AMERICAN SENTINEL.

VOL. 62 NO. 41. WESTMINSTER, MD., S[redacted]RNING, OCTOBER 14, 1893. ESTABLISHED 1833.

PROCLAMATION BY THE GOVERNOR.

STATE OF MARYLAND,
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.

WHEREAS, Section one of Article fourteen of the Constitution of Maryland makes it the duty of the Governor to order the publication in certain newspapers to be designated by him, of any bill, or bills, passed proposing any amendments to the said Constitution, and;

WHEREAS, at the January Session, 1892, of the General Assembly of Maryland, a bill pas passed proposing an amendment to the Constitution, which amendment is Chapter 313 of the Acts of 1892, and is as follows, to wit:

CHAPTER 313.

AN ACT to add an additional section to Article four of the Constitution of this State.

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland*, Three-fifths of all the members of the two houses concurring, that the following section be, and the same is hereby proposed, as an amendment to the Constitution of this State; and if adopted by the legal and qualified voters thereof, as herein provided, the same shall supercede and stand in the place of Section thirty-nine of Article four of said Constitution.

SEC. 39. The General Assembly shall, as often as it may think the same proper and expedient, provide by law for the election of an additional Judge of the Supreme Bench of Baltimore city, and whenever provision is so made by the General Assembly, there shall be elected by the voters of said city another Judge of the Supreme Bench of Baltimore city, who shall be subject to the same constitutional provisions, hold his office for the same term of years, receive the same compensation, and have the same powers as are, or shall be provided by the Constitution, or laws of this State, for the Judges of said Supreme Bench of Baltimore city and the General Assembly may provide bylaws, or the Supreme Bench by its rules, for requiring causes in any of the courts of Baltimore city to be tried before the Court without a jury, unless the litigants or some one of them shall within such reasonable time or times, as may be prescribed, elect to have their causes tried before a jury. And the General Assembly may reapportion, change or enlarge the jurisdiction of the several courts in said city.

SEC. 2. *And be it further enacted, by the authority aforesaid*, That the foregoing section hereby proposed as an amendment to the Constitution shall be, at the next general election to be held in this State, submitted to the legal and qualified voters thereof for their adoption or rejection in pursuance of the direction contained in Article fourteen of the Constitution of this State; and at the said general election the vote on said proposed amendment to the Constitution shall be by ballot, and upon each ballot there shall be written or printed the words "For the Constitutional Amendment," or "Against the Constitutional Amendment," as the voter may elect, and immediately after said election due return shall be made to the Governor of the votes for and against said proposed amendment, as directed by said fourteenth Article of the Constitution.

Approved April 4th, 1892.

We hereby certify that the aforegoing is a correct copy of an act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed January Session, 1892.

W. G. PURNELL,
Secretary of the Senate.
CARLTON SHAFER,
Chief Clerk of the House of Delegates.

Now, therefore, I, Frank Brown, Governor of Maryland, do hereby order and direct that the said herein before described bill, or Act of the General Assembly, proposing an Amendment to the Constitution of Maryland, be published once a week for at least three months in two newspapers published in each county in this State, if so many are therein published, and in three newspapers in the city of Baltimore, before the next ensuing general election, which will be held on Tuesday, the seventh day of November, 1893; at which said election the proposed amendment aforesaid will be submitted to the legal and qualified voters of Maryland for adoption or rejection.

Given under my hand and the Great Seal of Maryland, at the city of Annapolis, on 19th day of July, in the year of our Lord, eighteen hundred and ninety-three, and of the Independence of the United States, the one hundred and seventeenth.

THE GREAT SEAL OF MARYLAND.

FRANK BROWN.

By the Governor,
WM. T. BRANTLEY,
Secretary of State. 7-29-te.

St. Nicholas for Young Folks.

JOHN G. WHITTIER long ago wrote of *St. Nicholas*, "It is little to say of this magazine that it is the best children's periodical in the world." Edward Eggleston, the author of "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," says of it, "There is not one of the numbers that does not stir the curiosity, inform the memory, stimulate thought, and enlarge the range of the imagination." Founded in 1873, and from the first number edited by Mary Mapes Dodge, *St. Nicholas* is now entering upon its twentieth year. The most famous writers have contributed to its pages in the past, but never has its editor been able to offer a better program or a more distinguished list of contributors than for 1893.

There is to be a series of illustrated papers on "The Leading Cities of the United States,"—the story of each city told by a prominent resident, Edward Clarence Stedman will write of New York; Thomas W. Higginson, of Boston; New Orleans will be described by George W. Cable, and Baltimore by President Gilman, of the Johns Hopkins University. Dr. Lyman Abbott will tell the story of Brooklyn, and other cities will be treated by other famous men. There will be articles on the World's Fair, and a number of pages of funny pictures and humorous verses.

Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin, the well-known author of "The Birds' Christmas Carol," etc., will contribute the leading serial for *St. Nicholas* during the coming year. The November number opens with a three-page poem by John G. Whittier, which has in it some of the most beautiful lines the good Quaker poet has ever written, describing the visit of a party of young girls to his home.

The *School Journal* says, "Place *St. Nicholas* in your household, and you need have no fears for the lessons taught your children." The magazine is the greatest aid that the teacher and the conscientious parent can possibly have. It entertains, and at the same time educates and instructs. The subscription price is $3 a year. Remittances may be made directly to the publishers. The Century Co., 33 East 17th St., New York.

FARMERS' NOTICE!

Lime for Wheat and Grass, &c.

Plenty of money can be made by using LeGore's Combination of Lime.

It leads wherever introduced. The farmers who use it get much better results. It acts at once. You save time and labor, as it takes less per acre.

The chemical properties of this combination of lime effect wonderful changes in the soil for yars. To enrich the soil, and as a crop producer, there is nothing to equal it. Can furnish all that is wanted promptly, either in house or open cars, as preferred, by weight or measure. All lime will be fresh and well burned. Satisfaction guaranteed in every respect. Correspondence solicited. Address all orders to

J. W. LEGORE,
Woodsboro, Md.
au-5 6m*

Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting of the Stockholders of the Western Maryland Railroad Company for the election of five Directors for the ensuing year, will be held at the office of the Company, Hilles Station, Baltimore, on Wednesday, October 18th, at 12 o'clock, M.

GEO. H. BAER,
Secretary.
se-23-4t

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-21-9t-2w

The Great Fire Sale

—AT—

J. TRAUB & BRO.,

UNION BRIDGE, MD.,

Will begin Saturday, Aug. 26, '93.

All Goods must be disposed of in 30 days to make room for new stock.

Everything will be sold at a great reduction, including

Men's, Youths'
and
Children's Clothing,

OVERCOATS, PANTS, HATS,

BOOTS AND SHOES, HOSIERY,

TRUNKS AND UMBRELLAS.

Now is the time for Bargains.

Come to see us. Respectfully,
J. TRAUB & BRO.,
Repp Building, Corner Main and Broadway,
mar-14-1y Union Bridge, Md.

WAKEFIELD ROLLER MILLS.

Manufacture and keep constantly on hand

FLOUR, FEED, HOMINY, MEAL
—AND—
CHOP OF ALL KINDS.

Highest Cash Prices Paid for Grain.
Longberry a Specialty.

DAVID ROOP & SON
no 14-tf

EX-PARTE.
NO. 3134 EQUITY.
In the Circuit Court for Carroll County.
In Equity.

Alfred W. Bis., trustee, vs. Theodore Bankert and Emma C. E. Bankert, his wife.

Ordered, this 26th day of Septe[mber] 1893, that the sales of the real est[ate] sonal property, made and repo[rted] above entitled cause by Alfred W. [Bis]tee, under and by virtue of a de[cree] from Theodore Bankert and Emma[C. E.] kert, his wife, to him, duly execut[ed] corded, be finally ratified and confi[rmed] cause to the contrary thereof be sh[own] before the 31st day of October next a copy of this order be inserted in s[aid] paper published in Carroll county, once a week in each of three success[ive] previous to the 23rd day of October n[ext].

The report states the amount of sa[les] sonal property to be $1062.04 and th[e] of sales of real estate to be $236.87.

BENJ. F. CROUSE,

True Copy—Test:
se-30-3t BENJ. F. CROUSE,

NOTICE TO CREDITOR

THIS is to give notice that the s[ubscriber] have obtained from the Orphans' [Court of] Carroll county, in Maryland, lett[ers of] ministration on the estate of

NOAH H. KESTER,

late of Carroll county, deceased. A[ll persons] having claims against the deceased a[re warned] to exhibit the same, with the voucher[s thereof] legally authenticated, to the subscrib[er, on] before the 19th day of APRIL, 18[94; they] may otherwise by law be excluded [from all] benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 19[th day of] September, 1893.

EMANUEL J. MY[ER],
sept-23-4t Adminis[trator].

NOTICE TO CREDITOR

THIS is to give notice that the s[ubscriber] has obtained from the Orphans' C[ourt of] Carroll county, in Maryland, letters o[f] istration on the estate of

JOSEPH H. HARTSOCK,

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 APRIL, 1894; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

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

CATHARINE DEVILBISS,
Administratrix.
PETER LUGENBEEL, AGENT. sept-23-4t

NO. 2930 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County.

The Westminster Savings Institution, Mortgagee, vs. Joseph Erb and Ruth A. Erb, his wife.

Ordered, this 6th day of October, A. D., 1893, that the account of the Auditor filed in this cause be finally ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 23rd day of October inst.; provided a copy of this order be inserted for two successive weeks before the last named day in some newspaper published in Carroll county.

BENJ. F. CROUSE, Clerk.
True copy—Test:
oc-7-2t BENJ. F. CROUSE, Clerk.

MICHAEL E. WALSH,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

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

Select Poetry.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

BY SUSANNA J.

O love most fond and steadfast-true,
That never wavered yet, nor died,
But lives and glows a lifetime through,
Though little prized and sorely tried!
Too oft, alas, in Youth's fresh day,
So carelessly our footsteps rove,
That mid the pleasures of our way
We half forget our mother's love.

The hopes of Youth like leaves are borne
Away by Time's resistless flow,
And in the maze of anxious days
We scarcely note them as they go.
But, while this gift on earth may bless,
Or shine upon us from above,
Our hearts shall own with thankfulness,
The treasure of a mother's love.

Select Story.

BILLY'S LAST CALL.

It Was a Warning to His Cherished Comrades.

P. Y. Black, in St. Louis Republic.

It was in the old days. They seem very far away indeed now, after all that has happened since then. It was but a year or two before Custer and his men of the Seventh United States cavalry were massacred by the Sioux Indians, and that was in 1876. We were not very much on parade, out on the plains, then, and it mattered little to us if a man dressed in a forage cap or campaign hat, when he was in the field. There was not, in fact, anyone to see us save those we were protecting—the settlers—and those we were fighting, the Indian hostiles. It is different now, when a "buck" gets fined for a stain on the right palm of his gloves, or a misfitting blouse. Then, I remember Sergt. M——, of the ——th, greasing his body over when we left the post in February, and never—so it was said—washing until November, when he got back again, after the campaign. And if you study the question and know the way he had to live, you will understand that the sergeant was neither a beast nor a fool. They were rough days, and more than one man have I seen ride into garrison in the late autumn with breeches made out of buffalo hides by his own hands. We thought ourselves ill treated if we had to spend more than three months of cold weather in the lonely picket buildings they called barracks and were allowed no more than eight or nine to roam with pack saddles over the prairie and chase the red man, who certainly kept us going then. Now he has got to growing corn and living on his ration and begging, and he does not afford as much fun as he used to.

However, this has nothing to do with the Pet, or only indirectly.

When the regiment was organized, after the rebellion, Schuylkill Jones [redacted] lonely cemetery on the bluffs, a[bout] there the old soldier became ov[er]come with a sense of his own deg[ra]dation and his child's loneliness a[nd] had a fit, and was found by the do[c]tor and ambulance men lying dead on his wife's grave. And the sergeant of the guard was tried by court martial and reduced to the ranks, for regulations are regulations.

Billy's father and Billy's mother having died without thinking it necessary to notify anybody of any relations they may have had, Billy was left with what pay was due to his father, and the debt to the sutler which his father owed, which was rather rough on the four-year-old, for the debt considerably exceeded the pay. Under these circumstances the troop determined to lick Billy into shape, and put the "Kid" into the hands of Mother Brickenschelfer, an old German woman, who had done washing for American soldiers, and made pies for them, and lent them money, since the days when Fremont first crossed the Sierras. But enough of Billy's childhood, and childhood's troubles, which he certainly took quite cheerfully.

When he was old enough to hold the bugle to his lips, he made a noise which his partial stepfathers said was "mighty near like taps," and he took to the bugle after that, as he might to a sucking bottle. When he was ten he could blow the calls, and ride "Tip" to water, while leading two others, which was more than any recruit could do. When he was fifteen, and had had a decent education at the post schools, our dear old captain (rest to his soul) held a consultation with the colonel and the adjutant and Billy was called in at the end of it, and asked if he would like to enlist. It acquired a special order from the headquarters at Washington, but Billy got his heart's desire and not a sock nor a shirt did he have to draw for himself when he entered. We all drew for him out of our own clothing allowances. (I remember Big Healy, on quarterly draw day—he was six feet by three, I guess—gravely putting down for a pair of No. 1 trousers, which would not have done more than make a couple of patches on his own huge pants.)

And a bugler Billy was—never one blew a cheerier reveille, never one blew a sweeter, more heartrending "taps" over a poor fellow's grave in the wilderness—never one could thrill you more when your horse was tugging at your bridle arm and your saber was in the air and you were longing for the captain to tell him to sound the "charge!"

Well, we loved him as the best of buglers, but we loved him for more than than that. When I was down with malarial fever in Fort S——, and although I was reckoned a surly fellow enough, little Bill brought me grapes, and he must have paid through the nose for them, the poor little angel, and I guess other fellows had some sort of the same experience. Never a man in the guardhouse but Billy would find some way to ease his mind and raise his spirits, and cheerful he was, always, and the cleverest jockey in the regiment, except—but there, he was a very light weight. He used to sing, too—and the boys would be cleaning up for Sunday morning inspections and Billy would chirp up something jolly and we'd yell a chorus; and then he'd sing quietly some homelike song, and we'd forget the snow on the prairie and the trouble to get wood, and the half ration, and the boys wouldn't join in that chorus, but just keep on wiping the rust from the carbines, and some of them maybe dropping something on the barrel that would turn to rust very soon.

Well, well, Custer was there and that meant fun and fighting—more of the last than the first—and down we went in the chill of a late autumn afternoon, just our old troop under the captain, to do something. I don't recollect now just what it was. Maybe to break up a small village—maybe to bring in a chief—anyhow the captain didn't seem from his manner to think it was going to be very serious, whatever it was, and Billy kept chirruping away as he rode behind the captain, as jolly as if we were going to break up the whole Sioux nation.

We took up a trot, after getting out of the post, and made for the Canadian river, and we kept up a trot for a long time, saving when we halted every hour for four or five minutes to tighten girths and breathe the horses—a good practice. We had coffee at sunset, while it was drizzling rain, and it looked like a bad night. The scout that was with us we thought little better than a greenhorn, but he was supposed to know the country, and, at any rate, none of us expected any trouble, or the use of a revolver or saber.

[redacted] chiefs" did that afterwards, but instead of keeping to the trail and going the ordinary way down to the ford, we branched off and struck right into a wandering band of Comanches. The devils saw us before we knew they were anywhere near, and the first thing we knew we were greeted with as horrible a yell as ever a Comanche managed to make. It was, as I have said, raining, and it was nightime, and more than that, we did not expect them; so when we dimly saw them whirling round us at top speed, some lying on the offside of their ponies' bellies and some of them leaping to their feet in the saddle, and all of them firing into us as best they could, we were too rattled just at first to do much. We had walked right into a nest of them. The old captain just realized the state of affairs. He devoted just thirty seconds to cursing the guide and then began business. We were near the river and our immediate safety was to get across that. Forming us up—for we had already opened a scattering fire on the Indians—the old man charged in one direction' feinted and forming in column of fours, turned to the river, and, swimming and struggling, we reached the other bank. Then we formed as dismounted skirmishers, while the reserve held the horses behind the bluff and waited the crossing of the Indians, but they either thought we were stronger than they, or we really were, or, as is likely, they remembered the Indian principle, "never fight in the dark." At any rate, they did not come, and the roll of us in the gray of the dawn was called in whispers. It was a disgraceful affair, we all thought, but we could not have done any more in the darkness, not knowing the strength of the enemy. However, we were pleased to find that only two of us had dropped from their saddles, and we hoped we had hit some of the enemy in the few minutes' fight. I say we were pleased for a moment, but before daylight it was whispered along the line: "Billy's missing—"

The poor little rascal! He had always had a fancy for riding "Tip" when he could, because the brute was the hardest-mounted, most unmanageable horse in the troop, and Billy, as they say, fancied himself on his riding, and "Tip" was now with us, riderless!

I don't remember much talking or swearing or lamenting on the part of the men that night, but Big Healy was next to me, and I know I heard him sobbing. He wasn't alone in that weakness either. At last morning came, and we looked across the Canadian, and there was never a sign of a Comanche.

We didn't talk much about what ought to be done. The captain didn't say a word until we hastily boiled some coffee, and ate a biscuit with a bit of cold "sow belly" for those who had been wise enough to put a piece of pork in their saddle bags. Then we fell in and the captain gave orders to mount.

He was as grave as a judge, and spoke quite softly, as he drew his saber and faced the center of the troop.

"Men," he said, "I was sent out here with you to scout for cattle thieves round the ranches here. Something has happened, through no fault of yours or mine, to make me break through my instructions. I don't know the strength of that band that we ran into last night in the darknes, but one of your most cherished comrades is either dead among the bluffs over there, or with them a prisoner. I am going to disobey my instructions and find Billy."

We cheered the captain, of course, but we knew that he knew that, though the cattle thieves had raided the whole of Kansas and Texas too, and the commanding general and every other officer downwards had given orders to the contrary, the old troop would have hunted up Billy themselves.

We crossed the river cautiously, for there was a belt of woods the other side, affording an enemy shelter, and we reached the scene of disturbance the previous night, without any attack upon us. We hunted the ground all about and found our dead comrade all mutilated. There was no sign of his horse. We waited a little time and buried him with more sorrow, because we knew that he, like the rest of us, had always hoped, should he fall, that Billy would blow "taps" over him.

When we had buried the dead trooper we took up a trot and traveled at a good pace. It was obvious that the captain was as nervously anxious as any to come upon the reds, for he quite freqently allowed his horse to break into a gallop, and we followed readily. A consultation between the "old man" and scout and first sergeant took place at noon, but of that I know nothing. I am speaking as one from the ranks. We had only a few days' rations for horse and man, and we should be away out of our course, but no single man murmured. We munched our "crackers," boiled some coffee and went steadily onward.

All the afternoon and on into the evening, till the sun sank down amongst the sullen clouds to the west of us, and it grew chilly and dreary—all that afternaon we rode silently on.

A parting gleam of gold and crimson just tinged the horizon, when the captain halted and again consulted with the scout. To our right lay the mouth of one of the tributary creeks of the Canadian, and the stream descended from a precipitous canyon, whose upper waters were cushioned in a cloud of cedar trees.

As the daylight spent itself as the sun went down, we turned in column of twos, and crept up the narrow pass, the Kiowa a few paces ahead of the column.

It was on the very verge of night and the captain was reckless, else he would have never ventured his men in such a defile at such a time. We were getting up, up the stream, and the banks were beginning to reach far above our heads shutting out the last gleam of sunlight, when suddenly from beyond came the shrill clear notes of a bugle. The captain halted instinctively, and the troop drew up behind him.

"What—what—what was that, sergeant?" the old man asked, as he turned in his saddle and looked the first sergeant anxiously in the face.

Healy grew tremendously excited. He left his place in the ranks and galloped to the front.

"It's the kid!" he shouted. "It's Billy! Captain, I can tell him—no one ever blew a note like his—it's Billy!"

He was so wild that he would have charged up the ravine by himself, but the ranking corporal caught his bridle rein.

The captain looked sternly at the Kiowa scout and drew his revolver.

"What does this mean?" he asked.

The Kiowa turned with the calmest, most innocent air.

"They are there," he said. "Big chief no come."

And he rode forward at a gallop.

Again the clear notes of the bugle rang through the night air, and now all our doubts were dispelled. It was Billy—no one but he could "tongue" a bugle like that, but even as we raised ourselves in our saddles there was the ring of a rifle and the whiz of a bullet, and the captain yelled:

"An ambush! Twos right about? March! Gallop! March!"

And we did, and got out of that ravine as quickly as our horses could carry us. But first the captain leveled his "Colt's" and sent a bullet into the back of that flying scoundrel—our false guide.

We halted on a bluff near the river and got the horses under cover in a clump of cottonwoods. All that night and next day we fought, skirmishing, charging and retiring, until a scouting party from Custer's command came to our relief. But poor little Billy—let me tell you what "Man-with-the-Knife" said of his death—"Man-with-the-Knife," who is now a scout in government employ.

He told us how "Tip" stumbled and threw the bugler, and in the darkness no one saw the mishap. He told us how the boy fought with his revolver and killed two savages. He told us how the chief, laughing at the pluck of the "papoose"—as they called him—saved his life then, and took him with them until the Comanches joined another party, and waited for us. All that march their scouts had lined the neighboring bluffs, and signaled our approach, and the treacherous Kiowa had signaled back to them, unseen by our poor old captain. They drew us into the ambush—we were nearly surrounded—when Billy realized what was going on, and blew the bugle the fools had never thought of taking from him.

"And?" we asked.

The Man-with-the-Knife shrugged his shoulders, as only an Indian can.

"Big white chief hear papoose blow—big white chief turn round and run away."

"If we had not heard the bugle," said Healy, gently, "we would none of us have been here. It was a death-hole they had ready for us."

We didn't ask anything about Billy from "Man-with-the-Knife," for we knew it all too well. They killed him—the devils—before he could blow another warning note.

And that is why in the cemetery near Fort——, amongst all the white boards, there is only one stone monument on which is written simply:

IN MEMORY OF
WILLIAM JONES,
Aged 16 Years,
Who Gave Up His Life for His Comrades.

The Dilemma of Daniel.

BY RUTH HALL.

Wot ye goin' t' do now, Dan'el?" Sam Norton asked. He leaned forward as he spoke and peered into the other's face with little, twinkling, inquisitive eyes.

It was a dull and hopeless November night. A heavy gray sky hung low above them. Rain fell, from time to time, in spiteful spurts upon the sodden leaves through which their horses made their way down the long hill road. Farmer Wilson was not used to driving in a covered carriage, nor to sitting by himself behind closed doors while some one else held the reins, but it was considered a proper mark of respect to Sarah Ann. He must hire a livery team for the funeral; Sam Norton had told him so, and had further hinted that it would be but decent to invite the speaker to a seat beside him. "Ye know me 'n' her was connected by marriage," was his plea.

The principal mourner had consented, although he did not like Sam Norton; he thought he was spiteful. This was the first speech Sam had made since the hearse and its following turned away from the country cemetery, and it did not serve to lighten the gloom in which the bereaved man was plunged.

"I do' know," he said, dully, shaking his head, covered with an unusual best hat; "seems if I'm all lost 'thout Sarah Ann."

"She kep' house for ye a number o' years."

"Twenty-five, come Chris'mus. I ain't never known wot 'twas t' be alone before since ma died."

"It was handy," Sam conceded, "t' have her man taken away jest before your mother. Looked most providential, didn't it? Ye won't find no sech man'ger as she was in one while ag'in, I tell ye. Wot a churnin' she c'd do! An' she always kep' ye lookin' so good. Ye'll find out th' diff'runce now. Your collar's beginnin' t' fray. I seen it w'ile we was bendin' over for th' Jas' prayer. Ye'll soon see your clo'es goin' t' pieces."

He smiled toothlessly and with what appeared to be a keen enjoyment of the situation.

Daniel was goaded by it into an assumption of confidence that he was far from feeling. "I calc'late t' hire," he said coldly. "Of course I know no one can't do like a man's own sister, an' I s'spose it'll cost like Jehu. But I've got money 'nuff. Tain't that."

"Land alive," expostulated Sam, grinning afresh, "ef ye ain't green! D' ye s'spose any nice woman 'u'd come t' do fer ye, a bachelor livin' all alone? I sh'd think Sarah Ann'd remarked on that before she passed away."

"She took worse so sudden," faltered her brother, "we hadn't no chance t' make plans. I never give it a thought myself. Don't ye think Priscilly Wynkoop—she's real old—"

Sam shook his head decidedly: "They're th' worst kind, them ole maids. No, sir, they ain't a decent woman in th' town o' Hunter wot 'd do it."

"Then wot shall I do?" desperately.

"Gt; married." The grin widened.

Daniel shook his best hat again: "No, sir," he said. "None o' that fer me."

"Beggars can't be choosers," Sam declared. "Ye've got 'o do it."

"You ain't."

"Well, I'm diff'runt," with a complacency that was maddening to the unfortunate man beside him. "I ain't got a farm t' run. I kin board, 'n' look after th' store day times. That's all right. Only, ye see, you're sitcoated so unhandy. Ye've got to have a good man'ger 'round. Now, th' question is, who is she? Ive b'en studyin' it up consid'able."

"O, ye have," growled Daniel, not appeased by this show of interest. "Who've ye pitched on?"

"Wal, they's the Widder Sal'sbry."

"I mus' say! Deaf's an adder, 'n' weighs nigh onto 300 pound. I'm much obliged t' ye!"

"Wal, Lyddy Potter then—"

"A little withered old woman with a wig. Ain't ye got no sense, Samyell?"

"Wal, they ain't so many likely wimmen goin'. Ye're terrible particular fer anybody so hard put. How 'bout Priscilly Wynkoop?"

Daniel was glad that they were driving into his own dooryard. He sprang hurriedly out, slammed the door with his clumsy fingers and did not answer Sam. There was no invitation to enter the desolate house and Samuel drove away.

"Ye'd better be gittin' about yer courtin', whoever it is," he called back, leering from the carriage window.

Daniel went upstairs to don his overalls and set about his chores for the night. "Durn it all," he muttered, as he milked the cow, "I do' know how t' got' work; I ain't no hand with wimmen."

It was the manner only that puzzled him now. He had decided upon his choice. Years ago, when they were both young, he had "paid attention" to Priscilla Wynkoop and had been graciously received. Then his mother interfered. She did not wish him to marry, and he was dependent upon her. Perhaps the disapointment imbittered him. At any rate he had long been content with life upon his lonely farm, remote from most of his kind, and had no desire for a change. But, since Sam had put what he mentally stigmatized as that "blamed idee" into his head he considered with sudden pleasure the possibility of winning Priscilla for something more than housekeeper or general manager. It was the wooing that counted.

He thought it over while sitting out his lonely supper of strong tea and the pumpkin pie that had been sent in. While he munched he ruminated.

What did men say and how did they act? He could not make a bargain with Priscilla as though he were buying a Jersey cow.

"Mus' be some dumb nonsense 'r 'nother," he grimly concluded. "How does it go?"

After "clearing away" he seated himself drearily over the kitchen stove to await his early bedtime. A paper covered book lay on the shelf. He picked it up idly—it had been Sarah Ann's—and opened it at random. It was a conventional paper backed love tale by "The Duchess."

Eight o'clock struck and 9 an'10. Still Farmer Wilson pored over the book, holding it close to his sunburned face and breathing heavily over the unfamiliar words. Midnight came.

At 1 o'clock he laid down the bulky volume with a stentorian sigh. He knew how the nonsense went.

All the rest of that feverish, never to be forgotten night, throughout broken and feverish slumbers, ran such phrases as these: "Oh my beautiful darling, you will not be so cruel." "You must see how madly I love you," "Remember how desolate my life has been." The last sentence tangled itself in his memory.

"That's true said the wretched man once aloud, "ef all th' rest is a pack o' lies."

The next day he set himself doggedly to learn his lesson. Over and over the words were conned. He went about with the book in his hand, or lumbered heavily back to it from whatever else his work might be. In fact, he dared not think of anything else save the task laid out before him, for fear that his purpose might falter before the dim impression haunting him throughout that he was a fool.

He dressed himself carefully, after an early supper, and marched out of the door and down the road. Priscilla Wynkoop's little, unpainted cottage stood close to the highway. Daniel, his lips moving in ceaseless reiteration, knocked tremulously upon the door. He heard steps coming toward him. He felt all hands and feet. There was a suffocating lump in his throat.

A tall, spare spinster drew the door cautiously ajar and gazed out into the gloom through her spectacles.

"Good ev'nin'," her visitor blurted out in a loud, agitated voice. "O, my beautiful darling, you know—you must see how madly I love you, and—and—remember how desolate my life has been."

Miss Wynkoop held a hand lamp stretched out in one arm. She brought it closer to stare into his face by its aid.

"Remember how desolate," Daniel repeated.

Miss Priscilla put up her free hand to rub her forehead. Was he drunk, or crazy, or making fun of her? He saw the gesture and interpreted it aright.

"Durn th' hull dumb thing," he suddenly broke out. "I'm jest—I feel—sakes, how lonesome I be!"

"Dan'l," said Miss Wynkoop, eyeing him closely, but speaking in a quiet voice, "do ye want I sh'd marry you?"

"Yes, Priscilla," wiping his forehead, "I do."

She stood aside for him to pass. "Come in," she said. "I was jes' sittin' down t' supper. It'll be nice 'n' cosy t' have comp'ny 'n' I've got some cold pork 'n' beans."

She led the way to the kitchen. He followed with heart as light as his footfall was heavy.

"Take a seat 'n' draw up," said Miss Wynkoop, hospitably. "How ye mus' miss Sarah Ann."

"Yes." He sank into a chair. "Them beans 'll relish."

And so they were engaged.

The Tyrant Man.

From N. Y. Tribune.

"Being a keen observer," mused Mr. Greathead, "I am greatly inpressed with the manifest tendency of the strong to inflict pain upon the weak. I have found this to be true not only from my observations of the animal kingdom, but also from my studies of that bundle of inconsistence, man. I have noticed that an individual clothed in a little brief authority is prone to take advantage of the unfortunate persons who may be subject to his commands.

"I passed a large office building the other day which was in process of erection, and hearing loud and angry voices I stopped to ascertain the cause of the disturbance. The millionaire who owned the property was displeased with the manner in which the work of construction was being carried on and was rebuking the head contractor most volubly. I paused to witness the outcome of the affair. When the owner had departed the head contractor abused his superintendent roundly, and the superintendent then in good set terms swore at the master mason and the captain of the hod-carriers. These individuals made it uncomfortable for their inferiors, and the masons and the hod-carriers addressed most disrespectful and abusive invectives to the man in charge of the engine used to hoist their materials to the upper stories, complaining that he was slow in the performance of his duties. Then the engineer struck tie fireman with his clinched fist, and the fireman relieved his feelings by going out and kicking a dog which was enjoying the shade across the street. Thus do the weak suffer and the dumb animals undergo haadships on account of the perversity of the tyrant, man."

Traits of the Stormy Petrel.

From St. Nicholas.

The stormy petrel, in proportion to its size, has immense wing power, for it is the smallest web-footed bird. It belongs to evey sea, and, though seemingly so frail, breasts the utmost fury of the gale, skimming with incredible velocity the trough of the waves and gliding rapidly over their crests. It does not make a practice of alighting on the water and seldom rises higher than eight or ten feet above the surface. I have known them to perch all night on the extreme end of the flying-jib boom, keeping up a constant low musical whistle, seemingly in accompaniment to the noisy waters foaming and eddying around the cut water. Petrel, in flocks, sleep upon the water at night. Off the Cape of Good Hope, on bright moonlight nights, when the weather would permit, I have seen through a strong night glass dozens of the sleeping petrels pass directly under the bows of the ship. They would "bob up serenely" astern in the glittering wake with a plaintive whistle, swim a few yards, and with a preliminary flutter of wings and feathers, settle down to enjoy again the slumbers that had so rudely been disturbed.

The Bee's Use For His Sting.

It will be a surprise to many to learn that, after all, the most important function of the bee's sting is not stinging. I have long been convinced that the bees put the finishing touches on their artistic cell work by dexterous use of their stings, and during this final finishing stage of the process of honeymaking the bees inject a minute portion of formic acid into the honey. This is in reality the poison of their sting. This formic acid gives the honey its peculiar flavor and also imparts to it its keeping qualities. The sting is really an exquisitely contrived little trowel, with which the bee finishes off and caps the cells when they are filled brimful with honey. While doing this formic acid passes from the poison bag, exudes, drop by drop, from the point of the sting, and the beautiful work is finished.

Much of the foolish expenditure of money comes from the persons having been too suddenly intrusted with the responsibility. There should be a gradual training in this as in other duties—many rehearsals under some watchful eye before the time when mistakes may prove irretrievable.

The every-day cares and duties, which men call drudgery, are the weights and counterpoises of the clock of time, giving its pendulum a true vibration, and its hands a regular motion.

Grief counts the seconds, happiness forgets the hours.

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