PREPARE

TO BE PLEASED.

OUR STOCK IS LARGE,

OUR GOODS NEW,

OUR PRICES LOW.

We make a business of making bargains in

Dry Goods and Notions,

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Ladies', Misses' and Children's

Wraps.

Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps.

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☞The latest in Style, the finest in Quality, the utmost in Variety have been combined by us in our Fall and Winter offerings. Will not and cannot be surpassed.

☞There is a limit below which honest goods cannot be sold. We place our prices at the low water mark for safe and reliable goods sold under guarantee.

Inspect us, criticise us, know us, and you will find we deal fair and save you dollars at

J. T. ORNDORFF'S

DOUBLE STORE,

No. 22 West Main St., Westminster, Md.
sep-28

AMERICAN SENTINEL.

VOL. 57, NO. 41. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 12, 1889. ESTABLISHED 1833.

THE -:- HAGERSTOWN -:- FAIR,

COMPOSED OF THE

County Associations of Washington and Carroll, Md., Franklin and Adams, Pa., Berkeley and Jefferson, West Va., and Washington City, D. C.,

WILL BE HELD AT

Hagerstown, Md.

—ON—

October 15, 16, 17, 18, 1889.

26 RACES. 26

Steeple Chases, Hurdle, Chariot, Running and Trotting Races.

POULTRY AND PIGEON SHOW.

Large Display of Machinery, Live Stock, Farm and Household Goods.

Great Machinery Exhibition.

To make room for the machinery exhibition which has outgrown the ten-acre space devoted to this feature, 700 feet of line shafting to propel machinery have been erected. The shaft will be driven by one powerful engine.

A FULL FOUR DAYS EXHIBITION.

Opens at 9, a. m., Tuesday, October 15, closes at 5, p. m., Friday, October 18, 1889. Exhibits cannot be removed before Saturday, October 19, at 8, a. m., except live stock which may be taken off the grounds after 5, p. m., on Friday. No charge for exhibiting. All goods or articles for competition must be delivered to the General Superintendent on the grounds on or before 4 o'clock, p. m., Monday, October 14. He will be there on Saturday to receive any goods or live stock, and care for same. All entries except for trials of speed will be closed on Saturday, October 12, at 6 o'clock, p. m. For premium list, privileges, programs and other information, address

H. A. McCOMAS, Gen'l Sup't., Hagerstown, Md.

J. W. CABLE, President. P. A. WITMER, Secretary.

LOCAL BOARD OF CARROLL COUNTY.—Chairman, Col. Wm. A. McKellip; Edward Lynch, Granville S. Haines, Orlando Reese, E. Oliver Grimes, John L. Reifsnider, H. Haines, C. B. Roberts, R. W. Walden; Francis H. Orendorff, Secretary. sep-28-3t

WINDSOR BUSINESS COLLEGE

New Windsor, Md.

PROF. E. H. NORMAN, for the past five years instructor of Book-keeping and Science of Accounts in the Bryant & Stratton Business College, Baltimore, has joined Rev. Dr. Jelly in establishing a thorough Business College, with Diplomas and Degrees, in connection with the New Windsor College and Windsor Female College, now in successful operation at New Windsor, Md.

Prof. Norman brings to his work the experience of years and the most flattering testimonials from Hon. F. C. Latrobe, Mayor of Baltimore; Lynn R. Meekins, associate editor of the "Baltimore American"; Hon. Frank I. Duncan, editor of the "Baltimore County Democrat"; Prof. W. H. Sadler, President of the Bryant & Stratton Business College, Baltimore, and many others.

Fall term opens September 18th, 1889. For full particulars address or apply to

E. H. NORMAN, Principal,
aug-17-2m New Windsor, Md.

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

DAVID J. BANKERT,

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 16th day of April, 1890; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hands this 16th day of September, 1889.

JOHN L. BANKERT,
sep-21-4t Administrator.

Executors' Sale

OF VALUABLE

Real Estate

In Uniontown and Taneytown Districts, in Carroll County, Md.

THE undersigned, by virtue of the authority contained in the last will and testament of Jacob Marker, late of Carroll county, Md., deceased, and by virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of said county, will offer at public sale, on the premises, on

Wednesday, 16th of October, 1889,

at 2 o'clock, p. m., all that parcel of land containing

221 ACRES, MORE OR LESS,

known as the "Home Farm," of which said Jacob Marker died seized and possessed, situate in Uniontown district, in said county and State, about one-quarter of a mile from the village of Mayberry, adjoining the lands of H. Furry, Peter Lugenbeel and others. The improvements thereon consist of a large Stone Dwelling House, 2½ stories high, with basement; large bank barn, 50x65 feet, good as new; a new spring and wash house, a large double wagon shed, two corn cribs, two carriage houses, good hog pen and other necessary outbuildings; an excellent spring of water supplies the house and barn, by piping, and the farm generally is well watered. About 30 acres of it is in fine timber, and there is about 20 acres of meadow land. Two good orchards with fruit of all kinds. The land, the buildings and the fences are all in first-class condition. In fact, this is one of the best appointed and most desirable farms in Carroll county, and is convenient to markets, schools and churches, being only 4 miles from Piney Creek Station, on the Pennsylvania Line Railroad, and 5 miles from Taneytown.

Also, at the same time and place, the undersigned will offer at public sale all that parcel of land containing

16¼ ACRES, MORE OR LESS,

adjoining the above mentioned parcel of land situate also in Uniontown district, being the same land that said Jacob Marker obtained from Mary C. Helwig and others. The improvements consist of a log weatherboarded HOUSE, 2½ stories high; bank barn, 30x32 feet; smoke house, dry house, bake oven and other necessary outbuildings; there is a good spring of water at the house, and an abundance of fruit of all kinds. The buildings and fences are in good condition.

On the following day, Thursday, October 17th, the undersigned will offer at public sale, at 2 o'clock, p. m., all that parcel of land containing

102½ ACRES, MORE OR LESS,

being the same land that said Jacob Marker obtained from David Harner and wife, situate in Taneytown district, in said county, about one-quarter of a mile from Roberts' mill and about 2½ miles from Taneytown, adjoining the lands of Samuel Baumgartner, Rudolph Martin and others. The improvements consist of a Brick DWELLING HOUSE, 2½ stories high, with basement; new bank barn, 40x60 feet; new wagon shed, 40x20 feet, with corn crib, carriage house, hog pen, wash house and spring house; there are two springs of good water at the house; there are about 25 acres of excellent WOODLAND, and an orchard containing fruit trees of all kinds. The land is fertile and well watered. The buildings and fences are in excellent condition, and the land has been recently limed. This is also a very desirable farm, and is convenient to markets, schools, churches and railroad.

All the above properties are worthy of the attention of purchasers, and any person desiring to see said farms will call on or write to either of the undersigned, one of whom resides on the last mentioned farm, or communicate with their attorney, Charles E. Fink, Westminster, Md.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third cash on the day of sale or upon the ratification thereof, one-third in one year and one-third in two years from the day of sale; the credit payments to bear interest from the day of sale, and to be secured by the bonds of the purchaser or purchasers, with sufficient security; or, all cash, at the option of the purchaser or purchasers.

WILLIAM U. MARKER,
JACOB H. MARKER,
Executors of the Last Will and Testament of Jacob Marker, deceased.
Chas. E. Fink, attorney.
Wm. Brown, Auctioneer. se-21-ts

Trustees' Sale

OF VALUABLE

Personal Estate

Near New Windsor, Carroll Co., Md.

BY virtue of a deed of trust from Jesse Baile and wife, duly executed and recorded according to law, the undersigned, Trustees named in said deed, will offer at public sale, on the premises whereon Jesse Baile now resides, situated near the public road leading from New Windsor to Jewsburg and about one mile from New Windsor, on

Wednesday, 16th of October, A. D., 1889,

at 10 o'clock, A. M., the following valuable Personal Property, to-wit:

Four head of work Horses, 5 Colts, 13 Milch Cows, one Bull, large Sow, 17 Shoats, 2 broadtread wagons, 6 sets of harness, 5 corn plows, 3 furrow plows, Champion mower, clover huller, 2 A harrows, corn planter, corn sheller, one small wagon and bed, milk cart, threshing machine, McCormick binder, feed cutter, 5 fynets, wagon saddle, 2 hay carriages, combined mower and reaper, grain drill, grain cradles, basket sleigh, bells, &c., 18 cow chains, several sets of harness, jack screw, lot of shovels, picks, forks, rakes, &c., 18 milk cans, wheat fan, lot of hay, corn by the barrel and in the shock, family carriage, plow harness, hay fork, horse rake, hand cart, and a great many other articles too numerous to mention.

Terms of sale.—On sums of $10 and under, cash; on sums above $10 a credit of six months will be given, purchasers giving notes, with approved security, and bearing interest from the day of sale. No property to be removed until terms of sale are complied with.

PETER BAILE,
DAVID ENGLAR, Jr., Trustees.
McKellip & Clabaugh, Clks. R. Roberts, } Solicitors.
Winfield Snader, Charles Repp, } Clerks.
Samuel Crawford, Auctioneer.
sep-28-ts

NO. 2760 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County, sitting in Equity.

Jacob Shaffer of John, Mortgagee, vs. William J. Shaffer, Mortgagor.

ORDERED this 23d day of September, A. D., 1889, that the sale made and reported in the above entitled cause by Jacob Shaffer of John, Mortgagee, by virtue of the power of sale contained in a mortgage from William J. Shaffer, dated December 6th, 1886, and recorded among the Real Estate Mortgage Records of Carroll county, be finally ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 28th day of October, next: Provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper published in Carroll county, once a week for three successive weeks before the 21st day of October, next.

The report states the amount of sale to be $501.

WM. N. MARTIN, Clerk.

True copy—Test:
sep-28-3t WM. N. MARTIN, Clerk.

NO. 2667 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County.

William H. Nusbaum, Mortgagee, vs. Jesse D. Nusbaum, Mortgagor.

ORDERED this 4th day of October, A. D. 1889, that the account of the Auditor, filed in this cause, be finally ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 21st day of October, inst.: Provided a copy of this order be inserted for two successive weeks before the last named day in some newspaper published in Carroll county.

WM. N. MARTIN, Clerk.

True copy—Test:
oc-5-2t WM. N. MARTIN, Clerk.

Private Sale.

WE, the undersigned, offer at private sale, on easy terms, the property of the late Dr. D. B. Flegeal, situated on the Stone Road, one mile from Pleasant Valley. This valuable property contains 25 ACRES OF LAND, more or less, improved with GOOD BUILDINGS. Also an orchard of choice young Fruit trees in good bearing condition. Any one desiring a pleasant home will do well to call and view the premises. For particulars call on or address S. A. E. Flegeal, residing thereon.

S. A. E. FLEGEAL,
M. C. BURGOON,
sep-28-3t F. F. FLEGEAL.

Annual Meeting.

THE Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the Western Maryland Railroad Company, for the election of Five Directors for the ensuing year, will be held at the Company's office, Hillen Station, Baltimore, on Wednesday, October 16th, at 12 o'clock, M.

JOHN S. HARDEN,
sep-28-3t Secretary.

Select Poetry.

THE CLEARING-UP SHOWER.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWN.

When the skies, low and ashen, are riven with rain,
And thro' the wet woods the shrill east winds complain;
When day after day, storm-tattered and chill,
The dull vapors mantle dim valley and hill—
How wistfully—watching the gray heavens lower—
We wait for some sign of the clearing-up shower.

When life means but weariness, struggle and pain,
And earth's joys are empty, and fleeting as vain;
When the burden of heart-ache and trouble and care
Seems more than the overtaxed spirit can bear—
'Mid the turmoil and gloom of that crucial hour,
O, let us remember the clearing-up shower.

There are dark disappointments that meet us each day,
And bitter surprises that lurk by the way;
There are stormy encounters, inglorious retreats,
And wounds, and betrayals, and crushing defeats;
But lo! when disasters our courage o'erpower,
With sunburst and song comes the clearing-up shower.

When the dreary December of life is at hand,
And we journey down hill thro' a desolate land,
And swifter the mile-stones flit by one by one
In the gray after-glow of a day that is done,
And the night cometh down, with the wind-driven rain,
O, let us remember the olden refrain.
Past the darkness there dawneth the glad morning hour,
And this—thank God!—this is the clearing-up shower! —N. Y. LEDGER.

Select Story.

WAIF WILLIE.

BY MANDA L. CROCKER.

He had a faint remembrance of home, this little waif, although he could have scarcely put it into words, so dimly did it come to him.

Like the faint sunshine in the deep summer woods, thoughts of a sweet-faced mother stole across his lonely life, and through the silent night-watches came a voice tenderly calling: "Willie, son; come home."

Stolen from his widowed mother by a band of gypsies in a distant State, when a few years old, he had wandered hither with them.

And then forsaken by them in a fit of illness, he had been left on the steps of Mr. Balfour's palatial house.

His life had been hard and loveless when with his captors; but since Hiram Balfour took him in for "what he could do," and the kind, motherly wife had died, his life had been full of bitterness.

"Be lively there, or you'll repent it!" shouted a rough voice from the doorway, and the little fellow bent lower over his saw while the great tears dropped down on the heavy oak stick he was cutting in twain.

Then the man in the doorway came out and measuring off a heap of sticks said: "These you must convert into wood to-day. And if, when I return to-night, it is not completed I'll whip you within an inch of your life." He went away and Willie was left alone with his little heart ready to break with its weight of unkindness.

"I know I shall fail," he sobbed. "O, I wish I might die! Why can't I?" he moaned. "Other children do; little boys with rich, loving papas, too, while I have to live to be beaten by Mr. Balfour. O, dear! I wonder [redacted] him now, and he caught his breath at the bold idea.

"I am going—going to run—away!" he whispered, hoarsely. "Maybe I can find mamma." And through the sultry summer air floated something like an inspiration; sweetly, tenderly it came: "Willie, son."

"What if Jenkinson sees me," he murmured, frightened at the thought as he beheld the gardener busy with his tools a few yards away.

But over the fence there was the road leading to the city, and it wasn't far there, and once in it he thought he could dodge anybody. Mr. Balfour had gone the other way, farther into the country, and he wouldn't meet him. Yes, he would run away!

Jenkinson's back was toward him, and he knew where there was a board off the fence, and he could slip out and no one could see him. If he ever meant to go it might as well be now.

"God help me to get away from Mr. Balfour," prayed the child, as he crept slyly through the opening. "O, my!" Could he do it? Yes, he could.

The blue sky smiled above him, the birds sang merrily in the trees by the wayside, and everything seemed glad that he had gotten thus far.

On and on he trudged toward the city, the day grew hotter and a pain came into his temples. The city, it must be a hundred miles from Mr. Balfour's; he'd heard them say it was ten miles, but he believed he had gone further than that now. His head throbbed fearfully and he was so hungry, but after all it wasn't so bad as to be whipped at night.

A sound of wheels came to his ear. Was it Mr. Balfour coming after him? O, dear! But no; it was a kindly woman in a carriage who stopped beside him to ask: "Don't you wish to ride? You're tired to death, my little man."

"Yes'm, I'm 'most dead," said Willie, faintly; "but I must reach the city before night."

"Well, I'm going there," said the lady. "I live in the city."

He climbed into the carriage and she let the curtain down on his side to keep out the sun and make him comfortable.

After looking him over curiously for some minutes the woman asked: "Aren't you running away from somebody, or has some one sent you adrift?"

The child began to cry. "I'm running away, yes'm," he confessed; "but Mr. Balfour whips me so I—I can't stay. O, I want my mamma?"

The woman put her arm about him, soothingly. "Never mind," she said, "don't cry. What does he whip you for?"

"Because I can't do enough of work," sobbed the boy.

"Who is Mr. Balfour; your uncle?" she asked.

"No, ma'am; he's the man I'm living with, and my mamma's way off somewhere, I don't know where. And, O, my head aches so!" Another torrent of tears put an end to further words.

"He's an old villian!" muttered the woman; "and he won't see you again if I can help it. Here, lay your head in my lap and rest."

Willie put his hot, aching head down on her knee and soon fell asleep, while the kind-hearted woman smoothed his tangled curls and pondered.

Jenkinson saw the child creep stealthily through the broken panel, and went over to watch him. By his movements he divined the boy's intentions, and sighed as Willie's little straw hat bobbed out of sight. "Let him go," said he, "and may the good God keep old Balfour from ever hearing of him again. Father in Heaven, take him to a good home!"

The gardner went back to his work, and at night when Mr. Balfour came home the boy could not be found.

After storming around considerably, the old man said: "Well, let him go. Somebody will pick him up and get pestered to death with him as I have been. This picking up waifs proves to be a thankless business."

When Willie awoke he was being lifted out of the carriage by a man with a pleasant face, and the woman was saying: "Take him in and give him something to eat. He's a little boy I found. An orphan without a home."

They were so kind to him, and the milk and strawberries with his bread and butter were delicious.

"Does your head ache now?" asked the lady, as she tucked him away in a soft, downy bed.

"No, ma'am. Won't you kiss me like mamma used to at bedtime?" he asked, wistfully.

"To be sure," said she. "I haven't had any little boys for so long that I forgot how to put them to bed." And her voice sounded tenderly and full of tears.

"What is your name?" she asked, as she kissed him and twined a stray curl around her finger while she sat beside the bed.

"Willie, I guess."

"You guess! Don't you know, child? What is your other name, your mamma's name?"

"I don't know," he replied, sleepily; "only Willie, I guess. Mamma called me "Willie, son,' but when the ugly folks tied a cloth over my mouth and took me off into the woods, why, I forgot the rest."

"Took you off?" exclaimed the woman; "why, I thought Mr. Balfour kept you?"

"Yes'm; when I got sick they left me at Mr. Balfour's gate, and I've lived there two years about."

A strange, perplexed look came into the motherly face looking down on the tired child who went to sleep with the last word on his lips.

Then she tiptoed out of the room into the next, and taking a key from the wall unlocked a drawer, all the while saying to herself; "I wonder if it's possible; I wonder if it is?"

After a few moments' search she took up carefully a well-worn paper and went back to the bedside of the little stranger.

Turning to a paragraph she read: "Lost; a little boy four years old, with brown, curly hair and large black eyes, and bears on his left arm just above the elbow a birth-mark—a little purple anchor. His name is Willie Vanferson, and, the only child of his widowed mother, his absence is doubly terrible."

"I forgot about the birth-mark," she gasped, breathlessly, kneeling by the couch, and, unbuttoning the faded sleeve, rolled it carefully above the dimpled elbow,

There, sure enough, just as described, was a little purple anchor. "God be praised!" she said, while the tears rolled down her face. "It's Winifred's child," and she kissed him hungrily.

He stirred in his sleep and whispered: "Mamma." "Yes, darling, you shall go to mamma to-morrow!" And she went down stairs with a great joy shining in her face.

"Leonard! Leonard!" she cried, joyously, shaking the arm of the man dozing in the arm-chair.

"What do you say, Elsie?" he asked, rubbing his eyes.

"I've found Winifred's boy," she said, joyously, and then in an incoherent way she told him all about the child.

[redacted] dently in prayer.

"Go to mamma," whispered Elsie Freeland between her sobs of joyful excitement, and she pushed Willie inside the humble door. Approaching the kneeling figure the little child stole his arms around the bowed neck and whispered: "Mamma!"

A pale, weary face looked up in tearful surprise for a moment; then a gleam of joy, heavenly in expression, came over the thin face, like the light of the Throne, and, clasping the child to her heart, she kissed him rapturously in silent happiness, the deepest and sweetest of all. Then raising her streaming eyes to heaven she said: "Lord, I thank Thee; I knew Thou wouldst in Thine own good time send my darling back to me."

"Yes, mamma," said the child, "I am your own Willie. Aunt Elsie and Uncle Leonard brought me 'cause the Saviour wanted them to; there they are."

And clasping her child to her heart she turned to meet the happy countenances of her brother and his wife.

Weather for the Winter.

Connecticut has a goose-bone weather prophet in the person of Henry Stillman, of Woodstock, and the people of his county would rather believe his predictions than the best Gen. Greely ever gave out or the peculiar prophecies of Wiggins or DeVoe. A bone taken from a goose, which was hatched last May, is the basis of Mr. Stillman's prognostications in the weather line for the approaching winter. He says that the temperature will not often be so low that running water will freeze and that the winter will generally be mild with a more even character as regards rain and snow. Christmas is to be wet and cold, but not freezing—and the coldest period will come in the last half of January. Disastrous floods are expected about the last of February or the first of March. This is a tolerably fair outlook for the gloomy months of the year, and the goosebone enthusiasts will look for the fulfillment of the predictions with much interest, if not confidence. Now let those who look to the moon for weather indications have a whack at the coming season.

The tensile strength of a wet rope is found to be only one-third that of the same rope when dry, and a rope saturated with grease or soap is weaker still, as the lubricant permits the fibers to slip with greater facility. A dry rope twenty-five feet long will shorten to twenty-four on being wet.

The Bible has been printed in twenty-nine different languages to supply the people living in Pennsylvania. The largely varied industries of Pennsylvania attract within its limits a more cosmopolitan population than any other State in the Union.

Afraid of a Shadow.

From INTELLIGENCER.

We were spending Sunday in Devonshire port, which stretches so gracefully along the curves of Tor Bay. The place has many associations which made it interesting, apart from all its beautiful scenery of land and shore. It was natural to call to mind that in one of the tall houses, about half-way up the wide street that fronts the quay, Elizabeth Barrett was living, a secluded invalid, when she witnessed from the windows on which we looked the sad catastrophe which left its impress upon her life—that of the drowning before her eyes of her favorite brother and a young friend, by the capsizing of their boat, just shortly after they had stepped from the quay. Those who know anything of the inner history of this beautiful life will remember that so great was the poignancy of the young poet's grief, that for fifteen months she was never able to be removed to her home in London. In this secluded chamber, which overlooked the lovely bay which had engulfed so much that was precious to her, many a tender poem was written which has since helped to build up her world-wide fame.

The readers of Augustus Hare's "Memorials of a Quiet Life"—a book which has commended itself to such multitudes of American hearts—will not have forgotten the beautiful character of Lucy Stanley (the youngest sister of Dean Stanley,) who was married to the younger brother of Augustus and Julius Hare. Torquay is closely associated with her memory, for during the latter years of her life she lived on her estate near Torquay, and was so conversant with the whole neighborhood that she gives vivid glimpses of its beauties in her many letters scattered through the Memorials. "Abbott's Keswell," she writes, "the two Tors, and all the high ground one sees from Rockend—wild expanses of moorland heath, distant hills and villages, Teinmouth water, and beautiful Bradley wood; how surpassingly lovely is all!"

It was here, too, that Charlotte Elliott, the author of one of the most popular hymns in the English language, "Just as I am," lived, and here did her noble work. Devonshire is also closely associated with the memory of Augustus Toplady; and not far from Torquay is said to be the spot where he wrote his immortal hymn, "Rock of Ages." We, therefore, had poetic and Christian associations filling our minds as we walked about the streets of this pretty Devonshire town. To me Torquay had tenderer memory still; for in one of its quiet cemeteries lay buried a lovely young English friend, whose going hence had left the world less bright for those who stayed behind.

The air was palpitating that fair Sunday morning with the rich melody of the Sunday bells; we joined a great throng of people, and were swept along in their current to one of the largest dissenting chapels of the place. We soon found ourselves in a comfortable and substantial house of worship, which the good Anglicans refuse to allow the name of church. The house was filled with a quiet and orderly congregation. The regular minister was absent, and in his place officiated a young Scotch clergyman, who gave us one of the most delightful sermons I ever heard preached in a foreign land. His manner was simplicity itself; but he had a vivid and dramatic way of putting things, which made each listener feel as if he was singling him out and addressing himself specially to him. His text was the twenty-third Psalm, of which he gave a fine running commentary. When he came to the verse, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death," he abruptly paused, and said: "I am a Scotchman; let me tell you a little incident which occurred not long ago in the Scottish parish where I was laboring." He leaned from the pulpit, and with the sweetest Scotch accents, began in a low tender voice:

"I was sitting in my study one Saturday evening, when a message came to me that one of the godliest among the shepherds who tended their flocks upon the slopes of our Highland hills was dying, and wanted to see the minister. Without loss of time, I crossed the wide heath to his comfortable little cottage. When I entered the low room I found the old shepherd propped up with pillows, and breathing with such difficulty that it was apparent that he was near his end.

"'Jean,' he said to his wife, 'gie the minister a stool, and leave us for a bit, for I wad see the minister alone.'

"As soon as the door was closed he turned the most pathetic pair of gray eyes upon me I had ever looked into, and said, in a voice shaken with emotion, 'Minister, I'm dying, and—and—I'm afraid!'

"I began at once to repeat the strongest promises with which God's Word furnishes us; but in the midst of them he stopped me,—

"'I ken them a',' he said, mournfully, 'I ken them a'; but somehow they dinnah gie me comfort.'

"'Do you believe them?'

"'Wi' a' my heart!' he replied, earnestly.

"'Where, then, is there any room for fear, with such a saving faith?'

"'For a' that, minister, I'm afraid—I'm afraid!'

"I took up the well worn Bible which lay on his bed, turned to the Psalm which I have read to you to-day. 'You remember the twenty-third Psalm,' I began.

"'Remember it?' he said, vehemently; 'I kenned it lang afore ye were born; ye need no' read it: I've conned it a thousand times on the hillside!'

"'But there is one verse which you have not taken in.'

"He turned upon me with a half-reproachful and even stern look. 'Did I na' tell ye I kenned it every word lang afore ye were born?'

"Slowly I repeated the verse, 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me.'

"'You have been a shepherd all your life, and you have watched the heavy shadows pass over the valleys and over the hills, hiding for a little while all the light of the sun. Did these shadows ever frighten you?'

"'Frighten me?' he said, quickly; 'Na, na! Davie Donaldson has Covenanter's bluid in his veins; neither shadow nor substance could frighten him.'

"'But did these shadows never make you believe that you would not see the sun again—that it was gone forever?'

"'Na, na, I couldna be sic a simpleton as that.'

"'Nevertheless, that is what you are doing now.' He looked at me with incredulous eyes.

"'Yes,' I continued, 'the shadow of death is over you, and it hides for a little the Sun of Righteousness who shines all the same behind; but it's only a shadow; remember that's what the Psalmist calls it; a shadow that will pass, and when it has passed, before you will be the everlasting hills in their unclouded glory.'

"The old shepherd covered his face with trembling hands, and for a few minutes maintained an unbroken silence; then letting them fall straight before him on the coverlet, he said, as if musing to himself, 'Aweel, aweel! I have conned that verse a thousand times amang the heather, and I never understood it so afore—afraid of a shadow! afraid of a shadow!' Then, turning upon me a face now bright with an almost supernatural radiance, exclaimed, lifting his hands reverently to heaven, 'Aye, aye, I see it a' now! Death is only a shadow—a shadow with Christ behind it—a shadow that will pass—na, na, I'm afraid nae mair.'"

It is not possible that any words of mine should have power to reproduce to the eye or mind of the reader of the tone, the attitude and the vivid rendering of this little incident. But as the people wended their way home that Sunday through the streets of Torquay, not a few, I am sure, repeated to themselves the words of the old shepherd, and gathered comfort therefrom: "Na, na, I'm afraid na mair!"

Sixty years ago railroads were unknown in this country, and the population of the United States consisted of 12,000,000 people. To-day we operate upward of 165,000 miles of railroad, and our population has increased to 60,000,000. Sixty years ago the aggregate wealth of the United States was less than $1,000,000,000; at present it is estimated at $56,000,000,000. Over our 165,000 miles of railroad, there was carried last year 475,000,000 people, and 600,000,000 tons of freight were transported. Upon these lines are engaged 1,000,000 employes. Their equipment consists of 30,000 locomotives, 21,000 passenger cars, 7,000 baggage cars, and 1,000,000 freight cars. The capital invested in construction and equipment amounts to $8,000,000,000, and the yearly disbursements for labor and supplies exceeds $600,000,000.

Some one has made the discovery, or rather makes the assertion, that a fly always walks upward. Put a fly on a window, and up he goes toward the top; he can't be made to walk downward. So an inventor has made a screen divided in half. The upper part laps over the lower, with an inch space between. Well, as soon as a fly lights on the screen, he proceeds to travel upward, and thus walks straight out of doors. By this means, a room can be quickly cleared of flies.

A Comparison of Sufferings in Siberia.

George Kennan's illustrated article in the October *Century* contains the following account of the Siberian mines: "Regarded as places of punishment the Nerchinsk mines did not seem to me so terrible as they are often represented to be. It is not very pleasant, of course, to work eight or ten hours every day in a damp or icy gallery 300 feet underground; but even such employment is, I think, less prejudicial to health than unbroken confinement in a dirty, overcrowded, and foul-smelling convict prison. The mines are badly ventilated and the gases liberated in them by the explosives used are doubtless injurious; but there are no deadly fumes or exhalations from poisonous ores like cinnabar to affect the health of the laborers, and experience seems to show that the death rate is no higher among the convicts who go regularly into the mines than among those who lie idle day after day in the vitiated air of the prison kameras. If I were permitted to make choice between complete idleness in such a prison as that of Algachi or Ust Kara and regular daily labor in the mines, I should, without hesitation, choose the latter. So far as I could ascertain by careful inquiry among the convicts themselves, no one has ever been compelled to live and sleep in these mines day and night, and I believe that all the stories to that effect published from time to time are wholly imaginary and fictitious. The working force may occasionelly have been divided into day and night gangs, or shifts, sent into the mines alternately, but the same men have never been required to remain there continuously for twenty-four hours. At the present time there is no night work and all of the convicts return to their prisons before dark, or in the short days of midwinter very soon after dark. I do not wish to be understood as saying that the life of Russian convicts at the Nerchinsk silver mines is an easy one, or that they do not suffer. I can hardly imagine a more terrible and hopeless existence than that of a man who works all day in one of the damp, muddy galleries of the Pokrofski mine, and goes back at night to a close, foul, vermin-infested prison like that of Algachi. It is worse than the life of any parish dog, but at the same time it is not the sensationally terrible life of the fictitious convict described by Mr. Grenville Murray—the convict who lives night and day under ground, sleeps in a rocky niche, toils in hopeless misery under the lash of a pitless overseer, and is slowly poisoned to death by the fumes of quicksilver. Such things may be effective in a sensational drama, but they are not true.

The worst feature of penal servitude in Siberia is not hard labor in the mines; it is the condition of the prisons."

Some twenty years ago, Herr Falb, an Austrian scientist, first suggested the possibility that the moon may act upon the great ocean of molten matter beneath the earth's crust exactly as it acts in producing the tides of the external ocean of water. He now considers that the reality of such action is proven, and that the earth's crust is severely strained, and more or less warped and broken, at the times the theory would indicate. It is during the periods of greatest strain resulting from the moon's attraction that earthquakes appear to be most likely to occur, and that gasses seem to be forced into coal mines to such an extent as greatly to increase the explosions.

Carefully repeated experiments made by an experienced English navigator at Santander, on the north coast of Spain, showed the crest of the sea waves in a prolonged and heavy gale of wind to be 42 feet high; and allowing the same for the depth between the waves, would make a height 84 feet from crest to base. The length from crest to crest was found to be 386 feet. Other estimates of the waves in the South Atlantic during great storms give a height of 50 feet for the crests and 400 feet for length. In the North Sea the height of crest seldom exceeds 10 feet and the length 150 feet.

In a village in Somerset the following superstitious belief is prevalent: During service in the church, if the church clock strikes while a hymn is being sung, the belief is that some parishioner will die within a week. So strong is this belief that the striking mechanism of the clock is always stopped during services in which hymns are sung.

It is considered a pretty serious charge to bring against a woman to say that she means all she says.

A Georgia Possum Orchard.

From ATLANTA CONSTITUTION.

A few miles west of Griffin is the home of William Throckmorton. Mr. Throckmorton is the proprietor of the most unique and renumerative farm in Georgia. It is the "Lime Creek Possum Farm."

On the very crest of a well-wooded hill is a comfortable cottage surrounded by beautiful shade trees. At the foot of the hill is a pretty branch running through the very center of a ten-acre persimmon grove inclosed within a high board fence. The persimmon trees are interspersed with a quantity of old hollow trees and hollow logs planted in the ground.

It was in the early afternoon when we arrived, and to the uninitiated the farm appeared to be an immense fruit orchard bearing an oblong whitish sort of fruit hanging from the dead limbs of the trees by a long black stem. But appearances were deceptive. It was not fruit, but between seven and eight hundred possums taking their afternoon siesta.

The possum, when desiring to take a nap, simply climbs the most convenient tree, walks out on a limb, wraps his tail one and a half times around, and swings his body out into space. His legs and feet are drawn close into his body and his head drawn up between his shoulders until it forms an almost perfect ball, and appears to be a great pear covered with white fur.

The sun was slowly setting below the distant pine mountains and we were still gazing at the queer objects in amused wonder when a half dozen little possums emerged from the pocket of their mother, ran up her tail and commenced playing on the limb above. In a few minutes this marsupial stretched her head and then her forefeet out. She swung herself once or twice, grabbed her tail with her forepaws and climbed up it to the limb, which she caught with her claws, untwisted her tail and pulled it up. Hardly had she balanced herself when the half dozen young ones climbed into her pocket and were hid from view. She then climbed down the tree.

While this was going on, more than 700 others had awakened and were coming down from the trees. Reaching the ground, each one made for the creek, drank, and then ran up the hill to a pen in which they were to be fed.

They were of all sizes. Some would barely weigh a half pound, while others would tip the scales at thirty. The possum, when hungry, utters a sound which is a cross between a mew and a moan. Over 700 possums were together so thick that the ground could not be seen between them, and the small ones had been forced upon the backs of the larger. All were uttering this peculiar sound.

His Last Request.

"I heard a story of an Irishman the other day, which I think is new," said the friend at the club. "This Irishman was in the habit of going home drunk every night of his life and beating his poor wife Biddy in the good old fashion. He didn't lick her because he disliked her or wanted to punish her, but just because he thought it the proper thing to do. Finally, however the patient woman could stand it no longer and appealed to the priest. The reverend father went to her home that evening and waited for Pat. He came, drunk as usual, and the good old priest took him in hand.

"'Pat,' said he, 'you're drunk,'

"'Yis, you riverince,' says Pat, 'I'm feeling' purty good.'

"'Well, how long is this goin' to continue, I'd like to know?'

"'Jist as long as I kin git a dhrop of the creature,' says Pat. 'I can't stop dhrinkin'.'

"'Now, see here Pat,' says the good father, 'I'll tell you what. You'll stop this here to-night. If you ever get drunk again I'll turn you into a rat—d'ye mind that? If I don't see ye I'll know about it jist the same whether ye git drunk or not, and if ye do get drunk, into the rat ye go. Now remember that—there's a good man.' "The priest went away and Pat was docile that night; but the next night when he came home and kicked open the door one glance showed Biddy that he was loaded to the hat. She gauged his 'jig' at once and saw that he was in fighting trim, so she dodged behind the table in an attitude of defense. "'Don't be afraid, darlin',' said Pat, in a subdued key, as he steadied himself before dropping into a chair, 'I'm not goin' to lay the weight of me finger on ye. I want ye to be kind to me to night, darlin', and to remember, if ye kin, the days when we was swatehearts, and when I was always kind to ye and ye loved me. You know his riverence was here last night, and he told me if I ivir got dhrunk again he'd turn me into a rat, I'm dhrunk this minit, darlin'. The praste didn't see me, but he knows I'm dhrunk, and this night into a rat I go. I want ye to be kind to me, darlin', and watch me, and when ye see me gittin' little, and the hair growin' out on me, an' me whiskers gittin' long, for God's sake darlin', as ye love me, kape yer eye on the cat.'"

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