AMERICAN SENTINEL.

WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 2, 1889. ESTABLISHED 1833.

S. Kann, Sons & Co's.

MID-SEASON SPECIAL.

Surprising Bargains in Everything —Cloaks, Wraps, Dress Goods, Trimmings, Underwear, Carpe Oil Cloths, Remnants, &c., &c.

Right in the heart of the season, wl people want to buy, we go right into all-over-the-house-special-cut-sale of the newest and most-in-demand goo and offer values the like of which h never been offered in this town.

S. KANN, SONS & CO.

In CLOAKS and WRAPS for Ladies, Misses and Children we've a tempting assortment—everything that is new and fashionable being represented in our stock. We have the medium and popular grades and the higher grades—but not the cheap, shoddy grades. Only what is good is cheap, and that's why we only keep what is good.

S. KANN, SONS & CO.

In DRESS GOODS and DRESS TRIMMINGS we are showing some dainty novelties—imported direct through our Baltimore stores and opened here in the original packages. Plaid Dress Stuffs are popular this year, and we've a magnificent supply of Woolen Plaids; also Stripes and Dark Mixed Fabrics of high tone and mode. In Domestic Textures and Flannels we are prepared to make current prices take a tumble. Look us over!

S. KANN, SONS & CO.

In UNDERWEAR—for Ladies and Gentlemen—we've made ample provision and curtailed prices very considerably. You'll find the same kinds sold from 10 to 20 per cent. less here than anywhere else; and we can sell you the better grades of Underwear for the same or less than you pay for inferior stuff elsewhere.

S. KANN, SONS & CO.

We've more than our usual quota of CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS, HORSE BLANKETS, LAP ROBES, &c. The demand for goods in this line is increasing very much every season with us. To still further extend it we're offering now some startling values in all these very necessary things. We have some choice patterns in Carpets that we would be pleased to show you. Try and make us an early visit.

S. KANN, SONS & CO.

In REMNANTS of Dress Stuffs and Ladies' Wear generally we are alone—free and far beyond the sphere of competition. S. Kann, Sons & Co's. stores are the GREAT REMNANT CENTRES of the South. We control pretty nearly the Remnant output of the leading factories of the North, and we sell everything in the Remnant line for as little or less as other merchants can buy them. To give you a sample of how we're selling Remnants now, we're offering FINE MUSLIN REMNANTS FOR 5 CENTS and the BEST PRINT REMNANTS FOR 5 CENTS. Better visit us before making your winter purchases.

☞ Gentlemen are specially requested to examine our stock of WOOLEN SUITINGS, consisting of FANCY CASSIMERES, WORSTEDS, CHEVIOTS and NICE TWEEDS. Mothers would do well also to select something for the boys.

S. KANN, SONS & CO.,
11 E. Main St., Near Railroad.
Agent for Butterick Patterns.

TREMENDOUS APPLAUSE!

Racket Store, New Windsor, Md.

F. J. DEVILBISS.

Our entir stck was purchsd in New York this seson direct from first hands, thereby giving our patrons advantags of lowst prices and newst styls. Our prices paley and pulveriz al competition in whatever shap, and our watchwords, in simpl English, hold down, are UNDERBY—UNDERSEL.

If U desir to by goods low for the eloquent Cash, the Racket Store holds unparaleld inducements. We ar contented with smal profits, and the larg amount of goods we handl, second to non in Western Maryland, enabl us to fire with short range prices. We wish to enumerat our claims in as few words as possibl:

OUR DRESS GOODS AND TRIMMINGS ar the choicest in the New York markets. A larger assortment of Ladies' Fine Cloths and Suitings no one would wish.
GOOD GINGHAMS 5c.
CANTON FLANNEL 6¼c.
CALICO, good styles, 3c.
CLARK'S SPOOL COTTON 4c.
RAG CARPET 20c. per yard. Our 25c. Carpet is a bonebsd in the camp.
WOMEN'S RUBBER SHOES, best for 25c.
SLESINGER'S SHOES for tender feet ar gradualy anihilating al "pet" brands.
WOMEN'S SOLID LEATHER BARN-YARD SHOES for 95c.
OUR $1.25 BUTTON SHOE crazes the prophets.

Where did you get that hat? The reply herd is, invariably, "AT DEVILBISS'." Our New York styls and prices uterly desicat the Liliputs.

IN THE BOOT DEPARTMENT we have straind evry nerv. The $2.50 Full Stock Boot is a cob-crusher. The $1.75 Boot is good.

SPLENDID NAVY TOBACCO 25c. per lb. Sold three tons since January 1st, 1889.

☞ We want 17,000 lbs. Lard, 9,000 lbs. Bacon, 45,000 doz. Eggs, at highest market prices.

We hop to be favord with an erly cal. Our prices ar our unanserabl logic.

Very Respectfnly,
oc-19-3m FRANK J. DEVILBISS.

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-10-1y

MACHINERY REPAIR SHOP.

JOHN A. SHOWER

Liberty St., Westminster, Md.,

IS PREPARED TO

Repair All Kinds of Machinery.

Special Machinery Made to Order.

Castings and Repairs

for Machinery built at the old Union Works and by E. Wagoner can be furnished at short notice.

☞ All Work Guaranteed. ☜
oc-12

[redacted]

IN THEIR

NEW STORES,

75 and 77 E. Main Street.

Dress Goods,
Silks, Velvets,
and Trimmings

In immense variety. Latest novelties; lowest prices. Ladies', Misses' and Children's Wraps. Entirely new Styles.

Plush Garments a Specialty.

Dry Goods, Notions and Shoes of all kinds.

OUR NEW CARPET ROOM

Is attractive to everybody. Carpets, Mattings, Rugs, Oil Cloths, Trunks and Upholstering Goods; largest line and newest patterns.

☞ We guarantee satisfaction.

THEODORE DERR & SON.
oc-12

WATCHES, CLOCKS AND JEWELRY.

The cheapest Watches that ever were sold,
Made of pure metal, both silver and gold;
Gold Necklaces, Chains and beautiful Charms,
And handsome Bracelets to wear on the arms.

Rings made of silver and of pure gold,
So cheap and beautiful for all to behold;
To see these fine goods 'tis really a treat,
And in quality and price they cannot be beat.

Now Clocks, my dear friends, I sell them so low
A ten dollar bill will buy a whole row;
Now facts are facts, come see for yourselves
The beautiful goods in case and on shelves.

If any Repairing you wish to have done,
We'll do it as cheap as the work can be done:
All work done by us we warrant the best;
Come, give us a trial, for that is the test.

Repairing of fine Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry a Specialty.

Yours Respectfully,
Geo. H. Hyder,
75 W. Main Street.

NOTICE.

All persons having Watches, Clocks, Jewelry or any other article for repair, and who have left the same for six months, are hereby notified to come and redeem the same on or before the 30th of November, 1889, or they will be sold for the cost of repairs. No article left for repair will be kept over six months. After that time it will be sold for repairs.

oc-19-3m GEO. M. HYDER.

A GRAND OPENING
—OF—
FALL STOCK
—AT—
G. BARNES' CHEAP STORE,
New Windsor, Md.

I have on hand a full and complete line of

Notions and Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Hats, &c.

I have a large and complete assortment of

Hardware

of all kinds for builders and others.

The largest and best-selected stock of

Pure -:- Family -:- Groceries,

consisting of Sugars, Syrups, Spices, Coffees, Teas, &c., which I sell at rock bottom prices. Also Glass and Queensware of all kinds.

P. S.—I am the only one that sells the celebrated YORK BOOT in New Windsor. A full line of these goods now in stock. Please call and examine before purchasing elsewhere if you want to save money.

G. BARNES,
Main St., opposite Depot, New Windsor.
sep-28

HAY and RYE STRAW WANTED.

200 Tons of Rye Straw at $9.00 per Ton.

Also Timothy Hay at Highest Market Prices.

N. I. Gorsuch & Son.
oc-19-3t Westminster, Md.

Mutual Fire Insurance Company OF CARROLL COUNTY.

OFFICE, - - WESTMINSTER, MD.

J. W. HERING.....President.
RICHARD MANNING.....Sec'y and Treas.
J. T. DIFFENBAUGH, Gen. Agt., Westminster, Md

DIRECTORS.

Dr. J. W. Hering, Alfred Zollickoffer, Edward Lynch, David Prugh, Granville S. Haines Granville T. Hering, Dr. Samuel Swope, R Manning, Chas. B. Roberts David Fowble.
jan-21-tf

Dr. J. W. Helm, Surgeon Dentist,

(Graduate of Md. University, Baltimore),

New Windsor, Carroll County, Md.

OFFERS his professional services to the Public in all its branches. He will visit TANEYTOWN—on the 1st Wednesday of each month.

☞ Nitrons Oxide Gas administered.

A liberal share of public patronage solicited Respectfully.
fy-20 1y J. W. HELM, D. D. S.

Lime! Lime!

HAVING a superior quality of Limestone, and having adopted a new process of burning we feel satisfied we can accommodate our customers with a good quality of Lime at low prices. Measure guaranteed. Call on or address.

CHAS. E. GOODWIN & BRO.,
fe-27-tf Westminster, Md.

Select Poetry.

WHICH WILL YE CHOOSE?

BY E. C. BURROWS.

Adrift on a golden ocean
With faces turned to the sky,
Rocking with gentle motion,
The poppy blossoms lie.

Red as a blood-washed saber,
Gold as the sun-flower's crest,
Wheat for a sign of labor,
Poppies the emblem of rest.

Softly the senses lulling
Into a dreamless sleep—
Poppies we have for the culling,
Wheat when we sow and resp.

Fair are the poppy blossoms
That flash on the mortal eye—
Sweet are the scarlet pleasures
That dazzle our souls and die.

Pleasure is sweet in the drinking,
Steeped in delight, we forget
That deep in flames are shrinking,
The ashes of vain regret.

Fair are the scarlet flowers,
Yet fairer the golden wheat,
Toil in the springtime hours,
Toil in the autumn sweet.

Trouble in time of sowing,
Trust for a gentle rain,
Tears 'till autumn is showing
The heads of ripened grain.

Which will ye choose, O mortals,
As emblem of every hour—
Wheat with its yellow tassels,
Or the odorless poppy flower?

—CHICAGO INTER OCEAN.

Select Story.

"THE WHITE LADIES."

In later years a bishop lived there and did his best to get the old place called "The Palace," but utterly failed. When he migrated to the imposing structure erected especially for his benefit, the dean took up his abode there, and made violent efforts to get it called "The Deanery," but in vain. "The White Ladies" it always had been, "The White Ladies" it always would be, so long as one stone was left standing upon another.

Life in St. Wulstan's was rather monotonous; the town was a sleepy old place, and its people were at least a century behind their time. Much has been written of the pomp and pride of the high dignitaries whose privilege it is to live within the precincts of a cathedral; but it would puzzle any one to describe properly the haughty exclusiveness of the inner circle of St. Wulstan's.

It so happened that the Misses Seymour—wickedly dubbed by the chorister lads "Faith," "Hope," and "Charity"—were out when the unknown appeared upon the scene. The German governess was the only responsible person left on the premises; and she explained, as well as her imperfect knowledge of English allowed her to do, that the woman who had brought the child was a nurse. The child's parent's were both dead and a friend, who did not wish to come forward, would pay yearly, in advance, the sum of money which the nurse had left for the child's maintenance and education; and a further sum would be sent for her clothes.

The amount was so large that it made "Faith," "Hope," and "Charity" open their eyes in astonishment, although they were accustomed to dealing with large figures.

* * * * * *

Ten years had glided by, during which many changes had taken place at St. Wulstan's. There was a new dean—the old one was Earl of Southernwood—and Miss Cymbriana and Miss Grace were lying beside their father Canon Seymour in the crypt of the Cathedral they loved so well. A large fortune had been left to Miss Rebecca—consequently the school had ceased to exist. The child left so strangely to the care of the sisters had grown into a young girl, apparently about 17 years old and exceedingly beautiful. Every effort had been made to discover the secret of her parentage, but without success. The payment had been regularly made; but no questions had ever been asked, and no information had been vouchsafed regarding her—the only thing known for certain was that she was the most beautiful and the most distinguished-looking girl within the precincts or without.

Dearly had those three dignified but warm-hearted old maids loved their young charge—they would not have parted with her for any consideration; and Miss Rebecca, now all alone, quite dreaded the day when an unknown benefactor should come forward to claim her, and "The White Ladies" should know her no more.

Miss Rebecca, a tall, stern looking woman, bearing quite a remarkable resemblance to her father, the late canon, was seated on the hardest and straightest-backed chair she could find in the breakfast-room, staring straight in front of her at the little iron gate that led into the cloisters.

No romance had ever come into the poor lady's prosaic life, or, if it had, she had kept it to herself. Miss Cymbriana and Miss Grace had each had their romance and all the world knew; but their sad hearts were at rest now.

"Oh, there she is at last!" exclaimed Miss Rebecca, with a sigh of relief, as some one came through the narrow portal in the direction of "The White Ladies;" but the next glance told her that it was not the girl she hoped to see. It was the Countess of Southernwood, who, with the Eearl and their son, Viscount Dormer, had been paying a visit to the present dean.

"Now confess you did not expect me to breakfast!" said the countess gaily, as she sat down at the table and began to help herself to the good things before her with all the freedom of an old friend.

"I certainly did not, but I have been expecting Dora every moment, and I cannot think what detains the child!" Miss Seymour replied in such an anxious tone that her companion looked at her in surprise and said reassuringly:

"Oh, don't worry about her, Rebecca—she's all right! I left her making love in the cloisters!" and her ladyship smiled merrily at the recollection.

Had a thunderbolt fallen at her feet Miss Rebecca could not have looked more astounded.

"Why, I declare you look quite shocked!" exclaimed the countess.

"Then I look what I feel," was the grim reply.

"But why? What is there to be shocked about? I think it a most delightful arrangement; and I know his father will make no objection. I quite thought you would be as charmed as myself. What do you mean?"

"I think it is 'what do you mean?'" said Miss Rebecca very quietly. "I am quite in the dark; I do not even know who the——" "Villain" was the word on the tip of her tongue; but, before she could think of a suitable substitute, the countess interposed—

"Is it possible that you didn't see what was going on for years right under your very eyes when they were boy and girl together?"

"When who were boy and girl together?"

"Those two!"—and her ladyship nodded toward the window.

Miss Rebecca looked mechanically in the direction indicated, and the countess told her husband afterwards, "It was as good as a play to see dear Hope's face!"

"They have come to ask your blessing," said her ladyship rather tremulously. "Don't be unreasonable, dear Rebecca! Remember, you cannot keep the child with you always, and Reginald will make her a very good husband. I dare say they will spend most of their time at Dormistone and 'The White Ladies,' so you won't lose her."

"But they are so young!" Miss Seymour urged, though rather feebly; for in her heart she felt that she could not possibly raise any objection, if the earl and Countess of Southernwood chose to ignore the mystery that surrounded the girl and were willing to receive her into their family.

"Reggie is 24, and Dora must be about 18, or perhaps more," the countess observed triumphantly.

"Ah, that reminds me! What will her guardian say to all this? You see, I haven't the power to——"

"Oh, nonsense! You are her guardian, you have brought her up and what she is you have made her, and Philip and I both think she belongs to you and you are the only person whose consent will be asked. The other is a pretty guardian, whoever he may be, to send the child here in such an underhand way and never even to tell you what her name was!"

"She said it was 'Dora,' you remember, when she came and that she lived 'with papa in London!'"

"Yes, and that is all you know!"

"That is all I know. The money is still sent regularly, and it has been put in the bank for several years—she can have it at any time—and I have made my will, and everything will be hers when I am gone."

"Then Reginald will have a rich wife instead of a poor one—although that will make no difference to us; we shall love her just as well either way."

An hour later the young viscount was standing before Miss Seymour, and saying in a tone of deep emotion—

"You will give her to me, Miss Rebecca? I will take every care of her, and I will make her a good husband, heaven helping me!"

"Yes, I will give her to you, Reggie; and may God bless and keep you both!"

* * * * * *

"Are you quite sure you were not mistaken?"

"Quite sure! I am as positive that the woman I saw in the west corridor at the Deanery last night was the woman that brought me here, as I am that you are Miss Rebecca."

"What did she look like?"

"Like a lady's maid or upper servant. She wore a black silk dress trimmed with bugle lace; she was very tall and her hair was as white as snow; but she had no cap or anything upon her head."

"Why, child, you are dreaming! That is my maid whom you are describing!" said the countess, as she leaned back in her chair, full of astonishment at the assertion Dora had made.

"I do not know what she may be," said Dora very firmly; "but that is the woman who brought me here!"

The two elderly ladies looked at each other in surprise and consternation; neither of them doubted the girl's word for a moment, and the same terrible idea entered both their minds at the same time—that Dora was the child of the earl's scapegrace brother who died so conveniently many years before; that he had been secretly married, and no one but the present earl knew of it; and that he had employed Westfield, who had lived in the family in various capacities all her lifetime and was devoted to him, to dispose of the little girl as she had done that he might succeed to the unentailed estates as well as the other property.

Both ladies thought of all this; and they came to the conclusion that the temptation to set himself "straight" at any cost had been too much for him.

"It's a mercy he didn't kill her!" said Miss Seymour aloud, in a horrified tone that made the poor countess shudder.

"Oh, Rebecca, I cannot believe it!" I do not think Philip could do such a thing! Oh, tell me you don't think it can be true!" the countess pleaded, as she looked beseechingly at her old friend with tears streaming down her still pretty little face.

Dora, being completely in the dark, looked from one to the other in simple astonishment. In a vague sort of way she felt that the earl had done something in connection with herself for which he was greatly blamed; but she had not the most remote idea what that something was. She waited patiently for one or the other to explain; but neither did so—they were so busy with their own reflections that they had quite forgotten her presence until she asked them what was the matter.

There and then Miss Seymour told her while the poor countess could do little more than sob and sigh, wringing her hands and blaming and making excuses for the earl in the same breath.

The girl listened patiently until she heard all, that was to be said; then she quite frightened the countess and Miss Rebecca by her fierce and indignant denunciation of themselves for ever thinking such a thing for a single moment.

"I will never believe it!" she cried indignantly. "I have known him nearly all my lifetime, and I am sure he is too good and noble to dream of doing such a wicked thing; and I am astonished at you both for thinking that he could!"

"I am afraid it is only too true," said Miss Rebecca, in her severest manner. "It is all as clear as daylight; and when I think of many little facts that have come to my knowledge, I can only wonder we did not find it out before."

"I do not think we could have done so Dora, if you had not recognized Westfield as the woman who brought you here," sighed the countess.

"Then I wish I had never seen her!" said Dora; for she would rather have gone down nameless to her grave than bring the slightest trouble upon one who had always been uniformly kind to her, and whom she loved almost as dearly as she did Miss Rebecca herself.

Strangely enough, the young girl worshipped the grim old maid—indeed there was perfect love between them, like the love of a mother and her child.

"We won't say another word about it!" said Dora decisively. "The bells are ringing for service, and we shall be late."

They left the room hastily to make their preparations. In their excitement they had forgotten that they were expected to attend that morning, because the judges were in the town, and would be present in state according to custom.

It was not until her husband was starting for a banquet given by the mayor at the Guildhall in honor of the judges, one of whom was a native of the town and had been a "king's scholar" in his younger days, that the countess found herself alone with him for a few minutes.

"Well, little woman," he said affectionately, "what's the matter? You seem quite out of sorts! Has all this been too much for you?"

"Oh, no—it isn't that."

"Then what is it?" and he put his arms round her neck and kissed her as fondly as he had ever done.

They had been married many a year; they were both gray-headed now, but they were lovers still. Many a storm they had braved together; but they had weathered them all, and no cloud had hitherto come between them.

"Oh, Philip," she exclaimed entreatingly, "tell me it is not true."

"Tell you what is not true?" he asked, in a tone of surprises.

"Oh, dear, oh, dear, what shall I do? Oh, I wish Rebecca and I had never found it out!" she sobbed incoherently as her head sank upon his breast.

"Tell me what you have found out, Nancy," he said very gently, "and what you want me to say is not true?"

"We have found out all about Dora," she managed to gasp at length; "and," she continued, with the strange inconsistency of a woman, "I want you to say that it is all false, and that you did not send her by Westfield to 'The White Ladies.'"

"I cannot do that," he replied gravely.

"Why not?"

"Because it is quite true—I did send her."

His wife looked at him piteously; but she could not speak—she could only cling to him the closer and vow to herself that she would do so though the world turned its back upon him when his crime was known.

"I cannot imagine how you found it out," said the earl musingly, scarcely heeding his wife's agitation; "because it was managed with very great care. I do not remember neglecting a single precaution; and I knew I could rely upon Westfield. I am, however, very glad you and Rebecca know, although I expect it has dragged her pride down into the very dust. Tell her that I will call to-morrow and explain everything, and that I am very sorry for her; but it can't be helped, and she had better make the best of it."

It was late on the night of the banquet when the Earl of Southernwood, finding, upon his return to the Deanery, that his son and wife were still at "The White Ladies," determined to join them there.

"I may as well get it over and have done with it," he said to himself, as he started on his way; "besides, I shall know what Rebecca meant by that extraordinary speech of hers."

He could not help noticing that Miss Rebecca's greeting was exceedingly frigid; but the others gathered around him with undisguised pleasure, and his little wife took up her station at his side as though she would protect him from all his assailants, whoever they might be.

"I have been looking at your mother's grave, Dora," said the earl, glancing at her very kindly as he spoke. "As I came through the cloisters the moon was shining full upon it, and I could see the initials 'M. S.' and the date upon the cross as plainly as possible."

"Why, that is old Smith's daughter's grave!" his wife exclaimed in astonishment before any one else could utter a word.

"Yes—and Dora's mother. But I thought you knew all about it?" he said, looking from one to another in surprise.

"We only know who my father was," exclaimed Dora very gently, "and that you sent me here by your old servant."

The earl nodded acquiescense; but the look of surprise on his face only deepened.

"Dora is quite right," said Miss Seymour, who noticed the look and interpreted it in her own way, "and I must say that I am astonished that a man in her father's high social position should have so far forgotten himself as to marry a beadsman's daughter."

"So am I," observed the countess, "but, if you remember, she was very pretty."

"I do not remember; I believe she lived with us as under-housemaid, and left somewhat suddenly—that is all I know about her," Miss Seymour replied haughtily, as though she would have said: "How can a canon's daughter be supposed to know anything of her inferior servants?"

"She was undoubtedly a very pretty woman," said the earl—"pretty enough to turn a wiser man's head, and he was simply infatuated while she lived; but, from what he told me on his death-bed, he bitterly regretted the step he had taken; and, when he told me his secret and committed his child to my care, he made me promise solemnly that I never would disclose who her parents were to any human being. I never have; and I cannot imagine how you made the discovery"—looking interrogatively from one to another. But, as no one seemed disposed to enlighten him, he went on with his explanation, addressing Miss Seymour more particularly than the others. "Of course you knew how very much I was involved about that time; but I do not suppose you ever guessed to what frightful extent, and that I should have come to grief over and over again if it had not been for him. At various times he lent me large sums of money, which I contrived to pay back somehow; but I have always felt I was under great obligations to him, and I have endeavored to discharge my debt by keeping his secret faithfully and doing the best I could for his child."

"Even if he were ashamed of his low marriage and you promised to conceal Dora's parentage from the world at large I do not see that that excuses you keeping her estates from her."

"Ah, that reminds me! What estates do you mean?"

"Hers," was the laconic reply.

"I am utterly at a loss to understand what you mean! She has no estates!" declared the earl emphatically. "I kept his secret at his own most urgent request, and to spare you and poor Cymbriana and Grace."

"Why to spare us, pray?"

"Because I knew what a dreadful blow it would be to your pride, and how cruel it would be—to them especially."

"Why to them more than to me?"

"Because it is a notorious fact that their father broke their hearts and completely spoilt their lives by refusing to allow them to marry the men of their choice."

"All the same, I do not see what that has to do with your brother's disgracing himself and everybody in connection with him by marrying a beadsman's daughter!"

The Earl of Southernwood looked at Miss Rebecca in amazement. At first he thought she had suddenly gone mad; the next moment the meaning of her words dawned upon him, and he saw at a glance the strange and, to him, unaccountable mistake she had made.

"I am afraid, dear Rebecca, there is some misunderstanding, as neither of my brothers was ever married," he replied, in a gentle, almost compassionate tone.

It was Miss Seymour's turn to look at him in astonishment. Something in the expression she saw on his face—perhaps it was the unmistakable pity that shone in the fearless eyes that met hers so unflinching—told her the truth—a terrible truth to her proud nature—one she could never have suspected in the wildest flight of her imagination.

"Tell me," she said, with the calmness of despair, "who was it that married the beadsman's daughter?"

"Your own father—Canon Seymour! Dora is his child; and I sent her here because I knew the large sums I was enabled to pay for her in consequence of my brother's death would be a great help to you just then, and I thought her own sisters were the proper persons to bring her up."

Poor Rebecca listened like one in a dream until the earl had finished speaking, then, without a word or even a sigh, sank senseless at his feet.

* * * * * *

So, after all, it was not Viscount Dormer, the scapegrace brother of the popular Earl of Southernwood, but John Seymour, D. D., canon and subdean of the cathedral of good St. Wulstan's, one of the haughtiest prelates that ever drew breath, who "disgraced himself and everybody in connection with him by marrying a beadsman's daughter"—his own under-housemaid!

It was a cruel blow to poor Rebecca. Whatever she felt, she made no sign; neither by word nor by deed did she ever allude to the subject again; and, although she loved her young sister dearly, she never acknowledged the relationship, not even when Dora became a viscountess; and those who knew Miss Rebecca best were doubtful as to whether she ever quite forgave the girl for the circumstances in which she made her appearance at "THE WHITE LADIES."

Some Ages.

The doctor's age—Pillage.
The lover's age—Marriage.
The infant's age—Cribbage.
The lawyer's age—Damage.
The broker's age—Bondage.
The butcher's age—Sausage.
The cashier's age—Shortage.
The cabman's age—Cabbage.
The plumber's age—Leakage.
The deadhead's age—Passage.
The collector's age—Dunnage.
The musician's age—Windage.
The minister's age—Parsonage.
The coal dealer's age—Tonnage.

A Chicken's Devotion.

Stories of dogs whose devotion to their masters was so great that they abandoned themselves to starvation after their master's death are not rare, but few would have expected a chicken to prove capable of such an attachment. But the more animals, in general, are studied, the clearer it becomes that even the humblest of them have capacities like our own.

A correspondent of *La Nature* a French scientific journal, relates that his young brother had made a pet of a chicken of the Houdan variety. Every morning, in coming out of the house, the young man brought with him a handful of crumbs, or of grain, or of something else that chickens like, and little by little his Houdan pet acquired the habit of following him about the place.

In a grove near the house there was a bench. When the young man reached this bench he invariably seated himself, and the fowl, jumping up by his side, picked the food from his hand, and was petted by being stroked on the head and back.

This had gone on for quite a long time when the young man left home to go to college. For the first day or two the chicken seemed not to be inconsolable over the loss of its friend, but took its food with the rest.

After a few days, however, the fowl seemed to become aware that its friend was not coming back, and it was seized all at once with an unconquerable melancholy. It lingered morning after morning under the windows of the house as if waiting for its master to come out.

Finally it betook itself to the bench where its master had been accustomed to feed it, and there remained, its head under its wing, almost motionless, day and night. It was useless to try to tempt it with food; the chicken refused to look up when the most tempting handfuls of grain or dough were thrown down before it. Its eyelids were closed, and its intention to die of hunger was so evident that it was deemed merciful to kill it.

The Man in the Moon.

Most persons are under the impression that this familiar expression refers only to the faint appearance of a face which the moon presents when full. But those better acquainted with folk-lore are aware that the object referred to under the name of the Man in the Moon is a dusky resemblance to a human figure which appears on the western side of the luminary when eight days old. The figure is something like that of a man in the act of climbing, and carrying a thorn-bush upon his back. There is a detached object before him which looks something like a dog. Among various nations it is a popular notion that this figure is the man referred to in the book of Numbers as having been detected by the children of Israel in the wilderness in the act of gathering sticks on the Sabbath-day, and whom the Lord directed to be stoned to death without the camp. Our poets make clear to us how old is this notion. When moonshine is to be represented in Pyramus and Thisbe (Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream"), Quince gives due directions as follows: "One must come in with a bush of thorns and a lantern, and say he comes in to disfigure, or to present, the person of moonshine." This order is realized: "All I have to say," concludes the performer of this part, "is to tell you that the lantern is the moon; I the man in the moon; this thorn-bush my thorn-bush; and this dog my dog!" Chaucer thus adverts to the Man in the Moon:

On her brest a chorle painted ful even,
Bearing a bush of thorns on his backe,
Which for his theft might clime so ner the heaven.

Dante, in his "Inferno," makes a reference to the Man in the Moon, but calls him Cain, a variation from the popular English idea.

Sunday School Statistics.

The latest table of statistics for Sunday Schools in the United States shows that there are in all 101,824 Sunday Schools, with 8,345,431 scholars and 1,100,104 teachers, making a total 9,445,535 in the Sunday schools of the country. Pennsylvania continues to be the banner State in the number of schools—8,729—though New York has more scholars. Pennsylvania has 964,699; New York, 979,415. Among the States, Louisiana seems to stand at the foot. It has only 522 schools and 32,617 scholars. The little State of Rhode Island exceeds it in its scholars by about 12,000. Of the cities, Philadelphia is in the lead, with 616 schools and 178,865 scholars. New York comes next with 600 schools and 172,000 scholars. Brooklyn, the city of churches, has 263 schools and 97,083 scholars, easily holding the third place.

Work That Pays.

J. B. Pike, in *Rural New Yorker*, says: It pays to cook food. I do so for hogs, calves, and milch cows. I cook corn, oats, rye, barley, corn fodder, potatoes, and, in fact, all kinds of grain and roots. I find I can put on as much flesh with one bushel—32 quarts—of cooked corn as I can with 50 quarts of raw corn. I also tested cooking for a single cow, and having cooked four pounds of corn and oats ground together per day, got an increase of 16 per cent. in the milk, and of 10 per cent. in the cream or butter. The cow was fed and watered the same as usual in every way except that the grain was cooked. I also tested it on my driving horse, and found that he could do the same work on eight pounds of cooked corn and oats that he did on 12 pounds of raw, and he looked and felt better. I fed him the same number of pounds of hay in each case. For cooking I use a small feed steamer when I have to feed five hogs and upwards; and for a smaller number I cook sometimes on the stove, and sometimes with the steamer. I cook every day in summer as well as in winter, if I am feeding not less than one bushel per day, and if I am feeding less than I cook every other day.

I can not make it pay me to cook for one single cow or hog. In such a case I would cook on the kitchen stove; but I would run the steamer at a profit in cooking feed for five cows, or five hogs or four horses.

I claim that it pays me from 20 to 40 per cent. to cook roots, the profit depending on the kinds of stock I am feeding. One bushel of steamed potatoes I value more highly than I do one bushel of raw corn for young pigs or calves. I used not to have time to cook; but according to my experience during the last four years, if I have not the time, it would pay me to hire some one to do it for me for a lot of 20 or 25 hogs. I want my stock fed just at the same time each day. I usually feed night and morning as regularly as it can be done. One of my neighbors put 52 pounds of flesh and fat on a 250 pounds hog in 30 days on cooked corn, and 30 pounds on one fed on raw corn. In all my experience I have not known a single farmer who makes a success of his business who does not own that it pays him to cook grain for his hogs if he has once tried it. In cooking with a dry steamer all that is needed is to put in four or five pails of water and build the fire, and put the feed into the barrel or tank. I usually do it after feeding in the evening, and it is all ready to feed in the morning, and it pays me from 20 to 33 per cent. to do it.

Girls, Learn to be Housekeepers.

Begin with your own possessions. Reform your upper bureau drawer; relieve your closet pegs of their accumulations of garments out of use a month or two ago. Institute a clear and careful order in the midst of which you can daily move, and learn to keep it so that it will be a part of your toilet to dress your own room and its arrangements while you dress yourself, leaving the draperies you take off as lightly and artistically hung, or as delicately folded and placed, as the skirts you loop carefully to wear or the ribbon and lace you put with a soft neatness about your throat. Cherish your instincts of taste and fitness in every little thing you have about you. This will not make you "fussy;" it is the other thing that does that—not knowing, except by fidgety experiment, what is harmony and the intangible grace of relation.

Take upon yourself gradually—for the sake of getting them in hand in like manner, if for no other need—all the cares that belong to your own small territory of home. Have your little wash-cloths, and your sponges for bits of cleaning; your furniture-brush, and your leather duster, and your light little broom, and your whisk and pan; your bottle of sweet-oil and spirits of turpentine and piece of flannel, to preserve the polish or restore the gloss where dark wood grows dim or gets spotted. Find out, by following your surely growing sense of thoroughness and niceness, the best and readiest ways of keeping all fresh about you. Invent your own processes; they will come to you. When you have made yourself wholly mistress of what you can learn and do in your own apartment, so that it is easier and more natural for you to do it than to let it alone, then you have learned to keep a whole house, so far as its cleanly ordering is concerned.

A Musical Mouse.

A singing mouse has domesticated itself in a hardware store at Barnesville, Ohio, and is attracting a great deal of attention. The little fellow is a remarkably talented songster, and his trills and warblings would rival those of a canary, while he also possesses much of the imitative genius of the mocking-bird, in that he often breaks out in the full, round notes of many of our song-birds. The rodent prodigy of song keeps up an almost constant warbling or trilling, and is having a large number of people to hear him, who wonder at his strange and wonderful accomplishments.

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