half asleep.

"And this awful thing!" Santha went on, picking up a hideous steeple-crowned hat—"the awfulest thing I ever saw, and the coarsest. It's a man's straw hat!"

"'Tain't. I got it for Achsy, 'n' I got it cheap, too."

This was too much. The woman threw the hat across the floor, stumbled over bundles and boxes and farming implements, and made for the door. She turned around for a final question.

"Did you git something for a suit of clothes?" she asked, her facial muscles contorted.

"I did, Santhy Ann—I did," he answered, solemnly, with a side wave of his right hand. "I got fifty yards. Make 'em loose, Santhy Ann—make 'em loose; there's plenty o' material."

Between crying and crying the woman went out of the room, and sat down in the kitchen, almost ready to despair.

"Well," said the widow, who was now wiping up the last of the dishes, "no one can't say but he's a good provider."

"I'd just like to hear any one say anything about it!" muttered Santha Ann, indignantly, and the widow meekly subsided.

"Well, I s'pose I must fill the lamps. Thank Heaven he did git the ile!" said Santha. "It's a blessed mercy it didn't roll out o' the wagon." And she went slowly out in the hall, where the big five-gallon jar stood.

Through the open door she could see that Mart had arisen and was staggering round. He saw her lift the can, and spoke: "You bet your life, Santhy Ann, I had mis'able work keepin' that thing from spilling. I put my foot on it an' held my umbreller over it to keep it out o' the moonshine, an' the cork popped out, an' I stuffed it up best I could. Don't you never send me after no kerosene no more."

"I won't send you after anything, if I know myself," snapped his wife, and took up the can.

"My gracious to goodness!" she cried, as she tried to decant some of the fluid into a smaller flask, "what's this!"

"Kinder looks like m'lasses," said the widow.

"Oh, heavens! it is! When will my troubles end?" sobbed Santha Ann. "Five gallons of good sweetening utterly spoiled! I do think that's the straw too much, an' I won't bear it—I won't. I'll send Mart about his bizness. To think I he must 'a ben drugged by some wicked, designin' villen!"

"Oh, well, men 'll do them things," said the widow. "S'pose he went on that way right along?"

"I'd—I'd kill him, I bleeve," muttered Santha, fiercely; then her eye fell on the roll that had done duty as a cork. She looked at it through tear-dimmed eyes as she picked it up. It was creased and tumbled and smeared with molasses, but nevertheless she smiled a sickly smile and thrust it into her pocket.

Then she went back into the living-room, and found that Mart had fallen fast asleep on the lounge. She began to investigate again, opening bundle after bundle, some to her satisfaction, others fairly making her blood boil, as she afterward intimated to Achsa. There were patent gridirons, coffee-pots, broilers, a machine with ponderous wings for keeping off flies, three rat-traps of different designs, all patented, boxes of needles, red cotton, and darning implements—things that she never could use. There were over forty yards of satteen, a whole piece of calico, a shawl that would have matched Joseph's coat, which her affectionate spouse had doubtless intended for a present, a pack of cards, a knitting machine, a child's rocking-chair, and a small patent iron bedstead. Besides these there were packages of candy, crockery, crackers, cakes, and a dozen or two of canned vegetables.

"What ever will I do?" sighed Santha Ann; "what shall I do?"

"Well, you can sell some of 'em."

Santha Ann looked up—there stood the ubiquitous widow, a broad smile on her face, as she took in the situation.

"No, I won't. I'll keep the hull of 'em, an' if Mart ain't a wiser man after he gits over this spree, I'll know the reason why."

Then she went upstairs.

Achsa stood by the window wiping her eyes; she had been crying.

"Never you mind, dear," said her mother, her kind maternal heart stirred; "don't go to feel bad."

"I don't s'pose he even thought of my hat," said the girl, tearfully.

"No, dear; not the right kind of one, but he——"

"I knew he wouldn't. I'll never trust him again."

"But he did git lots o' useful things, dear."

"Yes; the carpet-sweeper and the cradle, and the ice-cream churn and the——"

"Well, well, let's make the best on it, Achsy."

"It 'll be all over town," sobbed the girl.

"Yes, but——"

"And I can't go to church next Sunday, and all the girls with their new hats! I won't wear the old one—I vow I won't."

"You sha'n't, my dear. We'll go into the city ourselves by the train, you and I."

"That's likely, when father's spent all his money and yours too."

"Look here, Achsa!"

Achsa looked. What did she see? A big roll of bank-bills which her mother flourished in the air over her head.

"Oh, Achsa! there's a hundred dollars! How he come by 'em I don't know, an' how he kept 'em I can't say; but there they are, an' it almost takes my breath away to think where I found 'em. He had rolled 'em up and put 'em for a cork in the nose of the kerosene can, an' the can was full of molasses." She stopped now to laugh. "Ef he hasn't been on a canter, then my name ain't Santha Ann. Won't he be ashamed?—deacon of the church and all! Oh, we've got him well under! He won't dare to say 'city' to me for a year to come; no, not till the day of his death. I'm going to put the cradle in my bedroom right afore his eyes, an' the cream freezer, an' lots o' things, an' I'm going to 'propriate that hundred dollars too. I won't spend it all, though; only make up for the things he didn't git; an' I'll buy a carpet too, Achsa, so't he didn't git that sweeper in vain."

"Oh, mother!" cried Achsa, drying her tears, "How soon can we go?"

"Well, I cal'late we can go to-day, if we can git ready in an hour. The widow says she'll stay here till we come back, git the dinner. We'll see how our shopping compares with his, an' we won't drink no *beverages* either. But, Achsy, I s'pect if we weren't the victims, we'd split our sides laughing over the deacon's purchases."

When Mart woke up, about one o'clock, he found his dinner ready and his wife and daughter missing. He had a confused idea that he had driven them both from home, and was inconsolable till the widow handed a note from his wife, which ran thus:

"MART INGRAM.—You cum hoam beestly drunk this morning at sun-up. Ain't you ashamed? an' you a deekon of the church!!!

"Now I hev got to goe in toun to git things reely needed, an' I've took that hundered dollars you stoped up the kerosene can with. It won't be mie fault if I doant spend every cent of it, thou I doant know how you got it—gambolled for it, perhaps. Bye the time I come home I hope you will be sober!"

He was. He lived on humble pie for a month, and wore sackcloth and ashes in meekness and repentance for a year. Never once did he ask for the change of his hundred dollars, but he always looked meditatively at the bright-figured carpet which adorns the parlor to this day, and which he unwittingly conjured out of the carpet-sweeper.

But he never touched wine again, "beverages" of every description, and except tea and coffee, he always afterward declined.

Sleep.

According to the best writers on the subject it has been ascertained that in beginning to sleep the senses do not unitedly fall into a state of slumber, but drop off one after the other. The sight ceases, in consequence of the protection of the eyelids, to receive impressions first, while all the other senses preserve their sensibility entire. The sense of taste is the next which loses its preceptibility to impressions, and then the sense of smelling. The hearing is the next in order, and last of all comes the sense of touch.

Furthermore, the senses are thought to sleep with different degrees of profoundness. The sense of touch sleeps the most lightly and is the most easily awakened; the next easiest is the hearing; the next is the sight, and the taste and smelling awake the last. Another remarkable circumstance deserves notice: certain muscles and parts of the body begin to sleep before others. Sleep commences at the extremities beginning with the feet and legs, and creeping toward the center of nervous action. The necessity of keeping the feet warm and perfectly still as a preliminary of sleep is well known.

From these explanations it will not appear surprising that with one or more of the senses, and perhaps also one or more parts of the body, imperfectly sleep, there should be at the same time an imperfect kind of mental action, which produces the phenomenon of dreaming. One of the senses after another ceases to be. Eyelids close and there is no sight. Death is being rehearsed in slumber. Darkness has come. The sense of hearing slumbers; the sense of touch; the sense of taste. They are no more. The slumberless soul, having thought, and mind, and memory in its keeping, may go dreaming when the body has no immediate use of it. But it will linger about while there is life, and departs for ever until real death comes. Unless by some rude shock that calls the sense to action prematurely the process of awakening is also gradual.

When awakening time comes the striking of a forgotten clock may be heard and sounds of the morning are distinct where sounds of the night have not been noticed. The sense of touch and hearing are awakening; the eyes open and sight comes; taste and smelling senses come, and the man thinks he smells his breakfast cooking. He is awake. Sleep has gone as mysteriously as it came. A new period of wakefulness is new life, a resurrection from the sleeping semblance of death.

To be happy at home is the ultimate result of all ambition, the end to which every enterprise and labor tends, and of which every desire prompts the prosecution.

In religion, as in friendship, they who profess most are the least sincere.

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