AMERICAN SENTINEL.

VOL. 57, NO. 5. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 2, 1889. ESTABLISHED 1833.

Assignee of Mortgagee's Sale

OF VALUABLE

Real Estate

THE undersigned, by virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from Corrinda Snyder and George Snyder, her husband, to William Coon, dated on the first day of April, 1885, and recorded among the Real Estate Mortgage Records of Carroll county in Liber G. A. M., No. 22, folio 183, &c., which said mortgage has been assigned to William B. Thomas, will sell at public sale, on the premises, on

Wednesday, February 6th, 1889,

at 1 o'clock, P. M., all that part of a tract of land called "York Company's Defence," situate, lying and being in Carroll county, on the road leading from Westminster to New Windsor, about 1½ miles from the former place, containing

34 ACRES AND 3 PERCHES OF LAND,

more or less. Also two other lots or parcels of land situate in county aforesaid and adjoining the above described tract of land and containing together

9 ACRES AND 37 PERCHES OF LAND,

more or less, making in the aggregate forty-three and a quarter acres of land, more or less, they being the same parcels of land which were conveyed to Corrinda Snyder by William Coon and wife by deed bearing date on the first day of April, 1885, and recorded among the Land Records of Carroll county in Liber P. T. S., No. 62, folio 364, &c., to which, for a fuller description of said land, reference is hereby made. This property was formerly owned by Joseph Stout and has upon it, in full bearing condition, fruit trees of every kind. This property is also improved with a two-story Weatherboarded Log Dwelling House with necessary outbuildings; and being situated near Westminster, on the New Windsor road, one of the principal thoroughfares of the county, it is, on the whole, one of the most desirable farms in the county.

Terms of Sale.—Cash on the day of sale or upon ratification thereof; or, if purchasers desire, satisfactory terms will be given upon application to the undersigned.

WILLIAM B. THOMAS,
Assignee of Mortgagee.

Charles B. Roberts, Attorney.
John T. Diffenbaugh, Auct'r. jan-12-ts

Mortgagee's Sale

OF A DESIRABLE

Little Home

And Personal Property,

Near Copperville, Md.

BY virtue of the power of sale contained in a mortgage from Theodore C. Shriner and Martha J. Shriner, his wife, to the undersigned, bearing date March 16th, A. D., 1886, and duly recorded among the Real Estate Mortgage Records of Carroll county in liber G. A. M., No. 23, folio 300, &c., I will, as Mortgagee, sell at Public Sale, on the premises, on

Wednesday, February 6th, A. D., 1889,

at 10 o'clock, A. M., the following Property described in said mortgage. 1st. A Parcel of Land, being a part of a tract of land called "The Resurvey on Brothers' Agreement," containing

15 ACRES, 1 ROOD AND 36 SQUARE PERCHES, MORE OR LESS.

The improvements thereon are a newly built Two-Story Frame Dwelling House, new Barn, and other outbuildings; water convenient to the buildings.

This property is located on the County road leading from Taneytown to Union Bridge, about 2½ miles from Taneytown, and about ¼ of a mile from "Otterdale Mills," and adjoins the lands of Josephus O. Shriner, Wm. Hiner and others. There is also an Orchard of choice fruit on the premises.

Also at the same time and place, by virtue of the power aforesaid, I will sell the following Personal Property, at Public Sale, to-wit: 1 Sorrell Mare, 1 Gray Gelding, 2 Cows, 2-horse narrow-tread Wagon, Excelsior Reaper and Mower combined, Failing Top Buggy, 2 sets wagon harness, Mt. Joy plow, 2 iron plows, harrow, sled, stove, chairs, tables, bedsteads and a variety of other articles of personal property.

Terms of Sale of the Real Estate.—Cash; or if desired by the purchaser, reasonable credit terms will be given.

Terms of Sale of the Personal Property.—All sums of $10 and under, cash; on all sums above $10 a credit of 6 months will be given, on note with approved security, bearing interest from the day of sale.

JEREMIAH RINEHART, Mortgagee.
Reifsnider & Reifsnider, Solicitors.
Geo. A. Flickinger, Auctioneer. j-5-ts

Assignee of Mortgagee's Sale

OF A VALUABLE

SMALL FARM

Near Mt. Pleasant, Carroll Co., Md.

BY virtue of two powers of sale contained in two mortgages executed by George Mihm and wife to Samuel Cover, and by him assigned to William B. Thomas, the undersigned, Assignee, will offer at public sale, on the premises, situate near Mt. Pleasant, in Carroll county, adjoining the lands of Samuel Lookingbeal and John Miller, and others, on

Thursday, the 7th day of February, 1889,

at 1 o'clock, P. M., all that valuable parcel of land containing

39 ACRES, 3 ROODS AND 21 SQUARE PERCHES OF LAND,

more or less. The improvements consist of a new Log Frame Dwelling House, two stories and a basement high, a good new barn and other outbuildings. There are about 18 acres in good timber land. This property is well watered and pleasantly located, within a short distance of the Littlestown turnpike, and is very accessible to schools, churches, &c.

Terms of Sale.—Cash on the day of sale or upon ratification thereof; but purchasers desiring satisfactory credit terms can obtain the same by applying to the undersigned on the day of sale.

WILLIAM B. THOMAS,
Assignee of Mortgagee.

Charles B. Roberts, Attorney. jan-12-ts

MILL AND SAW MILL FOR SALE,

ON the Western Maryland Railroad, at Spring Mills Station, from which a great deal of milk is shipped to Baltimore, showing the valuable location of the Mill for trade. The Mill House is part brick, 40 by 40 feet, and part frame, 40 by 32 feet, the whole three stories high. Free use of switch or siding, near the mill, giving excellent railroad facilities for shipping. It is on the Liberty road, one mile southwest of Westminster. The mill is run by the waters of Little Pipe Creek, has a good dam with 21 feethead and regular, never-failing power. There are four runs of burrs, scourer and brush, and bolting arrangement. Being near the county seat, in a good farming locality, with abundance of grain at hand and a constant and steady demand for feed, &c., there is a first-rate trade, making as profitable and desirable a milling property as any in the county. There are two dwellings connected with the place, one a new two-story frame, with five rooms and cellar; about 5 acres of good land, with stabling, and other outbuildings, good fruit, &c. Its contiguity to the county seat makes it very desirable as a residence. Terms to suit. Call on

JAMES S. GLADHILL,
at Spring Mills Station, W. M. R. R.,
jan-5-5t or address, Westminster.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

THIS is to give notice that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, in Maryland, letters of administration on the estate of

JULIA A. KAUFFMAN,

late of Carroll county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 7th day of August, 1889; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 7th day of January, 1889.

THEODORE A. KAUFFMAN,
jan-12-4t Administrator.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

THIS is to give notice that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphan's Court of Carroll county, in Maryland, letters testamentary on the estate of

WILIAM F. LIVINGSTON,

late of Carroll county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 8th day of August, 1889; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 8th day of January, 1889.

AMANDA LIVINGSTON,
ja-12-4t Executrix.

For Rent.

DWELLING HOUSE No. 170, on West Main St., Westminster; 8 rooms; 60-foot lot; good stable and carriage-house. Apply to

JOHN W. NELSON,
jan-19-3t* 164 W. Main St., Westminster.

Select Poetry.

PITTER-PATTER.

Pitter-patter, pitter-patter,
Hear the music sweet;
Pitter-patter, pitter-patter,
Comes my baby's feet.

"Where is mamma, I do wonder?"
And her voice is low,
As the sofa she looks under—
"Where did mamma go?"

Then she adds in tones of sorrow;
"Mamma's gone away;
'Spect she'll come back to-morrow,
'Less she's goned to stay."

I peep, and the tears are falling
Slowly from her cheek,
And in answer to her calling,
From behind the door I speak.

Gladly comes my baby to me,
Smiles chased the tears away,
But with trembling lips said baby
"Me fought you'd goned to stay."

—YANKEE BLADE.

Select Story.

A BOGUS ANCHORESS.

A Story of the Mysterious Sister Veronica.

Flora Haines Loughead in ARGONAUT.

The doctor's wife scanned her visitor in silence. Who was to assure her that the contributions she had already made would be faithfully dedicated to the purpose for which they had been given? What if these black-robed women were not "sisters" after all, but merely bold imposters, who assumed the dress of the order for the time for their own selfish aims and purposes?

She recalled herself from her reverie with a little shudder, and her voice was hard and cold as she spoke.

"Sister Veronica, I really do not feel justified in helping your hospitals and asylums any more. I think it is time we were looking up the poor about us. There may be fellow-beings suffering in our midst without a murmur; people whose pride forbids them to appeal to public charity. I think we should be doing more nobly if we devoted our time to looking up such cases, instead of contributing to the support of distant institutions, of which we know nothing."

"O, madam! If others were only of your thinking!" interrupted the visitor, impetuously.

"What then? I fear you would not succeed so well in your missions."

Mrs. Belden leaned forward as she spoke, and gazed curiously upward into the countenance beneath the peaked white bonnet. The momentary flutter and the crimson wave which had transformed her caller's calm face passed away, leaving it cold and still in its purity.

"One must rejoice at any lessening of the great sum of human misery," was the quiet response.

The anchoress turned to go. She had not only failed in her errand, but had met with a decided rebuff; yet at the door she paused a moment and held out a shapely white hand, which met the other's in a sympathetic grasp.

The doctor's wife stood at the window, with mingled curiosity and interest, and watched her visitor depart. To her surprise the latter did not continue up the street, but retraced her steps along the lonely path leading in the direction of the station-house. Was she then only stopping off between trains, and had she squandered the few moments she had in which to "do" the little New Mexican town? or had she grown hopeless of success after her first fruitless effort?

Several months sped by, and the good lady, in spite of her creditable [redacted] was late to his six-o'clock supper. The table was spread in the cozy dining-room and the tea simmered on the hearth. The young house-wife vibrated between table, stove and window. The little cathedral clock on the parlor-mantel sounded the half hour. The young wife busied herself picking off the dead leaves from a twining smilax which stood in the window—so many withered leaves do the house-plants show in that exasperating climate! The clock solemnly knelled the hour of seven. The little woman had grown too accustomed to the exactions of a physician's life to feel more than impatient. She sat down to the table alone and tried to eat, but only succeeded in swallowing a cup of tea and bit of fruit. Then she resumed her post at the window. A light rain was falling, which increased until it came in gusts and squalls, then settled into a steady down-pour.

It was after nine o'clock when she descried a dark figure hurrying up the street. The gate opened and shut with a click, and the doctor bounded up the steps of the portico, to be met with a tearful greeting on the part of his wife.

"O, Robert! You don't know what I have suffered. I was so afraid that some of those dreadful men who are always shooting on the streets down-town——"

"Nonsense, child!" But his voice was shaky, and as he reached out his hand and laid a long morocco case on the table, she noticed that his face was pale and drawn.

"An operation, dear? What was it?"

He did not answer at once. Indeed, he sat down to the table and drank his cup of tea and ate a slice or two of bread and butter, chatting meanwhile, in an absent way, on indifferent topics. It was only when they had gone into the little parlor and he had thrown himself into a great easy chair before the glowing fire, that he recognized her question-[redacted]

"Indifference, I should call it," suggested the indignant listener.

"I don't know, my dear; I don't know. When we got through I wondered that she did not move or stir. I looked at her, and her eyes were fixed upon the face of the unconscious child. I had to unclasp her hands from the lamp. Her fingers were cold and clammy; she was like a person in a cataleptic trance. I thought she was going to fall to the ground. But, instead——"

"Instead, she insisted upon staying there alone to-night. Would not listen to our offer of watchers. Seemed in a hurry to get us off."

"But how can the child recover in such a place? It is criminal to leave him there."

"The citizens of Palmea may be a trifle uncivilized, my dear, but they are not wanting in the common attributes of humanity. The boys have been busy this evening. They have rented that little house Brown's family vacated last week, and a couple of hundred dollars will be placed in bank to-morrow to the little boy's credit."

But the citizens of Palmea found that they had a difficult case with which to deal. Face to face with the exigencies of her situation, the mother consented to move to the house made ready for her, but she drew sparingly upon the funds placed to her credit, and took a careful inventory of every thing the house contained, with a view to paying for every thing as soon as she should be able. In an inconceivably short time, thanks to the reactive powers of healthy childhood, and the pure air of the elevated southern plateau, the child was able to be about the house, blithe as a little maimed bird on his single leg and crutch. The scant sewing that the mother could procure was ill paid and inadequate for her needs, and she quietly opened another industry. She made the fact known that she was ready to wash the soiled linen of the town. Hop Wing, who had hitherto monopolized this industry, at prices so extravagant that he was fast rising to a position of affluence, viewed this encroachment upon his peculiar province with unfeigned alarm. He lowered his scale of prices and starched the bosoms of Palmea's shirts until it became necessary to use a gimlet for the insertion of shirt studs, but in vain. A generous tide of patronage flowed in upon his competitor.

The doctor and his wife sometimes discussed the anomalous character of the woman with whom Fate had brought them in contact.

"I can't quite make her out," the doctor once remarked; "to look at her one would think her incapable of feeling—that she had scarcely a human instinct. She is developing into the hardest business woman I ever saw. Yet I am inclined to think that the night I first saw her she was stimulated by courage of the highest order, an heroic self-forgetfulness that conquered her own physical weakness."

"I understand her perfectly," returned his wife, with prompt feminine decision; "she is constructed on a different principle from ordinary women. Some gentle instinct of sympathy—of womanly tenderness—is wanting in her composition. I have seen her day after day, you know, my dear, and I ought to be able to judge. Though she is not a bad sort of a woman at all," she generously conceded.

"Curious sort of a name, isn't it?—Mrs. Ruthstan. It has a very fancy sound."

"It doesn't sound like a real name at all," returned Mrs. Belden, severely; "oh, she has a history behind her, and we shall know it some day, depend upon it."

It so happened that the very next day the doctor stumbled across an old friend, newly arrived in the place, and brought him home. "Bessie, you remember Jack Grosvenor—the oldest friend I have. You remember he would have been the best man at our wedding——"

"If he hadn't been busy getting married himself a thousand miles away. Yes, I remember, and I am very glad to welcome you to our home, Mr. Grosvenor," said the doctor's wife, holding out her hand with a winning smile.

But there was no answering smile on the face of the man she so cordially greeted. She remembered her husband's description of the gay, light-hearted fellow, and tried to identify him with this sober-faced, reserved man, who had silently seated himself by the window, and was looking out over the plains with an abstracted air.

"Jack has just come back with a party from Guayamas," explained the doctor; "he has made a rich strike down on Pocahontas Mountain."

"That is very good," said Mrs. Belden, absently, wondering why her husband should make such a point of his friend's business success, or speak of it as if it were of vital interest to her.

"I am glad for Jack," proceeded the doctor, a little awkwardly; "he has been telling me something of his experience to-day—you don't mind my telling Bessie, Jack?—and he's had a hard pull. Worst of all, he lost his wife."

"I am very sorry——"

"No, not that way!" hastily interrupted the doctor; "lost sight of her. He left her in Denver three years ago. Heard from her once or twice, but his roaming life was not favorable to correspondence. Now he tells me he has lost all traces of her."

"How very strange!" Her woman's curiosity was roused. "And she was such a pretty woman, Mr. Grosvenor. I remember the lovely face of the photograph you sent us, when you were married. Such a dimpled, laughing face! Where was it I saw one that reminded me of it, not long ago?"

"I can't say it seems so very strange to me," remarked Grosvenor, taking part in the conversation for the first time, and speaking in a labored, husky voice; "I wonder that she put up with it so long. We had had a hard time of it for years. You know how she had been reared up. She was a Miss Ruth Stanhope, of Richmond, of the old Virginia Stanhopes. I was never able to provide for her in the way she had been accustomed to at home. I left her with almost nothing. She was a proud, spirited woman. She tired of the struggle and went back to her friends. I had hoped she might hold out on account of the boy."

"The boy? Then you had a child?"

Grosvenor assented with a mute gesture.

"Ruth Stanhope," repeated the doctor's wife, slowly, looking steadily at her husband, who sent her back a significant glance; "and the boy—how old would your little son be now, Mr. Grosvenor?"

"A little more than seven years."

"Robert, I have an errand that must be attended to at once. You and Mr. Grosvenor will excuse me. I will not be long."

Mrs. [illegible]en had snatched up a broad-brimmed hat and was tying it under her chin as she spoke, her eyes kindled with excitement, her cheeks lit with a sudden flame. Jack Grosvenor, aroused from his apathy, looked curiously after her as she sped down the street, her head in a whirl. As she flew along the sidewalk she tried to balance and arrange the queer facts and strange memoirs that were flitting through her brain. She remembered something of the splendor of Jack Grosvenor's wedding, and the contrast it had presented to their own modest nuptials. She recalled an account she had read of the marriage and the list of the notable guests who were in attendance. She saw in anticipation the bare room she was about to enter, with its beggarly strip of rag carpeting along the center, the pine bedstead with its worn coverlet, the wooden chairs, the woman bent over her ironing-board, contrasting it with the abounding comforts and generous hospitality of that Southern home.

A high wind was blowing, and clouds of dust darkened the air about her. Rattling with a miniature sirocco, she yet found time to marvel at the strength of character that had enabled the petted Southern girl, born and cradled in the lap of luxury, deliberately to renounce the life of ease open to her, and condemn herself and her child to the life of toil and hardship that had resulted so disastrously. The gentle woman's heart filled with love and sympathy, and she was ready to take Jack Grosvenor's wife into her arms and cry over her sorrows and humiliations.

Her heart was chilled at the sight of the cold, proud face, whose severity was increased by the piece of stiff white muslin bound about her head as a protection from the smoke and coal dust of the ironing-stove. Mrs. Belden looked in momentary abhorrence at the mass of lace and embroidery lying upon the ironing-board, guessing only too well the owners of that tawdry splendor.

"What! do you work for them?"

For a moment the woman gazed calmly upon her questioner, then turned with an expressive glance to the low pallet where her boy lay sleeping, by his side the crutch that must be his life-long companion.

Notwithstanding the mother's impassive demeanor, the eyes of the visitor filled with sudden tears. She twirled her hatstrings and searched the cold face, wondering how she had best communicate the tidings of which she was the bearer. She observed the dignified movement of the tall figure across the room, the shapely hand that changed the cool iron for a fresh one, and she remembered how the same hand had held a light without flinching, while the little boy's limb was being taken off. With what a disdainful front she had faced poverty, and how sternly she had repelled those who offered sympathy and help! Such a woman would have nerve for anything. Why should she plan to spare her what would at most be little more than a slight surprise.

Mrs. Belden ended by flinging her scruples to the wind.

"My husband's old friend, Jack Grosvenor, is at our house."

"Alive?"

The word spoke volumes. The pain and agony of years were concentrated in the cry. The hot iron she was holding dropped upon the lace draperies and burned its way through them, as she clutched at the table to steady herself, while her brown eyes sought her visitor's with a look of piteous entreaty.

"Is—it—true?" she pleaded.

There was no need of answer. A man's step sounded outside, the door was flung open, and Jack Grosvenor, returned to something like his old, impetuous self, strode across the room and caught the fainting woman in his arms. The white turban fell back from the pale face, its rigid features relaxed into a happy smile, and the doctor's wife struck by the transformation, was startled with a sudden recognition, and murmured softly:

"Sister Veronica!"

The latest method of increasing the speed of vessels is a screw which is so designed that the center lines of two following blades form spirals running in opposite directions. The blades are so curved that one has its leading part near the periphery, the other has it near the center, so that each blade cuts into the water in advance of the following. It is claimed that greater speed results.

A sewing machine agent who was very ill, being told that he must pay the debt of nature, wanted to know if he couldn't do it on the installment plan.

FACTS ABOUT PAPER.

From the PAPER MILL.

We have raked up the following facts from a few musty tomes, which we trust, will please numerous correspondents, and prove as interesting to them as it has been laborious for us to unearth them. It is not known when paper was first made from linen rags, nor to whom we owe the invention. Dr. Prideaux is of the opinion that linen paper was brought from the East, because many of the Oriental manuscripts are written upon it. Mabilon is of the opinion that the invention belongs to the twelfth century. One of the earliest specimens of paper from linen rags yet discovered is a document, with the seal preserved, bearing date A. D. 1239, signed by Adolphus, Count of Schaumburg. Casiri, however, asserts that there are in the Escurial a number of manuscripts, both upon cotton and linen paper, which were written prior to the thirteenth century. The invention was early introduced into England, for some acts in existence of John Cranden, Prior of Ely, made on linen paper, bear date in the fourteenth year of the reign of King Edward II., A. D. 1239; and in the Cottonian Library are said to be several writings on this kind of paper as early as the year 1335. Some twenty years ago Mr. Thomas Wright, in a note to the London *Athenæum*, wrote: "I have made a little discovery, which, I think, will be considered curious in the history of paper. I believe that the first traces of the use of paper in Western Europe are found towards the end of the twelfth century and we have no reason to suppose that it was in use in England until the thirteenth or the beginning of the fourteenth. It is understood to have been brought westward from Italy, where it was in use earlier; and I believe that our word paper—a corruption, of course, of papyrus—is considered to have been borrowed, with the article itself, from the French. I saw, years ago in Paris—I believe they belonged to the royal collection (it was in the time of Louis Phillippe)—a few of the earliest documents on paper known, belonging to Western Europe, in the period since the Romans, which interested me much. They consisted of receipts, or rather, bonds, for money borrowed from the Jews in the time of Cœur de Lion, given by chiefs who were starting for his crusade, and if I remember well, the paper resembled much that of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, except that it was of a rather course texture. It would seem as if, in the West, its use at this early period was known principally among the Jews. Now I am just passing through the press an edition of a glossary of Latin and English—or, as we are accustomed to call it, Anglo-Saxon—words of, I think, not later than the middle of the tenth century. We may safely look upon it as the English of the days of Athelstan; and in the part of which I have just received the proof I find papyrus, paper. The word paper does not occur in Dr. Bosworth's, or any other Anglo-Saxon dictionary, but we have here evidence that it was in use in our language at a very early period and there cannot be a doubt that we derive it from the Anglo-Saxon and have not taken it from the French of the Middle Ages. But this fact leads us to another, namely, that our Anglo-Saxon forefathers, to have the word in an Anglo-Saxon form in their own language, must have been pretty well acquainted with paper itself, and no doubt they found the Roman paper in use on the island when they came. It is a fact, indeed, which opens to us several others, equally new, in the social history of our Anglo-Saxon forefathers. I need hardly add that paper probably never went entirely out of use in Western Europe after the Roman times, and a little research might still throw some curious light upon its history during the early Middle Ages. It certainly was not supposed before that it might be in use among the Anglo-Saxons."

Iron, when heated, bends very readily under weight, so that it can not be considered the best of material for fireproof buildings. Stone, and especially granite, is very little better than iron to withstand the ravages of fire. There is no material, according to the best fire insurance authorities, that can be used for construction equal to brick. It is the opinion of both insurance men and heads of fire departments that brick has stood the test better than any other material.

A porker in Otoe County, Nebraska, emerged from an attack of cholera with its bristles, formerly black, a very pronounced gray.

A Grand Rapids, Ia., lad, wears artificial limbs as a result of having been frost-bitten during the great blizzard.

THE SUPREME COURT.

Correspondent PITTSBURGH DISPATCH.

The supreme Court of the United States is daily the scene of an event, which, while not of especial interest to the spectators, is of marked interest to the actors. It is the introduction of lawyers from the various States and Territories to practice before the highest judicial tribunal in the land. A lawyer to be eligible to admittance must be a member of the Supreme Court of his own State or Territory and must be introduced by a member of the United States Supreme Court bar in good standing. As soon as the few formal words of introduction are uttered by the sponsor the applicant is directed to the clerk's desk, and there, in company with any others who may have been introduced, he is sworn to observe the rules and observances of the court and to maintain the Constitution of the United States. The applicant is then conducted to the clerk's room, where he signs his name and address in a book kept for the purpose, and also pays the $10 fee, usually with a crisp $10 bill.

Scarcely a day passes that one or more attorneys are not introduced to the Supreme Court. Monday, however, is the day generally selected. Monday is the day on which the court renders its decisions. The installations take place as soon as the last decision is read, and, as a rule, the last decision of the day is read by the Chief Justice, who waits until the other judges have concluded. The Chief Justice then bows to the Attorney General, who in turn bows to the lawyers who have announced their intention of introducing professional brothers. The sponsors and the applicants rise and the introduction follows.

The Supreme Court Bible is a small, black velvet-covered octavo. It has been used in the administration of every oath since 1808. Every Chief Justice and every Associate Justice of the United States has held this little sacred tome in taking the oath of office. Many thousands of lawyers have held it, and to write the names of the men who have touched its covers would be to name the men who have made the bench and bar of the United States illustrious. It was printed in London in 1799, and is to-day but little the worse of wear.

PREPARED.

A minister's wife, who is not as serious-minded at all times as her husband is, tells some laughable stories relating to marriage ceremonies which her husband performed while they were living in a new settled district in the West.

This minister always felt it his duty to give each young couple a little serious advice before he performed the marriage ceremony, and for this purpose he usually took them aside, one at a time, and talked very soberly to each of them regarding the great importance of the step they were about to take, and the new responsibilities they were to assume.

One day he talked in his most earnest manner for several minutes to a young woman who had come to be married to a bright-looking young man.

"And now," he said, in closing, "I hope you fully realize the extreme importance of the step you are taking, and that you are prepared for it."

"Prepared!" she said, innocently, "well, if I ain't prepared I don't know who is. I've got four common quilts and two nice ones, and four brand new feather beds, ten sheets and twelve pairs of pillow slips, four all linen table-cloths, a dozen spoons and a good six-quart brass kettle. If I ain't prepared, no girl in this country ever was!"

THE POOL OF BETHESDA.

The pool of Bethesda at Jerusalem, where Christ healed the paralytic, has at last been located with reasonable certainty, and a long vexed question is thus apparently settled. It is near the Church of St. Anne and in connection with the excavations made around it, shows that the real pool of Bethesda has recently been discovered by Herr Conrad Schick. There is a court yard northwest of the church, which leads through a newly-opened passage into another court yard some fifty feet square. At the north of this latter court yard there was at one time a small church. Beneath the floor of the sometime church are vaults, and through the floor of the vaults a cistern is reached, cut into the rock to the depth of thirty feet. This cistern is a portion of the original pool of Bethesda. There is still water in it but it is difficult to say whence it comes. Further examination may bring more details to light.

AMERICAN CANNIBALS.

From WASHINGTON POST.

Rev. E. W. Young, of Toronto, Canada, has been in Washington for a week telling large audiences about the Indians of the Hudson Bay region. Having been a missionary among these Indians for twenty years, Mr. Young is competent to talk about them. The Hudson Bay section is like a sealed book to a great many people and Mr. Young tells some interesting facts. He penetrated the country for hundreds of miles, using a skiff in summer and a dog team in winter.

"The Indians of Hudson Bay," said Mr. Young to a reporter, "are very much like the American Indians in general appearance. They are not at all like the Esquimaux. They live in wigwams and spend their lives hunting and fishing. Many of them were cannibals. It was their custom also to kill the aged and decrepit as soon as they got too old to spear a rabbit or catch a fish."

"Were you ever attacked?"

"The medicine men and conjurers were those from whom I suffered most. They made their living by preying upon the superstitions of the Indians, and as my teachings necessarily broke up their business they wanted to kill me."

"How is the climate there?"

"In the winter it is exceedingly cold, the thermometer often ranging from forty to sixty degrees below zero. This is how we dressed," and Mr. Young removed from his trunks a heavy leather coat, made of tanned moose skins and prettily trimmed with beads. Attached to the coat was a fire bag, also of leather, in which a flint and stone were carried. Pants and moccasins and a heavy beaver skin, which he said was also used as a chest protector, were also produced.

"But," he continued, "it is not always winter there. About three months and a half in the year, beginning at the last of May and continuing until early in September, is beautiful summer. I have known the thermometer to get up as high as one hundred degrees."

"The only white people in the section," said Mr. Young, "are fur traders, and no whiskey or alcohol at all is allowed to be sold to the Indians. This is one reason why we have been successful. Canada has never had an Indian war in all its history. Instead of fighting them we educate them." Mr. Young added that there are now between 4,000 and 7,000 Christian Indians in the Hudson Bay country.

A CHEAP COUNTRY PAINT.

A method of painting farm buildings and country houses, while by no means new, is yet so little known and so deserving of wider application as to warrant a description. The paint has but two parts, both cheap materials, being water lime or hydraulic cement, and skimmed milk. The cement is placed in a bucket, and the skim-milk, sweet, is gradually added, stirring constantly until about the consistency of good cream. The stirring must be thoroughly done to have an even flow, and if too thin, the mixture will run on the building and look streaked. The proportions cannot be exactly stated, but a gallon of milk requires a full quart of cement, and sometimes a little more. This is a convenient quantity to mix at a time for one person to use. If too much is prepared, the cement will settle and harden before all is used. A flat paint brush, about four inches wide, is the best instrument to use with this mixture. Lay it on exactly as with oil paint. It can be applied to woodwork, old or new, and to brick and stone. When dry the color is a light creamy brown, or what some would call a yellowish stone color. Neither expression describes it well, but it is a very good color for a country building. A pigment-like ochre may be added to change the color, but it is very difficult to do the mixing so thoroughly as to give an even tint. If attempted, the cement and coloring matter, in carefully-weighed proportions, should be first run through a paint-mill.

At a recent meeting of the American Ornithologists' Union, Ernest E. Thompson, of Canada, said that some birds, especially sparrows, have ventriloquial powers. Birds, when surprised in the act of singing will be silent for a moment, and then give forth a faint song that seems to come from a distance, though the singer be not further than ten feet away. Thrushes and robins, the lecturer said, also have this power.

"That boy of ours is getting to be a terrible story-teller," said Mr. Cheritry. "Yes," said his wife, "he tells fibs on the slightest prevarication."

SLEEPING APPAREL.

From DEMOREST'S MONTHLY.

A singular and striking anomaly in the habits of present-day people, is the great contrast in the amount and kind of clothing worn during the day and at night, especially in winter. When the air is cold and the weather inclement, it is the general custom to wear garments of extra thickness and warmth, and to sit around roaring fires. But on going to bed, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, people pass from the warm living-rooms into chilly bed-rooms. As if the sudden change from extreme heat to excessive cold is not sufficiently absurd, they proceed to divest themselves of their several warm garments, to garb themselves in thin, perhaps linen, night-garments, and to consign their heated bodies to the cooling influence of unsympathetic sheets.

Conventionality has habituated one to the custom; but a really serious contemplation of it can not fail to make the utter absurdity of the custom clearly apparent. If thin night-garments are worn and cold sheets preferred, it stands to reason that the warmth both lack should be present in the atmosphere. To heat the body and to suddenly deprive it of its caloric, is contrary both to science and common sense. Dwellers in foreign countries almost invariably sleep in flannel garments, and the backwoodsman wraps himself in a stout woolen blanket, and defies the elements. They are sensible. The human frame should, undoubtedly, be clothed in woolen garments, for wool is a bad conductor of heat. Enveloped in flannel, the body maintains a normal temperature, which is of the greatest importance.

No sooner does the temperature fall than the action of the various functions becomes impaired; the nerves get out of gear and the whole system suffers disorganization. Who has not, at some time, felt so cold that it was impossible to sleep? That is an example of the influence exercised by the blood on the brain and nervous system. The question of warmth can not be overrated.

But let no one run away with the idea that the more clothing, and the thicker, piled on their beds, the better for their health. Nothing could be more absurd. One does not want weight, nor too great a heat. A healthy temperature can be maintained by wearing a flannel night-suit and sleeping between blankets, which should be as regularly cleansed as those made of other materials. Let sufferers from chronic colds try this *regime*, as well as those afflicted with sluggish circulation and the accompanying annoyances of cold feet and other sleep-disturbing afflictions.

Sunlight costs nothing, and sun-baths are the most life-giving baths one can take. Every housekeeper knows the necessity of exposing clothing to the sunlight; and it is just so with the body. The sunlight stimulates and freshens it—this is particularly so with the bodies of the young people. Fresh air also costs nothing, and is as necessary as it is beneficial. Let it sweep through the whole house as often as possible. Never sleep in a poorly-ventilated room. Let the nursery and sick chamber have plenty of fresh air also. No harm will come from it, however cold, if you avoid direct draughts, and clothe so as to fortify against a rapid decline of temperature.

In regard to the preservation of timber, the Timberman says: "Go back to the ancient forestry rules for cutting timber, extant in Norway, France, Germany and Britain, in A. D., 900, and timber will live for ages. That was simply to never cut oak, ash, yew or fir for ship building or weather exposed purposes earlier than May or later than August."

Telegraph operators, it seems, are developing a disease of their own. One or two cases recently occurred abroad, in which the finger nails dropped off, one after another. The affection is supposed to be due to the constant hammering and pushing with the finger ends required by the working of the telegraph instrument.

Experiments made for the French Minister of Agriculture indicate that sugar is a better preservative of meat than salt. It is more expensive, but the powdered sugar forms a coating retaining the juices of the meat without loss, while the nutritive qualities of the meat are considerably lessened by the salt.

An eastern mechanic attributes some of the mysterious fires which are of frequent occurrence to "blisters" in the window panes. If these blisters are convex enough to form a lens and combustibles are stored within its focal distance a fire would be very likely to result.

Pneumonia causes the death of over 3,700 people annually in New York City alone. March is the most fatal month, the average number of deaths in that month for the past ten years being 410.

Some of the most expert poultrymen occasionally feed their fowls turnips in winter. They are not peeled, but cut into quarters and thrown into the yard.

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