AMERICAN SENTINEL.

$1 PER ANNUM. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 28, 1903. VOL. 72--NO. 9.

TRUSTEES' SALE OF VALUABLE

REAL ESTATE

IN WESTMINSTER, Carroll County, Md.

By virtue of the decree passed by the Circuit Court for Carroll County, in Equity, and passed in cause No 3999 Equity wherein William D. Biggs and others are plaintiffs and Emma J. Baust and others are defendants, the undersigned, trustees, will offer at Public Sale, at the property on Pennsylvania avenue, in Westminster, on

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28th, 1903,

at 2 o'clock, P. M., the following Two Parcels of Land, of which Henry B. Riegel died seized and possessed:

1st. A Lot or Parcel of Land situated on Pennsylvania avenue, in Westminster, Carroll county, Maryland, containing

ONE-FOURTH OF AN ACRE OF LAND,

more or less, and improved by a two and a half story Brick Dwelling House, Stable and necessary outbuildings. There is water in the house. The lot is a double one and offers space for another building. The whole is a most desirable investment. The premises are at present occupied by Mr. Charles Stouch.



2nd. A lot of unimproved Land in Westminster, Carroll county, Md., containing

2 ACRES, 1 ROOD AND 34 PERCHES,

situated on the New Windsor road, opposite the property of William A. Cunningham, Esq., and adjoining the properties of Mrs. Awalt and Mr. Wm. Wm. H. Yingling. These lots are fine building sites.

Terms of Sale.—One-third cash on the day of sale, or on the ratification thereof by the Court, and the residue in two equal payments, of 6 months and 1 year from the day of sale, or all cash at the option of the purchaser; the credit payments to bear interest from the day of sale, and to be secured by the notes of the purchasers, with approved security.

J. WESLEY BIGGS,
DAVID H. WAREHIME,
Trustees.

J. M. Reifsnider, and Bond & Parke Solicitors. feb 7 4t

GEO. L. STOCKSDALE, Solicitor.

TRUSTEES' SALE OF THREE OF THE MOST

Valuable Farms,

In Mt. Airy and Freedom Districts, Carroll County, Maryland.

By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Carroll County, sitting as a Court of equity, passed in cause No. 4024, wherein William A. Flemming and others are complainants, and Mary C. Flemming and others are defendants, the undersigned, Trustees named in said decree, will offer at Public Sale, on the premises, situate in Mt. Airy district, near Mount Olive Church, on the public county road leading from Taylorsville to Mount Olive Church, and about 3 miles from Watersville, on the B. & O. R. R., on

THURSDAY, 12th DAY OF MARCH, 1903,

at 1 o'clock, P. M., all that valuable farm, containing

157½ ACRES OF LAND,

more or less, being the home farm of which Charles T. Flemming, late of Carroll county, Md., died seized and possessed. Improved by a Frame Weatherboarded Dwelling House, containing 8 rooms and hallways, Bank Barn, 35x50 feet, Corn House and Wagon Shed, 20x20 feet, Carriage House, Meat House, Hen House, and all other usual outbuildings, with never failing spring of water. About 35 acres is good Timber Land. A public county road borders two-thirds of the property, and it lies in such shape that you can see all over the farm. It is in a good state of cultivation, convenient to church, school, store, &c., and is worthy the attention of any one wanting a first class farm.



On the same day, and immediately after the sale of the above described farm, and on the premises of the home farm, the undersigned Trustees will offer all that tract of land, adjoining the home farm, containing

17 ACRES AND 33 SQUARE PERCHES

of Land, more or less, situate in Mt. Airy district, on a public county road, leading from Taylorsville to Mount Olive Church, and about 3 miles from Watersville, a station on the B. & O. R. R., improved by a new Frame Weatherboarded Dwelling House (T shape) with 7 rooms, Stable, Buggy House, Meat House, Hen House, all in fair condition, well of Water at the dwelling, land in fair condition and worthy the attention of purchasers.



The purchasers of the above properties can have immediate possession of the land, to put out the spring crops. The growing grain will be reserved, as Mr. W. A. Flemming is the owner of the same. All taxes will be paid by the Trustees. Mail is delivered at the residences by the U. S. Rural Free Delivery.

Also the undersigned Trustees will offer at Public Sale, on the premises, situate in Freedom district, on the public county road leading from Sams Creek to the Washington road, about 6 miles from Woodbine Station on the B. & O. R. R., on

FRIDAY, 13th DAY OF MARCH, 1903,

at 11 o'clock, A. M., sharp, all that valuable Farm, containing

191 ACRES, 3 ROODS AND 17 SQUARE

Perches of Land, more or less, being also a farm of which Charles T. Flemming, late of Carroll county, Md., died seized and possessed. This farm will be divided and surveyed before the day of sale, and will be offered in one entire tract and also offered in two tracts, the trustees reserving the right to sell as an entire tract, or in two tracts, and the highest bidder or bidders will be the purchaser or purchasers. There are two sets of farm buildings thereon.



1st. Improved by a Brick Dwelling House containing 4 rooms and halls, Stable, Buggy House, Granary and Meat House, all in good condition.

2nd. Improved by a frame weatherboarded Dwelling House, containing 7 rooms, (T shape) Meat House, Wagon Shed, 20x20, Log Stable, all in fair condition; well of water on one, and spring of water on the other. About 14 acres is in good Timber on the farm containing the brick buildings. About 25 acres is in good Timber on the other place. This farm is in a good state of cultivation. Fruit of all kinds upon both farms. These farms are situate convenient to church, schools and stores. Mail is delivered at residence by the U. S. Rural Free Delivery. These farms are well worthy of the attention of purchasers. Mr. Flemming will consent that the purchaser shall have immediate possession of the land, to put out spring crops. The growing grain will be reserved, as Mr. G. A. Flemming is the owner of same. All taxes will be paid by trustees.

Terms of Sale.—One-third part of the purchase money to be paid on the day of sale or upon the ratification there by the court; balance, one-third to be paid in one year, and the other one-third in two years from the day of sale; the credit payments to be secured to the satisfaction of the trustees, and to bear interest from the day of sale, or the whole of the purchase money can be paid in cash, upon the ratification of sale by the court, at the option of the purchaser or purchasers. A cash deposit of $250.00 will be required from each purchaser of the property, or a certified check received in lieu thereof.

For further particulars call on the Trustees, one residing on each of the properties, or call upon or address George L. Stocksdale, attorney, Westminster, Md.

WILLIAM A. FLEMMING,
GEORGE A. FLEMMING,
GEORGE L. STOCKSDALE,
Trustees.

Edward Mercer, Auct. feb 14 4t

PUBLIC SALE

OF

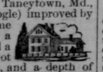
Valuable Real Estate,

situated in Taneytown, Carroll County, Md.

The undersigned, as Attorney for Harriet Bollinger, will offer at Public Sale, on the premises, on

THURSDAY, 5th DAY OF MARCH, 1903,

at 2 o'clock, P. M., sharp, the Store Stand and Private Residence situated in Taneytown, Md., (now occupied by John T. Fogle) improved by a Two and half a Story Frame and Brick Dwelling. Has a frontage of about 36 feet, and a depth of about 82 feet. The lot has a frontage of about 26 feet, and a depth of about 330 feet. This property is well-known, being situated on the north-west corner of the Square, in said town, and was formerly occupied by Jesse H. Haugh. It is one of the most desirable business locations in Taneytown, and is well worthy the attention of purchasers.



Possession of this property will be given April 1st, 1903, and, if not sold, it will be for rent on and after the day of sale.

Terms of Sale.—Cash on day of sale, or when the deed is delivered; or easier terms will be given if desired by the purchaser.

GEORGE L. STOCKSDALE,
feb 21 3t Attorney for Harriet Bollinger.

J. Milton Reifsnider,

Attorney-at-Law and Solicitor in Chancery.

OFFICE—Albaugh Block, Court St., Westminster, Md. oc-21-1y

HERING'S DEPARTMENT STORE.

Women's Suits and Skirts

For Early Spring.

Every day sees new arrivals from the centre of fashion and the sales go on merrily. The very acme of perfection is found in these new

SPRING SUITS AND SKIRTS,

because we insist it shall be there before we will receive them. Best fabrics, best cutting, best making and best linings and furnishings, best everything in the right place and little to pay for all.

Women's Walking Skirts.

A special lot of twenty-five Skirts, New Spring Models, in blacks, navy blue, and the popular snow flake Suitings, in black and white, blue and white, green and white; with seven gore flare; rows of tailor stitching around the foot. The same as you would pay $5 for elsewhere, at this sale

$3.98.

$10. Tailormade Suits. $10.

The styles of these Suits have been copied from the highest priced ones, made in navy blue and all wool Cheviot and fancy mixed Suitings; Jacket has fly front or is double breasted, satine lined, new puff sleeve, seven gore flare skirt; same trimmed with fancy buttons.

Mattings. Mattings.

Our Spring line of Mattings has arrived and we can show you a choice lot of patterns to select from, at prices ranging from

10c to 35c.

CHARLES E. HERING, Westminster, Md.

TRUSTEE'S SALE OF VALUABLE

REAL ESTATE,

In Westminster District, Carroll County, Md.

By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Carroll county, sitting in Equity, passed in cause No. 4002, Equity, wherein Fannie I. Little, et al., are plaintiffs, and George W. Weimert, et al., are defendants, the undersigned, trustee named in said decree, will offer at Public Sale, on the premises, situate on the public county road leading from Westminster to Manchester, 2 miles from Westminster, and ¼ a mile from Cranberry Station, on the W. M. R. R., on

WEDNESDAY, 11TH OF MARCH, 1903,

at 1 o'clock, P. M., a valuable tract, containing

9 ACRES AND 21 PERCHES OF LAND,

more or less, improved by a two and a half story Frame Weatherboarded Dwelling House, Stable, and usual outbuildings. Water, Fruits of all kinds, &c., and located convenient to schools, churches and stores. It is worthy the attention of purchasers. About 2½ acres, lying on the east side of the road, will be surveyed and cut off of the above tract, and offered severally and jointly, and sold to the best advantage.



Also a tract of land containing 5 ACRES, more or less, situate near the above property, with outlet 10 feet wide to the public road, suited for grazing or farming, and well worth attention of purchasers.

Terms of Sale.—One-third part of the purchase money to be paid on the day of sale, or upon the ratification thereof by the Court; balance in one and two years, the credit payments to be secured to the satisfaction of the trustee, and bearing interest from the day of sale.

For further information call upon or address the trustee, at Westminster, Md.

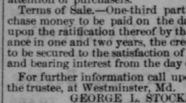
GEORGE L. STOCKSDALE,
feb 14 4t Trustee.

Public Sale.

The undersigned, intending to quit farming, will sell at Public Sale, on the premises, on the road leading from Carrollton Station to Jacob Richards' Mill, on

THURSDAY, THE 12th OF MARCH, 1903,

at 12 o'clock, M., the following Stock and Farm Implements, to-wit:



Two Horses, 5 Milch Cows, 6 Heifers, 1 Bull, 2 Brood Sows, one of which has pigs; 9 Shoats, one 4 or 6-horse Wagon, one 3-horse Wagon, 3 Buggies, 1 Mower, 1 Separator, 4 or 6 horse power; 1 Oliver Chilled Plow, 1 Osborn Lever Harrow, 1 Hay Fork and Rope, 2 sets of Lead Harness, 2 sets of Buggy Harness, a lot of old iron, Corn by the barrel, and many other articles. Six months credit. For further particulars see bills.

MARY WALSH,
JAMES WALSH.
N. J. Walsh, Acut. feb 21 3t

RATIFICATION NOTICE.

In the Orphans' Court of Carroll County.
February Term, 1903.

Estate of George E. Eckenrode, deceased.

On application, it is ordered, this 17th day of February, 1903, that the sale of the real estate of George E. Eckenrode, late of Carroll county, deceased, made by Bettie V. Eckenrode, executrix of the last will and testament of said deceased, and this day reported to this Court by the said executrix, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause be shown to the contrary on or before the 4th Monday, 23rd day of March next; provided a copy of this order be inserted for three successive weeks in some newspaper printed and published in Carroll county, before the 3rd Monday, 16th day of March next. The report states the amount of sale to be Seven Hundred and Fifty Dollars. ($750 00.)

WILLIAM Y. FRIZZELL,
JACOB RINEHART, Judges.

True copy.—Test:
JOSEPH D. BROOKS,
feb 21-3t Register of Wills.

DR. A. D. MANSFIELD,
Office 99 East Main Street,
WESTMINSTER, MD.

Every MONDAY from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M.

Diseases of the EYE and EAR treated.

No CHARGE made for an Examination of the Eyes for Glasses. au 16 tf

If It Rained Opportunities

some people would stay indoors. But here are some BARGAINS which you should not miss and, "It's Up To You."

Great Bargains in Shoes.

Ladies'	$2.75	Shoes at	$2.39	Men's	$3.00	Shoes now	$2.49
"	2.25	" "	1.69	"	2.75	" "	2.30
"	2.00	" "	1.59	"	2.50	" "	1.99
"	1.50	" "	1.25	"	2.25	" "	1.79
"	1.25	" "	1.10	"	1.50	" "	1.20
"	1.00	" "	.83	"	.50	Slippers	.39
Misses'	1.50	" "	1.19	Boys'	2.50	Shoes "	2.19
"	1.25	" "	1.10	"	2.25	"	1.99
Infant's	1.00	" "	.79	"	2.00	"	1.79
"	.90	" "	.69	"	1.50	"	1.25
"	.50	" "	.39	"	1.25	"	.99

Hats and Caps.

We have just received from a large hat house, in New York City, some up-to-date Hats, and we will be glad to have you call and inspect them. See our line of Bargain Hats, which we are closing out at low figures.

Underwear Must Go.

Wright's Health Underwear, worth $1.00 per Garment, now 79c. Glastenbury Underwear, worth $1.25, now $1.00 per Garment. Men's 50c Underwear 37c. Men's 38c Underwear 33c. Boys' Glove Fitting Underwear 19c.

STATIONERY.

25 good Envelopes for 2c. Five quires Note Paper for 10 c. Eight rolls of Toilet Paper 25c. Lot of 25c Box Paper 11c per box. 5c Pencil Tablets now 4c each. Two penny Tablets for 1c. See our 25c Umbrellas, 89c Dress Suit Cases and 39c Telescopes. Yours for bargains,

THOMAS H. EASLEY, 46 W. Main St.,
oct 16 Next Door to Shaw Drug Co., corner Main and John Sts., Westminster, Md.

SUPPOSE YOU COULD BUY

5 Per Cent. Government Bonds

ON 10, 15 OR 20 YEARS' TIME

Without premium, and with a chance that they might become full paid and interest bearing at any moment. Government bonds cannot be had at such terms, but you CAN buy, on exactly those conditions, Five per cent. bonds of the largest, strongest financial institution in the world. Full paid and at once deliverable if you die before the end of purchase term.

10, 15 or 20 years for payment, 5 per cent. interest bearing from maturity of contract and running 20 years thereafter when the face of the bond is payable in full. Immediately redeemable at 1.30½ at option of holder.

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK

RICHARD A. McCURDY, President

ISSUES 5 PER CENT. GOLD BONDS

that are safe as Government bonds. Some of the shrewdest business men and financiers in America are protecting their estates by purchase of these bonds. For documents and information apply to

Wm. H. Wootton,
MANAGER FOR MARYLAND.

W. Riley Myers,
april 5 02 1y AGENT, WESTMINTER, Md.

BROOD SOWS AND SHOATS.

I have 5 BROOD SOWS and 25 SHOATS, all good stock and in fine thriving condition, for sale. For further information apply to



DAVID F. JONES,
feb 14 3t* near Dennings.

Do you want Job Printing? If so give us a call. We can print anything you want from a small Card to a large Poster.

WAREHOUSE FOR RENT.

Double Pipe Creek Warehouse and Elevator, on W. M. R. R. Possession given April 1st, 1903.



For further information apply to E. O. Cash & Bro., Double Pipe Creek, Md., or C. B. Anders, Union Bridge, Md. feb 14 tf

JOB Printing of all kinds done promptly at reasonable prices. Call for estimates.

DON'T FORGET THE OLD FOLKS.

Nay, don't forget the old folks, boys—they've not forgotten you:
Though years have passed since you were home, the old hearts still are true:
And not an evening passes by they haven't the desire
To see your faces once again and hear your footsteps nigher.

You're young and buoyant, and for you Hope beckons with her hands,
And life spreads out a waveless sea that laps but tropic strands:
The world is all before your face, but let your memories turn
To where fond hearts still cherish you and love ing bosoms yearn.

No matter what your duties are nor what your place in life,
There's never been a time they'd not assnme your load of strife:
And shrunken shoulders, trembling hands, and forms racked by disease,
Would bravely dare the grave to bring to you the pearl of peace.

So don't forget the old folks, boys—they've not forgotten you:
Though years have passed since you were home the old hearts still are true:
And write them now and then to bring the light into their eyes,
And make the world glow once again and bluer gleam the skies.

—Will T. Hale, in Tennessee Farmer

Pretty Polly's Carnation.

BY EDWARD B. CLARK.

From the Chicago Record-Herald.

"Archibald Hackett, you know you ought not to go on as you are. Here you are puttering away in that miserable conservatory three days a week and your profession is going to the dogs. You ought to be a rich man; people say you have ability enough, but I doubt it. You ought to think more of Polly and me, and less of your cheap pansies and mignonettes. It's a shame."

"Nancy," answered Archibald Hackett to his wife, "I don't put in three days a week in the greenhouse. I don't put in more than two hours a day, and my profession isn't going to the dogs. I make a comfortable living at it and that's all I can do at the law, for I'm neither a Charles O'Conor nor a William Evarts. Let me putter away at my flowers. I love them, and it's a relaxation."

Mrs. Hackett's eyes snapped again, but she said nothing further. She never had been able in 22 years of married life to force an angry rejoinder from this husband of hers. Today Mrs. Hackett was a little more upset than usual. Polly, her pretty daughter, had been invited to an extremely swell affair on Lake Vista boulevard, and Mrs. Hackett did not think that Polly could wear a gown that she had worn twice before, and, as Mr. Hackett had said something about economy, the wife and mother had become a bit wrathful.

Polly Hackett had overheard some of this parental dialogue, and now she appeared on the scene. "I can wear the muslin again, just as well as not, papa," she said. "It looks dainty and fresh, and, like Mrs. Cratchit, I'll be 'brave in ribbons.'"

"But, Polly, the Bunkers are so terribly fashionable, and everybody there will have a gown on that cost a mint. I'm afraid Mrs. Bunker and Emily will think you look dowdy."

"Don't worry about the Bunkers, Mary," said Archibald, "nor you, either, Polly. I suppose they are swell as things go, but I remember Jim Bunker when he owned a rendering establishment in the little eastern city in which I was born. There was more smell than swell to that, though it was an honest business, and Jim Bunker was an honest man. Perhaps I ought not to say it, but, Polly, he'll be proud to have my father's grandchild in his house, though she comes in a gown worn a score of times. And now my dears, I must get back to my flowers. By the way, Mary, its carnations, and not pansies and mignonettes that I am puttering with now."

"Well," said the still unmollified Mrs. Hackett, "I wish it was a law case instead of a carnation. You'll never get anything out of your flowers but a blossom or two that will wither in a day." And Mrs. Hackett moved away with her head in the air.

It was the night of the Bunkers' reception. Polly Hackett, prettier than the proverbial picture in her muslin and "brave in ribbons," as she had said, was ready to go to the cab standing at the door of her father's little house on the side street. Archibald Hackett came into the room and saw his daughter under the soft light. "You don't need furbelows, my child," he said, kissing her. "There'll be no prettier nor sweeter girl there tonight, despite the muslin. Wear this, my dear; you don't need diamonds." And he gave Polly a beautiful full petaled carnation which showed a curious mingling of rich colors.

Polly fastened the glowing blossom in her dark hair, while her mother said: "Well, I suppose, Archibald, that's the sole result of the year's time you've been wasting over carnations. If you had spent the time in your office Polly might be wearing the diamonds that you say she doesn't need. The other girls have them, and those that Emily Bunker will wear to-night cost a fortune."

"Never mind the diamonds, mamma, I'd rather have daddy's carnation," and Polly Hackett kissed both parents lightly and disappeared through the front door and into the waiting cab.

The Bunkers' ball was over, and Polly was sleeping soundly in her bed the next morning. The bell rang, and Mrs. Tattler was ushered into the parlor. She had come to call on Mrs. Hackett. Mrs. Tattler had been bidden to the ball the night before, and now she had come as early as this to talk it over with Mrs. Hackett. "Oh, Mrs. Hackett," she began, "you don't know how lovely it was and you don't know how perfectly sweet Polly was. And what do you think—I know all the other girls are just by the ears to day. You see, Mrs. Bunker really gave this ball because that swell young Farrell, of Baltimore, is visiting John Bunker. Farrell is awfully handsome, and awfully rich. He's one of the Farrells of Farrellton. You know all about them, of course. One of their ancestors signed the constitution of the United States, or something like that—I never do get history straight—and young Farrell didn't have eyes or ears for anyone the whole evening but for pretty Polly."

Mrs. Tattler lingered for some time and talked on, but finally the door closed behind her and Polly appeared just as her father came in to luncheon. "Well, Polly," he said, "did you have a nice time last night?"

"Splendid, daddy. Mr. Bunker was awfully nice to me. He told me he knew grandpa in the east, and he was always glad when he asked him round to the homestead. Mr. Bunker said grandpa was a gentleman of the old school."

"Mr. Bunker was good to you, Polly, was he?" asked Mrs. Hackett. "Was there—was there anyone named Farrell there?"

At this Polly blushed furiously. "Yes, there was a Mr. Farrell there, from Baltimore," she said. "He was very polite to me."

"What did you do with your carnation, Pretty Poll?" asked her father.

Polly blushed more furiously than before. "Oh, papa; that was one of the funniest parts of it. Mr. Farrell was, I can't help saying it, very attentive to me. He danced with me and brought me refreshments. It was near the end of the ball when he looked suddenly at the carnation in my hair and then asked if he might have it. I thought that was a little forward from a person whom I had met only a few hours before, and I must have looked it, too, for he said, quickly: 'I meant nothing presumptuous, Miss Hackett, but I want you to tell me where you got that carna- and I want to send it to my father.'

"I told Mr. Farrell that you grew it, papa, and gave it to me, but what he wants to send it to his father for I can't imagine. I don't suppose you'll care, papa, but he asked me also if John Bunker might bring him here to call on me. John comes here often, you know, and I said yes," and Polly blushed again.

James Farrell did call with John Bunker, and then he came alone and many times, but the day finally came when he had to leave for his home in Baltimore.

"Why don't you go to your office, Archibald?" asked Mrs. Hackett, sharply, one morning. "Here you are puttering around among your flower pots again." Mrs. Hackett liked the word puttering. "No man with a hobby ever made a cent out of it. I believe you've spent $50 on that miserable carnation bed, and I need a new fur collar. You're wasting your time interfering with our happiness and throwing away your money."

"Oh, I don't know, my dear," replied Mr. Hackett, mildly, "look at this," and he handed his wife a letter. She opened it. It ran like this:

"Mr. Archibald Hackett. My Dear Sir: My son, James Farrell, sent me some time ago a carnation blossom. It is the most wonderful I have ever seen. It is such a flower as I have been trying in vain for years to produce. You may know, possibly, that I am an enthusiast on the subject of carnations. This particular flower has a great market value aside from all other considerations. If you have succeeded in making permanently productive the plants from which this carnation was plucked, I will pay you $40,000 for your stock, if I may have absolute control. Yours sincerely.

HENRY FARRELL."

Mrs. Hackett nearly fainted. "You'll take it, Archibald?" she said.

"Of course," replied her husband. "It's a legitimate business transaction, but I have also a letter from this millionaire's son, who asks me for the prettiest flower I have, and he doesn't offer to pay a cent for it."

"What flower is that?" asked Mrs. Hackett. "Those millionaires always want something for nothing."

"It's pretty Polly," said Archibald, "and from the way Polly looked when I showed her the second letter, I think she is willing I should give her away."

Like many other terms, the word friend is used sometimes in a general and sometimes in a more restrictive sense. The politician, the business man, the schoolmate, introduces a person as his friend, but a more general term, like acquaintance, would much better describe the relation of those persons. By true friendship we mean a somewhat intimate, confidential relation between two persons of the same sex.

Mrs. Next Door—"Well, I suppose your daughter is happily married?" Mrs. Naggsby—"Indeed she is. Why, her husband is actually afraid to open his mouth in her presence."

The Attack on Quebec.

"It Was the Night of a Year to Assault Quebec."

The dramatic story of Montgomery's attack on Quebec is the March portion of Justin H. Smith's "The Prologue of the American Revolution" running through the *Century*. To quote in part:

The last week-day of the year arrived, and the afternoon brought a cold, blustering snow-storm from the northeast. At a quarter past four o'clock, when the sun was supposed to be setting, one could hardly see. "Favored once more," thought Montgomery. It was the night of a year to assault Quebec—a night when Fortune could keep a tryst without fear of detection. Dark? No; black—black as the bore of a loaded rifle. The tempest raged; the dense fine snow whirled and drifted; hail stung the air, hissing.

About half-past four in the morning Malcolm Fraser rushed down St. Louis street, crying like a tocsin; "Turn out! turn out! turn out!" and Quebec awoke with a start and a cry. Two rockets had gone up from the foot of Cape Diamond bastion; firing had begun there; men were seen approaching the walls. Out rang the great bell of the cathedral. One by one, but all quickly, the other bells took up the tale. The bells of the Jesuit college and the Recollet monastery gave tongue. The gentle prayer-bell of the Ursulines joined in the turmoil, while the sisters fell on their knees in the dark chambers. The nuns of the Hotel Dieu, praying in the vaults, felt the jar and heard the dull clang of their own bell swinging furiously; and far away in the Lower Town, Our Lady of Victory reechoed the cry for help. The dogs barked madly. Cannon began to thunder. A torrent of shells came in from the American mortars in St. Roch, and the city walls quivered with the retort. Fire-balls glared and sputtered in front of the bastions. Drums beat wildly up and down the streets in the glow of lanterns and the smoky flare of torches. Officers roared their orders. Citizens rushed hither and thither to their posts. Boys and old men of seventy shouldered guns. Squads of sailors and Maclean's Emigrants, in green coats faced with scarlet; squads of the Fusiliers in red with facings of blue; squads of militia, in green coats, buff breeches, and buff waistcoats, met, stared threateningly at one another in the dim light, and and then hurried on. Children woke up and held their breath, too frightened to cry. Even at the General Hospital, a mile away, the nuns were sure that a fatal hour had come, for the town blazed, and its thunder enveloped them; and they tremblingly partook of the communion. The city was a ring of fire, a crater of tumult. The frightful din of it swept on up the St. Lawrence, tossing and whirling and writhing in the tempest; and in the midst of all this Governor Carleton, calm, alert, fearless, walked down the steps of the castle, and marched across to the Recollet monastery the place of assembling.

For a time the fire raged all along the fortified front and beyond it, but in a little while the attack seemed to be dying out. An attempt to burn Palace Gate came to nothing. Livingstone's Canadians were soon scampering for shelter. Brown's men kept up a rattling below Cape Diamond bastion, but made no move toward assault. What did it mean? Then came some schoolboys from the Lower Town, crying at the top of their voices that Americans had got in there. What? Yes, had got in, they insisted. Carleton sent Maclean to investigate. Soon he was back. "By God, sir, it's true! They're there," he said.

And so the battle ended. "A complete failure," says Trevelyan. No doubt; but that is not the wonder. The wonder is that human beings dared the venture.

Making a Cubble.

The other day a gentleman went into a pipemaker's shop at Edinburgh with the intention of seeing the method of making pipes.

When he got in, he found only a boy in the shop; so without more ado, he thus addressed him:

"Weel, my callant, I'll gie ye sixpence an' ye'll show us how ye mak' yer pipes.

"I canna mak' a peep, sir," replied the lad; "I can only mak' a cubble."

"A cubble! What's that, my hinney?"

"It's a short peep," replied the boy, "sic as men and an' women smoke oot on."

"Why, I'll gie ye sixpence an' ye'll show us how ye mak' that."

"Gie's yer sixpence furst," was the reply.

The gentleman gave the boy sixpence, when he took a long pipe and broke a piece off it, saying:

"There, now, sir; that is the way I mak' cubbles."

The true meaning of fashion is that we adopt others' follies' as our own.

Where They Should Go.

Singers to Alto, Ga.
Bakers to Cakes, Pa.
Jewelers to Gem, Ind.
Printers to Agate, Col.
The sleepy to Gap, Pa.
Smokers to Weed, Cal.
The idle to Rut, Minn.
Cranks to Peculiar, Mo.
Poets to Parnassus, Pa.
Actors to Stars City, Ark.
Perfumers to Aroma, Ill.
Tramps to Grubtown, Pa.
Bankers to Deposit, N. Y.
Apiarists to Beeville, Ind.
Small men to Bigger, Ind.
Widowers to Widow, Ala.
Brokers to Stockville, Nev.
Hunters to Deer Trail, Col.
Young ladies to Bangs, Va.
Hucksters to Yellville, Ark.
Dead Heads to Grafts, O.
Cobblers to Shoe Heel, N. C.
The "boys" to Midway, tS. C.
Old maids to Antiquity, O.
Theosophists to Mystic, Conn.
Topers to Brandy Station, Va.
Physicians to Doctortown, Ga.
Drummers to Modest Town, Va.
Prohibitionists to Drytown, Cal.
Politicians to Buncombe, N. C.
Puzzle fiends to Riddleville, Ga.
Druggists to Balsam Lake, Wis.
Political orators to Stumptown, Pa.
The gum brigade to Chewtown, Pa.
New married couples to Bliss, Mich.
Snake charmers to Anaconda, Mont.

—"New York World."

Making Fortunes.

Money of Market Not for the Man with a Theory.

The fortunes have been made, Will Payne tells readers of the March *Century*, in "The Chicago Board of Trade," not by men who entered the market with a preconceived theory as to its course, which they attempted to make good through thick and thin, but rather by those who took things as they came, watching the drift, shaping their way from day to day, like prudent merchants, according to the current.

This is confusing to the novice, for the novice almost always comes in with a preconceived theory. Some time ago a young man with a large hope, a moderate fortune, and considerable social prestige, was shown the enormous possibilities in December pork. It looked absolutely convincing; but he called upon a great packer with whom he had a personal acquaintance. Yes, the packer thought very well of pork—was buying it, in fact. Thus doubly assured, the young man bought. The market went his way, and he bought more. Then the market turned. The young man reviewed his convincing statistics, remembered the words of the packer, and stood stubbornly upon his line. When he was getting near to the end of his margins he was horrified to learn that his friend the packer had shifted to the other side of the market two weeks before. He visited him, recalled their conversation, and explained the situation. The packer stared. "Do you mean you've been holding 2,500 barrels of pork all this time?" he demanded. "Yes," said the young man; "and I have it yet. Now, what can I do with it?" "I don't know," said the packer, unless you can eat it."

Home Training for Boys.

From Home and Flowers.

Shall the training for home life be confined to the girls? There is much agitation over the necessity for training girls for domestic life and for motherhood. It is high time that the boy shall go into training to live intelligently in the home, and to assume his part of the burden wisely. While the mother's work may be that which is strongest and most observed in home making, the master's supplements and strenghens it and is necessary for the completion of the home plan. Ignorant as many girls are of the principles of domestic life when they marry, girls are less strangers to their domestic responsibilities than are boys. Boys are, in many instances, left to care for themselves. They have a manly pride for independence in the affairs which govern their physical welfare. Many, when they go away to school or to college, must shift for themselves, darn their own stockings, and get their own meals. While they may be the better off for their experience, they should learn how to live, and not sacrifice their physical welfare too much in their efforts for intellectual attainments. Their interest in camp life affords an opportunity for instruction in many lines which will be of value in home life. They will certainly become proficient in building a fire, though perhaps they may not acquire so much skill that later in home life they will long to get up early is the morning to be the first to build it. They will not be a stranger to the preparing and cooking of meats after they have lived in camp.

If the men who do nothing but think would work a little more, and the men who do nothing but work would think a little more, there would be much more happiness for both.

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