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REDUCED RATES.

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GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS,

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Very Respectfully,

Sharrer Bros

WESTMINSTER, MD.

# AMERICAN SENTINEL.

$1.00 PER ANNUM. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1895. VOL. 64--NO. 8.

**WEDDING INVITATIONS!!!**

THE SENTINEL is prepared to print at short notice Wedding Invitations, in the latest and most artistic designs, at prices that defy city competition. Call and see specimens and learn prices before placing your order elsewhere.

Book and Job Printing Done at Short Notice.

PROGRAMMES, CIRCULARS, CARDS, STATEMENTS, LETTER AND BILL HEADS,

of all kinds, kept constantly on hand or printed at short notice.

Sale -:- Bills

printed in an attractive manner.

Call and see our specimens of all kinds of work if you need anything in our line. Orders by mail promptly attended to.

**JNO. E. ECKENRODE,**

MANUFACTURER OF

Coaches, Carriages, Jagger Wagons, Buggies, Phætons, &c.,

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SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO REPAIRING.

All orders promptly filled and work of every kind warranted.

I have on hand a complete stock of

Harness of all Kinds.

Fine Light Driving Harness, Phæton, Buggy and Cart Harness, at prices that defy competition. Come and see my stock before purchasing elsewhere. I can save you money.

Factory Corner Liberty and George Sts. no17 1y

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**E. LYNCH & SON,**

DEALERS IN

LUMBER AND COAL

Westminster, Md.

OFFICE AND YARD AT THE DEPOT.

Building Lumber, Shingles, Flooring SIDING, JOISTS, LATHS, FENCING BOARDS, PICKETS, POSTS, &c., HARD AND SOFT COAL

Of all kinds constantly on hand. A liberal share of patronage solicited.

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ja-23-1y

**Central Drug Store,**

OPPOSITE CATHOLIC CHURCH,

Main St. Westminster, Md.

**JOSEPH B. BOYLE**

SUCCESSOR TO WELLS BROS.

DEALER in Pure Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Perfumery, Fancy Articles, Hair and Tooth Brushes, Combs, Toilet Soaps, &c. Also Trusses and Shoulder Braces.

Pure Wines & Liquors

FOR MEDICAL PURPOSES.

Patent Medicines, Horse and Cattle Powders, &c. A fine assortment of

STATIONERY.

Physicians' orders promptly filled and Prescriptions carefully and accurately compounded. mar-13-tf

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Headquarters for Musical Mdse.

Sheet Music a Specialty.

I have in stock all the Latest and Most Popular Songs published, and a full stock of Instrumental Music, Music Books of all kinds, both Vocal and Instrumental.

Mandolins, Violins, Banjos, Guitars, Flutes, Piccolos, Cornets, Autoharps, and many others. A full line of Cases for all kinds of instruments, and my stock of Strings is complete; always good and fresh, for all stringed intruments.

All orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

SPECIAL RATES TO TEACHERS.

Music Instructions given in the rear of store room.

Soliciting the patronage of all who desire anything in my line.

JOHN T. ROYER, 45 W. Main street, Westminster, Md. mr-4-1y

**REMOVAL.**

G. E. BAUGHMAN, D. D. S., SUCCESSOR TO DR. CHARLES BILLINGSLEA,

DENTIST.

Office 114 East Main Street, Opposite Union National Bank, Westminster, Md.

Will visit the following places:

UNION BRIDGE—1st Wednesday of each month.

NEW WINDSOR—2d Wednesday of each month.

Painless extraction of teeth by the use of Nitrous Oxide Gas. fe-23

**WAKEFIELD ROLLER MILLS.**

Manufacture and keep constantly on hand

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

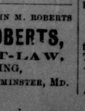
Highest Cash Prices Paid for Grain Longberry a Specialty.

DAVID ROOP & SON.

no 14-tf

**RESIDENCE FOR RENT**

APRIL 1st, 1895.



Located on Carroll St., adjoining Lutheran Church, Westminster, Md., a complete home, with all rooms heated by furnace; water in house; also, range; large stable, and an abundance of choice fruit. Now occupied by P. H. Babylon.

Also following property for sale low: Large Store Property, at junction of Main street and Pennsylvania avenue; Block of Dwellings, on Main street, adjoining Jesse Shreeve.

Having removed from Westminster, I will sell any or all of above property very low and on easy terms. Address

M. L. MAIN, 55 Antietam street, Hagerstown, Md. ap-7 tf

HARRY M. CLABAUGH. JOHN M. ROBERTS

**CLABAUGH & ROBERTS,**

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

ALBAUGH BUILDING,

COURT STREET, - WESTMINSTER, MD. a-9-92-tf

JOHN T. ESSOR & SON, ATTORNEYS, TOWSON.

**Trustees' Sale**

OF VALUABLE

**REAL ESTATE,**

At Lineboro Station, Western Md. R. R.

By virtue of the power contained in the last will and testament of Daniel Beckley, late of Baltimore county, deceased, and in pursuance of the authority and direction contained in said will, the undersigned, administrator c. t. a. of said deceased, will offer at Public Auction, on the premises, on

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1895,

at 2.30 P. M., all that lot of ground, situated at Lineboro Station, Carroll county, Md., on the line of the Hanover & Gettysburg Branch of the Western Maryland Railroad, about 39 miles from Baltimore and 16 miles from Hanover, Pa., at the junction of two county roads, and particularly described in a deed from Henry S. Stick and Rebecca Stick, his wife, to the said Daniel Beckley, dated 27th day of March, 1890, and duly recorded among the records of Carroll county, in Liber W. N. M., No. 71, folio 202, &c., containing

TWO ACRES OF LAND, More or Less.

Improvements—The residence portion is improved by a good Two-Story Brick Dwelling, recently remodelled, containing about 7 rooms, conveniently arranged. Adjacent thereto is a good summer kitchen, well of good water under cover at the door, new stable, buggy shed, corn house and other necessary buildings.

The business portion is improved by a substantial Grain Warehouse, (one freight Warehouse, the property of the Western Maryland Railroad,) a long private railroad switch, hay scales, cattle pens, &c. Upon this property prior to a recent fire a large general store has been conducted. A general freight and ticket business of the railroad company, however, being continued as usual. This property is in a healthy and excellent farming community. Large number of cattle for adjacent and surrounding community received here. Considerable grain, produce, &c., shipped from this point. This is a good business place. A portion of the property is suitable for building lots. The usual conveniences of the village here. The property will be offered first in two parts, the division line being the county road leading from Manchester to Glen Rock, Pa. Immediately thereafter offered as a whole.

Terms of Sale.—One-half cash, and the balance in six months, or all cash, at the option of the purchaser. Credit payments to bear interest from day of sale. A deposit of $100 is required at time of sale.

JOHN H. BECKLEY, Administrator c. t. a. of Daniel Beckley, deceased.

Jacob Hoffman, Auct., Manchester. fe-2-ts

**Assignee of Mortgagee's Sale**

OF A

**Desirable Farm,**

In Uniontown District, Carroll co., Md.

BY virtue of the power contained in a mortgage from Josiah Unger to Samuel Naubaum, bearing date April 25th, A. D. 1876, recorded among the Real Estate Mortgage Records of Carroll county, in liber F. T. S. No. 9, folio 280, &c., and duly assigned to the undersigned, I will sell at Public Sale, on the premises, on

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 26th, 1895,

at 2 o'clock, P. M., all the land described in said mortgage, containing

104 ACRES, MORE OR LESS.



The improvements thereon consist of a large and well arranged Two-story Dwelling House, with large basement Kitchen; Summer Kitchen, large Bank Barn, Carriage House, Hog House, Smoke House, Dairy and all other necessary outbuildings; a never failing Spring of excellent Water at the house and a Well with pump at the barn. The buildings are in excellent repair. The house has been recently improved and the barn, which is large and conveniently arranged, has been recently built.

The land is of first-class quality, the fields conveniently watered and are enclosed by good fences. There is a due proportion of

MEADOW AND TIMBER LAND.

This farm is situate on the Public Road leading from Westminster to Taneytown, is immediately opposite Baust's Church, is about 6 miles from Westminster and 2 miles from Frizzellburg, adjoins the land of Joseph Formwalt, John Dutterra, Henry Sell and others, and is convenient to Market, Schools, Churches, &c.

The desirable location of this property, character of land, and buildings make it worthy the attention of any one desiring to purchase an excellent farm in a good neighborhood.

TERMS OF SALE:—one-third cash on the day of sale or on the ratification thereof, one-third in one, and the other one-third in two years from the day of sale, the credit payments to be secured by the notes of the purchaser or purchasers, with approved security, bearing interest from the day of sale.

ANDREW J. REESE, Assignee of Mortgagee.

Reifsnider & Reifsnider, Solicitors. feb-2-ts

**Assignee's (of Mortgagee) Sale**

OF SEVERAL

**Lots of Land,**

In Woolery's District, Carroll Co., Md.

BY virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from Hardinia V. Gibson and Tazwell J. Gibson, her husband, dated 7th August, 1889, to Tomassa Parker, and recorded among the Real Estate Mortgage Records of Carroll county, in liber F. T. S. No. 15, folio 178, and by virtue of the assignment thereof to James A. C. Bond, of Carroll county, dated 4th January, 1888, duly recorded, by the mortgagee, the undersigned, assignee, will offer at public sale the said mortgaged land and premises, at the COURT HOUSE DOOR, on

SATURDAY, 23rd OF FEBRUARY, 1895, at 1 o'clock, P. M., as follows:

Lot No. 1, containing

15 ACRES OF LAND, more or less,

situate in the Fourth Election District of Carroll county, Md., on the public road leading from the Nicodemus road to Freedom, about 100 yards from said Nicodemus road, and about 1 mile from Gamber P. O., and adjoining the lands of Frank Gorsuch, Obadiah Buckingham and William H. Lindsey. It is improved by a Hen House and Hog Pen. There is an Orchard upon it, with Well of Water.

Lot No. 2 contains

6 ACRES OF LAND, more or less,

and lies about two hundred yards from lot No. 1, and adjoining Charles Arnold, David Huff and others. About 40 Apple trees are planted on the place.

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

JAS. A. C. BOND, Assignee of Mortgagee.

P. A. Gorsuch, Auct. ja-26-ts

**AN OPEN LETTER.**

WESTMINSTER, April 10, 1890.

Mr. Jos. B. Boyle:

Dear Sir:—For many years I have suffered intensely, on taking cold, from a very troublesome cough, for which I have used a number of various remedies, and obtained but temporary relief. During the past Spring I was again troubled with the same cough, and through a friend was induced to try your Pectoral Syrup, which not only gave almost instant relief, but a permanent cure. It gives me great pleasure to say that I believe it to be the best remedy I ever used for the purpose for which it is recomended. Hoping that any person afflicted as I was may be fortunate enough to give it a trial, I am,

Truly yours, EDWARD LYNCH.

For sale by all Druggists and Merchants in the county. Price 25 and 50 Cents a Bottle. Take no other. jan-19-3m

A 8K for Applewood Whiskey at STRASBURGER'S.

## Select Poetry.

### THE OLD MEETING-HOUSE.

1794-1894.

The blue hills rise in stately strength,
Steams ripple soft below,
As on those long gone Sabbath days,
One hundred years ago.

When in these crubling, roofless walls,
Where birds flit to and fro,
The Quaker fathers worshipped God
One hundred years ago.

And words of truth, or praise or prayer,
In measured tone, and slow,
Was spoken as the Spirit moved
One hundred years ago.

Here many a calm and saintly brow
Seemed lit by heaven's own glow,
And caught the promised peace of God
One hundred years ago.

Perhaps just here the sunshine fell
On golden heads below,
Where children lifted patient eyes,
One hundred years ago.

Here youth and maiden primly sat
In silent, decorous row,
But, as to-day, Love stole His glance
One hundred years ago.

In ancient graves, where trailing vines
And tender wild flowers grow,
Sleep those whose footsteps thither turned
One hundred years ago.

Long have these altar fires been cold,
And only ruins show
The temple holy to the Lord
One hundred years ago.

But true and simple faith abides,
Though centuries onward flow—
The fathers did not build in vain
Who reared this modest forest fane
One hundred years ago.

Lucy Randolph Fleming, in Harper's Bazar

## Select Story.

### HANS BRYNJULSON'S MORTGAGE.

BY WILLIAM WALLACE COOK.

A Dakota night.

At the north the coteaux upheave their gleaming shoulders in the moonlight, while from their feet the prairie, wrapped in mysterious shadows, rolls away to the south and vanishes among the ghostly stars.

Midway between the coteaux and the southernmost shadows there is a marsh through whose sedges the night wind sighs fitfully; and the frogs, from their reedy haunts, croak a hoarse accompaniment.

For Hans Brynjulson, smoking in the door of his "shack," and looking out over the moonlit plain and coteaux, there is but one word in the heart, one song on the lips of nature.

Christina!

Well, indeed, did Hans remember her braids of golden hair—her sparkling eyes—the fair beauty of her northern face.

They had parted—but that was long ago.

"You will make your fortune in America, Hans. Be brave. I will come when you want me. God be with you, my dear one!"

Not a day passed but these words leaped from the memory to the heart of Hans Brynjulson. They were oftener on his lips than were his prayers. Perhaps they were more fervently uttered.

But had Hans really made his fortune?

The small sum brought with him from the old country had been spent in paying his passage to Dakota; in making the necessary filings on his homestead; in building his little shack, and frugally furnishing it; in procuring horses and a few farm implements, and in buying seed with which to plant the newly broken ground.

What was the result?

The first year the dreaded southwest wind scorched and withered a field almost ready for the reaper, but he saved enough grain to plant the land again. The second year, crops were backward. Harvest time was thrown so far into the fall that the wheat was "nipped" by frost and shriveled and blackened in the husk. The third year—what Wells county pioneer will not remember that?—crops were beaten to the ground by hail.

How had Hans contrived to keep body and soul together during these years of trial?

By mortgaging his possessions. His claim, his horses, his farming implements—everything—had been laid under contribution to tide him over the hard times.

It was in August of "the year that brought the hail"—so runs Wells county chronology—that Hans sat smoking in the door of his shack and looking off in'o the purple shadows.

In his hands he held a letter. It was dark and he could not read it—but this was unnecessary. He had conned it word for word until he could have recited it by rote.

The letter was from Christina. She told her lover, in simple words, that she could not remain away from him longer. A longer absence, for her, was worse than death. Surely, her willing hands would prove a mighty factor in his hard life. The meanest drudgery at his side and for him would be happiness for her. The Stockholm sailed on the 1st of December for New York. Could he not send her money to pay her passage? If so, she would come third class all the way. God bless him for the faithful lover that he was!

Poor Hans!

He had never written Christina of his heroic struggle with fate. She knew, indeed, that he was battling with misfortune, but he never wrote her how completely wretched his situation had become.

What should he do now? Tell her all? Explain that he had not a penny he might call his own?

No, no. His heart rebelled against such a course. Fair, loyal Christina! He would send her the passage money. But where was he to get it?

He started suddenly to his feet. The moonbeams, striking his haggard face, wreathed it with a strange beauty.

"Ay skall do't," he murmured in broken English; "ay skall see Messer Yonson in da mornin'!"

"Say, do you know what that 'ere crazy Swede from Pony Gulch has been up to?"

Chris Larkin, the blacksmith, dropped the head of his hammer on the anvil and supported himself on the handle with his bared, sinewy arms as he addressed this sentence to Cal Higgins, a farmer.

"What now?" asked Higgins. "blamed if that chap ain't allus doin' somethin' to set my teeth on aige. What's the latest?"

"Gone an' mortgaged himself to Lawyer Johnson for $100."

"Tain't possible!"

"'Tis, too—but it can't be legal."

"Legal nothin'! But what can you expect of Johnson? He don't know the first principles of law—that feller. I'll take my afferdavit he can't tell a search warrant from a bale of hay. He drew up a mortgage on my bay steer, once, an' how did he describe that steer? Listen to this, Chris: One bay steer, mejum hight, branded with star on lef' forard shoulder with a brass knob on one weighin' twelve-hundr'd pound. Huh! him a lawyer."

"Pretty heavy knob on the steer," laughed Larkin, "But about this other business. S'pose the Swede can't pay up when the mortgage is due?"

"Johnson'll foreclose, I s'pose."

"What good'll that do him. He can't sell the Swede."

"Might bid him in for the 'mount of the mortgage," said the practical farmer.

"Then he'd own the Swede, hey?"

"More'n likely. Then he c'd hire the Swede out by the day, ye see, an' git his money back in that way."

"Yes, but there's no one to hire him by the day—times is too allfired hard for a man to earn his own bread, to say nothing' of hirin' some one else."

"Well, mebbe. When's the mortgage due?"

"New Year's day."

"What did the Swede want the money for?"

"Dunno. He went over to the post office, bought a money order an' sent away ev'ry plagued cent!"

"Don't that beat all!" exclaimed Higgins, disgustedly; "that's jest like them Swedes. Some fool speckerlation, I'll bet a copper."

* * * * *

In the nooks and crannies of Wells county there was a bare suggestion of snow—the first light fall of the season, blown into sheltered places and clinging to existence by grace of the zero weather. The white flakes were unusually backward, that year, in taking possession of the country and the settlers shook their heads forebodingly as they spoke of a "green Christmas" and a "fat churchyard."

"Don't worry, Chris," remarked the conductor of the passenger train that had thundered up to the station, "we'll have a regular bender to make up for this. When the snow comes, it'll be on us all in a heap—see if it ain't. What's the matter, my man?"

The last words were spoken to Hans Brynjulson, who had touched the conductor on the arm.

"Ay been lo'kin' f'r mae little Christina by dees train, but Ay can't see her, no place—" began poor Hans.

His voice quivered—probably because of the cold, for he was thinly clad.

"Is she your wife?" asked the conductor, in a kindly voice, for the haggard face of the man touched him.

Hans colored deeply.

"Ah," went on the conductor, with a laugh, "some girl from the states that you're going to marry! No—there were no passengers for Sykeston.

Hans turned with a sigh.

The postmaster was walking off with the mail pouch, and the forlorn Swede followed.

He had a vague thought that the mail pouch might contain some news for him.

Half an hour later the letters and parcels had been assorted and the postmaster began distributing them to the waiting throng.

"Here's something for you, Hans," called the postmaster, and the pale faced man who had been lingering near the door, doubtful but expectant, started forward with a smile and an outstretched hand.

The handwriting! The letter was from Christina!

The envelope was hastily torn open and a pair of happy blue eyes began perusing the text. Suddenly, the happy light vanished from the face. Hans Brynjulson's limbs grew rigid and he lurched over against the counter with a moan of anguish.

So full of grief was that low sob that every man at once looked up.

Hans Brynjulson was seen to stagger through the door.

"What's the matter with the Swede?" asked Cal Higgins.

"Bad news, I guess," replied the postmaster.

English words, even in a free translation, are powerless to catch the pathetic vein that ran through Hans Brynjulson's letter, but here are its contents done into his own language:

On board S. S. Stockholm, Dec. 10.

My Dear One:

When you read this, my faithful love, she who writes it will be with you—but in the spirit. I am to die, the ship's doctor says, and I thank God that I have the strength to send you the last word. I would that Our Heavenly Father had spared me to work for you, but since this is impossible, work doubly hard for yourself. Be brave, dear Hans, for my sake. Be patient and you will be fortunate. God tempers the wind to His stricken children and He will not forget thee, my darling. My strength ebbs fast—a last farewell.

CHRISTINA.

As the shades of evening crept over the sky and brought out, one by one, the cold, clear cut stars, the words of a Christmas carol floated through the doors of the little Sykeston church and settled, like so many spirits of peace, over the quiet village.

As the last bar of the song died away its cadence was broken by a discordant groan.

A moment later sa the Lawyer Johnson with his wife and little daughter came out of the church, he nearly stumbled over the form of a man lying prone upon the ground.

Bending down, the lawyer peered into the man's face.

"Why," he exclaimed, "it's Hans Brynjulson!"

"Let him lie where he is," said Mrs. Johnson; "he's drunk, no doubt."

"Well, drunk or sober," replied her husband, "if he lies here he'll freeze."

"Then let him," came the answer. "What is it to you, Silas?"

"It means a hundred dollars to me," said the lawyer grimly; "Ah he's reviving."

Hans sat up and looked around him fearfully.

"Come, come, my man," muttered Johnson; "don't you know where you are?"

"Messer Yonson?" returned Hans, interrogatively.

"Yes, yes; get up and follow us. You'll freeze to death lying there. You mustn't freeze, you know. It wouldn't be treating me fair. You understand why eh?"

Hans nodded.

"Then come along," said the lawyer, taking his wife's arm and starting on, "you can sleep in my barn to-night."

The day after New Year's dawned with a calm that would have been foreboding, had not unusual weather so far marked the winter in Wells county.

Little Bessie Johnson went to school in the morning and she had been gone from home an hour when a black cloud, rifted with wind, appeared in the northwest. Like a great ominous banner, battle scarred and bruised, its ragged streamers across the sky, the cloud came on with racehorse speed.

The weather was cold, but grew rapidly colder.

A fine, driving sleet was borne on ahead of the cloud, like a gusty herald armed with millions of torturing needles.

And then came the blast in all its fury. Helter skelter, here and there, blew the wild flakes; rushing around the corner of Lawyer Johnson's house with an angry roar, the bits of snow played hide and seek among the eaves and then skurried away in the mad gambols of a whirlwind.

The blizzard had set in for good and the flakes that tumbled so playfully in the air were likely to settle to earth and form a white shroud for the luckless pioneer caught in their confusing meshes.

"Goodness me, Silas," said Mrs. Johnson, turning from the window, "I can't see a yard away. What will become of Bessie?"

"She'll be all right—don't worry. The teacher will not let the scholars leave the school house until the blizzard is over."

"But she might. Oh, Silas, if she should!"

"But our teacher is a sensible young woman, Susan. I'd take my oath that she'll keep the children in the school house."

Fears, however, if long enough persisted in, will shake the stoutest confidence.

Thus it was with the lawyer, and when, some moments later, his wife suggested that Hans be sent to the school house to see if Bessie was there, he consented.

Lawyer Johnson knew that Hans was imperiling his life—but what significance was that when the anxiety of Mrs. Johnson was trembling in the balance?

Hans was called in from the shed and given his commission. He bowed his head, and buttoned his thin coat tightly around him and laid his hand on the door knob.

"Hans."

He halted and turned back.

The lawyer was holding in his hands a great fur coat.

"Put this on!"

This offer might have been made out of kindness of heart, awakened at the eleventh hour; or it might have been the result of proper business precaution.

Hans did not stop to give the matter thought.

Slipping into the coat he left without a word.

He never returned.

Reaching the school house in safety, he found it occupied by the teacher and a few frightened pupils. But Bessie Johnson was not there.

At the first appearance of the cloud in the northwest the girl had persisted in a determination to start home. The teacher had not made a very serious attempt to thwart that resolve, feeling, perhaps, that she would have ample time to cover the distance before the storm came.

Hans Brynjulson received the information without comment, and once more vanished into the storm.

Of what he did after this absolutely nothing is known. The lawyer's daughter could not tell. She started home, she said, was overtaken by the storm and finally grew bewildered. Struggling vainly for what seemed an interminably long time, she had finally sunk senseless and exhausted into the snow.

When found she was snugly wrapped in the lawyer's fur coat, while a pair of thin, rigid arms folded her close as though to protect her from the drifting flakes.

It required strength to force asunder those stiff, protecting arms, and when the snow was brushed from Hans Brynjulson's icy face, congealed tears were found in the eyelashes, and about the mouth—mystery unsolvable—there hovered a smile. Happiness crowned with tears!

Perhaps they were tears of joy; perhaps the boisterous winter winds became summer zephyrs in the ear of Hans Brynjulson and whispered to him the word, "Christina, Christina;" perhaps this also was the burden of the snowflakes as they rustled down over him and wove their spotless woof into the weft of his life.

No one may know this, however. It is written down in no earthly record and is not for mortal eyes.

But Lawyer Johnson caused it to be duly known that Hans Brynjulson had cancelled his mortgage and it was Mrs. Johnson's own hand that gave the document to the fire.

---

Milk sickness in cows has been proved by experiment to be the result of certain germs which are taken into the system of the animal through the dead and decayed vegetation so commonly found in Fall and Winter on rich, moist land. Cattle at this season of the year should be kept away from such vegetation. There is hardly any nutriment in the dead matter, and it is an abnormal taste which causes the cow to eat it. The disease can be communicated directly to those who eat the butter or drink the milk from such cows.

---

Coal ashes worked into a stiff clay soil makes it more pliable and easily cultivated. Wood ashes help the soil to retain moisture.

### The King of Innishkea.

*From* Leisure Hours.

About 16 miles from Dugort, in Achill island, out to sea, looking like a thin line of sand in the waves of the Atlantic, is the island of Innishkea. One fine morning our party started to visit it in a trusty hooker. As the hooker came in sight of the shore great excitement was visible among the islanders, and it was very hard to realize that we were still but 36 hours' journey from London.

The inhabitants turned out en masse. The women and children in their scanty garments of red flannel crouched outside their cabins, while numbers of the men ran down to the beach and put out in their coracles on chance of rowing us to land. It was a strange scene and curiously like a picture plate in a boy's book of adventures. We knew there was a king of Innishkea, and soon a tall, bronze faced man was pointed out to us as his majesty. On landing all the party were introduced and conducted by him to the palace, where the queen dowager, with her daughter, bade us welcome in true Irish fashion.

The old lady was in her picturesque native costume—red dress and plaid shawl over her head. The princess, however, had evidently on first sight of the hooker arrayed herself in modern fashion to do us honor, and we were amused on penetrating into the reception room to find advertisements from shops in Buckingham Palace road and St. Paul's churchyard hung up to embellish the wall, though only by a favored few could they be read.

The island was destitute of any school or means of instruction for the children, a very small proportion either understood or spoken English, and there was neither watch nor clock among the people, who had a happy go lucky idea of time and troubled themselves little as to Greenwich regulations.

There were no church bells to ring, no trains to catch, no office hours requiring punctuality, so when the sun was high in the heavens they would get through their not arduous duties, and when he sank in the great waste of waters they could sleep. The king's word settled all disputes. It was a hereditary monarchy, and his people, so far as he was concerned, were untaxed. Happy those states, thought some of the visitors, where royalty could be maintained with so little grandeur! However, I am in honesty bound to add we found King Philip had other means of filling his coffers besides levying taxes on his faithful subjects and learned the art of making good his opportunity whenever the Saxon stranger ventured to land on his shore. But Innishkea has an interest altogether apart from its situation, surrounded as it is by lovely views of mountain cliff and rocky headland. On this spot, hundreds of years ago, early Christian missionaries landed, and on top of a shelly mount, half a mile from the beach, are christian remains of great antiquity. West of the island there stand also the ruins of a church said to have been built by the successors of St. Columba.

### How to Clean Clothes.

The American Analyst tells how to do it, as follows: Take, for instance, a shiny old coat, vest or pair of trousers of broadcloth, cassimere or diagonal. The scourer makes a strong, warm soapsuds, and plunges the garment into it, souses it up and down, rubs the dirty places and, if necessary, puts it through a second time; then rinses it through several waters and hangs it up to dry on the line. When nearly dry he takes it in, rolls it up for an hour or two and then presses it. An old cotton cloth is laid on the outside of the coat and the iron passed over that until the wrinkles are out; but the iron is removed before the steam ceases to rise from the goods, else they would be shiny. Wrinkles that are obstinate are removed by laying a wet cloth over them and passing the iron over that. If any shiny places are seen, they are treated as the wrinkles are—the iron is lifted while the full cloud of steam rises and brings the nap with it. Cloths should always have a suds made specially for them, as in that which has been used for white cotton or woolen cloths lint will be left in the water and will cling to the cloth.

In this manner we have known the same coat and trousers to be renewed time and time again, and have all the look and feel of new garments. Good broadcloth and its fellow cloths will bear many washings, and look better every time because of them.

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The lady-bird is a valuable insect destroyer. It is the special enemy of the little green aphis which destroyes tender plants, and the lady-bird is always seen upon rosebushes in summer time, because the aphis especially attacks the rose.

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The butter-maker who puts her product on the market in such a condition as not to appear as good as it is does herself an injustice. Make the butter first-class, and put it on the market in such a manner as to make it show for all it is worth.

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