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BARGAINS

—IN—

Summer :: Goods!

Entire Stock of Summer Goods Must be Sold.

☞ Prices on All Goods Reduced.

CALL EARLY AND SECURE THE CHOICE.

REMEMBER, the only reason we are making such great reductions is on account that we have only a short time to close out our entire stock of Summer Goods to make room for our great Fall and Winter Stock.

☞ Here we only mention a few Prices:

20 Pieces Imported India Linen, our regular 15c. Goods, go at **10c.**

10 Pieces White Satin Plaids reduced from 20c. to **12½c.**

Embroidery and Flouncing Reduced 25 per cent.

50 Pieces Dress Ginghams and Scotch Zephyrs, fine quality, former price 12½c. and 15c., choice at **10c.**

Another Lot of 12½c. Ginghams Reduced to 9c.

20 Pieces 15c. and 18c. Satteens, French designs, at **12½c.**

2,000 Dress Patterns Fast Colored Calicoes, in all the newest Light and Dark Styles, cannot be bought elsewhere for less than 8c., going at the great reduction sale at **5c. only.**

10,000 yards 36-inch Muslin, sold at 7½c. and 8c., reduced to **5c. only.** This small lot will be closed out in a hurry. The very best **Bleached Muslin,** in short lengths, all at **8c.**

25 dozen Corsets, regular price 65c., now going at **47c.**

20 dozen Ladies' Gauze Under Vests, regular price 35c., reduced to **23c.** A large lot of **Gent's Fine Gauze Shirts** to be sold regardless of cost.

Mattings at 25 per cent off.

Don't forget to ask to see our 25c. Rag Carpet.

S. Kann, Sons & Co.,

NO. 11 E. MAIN STREET,

WESTMINSTER - - MARYLAND.

AMERICAN SENTINEL.

VOL. 55, NO. 31. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 4, 1888. ESTABLISHED 1833.

OH! JUST LOOK

—AT—

J. D. Bowers'

IMMENSE STOCK OF

STAPLE & FANCY GROCERIES.

The Best Selection in the City and Prices to Suit the Times

It would certainly be worth while to step in and look over my large assortment. I will do all in my power to suit all parties who may call on me. My motto is "Good goods at bottom prices." My stock consists of

Coffees, Sugars, Teas, Starch,

Yeast Powder, Rice, Peaches, Dried Apples, Corn and Peas, Prunes, Evaporated Apples, Canned Corn, Tomatoes, Peas.

My Fancy Department

is complete, and includes Jellies, Sardines, Salmon, Canned Mushrooms, Spiced Mackerel, Canned Oysters, Succotash, Lobsters, Mustards, Plum Puddings, Canned Peaches, Spanish Olives, Sances of all kinds, Dried Beef in cans, Imported Sardines, Chow-chow, Mustard Chow-chow, Bottled Onions, Cherkins, Olive Oils, small and large bottles; Catsup, Spices, Fancy Cakes, Graham Wafers, Oatmeal Wafers, Cucumber Pickles.

Complete Line of Stationery, Fruit and Confectionery.

MEATS.

Sugar-cured Hams, Shoulders, Breakfast Bacon, Country Meat, Smoked Sausage, Bologna, Dried Beef.

Whitewash Brushes, Wooden and Willowware, Cigars and Tobacco wholesale and retail.

☞ Country Produce taken in exchange for goods. Highest market price allowed.

Hoping to receive a call from you, I remain, Your obedient servant,

J. D. BOWERS,
may-5-6m Westminster, Md.

NOTICE.

Phosphate : Phosphate

WE would say to our old friends, customers and farmers in general, that, as heretofore, we are prepared to furnish them with the

BEST AND CHEAPEST

Goods in this market. All Fertilizers sold by us are

GUARANTEED

To be as represented. Our prices this season range from

$16.00 TO $36.00 PER TON.

Call and see us before purchasing for fall seeding, as it will pay you.

E. O. Grimes & Co.,
jy-21-tf Westminster, Md.

CLEAN

SEED WHEAT.

FARMERS who wish to prevent filthy Wheat and the growth of obnoxious weeds should

USE THE CYCLONE MILL

in cleaning their Wheat or Rye, either for seed or the mill. Clean Wheat and Rye always bring a better price, and every farmer should have a Cyclone, as it leaves no foreign matter in the grain. For circulars and other information address L. P. SLINGLUFF & SON,
New Windsor, Md.

WESTMINSTER, MD., July 18, 1888.

MESSRS. L. P. Slingluff & Son.—Gentlemen: —We have seen the Cyclone Mill work, and believe that farmers will be benefitted by its use. The grain is freed of all foreign matter and therefore brings a better price from millers and seedsmen.

E. O. GRIMES & CO.,
N. I. GORSUCH & SON,
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HIGH GRADE AGRICULTURAL LIME

By a New and Improved Method.

FARMERS intending to Lime and wishing to save money should use the WOODSBORO LIME. Practical farmers say it is the best. The success lies (1) in a superior formation of Lime Rock possessing superior chemical properties. (2) Our improved process and appliances have enabled us to turn out a grade of Lime that does the work and is unsurpassed for improving the soil. Any amount of this Lime can be had on reasonably short notice delivered to your nearest railroad station. Can ship to all points on any of the railroads in car-load lots ranging from 300 bushels to 675 bushels as desired. Orders and correspondence solicited and promptly attended to. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address

J. W. LeGORE,
my-5-6m Woodsboro, Frederick Co. Md.

Ice Cream, Water Ice

—AND—

Pure Spring Ice,

THE attention of the citizens of Westminster and vicinity is called to my well known Ice Cream and Water Ice. New Machinery has been added and none but the best will be supplied. Private families furnished by the gallon or half-gallon. Special attention given to furnishing Festivals or Pic Nics. Orders delivered in the city or at the railroad station free of charge.

I have 500 tons of Ice from Pure Spring Water and free from all washings from the turnpikes or country roads.

☞ Send orders to Postoffice, Box 14. Those wanting Cream for Sunday should send in their orders by 3 o'clock Saturday afternoon.

J. D. CROWL,
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LADIES USE PEERLESS DYES.

DO your own Dyeing, at Home. They will dye everything. They are sold everywhere. Price 10c. a package. They have no equal for Strength, Brightness, Amount in Packages or for Fastness of Color, or non-fading Qualities. They do not crock or smut; 40 colors.

For sale by
ap-19-1y JOSEPH B. BOYLE.

Select Poetry.

From N. Y. Mail and Express

That Wretched Old Bandanna.

BY IRWIN LONGMAN.

Oh, throw our colors to the breeze,
Unfurl the starry banner,
We follow not where Allen waves
His flaring red bandanna.

His cry is: Screw the tariff down,
Come wreck and ruin, what matter?
But when he meets our gath'ring hosts,
His lines will break and scatter.

The farmer marches with our band,
And dreads not the import taxes;
He'd rather sit with cold hearthstone,
Than hew with foreign axes!

The merchant marches with our band,
Remem'bring freedom's story,
And scorns to use our country's marts
For England's greater glory!

The soldier marches with our band
Against lines of pauper labor,
More dreads he this insidious foe,
Than bayonet and sabre!

Then gather for the coming fight,
Gird on your stoutest armor,
While staunch Protection rules the land,
No foreign foe can harm her!

Throw out our colors to the breeze,
Unfurl the starry banner,
We follow not where Allen waves
His wretched old bandanna!

Select Story.

MONEY.

BY MARY E. CLARK.

"So you think young Holmes really loves you?"

"Uncle!"

"That look of surprised indignation is quite superfluous, my dear child. I am aware of the fact that Atherton Holmes has been your most devoted cavalier for several months, and has finally made you a proposal of marriage; at the same time—pardon me—I doubt his love. He is too worldly, too selfish, to suit such a nature as yours. I wish——"

"Well, uncle, what do you wish?"

"I wish you would postpone your wedding for a few months. You are not in any hurry to leave me?"

"No, no, a thousand times no. I will postpone the wedding; but—but, uncle, I think you misjudge Atherton."

"Well, well, child, I am satisfied if you are happy. I have had too much trouble myself to wish to cross young people in their love."

The speakers were Mr. Lawrence Colton, and his niece, Catharine Lewis; and, in order to introduce you properly to my heroine, I must go back in my story.

Mr. Lewis, Catharine's father, was a man of large wealth, and this was his only child. The pet of both parents, her life, until she was seventeen years old, was one of unbroken sunshine. But at that time, her mother died, when her father, marrying again, and to one uncongenial to our heroine, the latter went to live with Mr. Colton, who declared his intention of leaving her his large fortune. Her year of mourning over, her uncle insisted upon opening his house, and introducing Kate into society as his heiress. She came out, in her nineteenth year, a beauty, an understood heiress, and a novelty, for Mrs. Lewis, herself averse to society, had never introduced Kate into it.

Of course suitors were plenty. With a tall, full figure, perfect features, and a rare contrast of black hair and eyes, with a pure red and white complexion, Kate Lewis was not one to pass unnoticed in society, and her reported heiress-ship did not detract from her charms. Among those who admired this brilliantly beautiful girl, was a young physician, for whom Kate entertained the greatest respect, and who had her warm, sincere friendship. She did not know why Frank Lee was such a pet of her uncle's, but she met him at home constantly. It was an old love story; and when the son of her who had been the love of [illegible] more than repaid his benefactor for the first outlay. But to woo Mr. Colton's heiress, to take advantage of his freely offered hospitality to steal away that love that was the old man's life, was repugnant to the young man's high sense of honor, and he loved silently, unsuspected.

Atherton Holmes, the gentleman whose splendid talents had won Kate's consent, when he asked her to be his wife, was a man selfish, but capable of concealing his selfishness, talented, and intellectual enough to completely dazzle a young, fresh heart like Kate's, and take her fancy captive. She believed sincerely his protestations of never-dying love, she fancied she returned it, but the uncle read the young heart better than she did herself.

Had Frank Lee guessed how near to Mr. Colton's heart lay the hope that his niece would, one day, marry this son of his adoption, he need not have schooled his heart to such stern silence; but he did not suspect it. He saw the flush, which had left Kate's cheek since her mother's death, come back in Atherton's presence; he noted the full, joyous tones of her voice when she sang with her betrothed; he marked the light, buoyant step which hastened to meet his rival, and he proudly smothered his own grief, and returned the cordial, frank greeting Kate always gave him, with the same gentle courtesy which he had ever extended to her.

And now that you are acquainted, reader, with my heroine, I will take you back to the cosy sitting-room, in which the conversation which opens my story, was held. The group there consisted of Mr. Colton, Mrs. Kneass, a lady who superintended his household affairs, and did interminable pieces of crochet work in the sitting-room in the evenings, and Frank Lee, whose curley head is resting on the arm of Mr. Colton's chair, his large, soft, blue eyes fixed on the fire, and his hand clasped fast in that of his old friend. With his first love thrown back upon his heart, Frank had filled partially the craving for love, by becoming almost girlish in his demonstrations of affection toward Mr. Colton. Now seated on a low stool at the old man's feet, he was slowly caressing the withered hand, his eyes fixed on the grate fire, his thoughts far away. The door which leads from the sitting-room to the parlor stands open, and the rich, full notes of a woman's voice accompanied by the tones of the grand piano, came from the other room. Kate sang well. Feeling music in the inmost depths of her nature, she could pour forth the full tones of a rich contralto voice with passionate expression; and Frank, in his dreamy reverie, felt his whole soul spring to a new trembling life, as the glorious voice fell, charged with the energy of a German love song, upon his ear. A deep heavy sigh escaped him unconsciously.

Some long silent memory in Mr. Colton's heart was stirred too by this glorious young voice, and the sigh, coming upon these memories, was a revelation to the old man. He looked up. Mrs. Kneass, far away at the other end of the room, nodded over the crochet work. Atherton was beside Kate; the young man and his old friend were, to all intents and purposes, alone. Still his voice was low, and he bent forward till his white hair mingled with Frank's brown curls before he spoke; then he said,

"Frank, you love Kate."

Frank did not start. The words chimed well with the thoughts in his heart. He only said,

"Yes; but she does not dream of it."

"Frank." The old man's voice, though low, was full and deep. "If —remember, I say—if she ever needs a friend, remember I charge you to be that friend."

"She will not need me," said the young man, sadly. "Loving and loved, she will not need a friend when she is Atherton's wife."

But the old man only repeated,

"Remember, I charge you to be that friend!"

Kate at that instant finished her song, and came, with Atherton, into the room. They were a handsome couple. His tall, erect figure matched hers well; and the dark eyes were full of tenderness as they rested on her face. She looked radiantly beautiful to be away on Kate's wedding day. A terrible discovery came with Mr. Colton's death; instead of leaving large wealth, it was found that he had been living, for several years past, not on his income, but on his capital, and it was all spent; there was nothing, literally nothing for Kate. In her first grief, Kate had naturally turned to Atherton for comfort, and found his soothing tenderness inexpressibly dear to her; but when the state of her uncle's affairs was told her, her first thought, dictated by a high sense of honor, prompted her to release Mr. Holmes from his engagement. She wrote to him, looking upon the note, in her secret heart, a mere form. To her surprise, a polite, chilling answer was returned. Mr. Holmes, since he could escape the odium of himself proposing this measure, accepted Miss Lewis's offer to release him from the engagement.

It would be impossible to describe the sudden revulsion of feeling in Kate's heart. She knew now that she had never given her whole love to her betrothed; and the impression of withering contempt which came upon her lip, as she read the note, would have shamed even Atherton could he have seen it. The note, however, was the last burden laid upon a heart already overladened with grief and anxiety, and Kate's physical health gave way under the accumulation of mental trouble. Frank, on his return, found Mrs. Kneass mourning over his benefactor's death, and Miss Kate's illness.

She was not sick many days, but they were long enough to make her feel, with a strange, deep, pleasure, the kind care of her uncle's ward. The respectful tenderness with which he treated her; the unremitting professional care he gave her; the gentle, heartfelt sympathy he showed in her grief were new, and her poor, tired heart rested with a sense of comfort upon the love of her friend, her brother, as she fondly called him.

As soon as she was well enough to go out again, she applied for the place of governess in a family with whom she had been on visiting terms, and her services were gladly secured. She did not tell Frank of this step until it was irrevocable. The family were to leave for Europe in a few days, and when made aware of the certainty that, for a time at least, he must lose his idol, Frank's long silent love could be concealed no longer. He told her all, concluding with—

"Kate, I know that your heart is not mine yet; I do not ask you now to return my love, but let me hope. Wherever you are, write to me only one word, 'Come,' and I will hasten to you. You will let me be your friend and brother, until I may fill a nearer place, will you not, Kate?"

Trembling with the excitement of a new joy; not daring to trust her own heart yet after its recent mistake; scorning to add to his worldly cares by coming to him, penniless, mourning, and, her heart whispered, rejected by another, Kate only replied by words of friendship; yet when the earnest pleading rose to impassioned eloquence, she did whisper the word he longed for—"Hope."

Three years later. A group of gentlemen were assembled upon the porch of one of the hotels at Saratoga, when a gentleman and two ladies rode up on horseback. The foremost, who came cantering gayly up to the porch, was a pretty blonde, in a blue habit and white hat, by name Minnie Hayes; following her more slowly came, side by side, an elderly gentleman, and a tall lady in a black habit and hat. Heavy braids of black hair resting on her cheek, and a pair of large, dreamy black eyes, made the pallor of her face positively startling. Yet pale and sad, she was lovely still, and many comments were made upon her looks as she rode slowly up to the steps.

One of the gentlemen, a new arrival, pressed slightly forward as he saw her face.

"You are admiring Miss Lewis, doctor," said one of the gentlemen standing near him. "Don't lose your heart, she is only a governess of Miss Hayes's. They returned from Europe last week, and came directly here. Miss Lewis had scarcely arrived, when she changed her dress from a light to a deep mourning, and refused to come into the ball-room. I suppose she is some relation to the rich Lewis who died about two months ago."

At this moment Kate raised her eyes to the porch, and they rested first on the face she had longed for three years to see. She bowed, and a faint color rose to her cheek. Frank bounded down the steps to meet her, but before he had walked from the porch steps to those where the party dismounted, Kate had gone into the house. A few moments later, the waiter put a card into his hand—one word only was penciled on it: Come.

He followed the man to the private parlor engaged by Mr. Hayes, and there alone, still in her riding-dress, stood Kate.

Not many words came at first, but when the first joy of meeting was over, Kate said,

"I am so glad, Frank, so glad that I waited. I do not come to you now, as I should have done three years ago. My father's recent death, as he left no will, puts me in possession of more money than I ever expected my uncle would leave me, and, if you take me, you must take my property."

Atherton Holmes always winced when the beautiful Mrs. Lee was spoken of in his presence, her romantic story alluded to, and especially when the narrator added,

"And, after all, though Mr. Colton left nothing, she was an heiress, for she inherited all her father's money."

Attacked by Rabies.

From London Daily News.

The annual report of the Agricultural Department furnishes a history of the curious outbreak of rabies among the deer in Richmond Park. The first token of the evil was the discovery by the keepers one day toward the end of September, 1866, of a doe staggering about in the herd near the entrance gate at East Sheen. The animal was killed, but some days later other deer of the same herd were observed to behave in "a very erratic manner," as rubbing their heads violently against the stems of trees, biting the skin about their bodies and at times charging at the other deer. They usually died within two or three days of being attacked, some becoming very violent before death. A scientific examination of the contents of the stomach led to the discovery of pieces of stick and other things which at ordinary times they would have refused to eat, but no trace was found of any poisonous food. The outbreak still extending, a diseased buck and fawn were forwarded to the Royal veterinary college. The fawn died four hours after admission, and with a portion of the spinal marrow of this animal rabbits were inoculated by Prof. Horsley at the Brown Institute, with results which left no further doubt of the nature of the complaint, for the rabbits were attacked with rabies and died. The buck also died, after becoming so wild and violent that the persons in charge were unable to enter the loose box in which he was kept, and with the marrow of this animal, as well as with that of others, the experiment was repeated with the same consequences. A dog which was thereupon inoculated also exhibited the usual signs of rabies, and died. The next feature in connection with the outbreak was the appearance of the disease in the month of June in the herd which had been grazing in the park next to the infected herd. As soon as the mischief was detected the whole of the animals were driven into small lots. The deer in this herd suffered in a larger proportion than the previous herd, and the disease continued with more or less virulence until September, by which time 257 animals had succumbed to the disease. Since that date no further cases have been reported. The earliest symptoms observed in most cases is that of throwing the heads back on the shoulders and keeping the noses pointed to the sky; the animals are then seen to make sudden starts and gallop away from the rest of the herd. The first deer attacked was, as we have already noted, a doe. She happened to be suckling a fawn, and, as it is well known that a doe under the circumstances will attack a dog, it is conjectured that she was bitten by some stray rabid dog that had found its way into the park.

Professor Humphrey, of Cambridge University, England, made a study of cases of life protracted to one hundred years or more. Of sixty persons only four had ample means of existence; thirty four were small farmers, or similarly sustained by their own manual labor, and twenty-two were quite indigent. All, with scarce an exception, were of small stature and frame. All lived on nearly the same regular diet. Of thirty-eight cases of this extreme longevity, three never ate any meat, four scarcely ever, twenty very little, ten moderately, and one much. Nearly twice as many female as male centenarians.

A refreshing and nourishing drink for an invalid with a weak, irritable stomach is barley water. Wash two ounces of pearl barley in cold water. Put it in a half pint of boiling water; boil five minutes. Pour off this water and add to it two quarts of boiling water; boil it to one quart and strain. Flavor with fresh lemon juice and sweeten slightly.

For the Sentinel.

To New York by Canal.

BY AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.

It was the good fortune of your Baltimore correspondent recently to take a somewhat novel trip to New York, four days being consumed on the way from the Monumental City to Gotham. In these days of parlor cars and forty-five-minute trains, between Baltimore and Washington, a trip to the Empire City by way of a transportation barge was indeed out of the ordinary, and this was one reason why it was taken. Not that your correspondent has grown *blase* with much travel, but it never entered his head to go to New York at all and the assurance of the Captain's kind and considerate better half that "it was a delightful trip" was the prime factor in determining the movement northward. Another thing, it was against the rule of the company who owned said barge for the Captain to take any passengers at all—either for love or money (railroad scheme)—and that added zest to the trip, but deponent herewith affirms that neither rack, thumb-screw or Grand Jury can evolve out of his inner consciousness the name of said Captain or the cognomen of the barge whose quarter deck he proudly trod. She shall be known in these chronicles as "The Fickle Beauty"—for such she was, both in outward appearance and speed.

After passing down the Patapsco river and taking in Fort Carroll and Steelton (don't forget to come to Baltimore and see this place before tariff tinkering knocks it to pieces) we turned into the bay, and after being towed upward towards the State of good Republican majorities, we arrived at Elk River and thence to Chesapeake City. By this time your correspondent had turned in and slept as soundly in the Captain's bunk as though he had paid his fare or honestly worked out his passage. At St. George's a suspicious jostling and bumping aroused us and peering out we learned by the uncertain light of early dawn that we were neither on sea or land but going through a canal lock, and for the first time received an idea of what "snubbin'" through the raging canal was. For the unenlightened reader of the Sentinel, I will state that snubbing in canal parlance means just what it does anywhere else—only more so. This is the definition given by a writer in *The Century* who was there and he ought to know: "An expression used by canal-boatmen, meaning to check the impetus of boats on entering a lock."

We soon arrived at Delaware City and passed out into the majestic bay and thence into the river up towards Chester and its great shipyard. John Rosch's great industry stands out in our mind's eye as to our glance is pointed out the "Puritan," which has since been launched with great eclat and towed to New York to receive her machinery and finishing touches.

The trip up the Delaware, passing Philadelphia, is one long to be remembered. The many beautiful homes and summer resorts on either side stretching along for miles form a vista of beauty. We reach Bordentown, the steamer that has towed us from Baltimore leaves us, and we enter the Raritan Canal, led on by four mules and a driver. Thirty-four miles of tow path are to be traversed, not all by one team, however; thirty-four miles of water are to be glided through. The Captain informs us that two miles an hour is the minimum and four miles an hour is the maximum rate of speed. But are we alarmed? Are we disgusted? No, no, the recollection of the Delaware River has not yet worn off, and besides all that, this is a land full of Revolutionary memories and plump mosquitos (this is trite but true); and is considered a doubtful State, though in Presidential years she has gone Democratic, and to a Maryland Republican a doubtful State is something not seen every day. Past Trenton, Princeton in the distance, and other towns of rich historic interest we slowly drift, as it were, while the rain is falling in steady camp-meeting, race-week strain. We climb to the wheel-house, we study navigation, we listen to the yarns of the Captain and sailors of this gallant craft as she proudly rides the great waterway of commerce which is fast being rendered almost useless by a great railroad system that, octopus-like, seeks to appropriate everything to its own use. Meanwhile we meet steamers, "chunkers," canal-boats of all descriptions and beyond description. Some are their occupants' only residence; in some instances whole families being afloat and living thus all summer, and until the severity of winter compels them to rest from this nomadic life. The scenery is wild and tame, just as nature's moods were on at the time this was made and seen to be "good." Numerous locks are met, busy, bustling Bound Brook, with its great future as a railroad centre, is passed, and almost before you are aware, we are at New Brunswick and an open expanse of the Raritan River lies beyond. The mules and their driver leave us perhaps forever, and we tie up waiting for the steamer that is to come over on the same way we have traversed from Baltimore and tow us into New York harbor. We omitted to mention, in its proper place, that we have had a week on the tow-path, and will accept a challenge any time from a mule driver, giving him a handicap on ourselves and pass under the flag an easy winner if he goes no faster than on that day we measured speed with his four-mule-power locomotive on the lovely Raritan route.

The chief product of New Brunswick is mosquitos, and after a day of rambling through the old town we go to bed to avoid the Jersey insect. There are some historic places here, as at Bordentown. Rutger's College, the old Reformed Church Cemetery and almost all the churches are worth a glance. If it were not for the insects life would be very pleasant. At midnight there comes a cry that the steamer is at hand. She comes over to meet us, and we are afloat again. Down the Raritan, into Staten Island Sound, through the Kill von Kull and New York Bay, past Governor's Island, where Hancock was stationed many years, we steam. The statue of Liberty is at hand looking, shall we say, "dumpy" as a New Yorker expressed it, and the Brooklyn Bridge, grand and massive, all New York's wonders are around us. We step ashore into the squalor and filth of the great city that rules, or seeks to rule, the United States, that chooses, or has chosen, its President, that imports free-trade notions and voters to help make these notions laws. Truly this is a modern Babylon. Whether we shall take the reader with us through these streets, ride these elevated and surface railways, go up the Hudson, or down to Coney Island, cross to Jersey on these great ferry-boats—remains to be seen. What do you say, Mr. Editor? Or have you already consigned this to oblivion? If not more anon.

LAMARTINE.

Practical Hints on Disinfection.

The following is from "Disease Germs and How to Combat Them," by Lucius Pitkin, in *The Century* for July, accompanied by a frontispiece portrait of Pasteur.

First. Corrosive sublimate (mercuric chloride), sulphate of copper, and chloride of lime are among our best disinfectants, the first two being poisonous.

Second. A quarter of a pound of corrosive sublimate and a pound of sulphate of copper in one gallon of water makes a concentrated solution to keep in stock. We will refer to it as "solution A."

Third. For the ordinary disinfecting solution add half a pint of "solution A" to a gallon of water. This, while costing less than a cent and a half per gallon, is a good strength for general use. Use in about equal quantity in disinfecting choleraic or typhoid fever excreta.

Fourth. A four per cent. solution of good chloride of lime or a quarter pint of "solution A" to a gallon of water is used to wash wood-work floors, and wooden furniture, after fumigation and ventilation.

Fifth. For fumigating with sulphur, three to four pounds should be used to every thousand cubic feet air space. Burn in an old tin basin floating in a tub of water; keep room closed twelve hours, to allow the fumes to penetrate all cracks. Then open a window from the outside and allow fumes to escape into air.

Sixth. Soak sheets, etc., in chloride of lime solution, wring out, and boil.

Seventh. Cesspools, etc., should be well covered on top with a mixture of chloride of lime with ten parts of dry sand.

Eighth. Isolate the patient in an upper room from which curtains, carpets, and stuffed furniture have been removed.

Ninth. The solution of mercuric chloride must not be placed in metal vessels, since the mercury would plate them.

There is nothing like business enabling us to get through our weary existence. The intellect cannot sustain its sunshine flight along; the flagging wing drops to the earth. Pleasure palls, and idleness is "many gathered miseries in one name." But business gets over the hours without counting them. They may be very tiring at the end; still it has brought the day to a close sooner than anything else.

Mail Servant and the Mail Service.

From New York Tribune.

A few days ago a Milwaukee lady, who had suffered as, alas, so many of the people of these United States have suffered during this Administration, from a defective mail service, wrote first to the Buffalo postmaster and then to "The Buffalo Express." She had lost four letters that would naturally pass through the Buffalo post office, and in her complaint to the newspaper she used this language:

During many years of a large correspondence such a thing has never happened before. If this is a sample of the boasted Civil Service reform of the Democratic party, I say the sooner we have a change the better. I hear that complaints are pouring into every post-office in the country. Would that every complainant could thereby be induced to vote for General Harrison and the reinstatement of the Republican party.

This incensed the postmaster, and he proceeded to reply to the Milwaukee lady. It is not a reply that does credit to this public servant. It ought to have been courteous, but it is coarse, not to say abusive. The fact that the Milwaukee lady's letter possibly contained unwarranted assumptions in regard to her missing mail matter, or the further fact that she announced herself in favor of a "change" in the management of National affairs, certainly furnished the postmaster no valid excuse for attacking her as if one of the functions of a Federal reform officeholder was to write himself down as lacking the instincts of a gentleman. He sneers at the lady because—to use his own obviously tasteful phrase—she has "aired herself" in print; he protests—with marked elegance of expression—that he is not in the Buffalo post office "to be kicked and cuffed by female politicians"; and he winds up his heated screed with the impressive observation: "While I am postmaster, if only until next March, I wish it distinctly understood that these attacks from political cranks will be dealt with as they deserve." We submit to the Postmaster-General that he ought to send the Buffalo postmaster a copy of "The Complete Letter-Writer," with "Polite" carefully underscored.

The next time this Milwaukee lady loses four letters she may conclude to suffer in silence, or at all events to say nothing in public in regard to her patriotic desire—in the interest of a satisfactory mail service—for a Republican restoration. It may be some consolation for her to reflect that she has much company in her mail misery. Yesterday *The Tribune* received half a dozen or more letters from points in Indiana and Illinois, which, as the postmarks showed, had been from four to six days in making the journey. Speaking generally, we may say that letters addressed to this newspaper office from all parts of the country fail to arrive on time. A subscriber over in Connecticut, after making at least a dozen unsuccessful attempts of late to secure a regular delivery of his paper through the mail, in his despair requested us to discontinue sending it. One of our South Carolina correspondents, under the date of July 13, writes us as follows: "Yours of the 23d of May to hand. It was delayed at the post office for some time. . . . . Very often Republicans fail to get their mail at all." Another correspondent residing in New Jersey, to whom *The Weekly Tribune* has been mailed regularly since April last, writes us this week that he has only received three copies. These instances of gross carelessness or gross incompetency or worse might be multiplied. The simple truth is, that under this reform Administration the mail service of the country has suffered serious demoralization.

Thibetan Steppes.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

The strangely wild beauty of this scene was enhanced by the extreme clearness of the air, which in Thibet renders surrounding objects and their black, clear-cut shadows almost startlingly distinct, and distances most deceptive. A natural consequence of so transparent an atmosphere is, that the sun's rays strike through it with the most astonishing power. Indeed, from the moment the sun appears over the horizon, it commences pitching into your face, and especially your poor nose; and even although these may be shaded from its direct beams, the radiation from the dry, stony ground is so great as to make some sort of covering for the face very desirable. And oh! the merciless, marrow-searching wind that hardly ever ceases blowing on these bare Thibetan steppes, except for a few hours in the morning, and not always even then. How it, combined with hard frost every night, parches and cracks the sun-scorched skin on your face and lips, until speaking becomes painful, to laugh is a torture, and to wash is almost impossible. Day after day the skin peels off your face and hands. There is no escape from this evil in Thibet: it is the great drawback to a trip there. I generally wore a kind of mask made of thin cloth, extending down just over the nose, with apertures for the eyes, and always kept my face well smeared with a salve composed of bear's grease and spermaceti, which acted like basting to roast meat, inasmuch as it prevented the skin from becoming quite frizzled up.

Loud shoes—Those that squeak.

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