UITABLE

liday

Presents

—AT—

S. Kann, Sons & Co's.

NO. 11 E. MAIN ST.,

WESTMINSTER, - - MARYLAND.

For this season we are offering the largest assortment of useful as well as ornamental Holiday goods ever shown and at prices to please all. We herewith mention a few of the many different articles which we are showing:

Plush TOILET CASES, MANICURE SETS, SEWING CASES, ALBUMS,

FANCY WHISK HOLDERS,
MUSIC SCROLLS,
PICTURE FRAMES,
FANCY MIRRORS,
CIGAR CASES,
BRONZE VASES,
PERFUMERY,
AUTOGRAPH ALBUMS,
CHINA TEA SETS,
WRITING DESKS,
INK WELLS,
PAINT BOXES,
GLASS VASES,
FANCY SOAPS,

And 100 other articles in this line.

WAX DOLLS,
BISQUE DOLLS,
CHINA DOLLS,

In great variety and astonishing low prices.

Something more useful and equally appropriate for Xmas Gifts:

SILK HANDKERCHIEFS,
MUFFLERS, NECKTIES,
HOSE, SUSPENDERS,
CUFFS, SHIRTS,
UNDERWEAR.

Gold and Silver Mounted Umbrellas.

JEWELRY OF ALL KINDS

TABLE LINEN, TOWELS,
NAPKINS, SHAWLS,
COMFORTS, SPREADS,
LAMBREQUINS,
TABLE SCARFS,
LACE CURTAINS,
BLANKETS,
LAP ROBES,
HORSE BLANKETS,

All going in our great mark-down sale.

CARPETS, DRUGGETS, HASSOCKS,
SMYRNA RUGS, PORTIERES,
CURTAIN POLES,

Are going at one-half value.

LADIES' MISSES' & CHILDREN'S CLOAKS.

In this department we have made surprising reductions, as our stock is much larger than it should be. The assortment of Plush Coats, Modjeskas and Jackets is superb and at such prices which we are offering all goods in this department they are sure to find ready sale.

On account of want of space we defer mentioning any other specialties which we are offering, such as Dress Goods, New Dress Ginghams and Prints. We kindly ask you to call and examine our stock and you cannot help being pleased.

S. KANN, SONS & CO.,

No. 11 EAST MAIN STREET,

Opp. RAILROAD, - WESTMINSTER, MD.

AMERICAN SENTINEL.

VOL. 57, NO. 1. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 5, 1889. ESTABLISHED 1833.

A TALK ABOUT

SHOES AND HATS.

YOU undoubtedly must have some Shoes and Hats this fall and winter. The fall frosts are here and winter is close at hand. We make a specialty of Shoes and Hats, and know we can accommodate you with exactly what you want for fall and winter wear.

MEN'S BOOTS.

We have a very large assortment of Men's Boots, varying in prices from $1.75 and up. The Monogram $3.00 Kip Boot which we have sold for ten years is the kind of Boot needed to tramp through the snow and slush. We believe it will last the winter out and keep the foot dry and warm.

We have a French Kip Boot for $3.25 which is made expressly to our order. It will wear well and give thorough satisfaction and take a high polish.

BOYS' BOOTS.

We have Boys' Boots from sizes that will fit a two-year-old boy up to the largest size Boys' Boot made, at bottom prices.

GENTS' FINE SHOES.

We keep in stock a large supply of Gentlemen's Fine Shoes, both hand and machine made, ranging in prices from $1.25 to $5.00 hand made.

LADIES' SHOES.

Our trade in Ladies' Shoes is immense. We keep in stock Slesinger's Hand-Made Tender-Feet Shoes, also the Carlisle Shoes, the finest fitting and wearing Shoes.

GUM SHOES.

Our stock of Gum Shoes is full. We have Gum Boots, Arctics, Alaskas and everything in the Gum Shoe line.

HATS, HATS.

Our stock embraces everything in the Hat line, from a 25c. Wool to a $5.00 fine Silk Hat.

Trunks, Valises, Umbrellas.

You are sure to find what you want at the lowest prices.

☞Our customers come from all parts of the county, and we shall be glad to see you whether you come from the 1st or the 13th district.

oc-13-3m U. L. Reaver.

PROTECTION

—TO—

Home Trade.

THE fall business campaign is now open, and we are offering the largest assortment of

Suitings and Overcoatings,

both foreign and domestic, ever offered outside of the city, and can compete with many of the city houses for quality and variety of styles. We have some of the finest imported Suitings ever brought to this county and can get up Suits to compete with any city work, and at prices far below. We guarantee a fit. Now what inducements have you to go to the city and pay more? Does home protection say go? Our line of

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS

[redacted]

Handkerchiefs, Scarf Pins, Sleeve Buttons, or anything in our line, we will be pleased to have you call.

oc-27 J. T. ANDERS.

F. A. Sharrer & Son

Undertakers and Cabinet - Makers

A Fine and Assorted Stock of

Coffins & Caskets Always on Hand

We have just had completed one of the finest Hearses in the State with which all funerals entrusted to our care will be attended. We are manufacturers and dealers in

FINE & COMMON FURNITURE

Spring Beds, Mattresses, Fancy Chairs, &c., which we offer at lowest rates. An examination of our stock is solicited before purchasing elsewhere, as you can save money by buying from us.

F. A. SHARRER & SON,
Main St., East End. Westminster, Md.
jan-19-1y

REMOVAL.

JNO. E. ECKENRODE

(SUCCESSOR TO ECKENRODE & SNYDER)

MANUFACTURER OF

Coaches, Carriages, Jagger Wagons

Buggies, Phaetons, &c.

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO REPAIRING

All orders promptly filled and work of every kind warranted.

☞Factory Corner Liberty and George Sts. no17 1y

Notice to Those Having Land for Sale.

THE undersigned offers his services to those having land for sale, and believes, from experience had, he can be of service in dividing up and putting in shape for sale to advantage of parties wishing to dispose of lands, especially farms near towns or cities.

E. LYNCH,
ja-23-tf Westminster, Md.

Select Poetry.

For the SENTINEL

Thoughts That Will Haunt Me Still.

BY LLOYD DAY.

(In the Cemetery at Winfield.)

I wander to the sacred spot
Where first I met my bride,
More sacred now that here she sleeps,
Our birdling by her side;
And if I crave their peaceful rest,
Will any human chide?

For I, so isolated—scarce
Esteeming—scarce esteemed,—
Abroad, at home felt aliened, ere
She who as alien seemed,
Turned trustful, dreamy eyes that stirred
The after dream I dreamed.

Unheeding if the world should praise
Or blame—approving one,
She poured a wealth of tenderness
In her deep spirit tone,
Lost Eden's music-murmur waif,
That all my being won.

A new name fell in cadences
As softly, strangely new,
And as if subtle, fluid-winged,
The mystic murmur flew,
And all the hidden chambers of
My heart went chiming through.

This world-life weighed and wanting found,
So fully felt and long,
I had not hoped therein to see
Affection grow so strong,
Which to portray, expressionless
Were burning words of song.

'Twas human love so Eden like,
And drew to heaven so nigh,
It seemed with shimmering angel-wings
Her spirit could but fly,
To yonder home, sweet home and heaven—
And alien left am I!

Select Story.

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

BY JAMES H. DANA.

"What an angel!"

"Say rather a lily of the valley!"

The speakers were two young sportsmen in the highlands of Scotland, who, wearied by a long day's shooting, were approaching a hill-side spring, famous in that wild district for the coldness and pureness of its waters. They had just reached the brow of the elevation overlooking the rural fountain, when the sight of a young girl, in the first blush of womanly beauty, sitting by the spring, drew these ejaculations from them in succession. As they spoke they stopped, by a common impulse, to gaze on the fair vision a moment before it should be dissipated, which they knew it would, on their appearance.

The young girl was sitting on a low rock that rose by the side of the fountain, her dimpled elbow resting on the cliff, and her head leaning on her hand. The attitude was one of nature's own choosing, and graceful in the extreme, as all such careless postures are. The figure of the maiden was slight and sylph-like, yet exquisitely proportioned; nor could Canova have modeled a bust of more undulating outline or a rounder and fairer arm. But it was the face that, after all, fixed the young men's attention. A shade of pensiveness hung over it for the time, as if a gentle melancholy took part in the reverie of the young girl; but it was plain to see, from the mirthful blue eye and the dimples of the chin, that the usual expression was one of happiness and glee. Her hair was golden in color, and flowed in natural ringlets down on her shoulders. The small, delicately closed mouth; the nose that rivaled in straightness that of a Grecian Venus; and the clear, brilliant complexion formed together a breathing picture of female loveliness such as no ideal painting could have rivaled.

"See, was I not right?" said the last of the two speakers, in a whisper, to his companion. "She has been gathering lilies; there are some still in her hand, and a bunch nestles in her bosom, but only to be outvied by the purity around it."

"Yes, Duncan, she is more than an angel—she is a peerless Scottish lass—a lily of the valley indeed. What a pity so much beauty was not noble-born!"

"Tush!" replied his companion, impatiently; "Burns says—

'The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.'

and, to my thinking, a lovely woman is a born countess, at least if she has graces of mind equal to those of person. But let us descend."

He had been leaning carelessly on his gun as he spoke, and now, preparatory to proceeding, threw it to his shoulder. Unfortunately the trigger had caught in a bramble, and the piece went off, the load lodging in his side. He staggered and fell.

"Good heavens!" cried his companion, springing to his side and lifting the wounded man up. "Are you killed? Do you hear me, Donald? Merciful Father," he exclaimed, as he saw no sign of life in his friend, "what shall we do? He is dead, or dying, and no aid to be had for miles."

The young girl we have described had been buried in a profound reverie, but at the report of the gun she started like a frightened bird, looking wildly around to see whence it proceeded. In a moment she caught sight of the wounded man lying on the heather above her, while his friend, kneeling on one knee, supported the head of the sufferer. Immediately that the sportsman saw the girl was watching him, he shouted and waived his arm for help.

When was woman's ear ever deaf to the call of suffering? The timid Scottish maiden, who but a moment before was on the point of flying, now turned and began to ascend the hill-side, fleet and graceful as a young doe.

"My poor friend," said the sportsman, politely doffing his hat as she approached, "has met with an unfortunate accident, and I do not know what to do, or where to bear him."

A deep blush dyed the girl's cheek as she encountered the gaze of a stranger, but it passed off immediately, and, with a presence of mind worthy of one older, she stooped down to see if the wounded man was dead.

The face she beheld was as handsome a manly countenance as the sun ever shone upon; and, perhaps, she thought so, for the blush again came to her cheek. The features were cast in a lofty, almost heroic mould, and were indicative of a character at once firm and elevated, a something above the mere fine gentleman, which was evidently his social rank.

"He breathes still," she said, as she broke off a delicate leaf from one of her lillies and held it to his nostril; and, looking at his companion, she continued, "do you think you could carry him to the spring?"

The sportsman answered by carefully lifting his friend up in his arms and bearing him down the hill-side, the young girl following.

"Place him here," she said, pointing to the slightly elevated bank, "and lean his head against the rock. Everything depends now on your getting a surgeon soon," she continued. "If you will follow that path to your right, around the turn of the hill, you will find our cabin. There is a pony there, which you can take, and ride to the little town of Abernethy, some five miles off, where, fortunately, a physician may be had. At the cabin you will find a shepherd or two—tell them to bring some bed-clothes and a settee, on which to carry your friend to the house. It is a humble place, but better than the hill-side. By the time you get back with the surgeon we shall have your friend safe in a comfortable bed, and, I hope, doing better."

She spoke with such a quick perception of what was best to be done, and did it so composedly, that the sportsman, who had expected to see her frightened and embarrassed, was lost in admiration, and submitting himself entirely to her guidance, hastened to execute her commission.

When he had vanished around the hill, the young girl took some water in her hands and began to bathe the face of the wounded man. But he still lay insensible. After having persisted in her task for some time, without any signs of life being perceptible, the tears began to fall thick and fast from her lovely eyes.

"Alas," she said, "he is dead! What if he has a mother, or one dearer still. And yet but half an hour ago he was in the full strength of health and manhood. It cannot be—I have heard," she continued, eagerly, as if a sudden thought had struck her, and she began to tear open his vest to get at the wound, "that my grandsire died at Culloden from the blood coagulating in the wound, when, if a surgeon had been by, he might have been saved. What if this should be the case here?"

She had by this time bared sufficient of his person to get at the orifice of the wound. The dark gore had almost stiffened about it. She gazed at it an instant, the tears falling fast in womanly sympathy, and then a sudden idea seemed to strike her. She stooped down, and tenderly approaching the wound with her lips, began to suck the blood away. She had not been long engaged in her task of mercy when the wounded man stirred, and opening his eyes, fixed them earnestly upon her.

She started from her kneeling posture, covered with beautiful confusion. For awhile the sense of maidenly shame even destroyed her joy at his recovery, and she could not meet his gaze.

"Where am I?" for his memory was yet vague. "What spirit from heaven are you? Ah! I remember—my gun went off. But where is Harry?"

The young girl had now, in a measure, recovered from her embarrassment.

"If you mean your friend," she said, half timidly, and in a voice that sounded to the ears of the sufferer inexpressibly sweet, "he has gone for a physician. I have consented to watch by you till some shepherds come to carry you to our cabin. And here they come, heaven be blessed," she exclaimed, clasping her hands, equally glad to conclude this embarrassing *tete-a-tete*, and to see the wounded man placed in a situation of more comfort.

"Heaven bless you," said the sufferer, with emphasis, giving her a look which brought the blushes again to her countenance. "You have saved my life."

In a few moments the wounded man was placed on a settee brought by the shepherds, and the little cavalcade wended its way toward the cabin. The maiden walked last, and by her side stalked sadly the two dogs of the sufferer; and the dumb animals, with a sense almost human, as if appreciating her kindness to their master, looked up affectionately into her face every few steps.

The cabin was like those existing everywhere in the Highlands, a rude but cheerful habitation, but was both larger than usual, and adorned with more taste inside. The wounded man, as he was borne into an inner chamber, of which the house had apparently at least two, noticed, with some surprise, over the fire-place, an old fashioned target and broad claymore.

In about two hours the friend of the sufferer returned, bringing with him the physician. The surgeon was closeted with his patient for more than an hour, and when he came forth the young girl was still awake, sitting anxiously by the fire, in company with a middle-aged woman, the wife of one of the shepherds.

"Oh! Miss Helen," said the old physician, answering the inquiry of her eyes, "you have saved the life of as braw a lad as ever shot a muir-cock or stalked a red-deer. I know all about it, ye see, lassie;" then seeing that Helen was ready to cry with sheer vexation, he continued: "But its in the bluid, its in the bluid; ye came of a generous and gallant race," and he patted her head as a father would that of a favorite daughter, adding, as if to himself, "its a pity the Southron has the broad acres that were once her ancestors; and that she, coming of a chieftain's line, should have nothing but a cabin and a few bits of hill-side for a flock or two of sheep."

Helen did not hear these last remarks, for the old man spoke in a whisper, and she had risen, now that she knew the result, to retire, for she feared the other young sportsman would come out.

"Good-bye, doctor," she said, giving her hand with the dignity of a countess, softened by the kindliness of an affectionate girl. "What you tell me will make me sleep better. I share good Mrs. Colin's bed to-night, having given up my own room to the sick man; but, if you will rest here to-night, we will yield it to you and sit by the fire."

"Nae, nae," said the old man, kindly pushing her toward the door of the other sleeping room; "I s[illegible] here indeed, for I maun be wante[illegible] but I'm an old campaigner, and [illegible] slept mony a night under my clo[illegible] with the bonny stars above me; an[illegible] to such as me, a settle and a chimn[illegible] corner is nae great cross now a[illegible] then."

The next day the wounded ma[illegible] was pronounced better, but still in [illegible] very critical situation; and his r[illegible] moval was expressly forbidden by t[illegible] old surgeon.

"Ye maun keep him here, awhi[illegible] yet, lassie," he said, addressing Hele[illegible] "and, I'm a'most persuaded, ye'el ha[illegible] to be his nurse. He has nae sister [illegible] or mother to send for, it seems; an[illegible] men are very rough nurses, ye ken [illegible] Mrs. Colin here will, nae doubt, help [illegible] but ye maun be his nurse, maist o[illegible] the time, yeerself. Aweel, awee[illegible] don't look frightened; it's what can [illegible] be helped."

And so Helen, timid and emba[illegible] rassed, was compelled, from t[illegible] urgent necessity of the case, to atte[illegible] on the wounded man. His frie[illegible] indeed, remained to assist in nursi[illegible] him, but the invalid, with the whi[illegible] of a sick man, soon came to refuse [illegible] medicines, unless administered [illegible] the hand of Helen and sweetened [illegible] her smile. Moreover, until the d[illegible] ger was over, his friend watch[illegible] every night at his bedside, and [illegible] quiring a portion of the day, in c[illegible] sequence, for rest, Helen was nec[illegible] sarily left alone, for hours, with t[illegible] wounded man. The surgeon, for t[illegible] first two weeks, came every day [illegible] see his patient, but, after this, visi[illegible] him less frequently.

"He is getting along weel enou[illegible] now," he said, one day, when He[illegible] followed him out of the room, to [illegible] his opinion. "All he needs is care[illegible] fu' nursing, such as ye ken weel how [illegible] to gie him. Ah, lassie," he continued, smiling archly, and shaking his grey head, "I would, mysel', be a'most willing to be on a sick-bed for a fort[illegible]

[redacted]

[illegible] even where I might love, on such [illegible] sudden, and questionable—excuse [illegible] me, for I must speak plainly—such a [illegible] sudden and questionable attachment. You are rich, fashionable, and with [illegible] influence; I am the last of a line [illegible] proscribed ever since Culloden. Your place is in the gay world, where you will be surrounded by troops of friends; mine is in the humble cabin, where a few poor dependants have been my only companions, ever since my father died. If you really love me, you will return at the end of the year; and if you forget me," her lips quivered, but she went on, "if you forget me, I shall live here, with the heather and muircock as I have lived before."

Her lover was, therefore, compelled to submit. But, think you, he honored, or adored her less for her resolution? No, he worshiped her the more for it. There was a proud independence in her banishment of him which became, he said to himself, the daughter of chieftains who had fought at Bannockburn and Flodden Field and sacrificed their all at Culloden.

Two weeks from that time Donald and his friend left the Highland cabin, and Helen was alone. Never before had she known what it was to be really alone. She missed the presence of that manly form, the light of that manly eye, the deep tones of that manly voice continually. She never knew how much she loved till her lover was away.

But even a year will pass, and, just a twelve-month from Donald's departure, Helen sat at the spring side, which she had named for the trysting-spot, if her lover proved faithful. She had been there already for many hours, watching with an eager, timid heart, half trembling at her own folly in expecting him, half angry with herself for her doubts; but now, as the gloaming came on, yet no Donald appeared, her bosom swelled nigh to bursting. She rose frequently, and looked up the bridle-path, but nobody was in sight. At last the stars began to come out; the wind grew chill; and, with an almost broken heart, she rose to return to the cabin. Her tears were falling fast.

"I might have known this," she said, sadly. "Do not all my books tell me the same? Ever the old story of trusting woman and deceiving man."

At this instant an arm was thrown around her waist, and a well-remembered voice whispered in her ear—

"Now, Helen dear, one of our cruel sex, at least, is falsified. I thought to steal on you unawares and surprise you; and so went round by the cottage to leave my horse there. Had you looked behind, instead of before you, you would have frustrated my little scheme, by seeing me coming up the gloaming."

What could she say? She said nothing, but burying her face on his shoulder, wept glad tears.

"I have waited, a whole year, impatiently for this day," said he, "thank God I find you mine at last."

A month from that time Sir Donald Alleyne introduced his bride to his ample domains in England; and never had a fairer wife entered the splendid halls of his ancestors.

In the great gallery of the castle is a picture of a young Scottish girl, with a half pensive face, sitting by a mountain spring; and the old housekeeper, as she goes the rounds with visitors, pauses before the portrait to [illegible]

"That is the likeness of the last Lady Alleyne, and lovely she was, and as good as lovely. She was always called by her husband, the late baronet, the lily of the valley. Why, I have never heard."

But you have, reader; and, if you should ever visit Alleyne Castle, you will have no need to be told the tale again.

WHAT IS LUCK?

A philosophical definition of luck is given by an English writer as a capability of being incapable. "The first Rothschild was probably right, from his point of view, when he said that he never would employ an unlucky man. On the other hand, the lucky man is usually the man who fits his fortunes; who, whether apparently able or stupid, can do just what his especial circumstances require him to do. Very stupid men are often ready men, armed with a readiness as of dogs when they twist from under a cartwheel unhurt. The 'fool who makes a fortune' is usually a man with just the foresight or just the judgment or the intuitive perception of the way things are going—a faculty like long sight or keen hearing, and independent of intellectual power—requisite to make large profits quickly. In fact, the fortunate man is usually the man who, in consequenc[illegible] of some hidden quality in his natur[illegible] deserves fortune.

Strict punctuality is, perhaps, t[illegible] cheapest virtue that can give force [illegible] another's utterly insignificant chara[illegible] ter.

The Sunday School Lesson.

From the SUNDAY AMERICAN.

The International Sunday School Lesson for January 6, 1889, is, "The Mission of John the Baptist."—Mark 1, 1-2. Golden text: "The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord."

Introductory.—The lessons for the first six months of 1889 have been selected by the International Committee from the Gospel according to St. Mark. This book was probably written between A. D. 63 and 70, primarily for the gentiles and Christians, and especially for the Romans, as is indicated by the frequent introduction of Latin words and phrases, and by the explanation of terms and usages with which the Jews were perfectly familiar. His theme is "The Strong Son of God," the "Lion of Judah," His victory over sin and death, and exaltation to the throne of glory, and the history is confined almost entirely to our Lord's official life and public ministry. The purpose of the author is seen in the title of the book, verse 1, "The beginning of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, the Son of God." This is not a mere personal designation, but is the full official title of the Redeemer, showing in what specific manner His history is to be presented: (1) As the Saviour of His people, Jesus: (2) as the Messiah of the prophecies, Christ, the anointed prophet, priest and king; (3) The Son of God, "very God of very God," "of one essence with the Father."

The Messenger.—For more than four hundred years there had been no prophet in Israel, and it was the purpose of Mark, in his narrative, to connect the ministry of Christ, through his forerunner, with the ancient scriptures and church of the Old Testament. This is strikingly done by quoting the last of the prophets in connection with Isaiah, and declaring that, even as was predicted, John came, the object and fulfilment of prophecy. Born six months earlier than Jesus, little is known of his early youth. From Luke we learn that his father was Zacharias, a priest, and it is probable that he received such education and training as belonged to his order. The priests entered upon their office at the age of thirty, and it is probable that as he approached that age, the more fully to prepare himself for his sacred office and looking also to the special mission assigned him before his birth, he withdrew into the wilderness. There, amid stern solitudes, wild ravines and barren crags, communing with God, who sanctified him from his mother's womb, and appointed him to a sublime mission, he has been maturing physically, intellectually and spiritually, for a career, which is to be brief in its duration, brilliant in its success and terrible in its termination. At length the predestined period came, the man was prepared for the work, and the work for the man, and he brought to his ministry the qualifications, which are most essential to the heralds of the cross to-day, a physical and spiritual manhood, of the noblest type, wholly consecrated to his distinctive mission. He was bold in proclaiming stern and unpleasant truth, fearless of the consequences to himself, and above all seeking not his own honor, but the glory of "Him, who is mightier."

The Time of His Coming.—It was the fullness of time. Mighty Rome was mistress of the world. Roman power and Greek culture had everywhere made themselves felt. Among the more intelligent classes, the ancient mythological religions were giving place to infidelity, and among the ignorant, to grosser superstition, and the Apostle's description was strikingly true of the whole gentile world. "Having no hope, and without God in the world." A conflict of emotion agitated Israel, proudly independent, hating Roman tyranny, and longing for the deliverer. Dr. Fisher says: "There was a craving for new regenerating force, that should enter with life-giving efficiency to the heart of ancient society."

His Mission, to use the words of a little child, was "To tell the people to get ready for Jesus." Thus, the way before the coming One was prepared in a two-fold manner—by the proclamation by the herald of His coming, and by the preparation of the hearts of the people to receive him.

The Effect of the Message.—The news of the appearance of John, in the garb of the prophet, of his baptism, quickly sped through the land, [illegible]

for themselves, and many believed and were baptized.

The Baptism of Jesus.—John had probably been preaching for about six months, when Jesus came from Nazareth to the Jordan. John wondered that Jesus should come to him to be baptized, and many have wondered since and sought for reasons why this should be. The true reason is to be found in the right interpretation of the words of Jesus Himself (Matthew, iii, 15), "Thus it becometh us to fulfill all righteousness." John preached baptism of repentance unto the remission of sins. Jesus came for baptism, needing neither penitence nor pardon. It is He, who fulfills all righteousness, and having observed all the commandments of the Lord to Israel, He for that very reason subjects Himself to this last ordinance. He received circumcision; "was redeemed as the first born, though Himself the Redeemer;" observed the Passover, though Himself the Lamb of God; visited the temple and the synagogues; in short, "came not to destroy the law, but to fulfill," and thus, in His baptism, which has been called "The last external commandment of God to Israel," all righteousness was fulfilled in Him.

ARTESIAN WELLS IN MEMPHIS.

The cities of the Mississippi valley have never been noted for the purity of their water supply, as they have depended largely on river water. Recently, the city of Memphis has been experimenting with artesian wells, and has found an inexhaustible supply of the best water directly under its site. A true artesian basin covered by a perfectly impervious stratum has been discovered, which is now fast displacing the unsatisfactory Wolf River as a source of water. Hitherto this river has supplied the city's wants. Thirty-two artesian wells have been driven over an area of 2,000 by 300 feet. They are driven to a depth of about 450 feet. They first pass through 20 feet of bluff loam, then through 24 feet of sand and gravel, and finally through 150 feet of hard impervious clay. The water-bearing stratum is then reached, which consists of perfectly clean sand seven hundred feet deep. The water rises far above the level of the Mississippi River. Permanent works are now in progress. A large well is to be sunk 80 feet below the surface. From this a horizontal tunnel 2,000 feet long will be carried through the hard clay. This tunnel will be five feet in diameter, and the wells will be connected with it. The water will be pumped from the large well. The tunnel can be extended indefinitely, and more wells can be bored as the supply may need extension. The temperature of the water is practically uniform, and averages about 62° Fah. It is impossible to overestimate the importance of this development as far as Memphis is concerned. But the same basin includes many other cities, and eventually a large area may be benefited by the discovery so happily made at Memphis. Mr. R. C. Graves, manager of a local ice company of that city, had used artesian water for making ice, and to him is largely due the credit for the new Memphis water supply.

PUZZLE TO AN INSURED MAN.

Nobody knows what an insurance policy means until he has been burned out. The proprietor of a Buffalo repair shop has been for years carrying a policy, says the *Courier*, not only upon his goods, but also upon articles left with him for repairs. These latter were specifically mentioned in the policy, which was a very broad instrument in its terms, and appeared "to be horse high, bull strong, and pig tight" in its power to protect the man who paid for it. It called for a larger amount than we would have placed upon his own property alone, and he was in the habit of telling people who left their property with him that it was amply protected. He was burned out the other day, and when he came to settle with the insurance people they declined to recognize his claim in behalf of property left with him for repairs, unless he had in each instance specifically agreed with the owner, that its loss by fire should be made good, and charged a consideration therefor. They took this position on the ground that he was not otherwise responsible for the property left in his shop. They asserted that a watchmaker, for instance, is not responsible for watches left with him for repairs, unless he makes a special agreement to this effect with their owners and charges them for it. If this be true, it is a good thing for people generally to know. In the case referred to, the owner of the repair shop wonders what he has been paying for all these years.

The glory of man consists not merely in looking up what is above him, but in lifting up what is below him; the noblest and most exalted character is also the tenderest and most hopeful.

To find friends when we have no need of them, and to want them when we have, are both alike easy and common.

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