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aug-26-91

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—OF—

J. TRAUB & BRO.,

UNION BRIDGE, MD.,

Will begin Saturday, Oct. 21, '93.

Our lines of Suitings,

TROUSERINGS, OVERCOATS,

AND

Children's Clothing,

have been made exclusively for us, and have been selected with great care. We are making a specialty of a

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Respectfully,
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NEW WINDSOR, MD.

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where you will find them in abundance and extra cheap.

We are prepared to show the finest line of DRESS GOODS, including trimmings, this side of the city. Dress Goods, 15cts. to $1.50 per yard. Velvet, Silks, Fur and Braid Trimmings, all prices. Hop Sacking, Matlasse and Honeycomb Suiting, Nattie Cloth, Electric Cloth, Serges and Cashmeres of all shades and prices. A beautiful line of black Dress Goods, plain and fancy.

Ladies' and Children's Coats in great variety, from $2.50 to $15.00.

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is the largest in the county. Don't fail to come to Oak Hall for your Winter Suit and Overcoat. Will save you money.

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Hosiery in all grades, both wool and cotton.

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N. B.—A big job in Ladies' Coats, Misses' Jackets. Dress Goods, less than half price.

We are furnishing no excuse or apology when you call, for not having what is advertised.

Thanks for your patronage. We hope to have you call during the fall.

Respectfully yours,

apl-16-93 GEO. C. ANDERS.

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J. W. Lockard's new Furniture Store is the place to get your furniture. I have bought my partner, P. M. Hunter, out, and I intend to sell at the very lowest price. Do not buy until you have examined my stock of fine furniture. I have all kinds,

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and all kinds of household and kitchen furniture. Also Sash, Doors and Blinds, always on hand.

J. W. LOCKARD,
de-10-1y Westminster, Md.

AMERICAN SENTINEL.

VOL. 62 NO. 45. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 11, 1893. ESTABLISHED 1832.

Trustee's Sale OF A VALUABLE FARM

In Freedom district, Carroll county, Md.

By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Carroll county, sitting as a Court of Equity, passed in cause No. 3126, wherein Laura J. Arnold and others are complainants, and Carroll Shipley and others, are defendants, the undersigned, trustee appointed by said decree, will offer at public sale, on the premises, on SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11th, 1893, at 1 o'clock P. M., all that Valuable Farm, consisting of

159 ACRES OF LAND, More or Less, lying in Freedom district, Carroll county, Maryland, adjoining the lands of John T. Barnes, George Shipley and others, and now in the possession of Lewis T. Smith. This property lies on the public road known as the "Pool Road," and is situate about one mile from Gist P. O. It is convenient to churches, schools, postoffice, and improved by a large Two-Story Dwelling House, Bank Barn, Wagon Shed and all usual Outbuildings in fair condition; plenty of water, with spring in the yard, Orchard of fine fruit, and sixty acres in good timber.



Terms of Sale as Prescribed by the Decree are:—One-third of the purchase money cash on the day of sale, or ratification thereof by said Court; the remainder thereof in two equal payments, the one in one year and the other in two years from the day of sale; the notes of purchaser to be given, with security to be approved by the trustee, for the credit payments, bearing interest from the day of sale.

ELIAS B. ARNOLD, Trustee.

James A. C. Bond, Solicitor.
P. A. Gorsuch, Auct. oc-21-ts

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

THIS is to give notice that the subscribers have obtained from the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, in Maryland, letters testamentary on the estate of

THOMAS STEVENSON,

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 16th day of MAY, 1894; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given our hands this 16th day of October, 1893.

ALFRED STEVENSON,
CHAS. T. STEVENSON,
JESSE STEVENSON.
oct-21-4t Executors.

NO. 3081 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County, in Equity.

George W. Wilson, administrator and plaintiff, vs. Hannah Graham, et. al.

Ordered, this 26th day of October, A. D., 1893, that the sale of the property mentioned in these proceedings made and reported by Harry M. Clabaugh, trustee, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 27th day of November next; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed in Carroll county, once in each of three successive weeks before the 20th day of November next.

The report states the amount of sale to be $101 00.

BENJ. F. CROUSE, Cler
True Copy—Test:
oct-28-3t BENJ. F. CROUSE, Clerk.

NO. 3175 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County.

William H. Starr, Mortgagee, vs. Charles B. Williams and Ellie M. Williams, his wife, Mortgagors.

Ordered, this 2nd day of November, 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 20th day of November 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:
nov-4-2t BENJ. F. CROUSE, CLERK.

NO. 3165 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County.

David Englar et al., versus Elizabeth Englar and Laura V. Englar.

Ordered, this 30th 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 20th day of November next:; 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:
no-4-2t BENJ. F. CROUSE, Clerk.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

ALL persons are hereby warned not to trespass on our lands, either for hunting, gunning, trapping, fishing, or in any other manner, as the law will be enforced against all such offenders.

Joseph Sheets, Jonas F. Yingling.
Jacob J. Study, Wm. Flickinger,
Joseph Helwig, Jesse M. Leister,
Ezra D. Powell, John M. Himbert,
Joshua Frownfelter, Jesse Fleagle,
Philip Himbert, Lydia A. Myers,
F. J. Yingling, E. Jerome Myers.
oct-28-3t*

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION.

WESTMINSTER, MD., OCT. 19TH, 1893.

THE Co-partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned in the practice of the Law, under the firm name of Reifsnider & Reifsnider, is this day dissolved by mutual consent.

CHARLES T. REIFSNIDER,
J. MILTON REIFSNIDER.
oct-21-3t*

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THE NEW PETERSON

the leading literary magazine. Prominent among its list of contributors are

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Mrs. Lillian B. Chase Wyman,
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apl-16-1y

ASK for Applewood Whiskey at STRASBURGER'S.

Select Poetry.

THE OLD FARMHOUSE.

BY MAUD E SARGENT.

The old red farmhouse stands alone
Within a sheltered vale,
Its gables well-nigh covered o'er
By jasmine clusters pale:
I see the roses idly tap
'Gainst each quaint window-pane,
And sights and sounds of childhood's days
Are with me once again.

So little changed is all the scene,
It almost seems to be
The same as in those happy years
Long past and gone from me.
The self-same rows of hollyhocks,
All yellow, red, and white,
Stand by the kitchen-garden wall,
Beneath the roses bright.

The rosy apples, as of old,
Blush on the orchard bough;
The lavender beside the gate
Is just as sweet, I know.
But the dear well-known voices
That once were ringing here
Have sunk into the silence
For many a weary year.

Select Story.

NEVER TOO LATE.

Bettie V. Logan, in the Chicago News.

It was decided at last. The home place would have to be sold, for none of the boys were willing to lift the mortgage—wouldn't pay, they said—and the father and mother would have to end their days apart.

"Because," said Matilda, the youngest, "it wouldn't do for anyone of us to try to take care of them both together. We've always had to live in the quarrel and jangle ourselves, and to have the example of it before our children would be a downright sin."

Jane, the older daughter, said nothing, but she thought to herself that if her husband were worth as much as Matilda's was she would take both parents to her home and risk the example they might set for the third generation.

But ever since Matilda had first lisped her voice had settled family matters, and so father was to go with Jane to the city and mother to move over to the great red-brick farmhouse which was Matilda's home.

"Mother will be right handy about the work," Matilda said to her husband, when he showed some inclination to object. "And there isn't a better hand in the country with children. We won't lose anything."

So the September morning came when the couple who had never parted in fifty years bade each other farewell, much as mere acquaintances would have done.

Father, dressed in his best clothes, muttered "Good-by" in a defiant sort of way and hobbled out to the spring wagon, while Jane paused to kiss the little old woman who sat looking out of the window in an indifferent way.

"Good-by, mother. I hope you will be happy with Mat. Won't you come to the door and see father off?"

"Oh—I dunno as it's wuth while," returned the old lady, and then Jane, too, was gone.

When she was sure the spring wagon was out of sight Mrs. Paine put on her gingham bonnet and walked over to the cemetery just up the hill.

The graves where she paused were not well tended—no engraved stones marked their places and the grass was cut away only enough to outline the mounds. Two were small, those of infants, one was that of a man's size, and they were all her children, two daughters and one son. The son was her oldest child and he would have been forty-eight or forty-nine years old now. He had died while studying for the ministry. She had seven children living, but in her times of trouble and sorest trial she had always wandered over to this sacred spot ever since it was first made thirty years ago.

To-day she sat down in the sun-dried grass and cried for some time.

"He might a-said something more," she sobbed to herself. And then she heard Matilda calling and hurried back to the house.

The months passed slowly. At Christmas time there was some talk of a reunion, but the talk did not materialize.

Letters came from Jane saying father was tolerably contented, but missed his loafing place at "The Corners." He sent his regards to mother. Jane always added that of her own record, for father never sent and word to anyone. But when Matilda answered the old mother always told her to inquire after father's health and to send her respects.

It was one warm day in March that the little old lady's cup seemed full to overflowing. Matilda had gone to town, and the children were unusually quarrelsome and boisterous. The grandmother had reroved them mildly, and at last she spoke a little sharply.

"Brothers and sisters shouldn't wrangle the hull time! You ort to say a decent word to one nuther onct in awhile, anyways!" she said.

Lucy, the chief culprit, tossed her head disdainfally.

"I guess you needn't to talk, grandma! Mamma says you and grandpa always lived like cats and dogs."

"And you're livin' off papa, now, too," added George, emboldened by his sister's example, and not particular as to whether his remarks were called for or not.

Mrs. Paine sat very still for a moment. Then a bright red spot flamed on each cheek, and gathering up her knitting she slowly went to her room upstairs.

Yes, it was true. But what had caused it? They had married young and for love only, for neither had any worldly wealth. How had the trouble commenced? She could not remember exactly, but the children were the main causes. The babies came fast and the mother had to work hard. Sickness and hard work do not sweeten a womsn's temper. The father was impatient and easily rebuffed—that was how it commenced.

Then the jarring culminated in one one great quarrel, when Henry, the oldest, was sent away to school. His father wanted to hire him out when he was seventeen, but the mother was ambitious and Henry had finished the course at the village academy with high honors.

He was thirsting for more study—a bright, handsome lad, and his mother was so proud of him—and he went away to college. But never again was there peace between the parents. At college Henry was converted to religion and decided to study for the ministry—then he was stricken with typhoid fever, and the greater part of his mother'c heart was buried with him in the village cemetery.

The poor little faded mother sat there recalling the long-lost years, now with a thrill, now with a pang, earthly ambitions and death-despairs strangely mingled, and not noting the silence in the rooms below until the sun was near setting. Then Matilda's voice was calling through the house and the mother awoke from her reveries and went down-stairs.

"Where are the children?" demanded Matilda sharply.

"Now, I declar I dunno!" confessed her mother shamefacedly.

"Well, mother. It does seem to me, as much as I do for you, you might look after them better. It's all you've got to do. There's no telling what mischief they're in!"

And again the old lady went to her room in silence and with burning cheeks. When they called her to supper she said she was not hungry, and, as Lucy and George were in dire disgrace and sent to bed supperless, Matilda and her husband ate alone.

"Mother always did have such a disagreeable temper—stubborn and sulky. If she had been milder with father they would have lived more like other people," said Matilda, indifferently, when explaining the cause of her mother's absence.

"I would't keer so much," the old lady was sobbing to herself upstairs, "if only pap hed sent me some little word that he wanted to see me. Children's most allers ungrateful any way, 'specially them that's hed the most done fur 'em, an' I've worked my life out for mine.

"But I wouldn't a had 'em if it hadn't a been for love of pap, an' I don't think he'd ort to forgit me now!"

Down in the city the warm spring days awoke a new restlessness in old Mr. Paine. His daughter Jane was as kind to him as a kind daughter could be. Her children were taught to address him respectfully and to wait on his every wish because he was their grandparent. But the warm sunshine called up visions of the country home where the grass would be just deepening into green again and the maple boughs bursting with buds.

He had always had a lettuce bed just through at this time. And the springlongings recalled the days of youth and the little children who had played about him as he weeded and hoed in his garden, and the busy mother often taking time from her own work to help him. But she had always scolded so much, he muttered defiantly to himself, and was ever so determined to have her own way. Then a twinge of conscience told him her way had generally been the best, for she was clearer-sighted than he and he picked up his cane and hobbled away to the park in a funny sort of little dudgeon. Then as he sat in the park he thought of Henry and tears came to his eyes in spite of him.

"He's mighty fond of his mother—an' she was a good mother, too; I'll say that for her anyway. Henry was a fine boy. He'd a been the finest we got if he'd a-lived, for he seemed to hev more sense an' good-heartedness, someways. I don't know as I blame her, after all, for bein' so bound to hev him go to college."

And, the barrier of stubborn reproach once loosened, some way everything began to look different, and when he had hobbled back to the house the old gentleman was very heart-sick to see the wife he had treated brusquely the past many years

He went straight to his old satchel and took out a well-cared-for book, but one of an old binding and print. It was a Latin grammar and had been his secret and most carefully preserved treasure for over thirty years.

As the mother had gone to the gave of her most ardent ambition, so he now turned the pages of his boy's book, one word of which he could not understand, but could only regard with awe. Then he came to a page on the margin of which was much fine writing in elegant script. It was not hard for him to read, little book learning as he had.

"Mother—dear mother. Wife and mother, man's truest friends—guardian angels in death. Mother—sweetheart—wife—Edith."

"He must a-been in love with somebody himself," mused the old father, "but he didn't forgit his mother, neither. She was my sweetheart onct!"

Before grandfather went to sleep that night he had formed a fresh determination.

"Jennie," he said to his daughter in the morning, "you know the Barkin cottage up to the Crossings? Well, I'm goin' up and see if I can't rent it. They's a nice garden patch with it, and 'tain't too late yet to put in garden stuff, an'—an'—don't ye think mother'd be willin' fur to cook fur me—"

"Yes, father; you know she always sends you her respects." There were tears in Jane's eyes, despite the smile on her lips.

"An' I'm pretty sure I could make enough with the garden fer her an' me, an' you children could help us. I don't believe Henry would want us to live this way; do you?"

"No, father.'

That night, an hour or so after the express thundered past the station, a couple of miles from the crossing, Grandfather Paine walked up Matilda's front yard and around to the back door, where the old grandmother was putting away the night's milk.

Grandmother gave a little glad cry and dropped the crock of milk all over the tabby cat, and threw her arms around his neck.

"I just couldn't stand it no longer, Mary, an' I 'lowed as you and me hed run it this long we might stick together for the few years that's left to us. An' mother, I'm powerful sorry I fit you like I allers did about Henry's goin' to college."

Matilda started to oppose the new arrangements. She said they weren't fit to be left alone at their age and would be an endless trouble to the children.

But for one, Matilda was overruled and in a few days grandmother was busily engaged in "fixin' up" the little rented nest, only a stone's throw from the old home where the ten children had been sheltered and had died or married. And, as they say in more romantic tales, they lived happily ever afterward.

His Mother.

The cold gray shadows of the wintry twilight had enveloped tree and meadow and sluggish forest streams in their uncertain mist, the factory chimneys flung their fiery banners of smake against the laden sky a *basso-relievo* that would have made Rembrant himself rejoice, and the hum of never-ceasing machinery in the little town arose above the rush of the river like the buzz of a gigantic insect.

Charles Emery, the day superintendent in the rolling mills, was just retiring to his home, having been relieved by the night superintendent, and as he walked along his feet sounding crisply on the hard frozen earth, he whistled to himself, as light-hearted as a bird.

"You're going with us to-night, Charley, to the opera?" cried a gay voice, as two or three young men came by.

For upon that special evening there was to be an opera in the little town, a genuine New York company, with a chorus, a full orchestra and all the paraphernalia of scenery and costume which provincial residents so seldom enjoy, and the younger population were on the *qui vive* of delightful expectation.

"I am going," said Emery, slowly; "but not with you!"

"But you will change your mind, though," said Harrison, when you hear that Kate Marcy is to be of our party—Kate Marcy and the Miss Hallowells and Fanny Hewitt. There are eight of us going. We've kept a seat on purpose for you.

"I have engaged myself to another lady," said Emery.

Harrison laughed.

"Well, I'm sorry for it," said he; "but Miss Mary is not a girl who need pine for a cavalier. We'll keep the seat for you until a quarter of eight. And let me give you a warning, old fellow! Kate Marcy is a high-minded girl—it won't do to trifle too much with her!"

Charles Emery went on his way rather graver and more self-absorbed. He had asked his mother the day before to go, and his mother's eyes had brightened with genuine delight.

"Your father often used to take me, Charley," she said, "when we were young people and lived in New York. But it is twenty years and more since I have been to an opera. And if you're quite sure, dear, that there is no young lady whom you would rather take—"

"As if any young girl in the world could be to me what my own darling mother is!" replied Emery, smiling across the table to her.

"Then I shall be delighted to go," said Mrs. Emery. And her voice and eyes bore witness to the truth of her words.

But now that a regular party had been organized, and Kate Marcy had promised to join it, things looked different to the young man. For a moment he almost regretted that he had engaged himself to take his mother.

"She would be as well pleased with any concert," he said to himself, "and I should have the opportunity of sitting all the evening next to Kate Marcy. I'll ask her to let me off this time. She won't care."

But when he went into the little room of their humble domain, and saw his mother with her silver-gray hair rolled into puffs on either side of her almost unwrinkled brow, her best black silk donned, and the opal brooch she owned pinned into the white lace fold on her bosom, his heart misgave him.

"I have been trimming my bonnet over with some violet-velvet flowers," said she, smiling, "so as to do you no discredit, Charley; and I have a new pair of violet kid gloves. And now you must drink your tea. I've made some of your favorite cream-biscuit, and the kettle is nearly boiling. Oh, Charley, you'll laugh at me, I'm afraid, but I feel like a little girl going to her first children's party. It's seldom, you know, that a bit of pleasure comes in my way!"

And then Charles Emery made up his mind that his mother was more to him, in her helpless old age and sweet affectionate dependence, than any blooming damsel whose eyes shone like stars and whose cheeks rivalled the September peach.

"*Going with some one else!*" said Kate Marcy, rather surprised and not much pleased.

She was a tall, beautiful maiden, the belle of C——, and rather an heiress in her own right. She liked Charles Emery, and she rather surmised that he liked her. And when she had been studying up her toilet for the opera, she had selected a blue dress, with blue flowers for hair and ornaments of turquoise, because she had once heard Mr. Emery say that blue was his favorite color.

"*Going with some one else!*" she repeated. "Well, he has a right to suit himself."

And she kept within her own soul the jealousy that disturbed her all the while she was sitting waiting for the great green curtain to be drawn up, until, of a sudden, there was a slight bustle on the row of seats beyond, and Emery entered *with his mother*.

Then Kate's overgloomed face grew bright again. She drew a long breath of relief and turned to the stage; it was as if the myriad gaslights had all of a sudden been turned up, as if all the mimic world in the opera house had grown radiant.

Never was voice sweeter to her ears than the somewhat thin and exhausted warble of the prima donna; never did scenery glow with such natural tints or footlights shine more softly. Kate Marcy declared that the opera was "*perfection!*"

"Yes; but," said pert little Nina Cummings, "do look at Charley Emery with that little old woman! Why couldn't he have come and sat with us?"

Kate said nothing. In the crowd now surging out of the aisles of the little opera house she could scarcely venture to express her entire opinion, but she said in a low, earnest tone,—

"I don't know what you think of it Nina; *but I, for my part, respect Mr. Emery a thousand times more for his kindness to his mother.*"

And almost at the same time, she found herself looking directly into Charley's eyes.

For a moment only. The crowd separated them ere they could recognize one another; but Kate felt sure—and her cheeks glowed scarlet—that he heard her words.

"Charley," said little Mrs. Emery, looking into her son's face as they emerged into the veil of softly falling snow, which seemed to enwrap the whole outer world in a dim, dazzling mystery, "who was that girl with the large blue eyes and the sweet face wrapped in a white, fleecy hood—the one who said she respected you?"

"It was Kate Marcy, mother."

"She has the face of an angel," said Mrs. Emery softly.

The next day Charley went boldly to the old Marcy homestead, whose red brick gables, sheeted with ivy, rose up out of the leafless elms and beeches, just beyond the noise and stir of the busy village.

"Miss Marcy," he said, "I heard what you said last night."

"It was not meant for your ears, Mr. Emery," said Kate, coloring a soft rosy pink.

"But," he pursued, looking her full in the face, "I cannot be satisfied with that, Miss Marcy, I want a warmer feeling. If you could teach yourself to love me—"

The dimples came around Kate Marcy's red lips, wreathing her smile in wondrous beauty.

"Mr. Emery," she said, "I do love you, and have loved you for a long time.'

And Charley went home envying neither king nor prince.

"But I never should have loved you so dearly," his young wife told him afterward, "if you hadn't been so kind to that little mother of yours. In my eyes you never looked so handsome as when you stood bending over her gray head in the crowded hall of the opera house that night."

Not Now in the Dictionary.

From the Philadelphia Times.

Words, like dogs and bonnets, have their day, and when that day is past they seem to be laid on the shelf like old-fashioned pieces of china, to be regarded only as curiosities. The dictionary that still keeps them in remembrance, but marks them with the fatal "obs" (obsolete), represents the closet shelf where the old china is still tolerated, not for its use or beauty but because of its very antiquity. Even the presence of these words in the dictionary does not argue that they are known outside of it. For only a few weeks ago in an article describing the old piece of embroidery known as a sampler, the word "accend," in the motto worked upon the sampler, was corrected by the printer to "accent." "May heaven accend thy words with power." Less than a hundred years ago accend meant to kindle, to set on fire. Now it is marked obsolete in the dictionary and no new word has come to replace it. There seems no more reason for it to be laid on the shelf than for that little old-fashioned cream pitcher with its quaint form and indescribable decoration of green lines and purple dots that represent no vine and flower known to botany, to be set upon my chimney piece. It has not outlived its usefulness just because it is old. There are other words the dictionary marks obsolete that are current in old-fashioned country places, such as outlander, a foreigner, which, like its neighbor, outlandish, has taken a meaning slightly uncomplimentary. Aroynt, or aroint, meaning stand back or get behind, is still used by the milkmaid in speaking to the cow that will not stand in her place to be milked. "Contrist that fellow!" one boy says of another who teases him and the dictionary says it means to make sad, but that it is obsolete.

We should not ascribe any departure from what we are used to either in grammar or pronunciation, or meaning of words, to the ignorance or stupidity of the speaker. It may not be bad, but only antiquated English. Such as ourn for ours, umbril for umbrella, afeard for afraid, riz for risen, to ax for ask, outen for put out or extinguish, even "put them things away" for those things. However, these expressions have had their day and are no longer good English, as they do not conform to the present use and custom that must be the standard in speaking and writing. The same may be said of certain ways of pronouncing words now used only by uneducated or old-fashioned people, as contrary, mischievous, blasphemous, instead of *contrary, mischievous, blasphemous*. It is easy to prove that these are not mispronunciations, but only an old pronunciation retained by the people after the educated classes had given it up.

In southern Pennsylvania, where many examples of metonomy have been observed, cucumber is often replaced by the general name of pickle, as the thrifty gardener, anticipating the briny fate that awaits it, designates the vine and its fruit. Lantern, Dr. Johnson says, is by mistake often written lanthorn, because transparent cases for candles were generally made of horn, and those who did not know the derivation of the word from the Latin lanterna were satisfied that this was the true etymology. The wicket-basket-covered glass jars, used by European peasants and sailors, were by them called "Dame Jeannes," Anglicized into demijohn, and known to the colored servants on an old southern home as the "Jimmy John." Archaic is another word that in common use has lost its classic pedigree, and has degenerated into "arkey," denoting something very old-fashioned, with an imaginary reference to Noah's ark. Words spelled one way and pronounced another by some people who are what some other people would call "heavy," are wreck, pronounced wrack, which gives us "wrack and ruin;" weapon, which they turn into weepon, and wound, which they rhyme with sound, following the old lexicographer, who tells us "wound, woond, is a capricious novelty."

Another of this class of words is chap, in some localities still pronounced chop. Walker says the etymology of this word will not suffer us to write it chop; and universal usage will not permit us to pronounce it chap. So it must be classed among those incorrigible words, the pronounciation and orthography of which must ever be at variance. On the other hand the Irish are reproved by the same authority, in the year 1815, for pronouncing palm, balm and psalm as if spelled pawm, hawm and psawm, and now with a little less breath that is the accepted way in England and permissable in America. But will the day ever come when a collusion will mean, as it does in some places, any large or remarkable kind of gathering, even a funeral? It is probably a corruption of collision, for in the same neighborhood two wagons running into each other would be called a collusion. Here, also, they say, instead of "lighting a lamp," "making a candle;" and anything that burns easily is "combustious." But the same prophecy was once made in regard to "clever" and "fun," neither of which could now be spared from the language.

Umbrellas As Tests Of Character.

An umberella, it is said, can be taken as a test of character.

The man who always takes an umbrella out with him is a cautious fellow, who abstains from all speculation and is pretty sure to die rich.

The man who is always leaving his umbrella behind him is one who generally makes no provision for the morrow. He is reckless, thoughtless, always late for the train, leaves the street door open when he goes home late at night, and is absentminded to such a degree as to speak ill of a baby in the presence of its mother.

The man who is always losing his is an unlucky dog, whose bills are not met, whose boots split, whose gloves crack, whose buttons are coming off, and whose change is apt to have some bad money in it. Be cautious how you lend a five-dollar note to such a man.

The man who is perpetually expressing a nervous anxiety about his umbrella and wondering if it is safe is full of uneasiness and low suspicion. Let him be ever so rich, give not your daughter to him, for he will undoubtedly take more care of his umbrella than his wife.

Those versed in plant and flower lore say that the celebrated "plant of Calvary" was unknown in the flora of the world prior to the date of the crucifixion of Jesus. According to the tradition, the original plant sprung up in the track made by Pilate when he went to the cross for the purpose of placing that famous "title" over the head of Him of whom the Jews said: "Say that He called Himself 'King of the Jews.'" The plant, as it is now known, is a common trefoil, resembling the common clover in many particulars, especially in the peculiarities of growth.

A cheap and wholesome article of vinegar may be made of water, molasses and yeast, say twenty-five gallons of water, four of molasses, and one of yeast. This, when it ferments, will yield very good vinegar.

How Tramps Regard New England.

The November *Century* contains an article written by a young man who disguised himself as a tramp and consorted with tramps for several months. He has this to say of New England from the tramp's point of view:

New England, as a whole, is at present poor begging territory for those vagabonds who are not clever and not able to dress fairly well. Boston is the beggar's as metropolis as well as the New England millionaire's, and, until recently, Bughouse Mary's Tramp Home was as much a Boston institution as Tremont Temple or the Common. One could find there tramps of all grades of intelligence, cleanliness, and manners. And even in the streets, I have often been able to pick out "the begging brothers" by the score from the general crowd.

But it must not be forgotten that a city offers privileges to beggars which the rural districts deny, and probably, if the police authorities were more diligent than they are now, even Boston could be rid of the great majority of its worst loafers. I must admit, however, that it will be difficult ever to banish the entire tramp tribe, for some of them are exceedingly clever, and when decently clad can play the role of almost any member of society. For instance, I tramped through connecticut and Rhode Island once with a "fawny man" (a peddler of bogus jewelry). Both of us were respectably dressed, and according to my companion's suggestion, we posed as strolling students, and always offered to pay for our meals and lodging; but the offer was never accepted. Why? Because the farmers "considered themselves repaid by the interesting accounts of our travels, and talks about politics," etc. My friend was very sharp and keen, and carried on a successful trade in spurious jewelry with some of the foolish country boys, when he was not discussing the probabilities of the Presidential election. I am sure that I could travel through New England to-day, if respectably clad, and be gratuitously entertained wherever I should go; and simply because the credulity of the charitable is so favorable to "traveling gentlemen."

One of the main reasons why Massachusetts is such poor territory for the usual class of vagrants is its district-jail system. In many of these jails the order and discipline are superb, and work is required of the prisoners—and work is the last thing that a real tramp ever means to undertake. I cannot help looking forward to very gratifying results to trampdom from the influence of the present Massachusetts jail system. For anything which brings the roving beggar into contact with sobriety and labor is bound to have a beneficial effect.

How Gold Rings are Made

Gold rings are made from bars nine or fifteen inches long. A bar fifteen inches long, about two inches wide and three-sixteenths of an inch thich, is worth about two hundred pounds. It would make three hundred fourpenny weight rings. A dozen processes and twenty minutes' time are required to change the bar into merchantable rings. A pair of sheares cuts the bars into strips. By the turn of a wheel, one, two, or three times, the guillotine-like blades of the shears cut the bar into slices, one, two, or three-sixteenths of an inch wide. A rolling machine presses out the strips and makes them flat or grooved. Each strip is then put under the blowpipe and annealed. The oxide of copper comes to the surface and is put into a pickle of sulphuric acid, the bit of gold is stamped with its quality and the name of the maker, and is put through a machine that bends it into the shape of a ring, the same making a ring of any size. The ends are soldered with an alloy of inferior fineness to the quality of the ring. Many people imagine that rings are run in a mould because they can't see where they are soldered. The rings spins through the turning lathes, is rounded and pared, and polished, first with tripoli and then with steel-filings and rouge.

Brilliant Whitewash.

To a half-bushel of best lime slaked in hot water add eight quarts of salt dissolved in hot water, two and a half pounds of ground rice, boiled to a thin paste, stirred in boiling hot, also one pound of clean glue dissolved in hot water, and half a pound of fine whiting, with hot water enough to make the whitewash spread properly with a brush. Let it lie for a day or two and then apply hot.

A wise man hath his foibles as well as a fool; put the difference between them is, that the foibles of the one are known to himself, and concealed from the world; the foibles of the other are known to the world, and concealed from himself. The wise man sees those frailties in himself, which others can not; but the fool is blind to those blemishes in his character which are conspicuous to everybody else. Whence it appears that self-knowledge is that which makes the main difference between a wise man and a fool, in the moral sense of that word.

Raising cane—growing sugar.

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