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F. A. SHARRER & SON,
Main St., East End, Westminster, Md
jan-10-1y

STATEMENT

—OF—

Receipts and Disbursements

For Public School Purposes for the year ended 31st July, 1893.

RECEIPTS.

Balance on hand 31st July, 1892	$ 436.65
State School Tax for White Schools	14,479.96
State Free School Fund	2,181.69
State Donations, Academic Fund	500.00
County School Tax	29,600.00
Rock Fees	3,393.23
Sales of Books in the Office	59.45
State Appropriation to Colored Schools	1,312.53
Sale of Abandoned School Lot	28.10
License Fees	4,132 50
Temporary Loans	5,800.60
	$51,024.11

DISBURSEMENTS.

Teachers' Salaries—White Schools	$33,222.18
Fuel	2,894.71
Incidental Expenses of Schools	1,145.56
Rent	250 50
Books and Stationery	5,627.77
Building Schoolhouses	2,844 34
Repairing Schoolhouses	886.18
Furniture, Blackboards and Stoves	1,664 06
Interest	1,000.59
Salary of Secretary, Treas. and Examiner	1,200 00
Salary of Assistant	500.00
Per Diem of School Commissioners	600.00
Office Expenses and Account Books	160.06
Printing and Advertising	109.25
Paid to Colored Schools	2,946 87
School Libraries and Journals	54 00
Freight, Hauling, Boxes, &c	228.67
Teachers' Associations and Institute	160.65
Columbus Day Celebration and Exhibits at Chicago	121.95
Locating sites, Inspecting Houses, &c	132 30
Repayment of Loans	5,115.00
Balance Cash on hand	184.09
	$61,024.11

JAMES A. DIFFENBAUGH,
Secretary, Treasurer and Examiner.
no-18 3t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

The undersigned, having settled in the Orphans' Court an account of the personal estate of David D. Bonsack, late of Carroll county, deceased, and ascertained the balance in her hands for distribution according to law among the creditors of said deceased, hereby gives notice to said creditors to file their claims against said deceased, legally authenticated, with the Register of Wills for Carroll county, on or before the 27th day of November, 1893, preparatory to a distribution of the assets of said personal estate, to be made amongst said creditors under the direction of the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, on the 28th day of November, 1893.

After the final ratification of said distribution by the Orphans' Court aforesaid, the undersigned will be prepared to pay to each of said creditors their respective dividends, according to said distribution.

CATHARINE BONSACK,
Executrix of David D. Bonsack, deceased.
no-4-4t

GEORGE L. STOCKSDALE,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY

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OFFICE ON COURT STREET,
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of America for the Residents of America. Do not abandon the system which gives the country the best Opportunities for its Farmers, Mechanics, and Young People, they have ever had! No Interference with the Protective Tariff and no Repeal!

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Reserve the Public Lands for actual settlers and save them from monopolies and speculators! Protect and encourage the actual settler!

No interference with the progressive policies of the Republican party (repeatedly enacted into law) of building up a New Navy; Protecting the Sea Coasts; Pensioning Union veterans; excluding the Chinese; Regulating Inter-State Commerce; defending the Common Schools; Protecting American Citizens abroad; Securing Reciprocity with other American Nations; demanding Free Expression of the Popular Will in Elections, and an Honest Count; Extending American Commerce; Reviving American Shipping; Temperance; and Restraining Trusts.

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Illustrations of the news of the day are freely used in the Tribune. This paper has its own corps of artists and photo-engraving plant. It contains features for the ladies and children; foreign letters and book reviews, and many special features.

No matter whether you agree with the N. Y. Tribune or not, in its sentiments, can you afford not to read its Dollar Weekly, regularly, while a reactionary party is in power and during these times of Change?

The N. Y. Tribune is the ablest, most aggressive, and soundest advocate of Republican policies. What the Republican party intends can be learned from the N. Y. Tribune. The Tribune's motto is the Truth and only the Truth. The articles of Roswell G. Horr, on the Tariff, Currency, Wages, etc., will be continued.

Remember! The N. Y. Tribune is the cleanest, purest, and safest of newspapers for your family. Does a weekly newspaper, which invades the home with immorality, sensation, and falsehood, receive your sanction? The broad columns and large print of The N. Y. Tribune make it the easiest paper to read.

The Tribune has the largest circulation of any Weekly in the United States, issued from the office of a Daily. We have challenged the country for a year, with no takers.

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Terms for 1894. Sample copies free. Weekly, $1. Semi-Weekly, $2. Daily, including Sunday, $10. The Sunday Tribune separately, $2. Tribune Almanac for 1894, ready in January, 25 cents, all previous numbers out of print.

THE TRIBUNE, New York.

NO. 3181 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County.

E. Jerome Myers, next friend, &c., vs. Anna F. Kester and others.

Ordered, this 8th day of November, 1893, that the sale of the real estate in the proceedings in this cause mentioned, of which the late Noah H. Kester died seized, made by E. Jerome Myers, Trustee, and this day reported, and filed in this case, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 11th day of December next; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper published at Westminster, in Carroll county, Md., once a week for each of three successive weeks before the 4th day of December, 1893.

The report states the amount of sale to be $1226.00.

BENJ. F. CROUSE, Clerk.
True Copy—Test:
no-11-3t BENJ. F. CROUSE, Clerk.

NO. 3168 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County.

Harry M. Clabaugh, Assignee of Mortgagee, vs. Peter Baile and Mary J. Baile, his wife.

Ordered, this 17th 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 4th day of December 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-18-2t BENJ. F. CROUSE, Clerk.

AMERICAN SENTINEL.

VOL. 62 NO. 47. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 25, 1893. ESTABLISHED 1883.

Select Poetry.

WHAT CLEVELAND SAID.

On Hearing the Returns From Ohio.

BY HOWARD SANBY.

From the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette (Rep.)

Good Grover Cleveland,
As soon as he learned
The returns from Ohio
Said: "Well, I" be durned!
Jumping Jehosephat!
Great Holy Smoke!
Such a plurality
Must be a joke!
Ring up the Cabinet!
Grandmother's cat!
Holy Saint Patrick!
Where are we at?
Shades of old Jefferson!
I might a knowd
I'd reap just exactly
What I had sowed!
Sackcloth and ashes!
Jimminy King!
To poor Larry Neal
They did not a thing!
Sweep up the pieces!
Mop up the floor,
Bind up the wounded!
I'm infernally sore!
Bring me a pick axe!
Oh! what a pain
I've got in my cranium!
Get some cocaine!
Fetch me some laudanum!
Syrup of squills!
Also some quinine
And camomile pills!
Read it, Dan, read it!
Well, I'll be blowed!
When I was elected
The next day it snowed.
But now it is hailing!
And bless my fat soul!
The hail is as large
As a big lump of coal!
Shut up the windows?
Pull down the blind!
Thunder and lightning!
I'm out of my mind!
Kill Johnny Carlisle!
Rodents and mice!
String up old Gresham!
Assassinate Brice!
Murder my Cabinet!
Oh! this remorse
Surely will kill me!
Bring me a horse!
Talk about 'flushes!
Bind up my wounds!
Melt all the plate
And the souvenir spoons!
Buy me a ticket
To Kalamazoo,
What in the blazes
Is Grover to do!
Vanquished! Defeated!
Bleeding and slain
Democrats never
Can get there again!
Send for a casket!
Line it within,
And see that the plate
Is American tin!
Get me a pistol!
Republican gains
Really oblige me
To blow out my brains.
Great 'Man of Destiny?'
'Buffalo's pet?'
'Pride of New York?'
How I wriggle and sweat.
Hang up my shingle!
I'll wrestle with law!
Wipe off my chin, Dan!
Put crape on the door!
Let them embalm me!
Grover—once great—
I've lied all my life
And I'll now lie in state!
Who said 'Thanksgiving?'
What's there for me
To be grateful and thankful
In this '93?
Instead of a turkey
And piclets of dough
Let Democrats eat
A big dishful of crow!
Bring me a rosebud!
A willow or two!
Bury me deep, Dan,
To keep off the dew!
Then on my tombstone
Have these letters made:

"HERE LIES OLD GROVER!
KILLED! BY FREE TRADE!"

Tell good Saint Peter,
If he's no objection—
I am dying repentant
And ask for 'Protection!'
I can realize now
I am on the wrong tack,
Take my name off the door, Dan,
And substitute 'Mac!'"

Select Story.

A TARDY THANKSGIVING..

BY MARY E. WILKINS.

From Harper's Bazar.

"I s'pose you air goin' down to Hannah's to spend Thankgivin', Mis' Muzzy?"

The old lady who asked the question was seated in Mrs. Muzzy's best hair-cloth rocking-chair, which had been brought for the occasion out of the parlor. She had a mild, tiny-featured old face, wore a false front of auburn hair, and a black lace cap decorated with purple ribbons, and was knitting—putting new heels into some blue yarn stockings.

The answer she got to her question, delivered in her prim, purring, company tone, made her jump nervously:

"No; I ain't goin' a step—not if I know what I'm about."

The words shot out of Mrs. Muzzy's mouth as if each one had had a charge of powder in its rear, and the speaker went on jerking the stout thread viciously through the seam she was sewing.

She was a squarely built woman, compactly fleshy. There was a bright red color on each of her firm round cheeks; there was not a vague line in her whole face; her mouth opened and shut unhesitatingly and fairly; and she looked out of her small brown eyes directly, with no circumlocution.

"Mebbe you air goin' up to your brother Andrew's then?" ventured the old lady, feebly.

"No, Mis' Field, I ain't a-going' to Andrew's, nuther. I ain't a-goin' nowheres."

"But," purred the old lady, "ain't you afeard you'll be awful lonesome? Lor', I don't know what I should do ef it warn't for Serrah an' her children on a Thanksgivin'-day. To be sure, you 'ain't got any childern an' granchildren to go to, but thar's your sister Hannah an' her's, an' Andrew an' his, an' it kinder seems as if brothers an' sisters come next."

"Thar ain't no use talkin'," said Mrs. Muzzy, in a loud, clear-cut voice. "I ain't a-goin' to Hannah's to Thanksgivin', an' I ain't a-goin' to Andrew's to Thanksgivin', an' I ain't a-goin' to hev any Thanksgivin' to hum. I 'ain't got nothin' to give thanks fur, as I see on. I s'pose ef I could go to meetin' Thanksgivin' mornin', an' hear the sermon, an' then set down to turkey and plum-puddin', an' be a-thankin' the Lord in my heart for lettin' my husband fall off the scaffold in the barn an' git killed last summer, an' for lettin' my daughter Charlotte die of a quick consumption last spring, an' my son John two year ago this fall, I might keep Thanksgivin' as well as other folks. But I can't, an' I ain't a-goin' to purtend I do. There's one thing about it—I ain't a hypocrite, an' never was."

"What air you a-goin' to do, Mis' Muzzy?"

"Do!" Mrs. Muzzy sniffed. "Do I'm a-goin' to stay at hum, and'—my pig-work."

The old lady's small-featured countenance, from its very mechanism, was incapable of expressing any very strong emotion, but it took on now a look of gentle horror. She dropped her knitting-work, and her dim blue eyes seemed to take up the whole of her spectacles.

"Lor' sakes, Mis' Muzzy! Pig-work on Thanksgivin'-day! I never heerd anything like it!"

"I don't keer. The pig-work has got to be done, an' I might jest as well do it Thanksgivin'-day as any other. I feel enough sight more like it than eatin' turkey an' plum-puddin', with all I've been through."

"Ain't you a-goin' to meetin'?"

"No."

"Lor' sakes!"

The old lady fell to knitting again in a mild daze. Mrs. Muzzy would have been too much for her in her best days; now she almost reduced her to lunacy. Still, this old lady, who was a neighbor, living about a quarter of a mile distant, felt for her the attraction which weak natures often feel for the strong. She was very fond of dropping in of an afternoon with her knitting-work. There was not so much difference in their ages as one might think at first, either, although Mrs. Muzzy was so much younger-looking. Her daughter, who had died the spring before, had been a school-mate of Mrs. Field's Sarah.

The old lady often accepted the invitation to stay and take a cup of tea, but to-day she shortened her call a little. The "pig-work" on Thanksgiving-day rankled in her mind, and she wanted to go home and tell her daughter Sarah.

After she had gone, Mrs. Muzzy went from the warm sitting-room into her cold, exquisitely neat kitchen, and kindled a fire in the cooking-stove, and made herself a cup of tea. Though she was living alone, every meal was prepared and eaten with religious exactitude. She spread a white cloth over the table, put on some slices of bread, a little dish of quince sauce, and some custard pie. Then she sat down with a sort of defiant appetite.

She had finished her bread and sauce, and begun on her pie, when the kitchen door, which opened directly out-doors, opened, and a girl of twenty or so walked in.

"How d'ye do, Lizzie?" said Mrs. Muzzy.

"Pretty well, Aunt Jane," replied the girl, listlessly, and she sank down in the nearest chair.

She was a tall, slender girl, with dun-colored hair. She had delicate features, and would have been pretty if it had not been for a pitiful droop at the corners of her mouth, the dullness of her eyes, and the dark rings under them.

"Hev some custard pie?"

"No, thank you; I am not hungry."

"Hev you eat any supper?"

"I don't know—yes, I think so—some bread and butter."

"I saw young Allen go by here 'bout three o'clock, ridin' with that Hammond girl," remarked Mrs. Muzzy, eying her niece sharply.

She only looked at her aunt in the same way she had done before, with an expression of misery too helpless and settled to be augmented.

"Yes," she replied: "I saw them."

"She's a pretty-lookin' gal. Her cheeks air as red as roses, an' she had on a handsome bunnit."

"Yes."

"It's quite a long time since he's been to see you."

"Yes."

Never was such complete unresistance to a tormenter, if tormenter she meant to be.

"Well, I wouldn't mind, anyhow, ef I was you," said Mrs. Muzzy, looking at the girl's weary face, and changing her tone a little. "Let him go, if he wants to. Just show him you don't keer."

The girl woke up a little at that. "Show him I don't care!" she cried, passionately. "He knows I care. It would be a disgrace to me if I didn't care, after I've been going with him for three years, and he leaving me for a new face. It's no use pretending I don't. I don't see why folks tell me to. My heart ought to be broken, and it is."

"I'd hev more sperrit."

"Would you? Well, I'm made different, I suppose," said the girl; and her face took on its listless expression' again.

Her aunt finished her second cup of tea, and began to clear away the table.

"Are you coming over to our house Thanksgiving, or Uncle Andrew's?" asked Lizzie, after a little, with some faint appearance of interest.

[redacted]

Mrs. Muzzy bridled defiantly. "Lor', Lizzie Munroe," [illegible] she; "you think you're down as fur as anybody kin be, because you've lost your beau. Well, I've lost my husband, that I'd lived with forty year, an' that was more than any beau, an' I've lost my daughter, both of 'em this year, an' two years ago this fall my son John, an' I don't see as I've got anything to be thankful for. I ain't a-goin' to keep Thanksgivin'-day, an' eat turkey an' plum-puddin'. I feel enough sight more like doin' pig-work, an' I'm a-goin' to."

The girl's dull eyes seemed to catch a gleam from her aunt's. For a minute she looked strangely like her. Mrs. Muzzy's passionate defiant nature fired her niece's more unresisting, hopeless one.

"Well, aunt Jane," she said, in a tone like an echo of her aunt's, "I don't wonder you feel so. And—I don't care about eating turkey and plum-pudding either—I'll come over and help you."

Mrs. Mazzy looked startled for a minute. Perhaps her own spirit reflected in another looked differently to her.

"Well, Lizzie, jest as you like," she said then. "I'll be glad of your help; it's consider'ble to do pig-work all alone, an' I've never been used to it"—with a sigh.

"Well, I'll come, Aunt Jane."

There was a long silence; then the girl took her sad face out the door, and her aunt, having set away the last of her tea things, went back into her warm sitting-room; the kitchen fire was going out, and it was growing cold.

Thanksgiving morning, a week later, was gray and cloudy, and the air felt like snow. Mrs. Muzzy's kitchen was full of steaming, glowing heat. She had two immense iron kettles on her stove, and was busily cutting pork into small square bits to try out.

Lizzie was there helping, too. She had come over early. Her sad young face looked sadder this morning. The cold gray light brought out all the pitiful drooping lines more plainly. She had probably been weeping instead of sleeping the night before. Her dun-colored hair was put back plainly and neatly; grief did not with her manifest itself in untidiness, though she never crimped her hair now. Lizzie looked like another girl with her hair crimped. Her dark print fitted over her slender shoulders trimly, and she wore a little white ruffle in the neck. She was cutting pork too; her wrists, though small, were muscular, and she worked steadily and effectively, though with a pathetic indifference. Mrs. Muzzy's firmly set face betrayed little of it, but she really eyed her niece from time to time with furtive uneasiness.

She had an inner consciousness, ever present to herself, that her state of mind was highly culpable, but she undertook the responsibility for herself with sullen defiance. It was another thing, however, to be responsible for a similar state in another. Lizzie, standing there, with her dull, hopeless face, indefatigably cutting pork, seemed to her like the visible fruit of her own rebellious nature.

"Hev you seen Jenny Bostwick lately?" asked she, with a desperate determination to alter her niece's expression.

"No," replied Lizzie, slowly. "Joe hasn't left her. They're always together. I can't bear to go there."

"I know," said Mrs. Muzzy, with quick, sympathetic recognition of the feeling. "I felt that way after John died. I couldn't bear to go into Mis' Mann's because there was her Edward—she'd had him spared, an' my boy'd been taken." There was something startling in the frankness, almost shamelessness, of the girl's avowal of envious misery, and her aunt's instantaneous sympathy with it. It was as if their two natures were growing more and more into an evil accord.

About ten o'clock the front door bell rang. "You go to the door, Lizzie," said Mrs. Muzzy; "you look better'n I."

Lizzy took off her apron, and went obediently. Time was when the tinkle of a door-bell could make her tremble all over, but she was calm enough now. It was six months since George Allen had been to see her, and she had given up all hope of his ever coming again.

Mrs. Muzzy heard the doors open and shut, then a murmur of voices in the sitting-room. One of the voices was unquestionably a man's, low-pitched and earnest. Lizzie's seemed to break into sobs now and then, and once she laughed. Mrs. Muzzy started when she heard that: she had almost forgotten how Lizzie's laugh sounded.

"Who on earth has Lizzie got in there?" she muttered to herself; but she was a woman who could keep her curiosity in check. She went steadily on with her work till the sitting-room door opened and Lizzie came out.

But was it Lizzie?—the girl with those pink cheeks and radiant eyes, and that dimpling mouth? Mrs. Muzzy laid her knife down and stared at her.

"It's George! George!" said Lizzie, in a happy, trembling whisper that seemed almost ready to break out into a scream of joy. "He's come to—to take me up to his house to dinner. I'm going home to change my dress and get ready." She was trembling so she could hardly move, but she began pinning on her shawl in joyful haste.

"Lizzie Munroe," said her aunt, sternly, "you don't mean to say you're goin' on with that fellow, after all that's happened?"

"Yes, I am; he's come for me." Great tears of pure delight rolled down her cheeks. She had her hood on now, and turned impatiently toward the sitting-room door.

"Come for you! I s'pose ef he'd got married to that Hammond girl an' come for you, you'd gone just the same!" cried her aunt, with coarse sarcasm.

"Yes, I would!" cried Lizzie, recklessly, her hand on the door-knob.

"I don't b'lieve but what that Hammond girl's given him the mitten, else he would'nt 'a come. I would'nt play second fiddle for any fellow."

"I would for *him!*" cried Lizzie as shameless in her happiness as she had been in her misery. She opened the door a crack and peeped in; then she turned to her aunt, her eyes like stars, her cheeks fairly ablaze.

"Good-by, Aunt Jane." she said. "I'm sorry to leave you alone with the pig-work. You'd better change your mind an' go over to mother's to dinner."

Mrs. Muzzy vouchsafed no reply, and Lizzie went into the sitting-room and shut the door.

Pretty soon her aunt watched her and her truant sweetheart walking down the street. Lizzie was actually hanging on to his arm in broad daylight.

"I don't see where she took such a disposition," muttered Mrs. Muzzy. "Not from my side. I'd never have made such a fool of myself over a feller."

Then she went on with her pig-work, righteous indignantion and scorn against Lizzie mingling in her bosom with rebellion against the will of the Lord.

It had always been her boast that she wasn't one of the kind of woman who are forever dropping things, and getting burned and scalded, and cutting their fingers. She thought there was no kind of need of it, if anybody had her wits about her, and didn't fly about like a hen with her head cut off. She was to prove, however, to-day that her boasting, for the occasion at least, was vain.

She had lifted the first kettle of boiling lard off the stove in safety, and deposited it in the sink. The second—how she did it she never knew, whether the sudden weakening of a muscle or the slipping of a finger occasioned it—she dropped bodily as she was lifting it from the fire.

None of the hot fat went on the stove, or there would have been a worse complication of disasters. It landed on the floor and Mrs. Muzzy's right foot. She lost none of her resolute coolness with the sudden shock and agony. The kettle was scorching the floor; you could smell the burning paint. She lifted it on to the stove hearth, and cast a distrustful and indignant glance at the molten grease spreading over the floor.

Then she had luckily a pair of scissors within reach. She sat down and cut off, with convulsive shivers of pain. but grim determination, her shoe and stocking. The foot was shockingly burned. She set her lips hard when she saw it.

"A half winter's job," said she. "Well."

She dragged herself in her chair with one foot, hitching herself along, into the buttery, to the flour barrel. She powdered the wounded foot thickly with flour, and hitched back.

"There," said she, "that's all I can do. There ought to be oil and bandages and things; but I've got to set still. I wish somebody would come."

Then she sat there, in silent endurance, in the midst of the grease, which had cooled, and formed a white coating over the kitchen floor. Her foot was a mass of torture. She did not have long to wait for help, however; she had not been sitting there half an hour when she heard quick steps on the frozen ground outside.

"Open the door, Jane," called the voice of her sister Hannah, Lizzie's mother. "I've got my hands full."

"I can't," responded Mrs. Muzzy; "you'll hev to do it yourself."

The door opened after a second. The caller, who had a large plate in each hand, stopped short in utter dismay as she took in the aspect of things—her sister, with her floury foot and pale face, and the lard on the floor.

"Why, what hev you done, Jane?" she cried.

Mrs. Muzzy looked up, and actually smiled, the first time her sister had seen her for many a day.

"What hev you got thar, Hannah?" asked she.

"Why, I brought you over some Thanksgivin' dinner; but I guess you won't feel like eatin' any now."

"Yes, I do. Bring it here."

"But you want somethin' done more for your foot. Did you tip the hot lard right on to it? Don't it ache? Hadn't you better wait an' eat yonr dinner after the foot's been seen to?"

"No, Hannah; I want to eat some turkey an' plum-puddin' afore I'm an hour older, an' keepin' Thanksgivin'. I said I wouldn't but the Lord got ahead of me, an' I'm glad He has. Bring it here an' I'll eat my dinner, an' then, mebbe, I kin hev somethin' more done for my foot."

Her sister gave in then, and Mrs. Muzzy, her forehead wrinkled with pain, sat there and ate her Thanksgiving dinner to the very last mouthful.

"Lizzie's feelin' happier," she remarked once.

"Yes; George came to take her to his folks to dinner."

"Well, I'm glad of it, ef she's goin' to feel any better."

"You would be, ef you was her mother," said her sister, simply.

It is claimed that by feeding hogs with corn mixed with some other materials, the cost will be lessened and their thrift and health kept up, together with an increased value in the manure. Corn is in itself an excellent fattening material, but fat is not in particular demand at present. More lean is required, and it is said that this can be obtained by a mixture of ground wheat and corn.

There is plenty of employment for those who want to make others happy.

A STATE ROAD LAW.

Draft of a Bill to be Submitted by the Maryland League.

From the Baltimore Weekly Sun.

The report of the committee on legislation of the Maryland Road League has been approved by the organization. The report is accompanied by a bill, which is now in the hands of the executive committee, in its discretion to be submitted to the Legislature at the coming session, and it is probable that the matter will be discussed at the road convention, which will be reconvened in this city about the middle of next month.

The committee on legislation, Henry W. Williams chairman, by the report divides the subject into three phases—the economic, the engineering and the administrative. Under the first head is included questions concerning the amount of money which may be profitably spent each year on the roads by the State or by the various counties; concerning the feasibility of the issuing of bonds by the State or counties for road improvements and, if so, to what extent; also, the division of the expenses for maintaining and constructing highways. These questions the committee has seen fit to leave alone for the present, chiefly because neither expert assistance nor money was available for collecting necessary data.

It is the committee's belief that a proper investigation should be made of this matter by competent authorities.

ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT PROPOSED.

While the engineering side of the question, involving such considerations as climatic influence, geological fromations, drainage, traffic and the like, presents a difficult problem, the committee finds its solution, as far as legislation is concerned, to be simple. The conclusion is unavoidable, it says, that this side of the question cannot be dealt with by any one not a trained road engineer.

It is suggested that it would be desirable that the State should create an engineering department and place its services at the command of the various counties, the latter not to be compelled to commit their roads to the charge of the State engineer, but to thus be given the opportunity to avail themselves of expert assistance. As the duties of such a department would be entirely technical, the committee thinks that it should be under the absolute control of a first-class civil engineer, who should have both power and responsibility. It recommends that he be paid a salary of $5,000 a year, that he be appointed for four years, and that his bond be placed at $5,000. The minimum appropriation necessary for this department is placed at $25,000 annually.

COUNTY ROAD ADMINISTRATION.

Regarding the administration of the roads in the counties, the committee considers it evident that since the counties are to bear all the expenses they must retain entire control. The system of administration by supervisors is condemned and it is recommended that it be abolished.

The finances and general control, in the opinion of the committee, should be left in the hands of the county commissioners, but the report advises that the administration of the roads and bridges should be committed to a county board to be appointed by the county commissioners. Such a board, it is suggested, should be, to a certain extent, permanent; should consist of residents of the county and should have the benefit of expert advice and assistance.

It is advised that each board shall consist of three members, to be appointed for three years, one member going out of office each year. They would serve without pay, but liberal provision would be made for their expenses.

The committee deems it right that the various county boards should be authorized to call upon the State engineering department for advice and assistance without expense to them, unless they desire surveys made or such work done as would necessitate additional expense to the department. In this way the boards would be furnished with the best possible engineering assistance without any cost whatever. This system was adopted in England under the highway act of 1862, and to its successful working the committee attributes the excellence of England's roads at the present day.

CONSTANT REPAIR ADVOCATED.

The report declares that it is necessary that the roads should be kept in constant repair and not merely be put in order at wide intervals. To this end it advises that the county boards be encouraged to employ working corps, which should continually keep the roads in repair.

Since such a plan would require money for its promotion, the committee recommends that the right of farmers to "work out" their road taxes be established, and that the county boards be directed, under proper restrictions, to have the more important work, such as construction, and reconstruction, done by contract and be authorized to contract for repairs with the consent of the county commissioners.

The report says that many matters other than those touched upon have been considered by the committee, regarding which the committee does not at this time feel willing to make recommendations.

The bill which accompanies the report of the committee on legislation includes the most important matters dealt with in the report. Its title is: "An Act for the More Perfect Construction and Maintenance of the Roads and Bridges of this State." It embraces thirty-four sections. The duties of the State road and highway engineer are defined, together with the amount of salary to be paid him and his term of office.

It is provided that the attorney-general shall, at the request of the Governor, give counsel and opinion to such officer, and that the latter shall be provided with suitable offices and equipment and shall be empowered to employ such engineers, clerks and other assistants at such salaries as the board of public works may, upon his application, approve.

He shall submit to the Governor on or before January 1, 1896, and every two years thereafter, a report upon the condition of the roads and bridges of the State and the best method of constructing and maintaining the same, with estimates of costs, expenses and the like, and shall suggest some general plan of administration thereof, either by the State or the counties or jointly, or such change in the present methods as may recommend themselves to him.

Upon the approval of the board of public Works, the State engineer shall be empowered to purchase stone-breaking machines, to set them up at convenient places and to supply stone to the county boards at cost price. He shall further keep a record of all his proceedings and his expenses, to be furnished to the Governor on July 1 of each year.

All moneys paid out on account of this department shall be paid out by the State engineer, indorsed by the comptroller.

TERMS OF SERVICE.

The bill then provides for the appointment and duties of a county board in each county, already described, and stipulates that the first appointment of the board shall be on March 1, 1894.

The board shall elect its president and secretary and make its own by-laws. Records shall be kept of all its proceedings and copies of all its plans and estimates, and a report shall be rendered on or before March 1 of each year or when required by the county commissioners.

Such boards shall have general charge of the construction and maintenance of the roads and bridges, provided that the county commissioners in each county shall open and close the highways as now provided by law.

It is provided that the board shall advertise for proposals for any work to cost over $200, and describe the method of disposing of the bids thus received. All contracts shall be awarded to the lowest responsible bidder, provided that the contract price shall be satisfactory to the board. The latter shall reserve the right to decide questions as to the proper performance of work and as to suspending and reletting contracts. All supplies and materials costing over $200 shall also be purchased by contract.

No member of the board or any one connected with the State engineer's office shall be interested in any contract.

The bill abolishes the payment of road tax by labor, provides that all expenses of the board shall be paid by the county commissioners, and that the board may call upon the State engineer for assistance or [illegible]. A statement of repairs made and of new work estimated shall be submitted to the county commissioners by the board on or before March 1 of each year.

The bill repeals all acts inconsistent with itself.

The old swindle of offering to sell steel engravings representing different events in the discovery of America by Columbus for a given sum of money has been flourishing recently in Toledo, Ohio. The dupes receive in return for their cash a series of Columbian postage stamps. Such an object lesson should be worth its cost to the victims of their own cupidity.

Roots draw enormous quantities of moisture from the soil, and by this means it is discharged into the atmosphere. For example, the common sunflower was found to exhale twelve ounces of water in twelve hours, and an oak tree with an estimated number of 700,000 leaves would in the same way give off something like 700 tons of water during the five months it carries its foliage.

Growth in grace is not made by watching to see how other people walk.

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