LOOK OUT FOR THE BIG SHOW

S. F. GIVENS'

EUROPEAN SHOW!

WONDERFUL

WILD WEST

AND ASTONISHING

TRAINED ANIMAL

EXHIBITION

WILL EXHIBIT AT

WESTMINSTER,

—ON—

THURSDAY, MAY 8, 1890,

In all its Mighty Amplitudinousness.

Balloon Ascensions

—AND—

Parachute Descents

EVERY DAY.

GREAT RING SHOW

BY EUROPEAN ARTISTS.

Tumblers, Le pers & Aerial Artists

A School of Trained Animals

From all quarters of the Globe.

A GREAT

WILD WEST SHOW

With many added European Attractions.

European Artists!

Wild West Wonders!

Admission, - - 25 Cents.

2 -- Performances Daily! -- 2

One at 2 and one at 7, P. M.

Come Early and see the Grand Free Balloon Ascension.

☞Recollect Day and Date.

PROCLAMATION.

The State of Maryland,
Carroll County, to-wit:

To the People of the Fifth Election District of Carroll county, known as Freedom District, Greeting:

Know ye, that in pursuance of an Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed January session, eighteen hundred and ninety, and approved by the Governor on the 31st day of March, 1890, entitled,

"AN ACT to enable the qualified voters of the Fifth Election District of Carroll county, known as Freedom District, to determine by ballot whether or not spirituous, fermented or alcoholic liquors or bitters shall be sold in said election district," an election was duly held on Tuesday, the 15th day of April, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety, in said district; at which said election ballots were received having thereon as prescribed by the said Act, the words: "For the sale of spirituous, fermented or alcoholic liquors or bitters," or the the words "Against the sale of spirituous, fermented or alcoholic liquors or bitters," respectively; and whereas the Judges of said election having made a return of the votes so cast to the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Carroll County, it is by the said Act made my duty immediately to make proclamation of the result of said election:

Now, therefore, I, William N. Martin, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Carroll County, do hereby, as by the said Act commanded, issue this my proclamation declaring and making known unto the people of said district, that by the returns so as aforesaid made to me by the said Judges of Election, it duly appears that at the said election, held as aforesaid, there were cast three hundred and eighty-six ballots having thereon the words, "Against the sale of spirituous, fermented or alcoholic liquors or bitters," and two hundred and seventy ballots having thereon the words, "For the sale of spirituous, fermented or alcoholic liquors or bitters," and accordingly it is found by the said returns, and hereby declared and made known, that a majority of the votes at said election in said district has been cast "Against the sale of spirituous, fermented or alcoholic liquors or bitters."

Given under my hand and official seal this 17th day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety.

L.S. WM. N. MARTIN,
Clerk of the Circuit Court for Carroll County.

True copy—Test:
apr-19-3t WM. N. MARTIN, Clerk.

NO. 2837 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County in Equity.

Charles T. Reifsnider, Mortgagee, vs. Franklin A. Stirling, Mortgagor.

ORDERED this 22d day of April, A. D., 1890, that the sale of the mortgaged property made and reported in the above entitled cause by Charles T. Reifsnider, Mortgagee, under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from Franklin A. Stirling to him, bearing date on the 16th day of January, A. D., 1886, and recorded among the Real Estate Mortgage Records of Carroll county in Liber G. A. M., No. 23, folio 179, &c., and also in Liber J. W. S., No. 119, folio 21, &c., one of the Mortgage Records of Baltimore county, be finally ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 27th day of May next: provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper published in Carroll county, Maryland, once a week for three successive weeks, previous to the 19th day of May next.

The report states the amount of sale to be $3000.

WM. N. MARTIN, Clerk.

True Copy—Test:
apr-26-3t WM. N. MARTIN, Clerk.

For Sale.

THREE Top Spring Wagons, 4 no top Spring Wagons, suitable for milk wagons; 1 Dayton Wagon, 2 one-horse Wagons, 1 three-horse narrowtread Wagon, thimble skein; 1 light two-horse Wagon, 3 Carts.

EDWIN SHIPLEY,
East Main St., Westminster, Md.
ap-19-3t

SALE BILLS, and all kinds of Job Printing done at this office, on reasonable terms.

AMERICAN SENTINEL.

VOL. 58, NO. 18. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 3, 1890. ESTABLISHED 1833.

Select Poetry.

SPRING SONG.

The swift is wheeling and gleaming,
The brook is brown in its bed,
Rain from the cloud is streaming,
And the bow bends overhead,
The charm of the winter is broken!
The last of the spell is said!

The eel in the pond is quickening,
The grayling leaps in the stream;
What if the clouds are thickening?
See how the meadows gleam!
The spell of the winter is shaken!
The world awakes from a dream!

The fir puts out green fingers,
The pear tree softly blows,
The rose in her dark bower lingers,
But her curtains will soon unclose:
The lilac will shake her ringlets
Over the blush of the rose.

The swift is wheeling and gleaming,
The woods are beginning to ring,
Rain from the clod is streaming:
There, where bow doth cling,
Summer is smiling afar off,
Over the shoulder of Spring!

Select Story.

SLOW AND SURE.

James Lingard, an old and solid city merchant had in his employ two nephews, who had every opportunity of studying in the counting-room the secret of a successful business career. These were John Warren and Stephen Grey. Both had attained the age of 25 the same year, and both on the first of May were summoned into Mr. Lingard's presence. He thus addressed them:

"You have been in my employ eight years; you know how my business is conducted, and I consider you competent to manage a business of your own. Though I should be glad to retain you longer as clerks, I will not stand in the way of your advancement. I have placed to the credit of each of you, at my bankers, the sum £5,000. This will supply you with a sufficient basis for embarking in business. With economy in your personal expenses, and prudent and judicious management, you will succeed. Success to you!"

This was a long speech for the old merchant, yet after a moment's pause he added:

"I have one thing more to say. This is all I propose to do for you. You have five times the capital I started with, and with it you must sink or swim. You have my best hopes and wishes, but need look for no further pecuniary aid."

His nephews thanked him heartily and at once took measures to go into business. John Warren secured a moderate rent, and determined to do business on a cash basis, contenting himself with such a stock as his own capital would buy. He made his purchases judiciously, and overlooked every detail of his business personally.

Stephen Grey had larger ideas. He hired a shop at three times the rent, pushed his credit to the utmost, and made a great show at the outset.

Both young men were engaged, and both soon married. Here, again, a difference was manifested.

John Warren hired a small, neat cottage just out of London, and furnished it in a cheap, inexpensive manner. One servant only was employed, who together with a boy to run errands, was found sufficient for a small establishment. But Stephen Grey turned up his nose at the cottage, and hired a city house at four times the rent, which, of course, required more servants and a larger scale of expenditure.

"I'm not going to live like a pauper," he said, loftily.

"But can you afford such a house, Stephen?" asked his cousin.

"My business profits will be much larger than yours," he answered. "I begin where you will be five years hence."

"Perhaps so," said John, shrewdly, "but where will you be then?"

"Don't fear for me," said Stephen, confidently; "I'm asha med of you for not showing more enterprise. You've immured yourself in an obscure shop, where you will do next to no business."

"I don't know about that. I'd rather be slow and sure. "It's better to hug the shore than get wrecked in mid-ocean."

"Perhaps so, but I know I'm on the way to fortune. Ten years from now I shall have turned my five thousand pounds into a hundred, while you may possibly have fifteen."

"I see that you are not to be convinced."

"Nor you, I suppose."

"No; my motto is, slow and sure.'

"And mine, nothing venture, nothing have."

"Well, the future can alone decide which of us is right."

So the two cousins separated.

I am bound to confess, though my own feeling is that John was right, that circumstances seemed to justify Stephen in his course. It so happened that the particular classes of goods of which he had bought so largely, rose rapidly, owing to a state of things which needn't be explained, and as his stock was large, his profits were also very large. Indeed, notwithstanding his personal expenses were three times as great as his cousin's, his balance sheet showed, at the end of the year, a clear profit of £5,000. In other words, he had doubled his capital, and was now worth £10,000. John had profited too, by the rise, but on account of the more limited extent of his business, his capital advanced to but £6,000. But with this he was well pleased, and counted himself fortunate.

"How about our different matters?" said Stephen one day about this time, in rather an exulting tone, to his cousin.

"I have no reason to complain of mine," said John, "It has served me well."

"But not as well as mine."

"It is hardly time to feel sure of that yet," said John.

"I don't agree with you. I shall keep on as I have begun. Indeed, I shall extend my operations. I am in treaty for a larger store, and—"

"For a larger store?" exclaimed John, surprised.

"Yes; it may suit you to poke along at a snail's pace, but I boast a little more enterprise."

"You can't expect things will always be as favorable as they have been this last year."

"We must take things as they come, of course, but when the sun shines, it's the time to make hay."

"I hope you will make plenty of it, and be ready for a shower, if that should come."

"Trust me for that. I know what I'm about. You'd better follow my example,"

"How, move into a larger store?"

"Yes; take this one which I am about to leave."

John shook his head.

"It is too large for me," he said. I am not yet ready to enlarge my operations beyond my present limit.

"Well it's good advice I'm giving you whether you take it or not."

"I've no doubt that you think so, Stephen. I hope you will meet with no reverse to shake your faith in your motto."

So the two cousins again separated, and each continued to do business in his own way. Not only did Stephen increase his business expenses by occupying a store at a higher rent, requiring an additional number of clerks; but he also moved into a larger house and set up a carriage.

But circumstances still favored Stephen. The rise in prices continued, though not to as great an extent and his stock being larger he cleared another five thousand pounds. He began to think of himself as destined to be lucky, and in no danger of any reverses. But at the end of the third year which was less favorable, he barely held his own. Still he was worth fifteen thousand pounds. The tide had turned and he should have taken in sail. But this he saw no necessity for doing. So for two years longer he kept on his way. In that time goods fell very considerably. His stock was very large, and his losses also very large. His property had shrunk to eight thousand dollars, while John's had increased to nine thousand, and he was now the richer of the two. John now felt authorized in renting a somewhat larger shop while Stephen remained in his own.

I shall not be able, nor would it be interesting to detail the varying fortunes of the succeeding years. Suffice it to say, that at the end of ten years John was worth fifteen thousand pounds, and was carrying on a safe and profitable business. Stephen found himself at a point where failure was inevitable unless he could obtain the immediate use of ten thousand pounds. His personal extravagance and ill judged expansion may account for this.

In this dilemma he bethought himself of his uncle. He made his way to the well known counting room, and was shown into Mr. Lingard's private room.

"I hope everything is going well, Stephen," said the merchant.

"Oh yes," said Stephen, "that is well. "But, to tell the truth I'm in a tight place just at present."

"Indeed, I'm sorry to hear it."

"You see my operations are pretty large, and I am afraid I shall have to suspend unless I can raise ten thousand pounds within a week."

"That's a large sum."

"Well, my business is large."

"What do you estimate your stock at?"

"Twenty thousand pounds."

"Will ten thousand pounds set you free entirely?"

"No," said Stephen reluctantly. "I have bills to the amount of eight thousand more maturing in six months."

"Deducting the proper margin, it is doubtful if your assets equal your liabilities."

"A loan of ten thousand pounds would give me a chance to right myself. Will you come to my help Mr. Lingard?"

The old gentleman shook his head.

"Frankly, no. I resolved when I started you in business to leave you to yourself without further help. Observing how you started, I foresaw how things would turn out. You have held out longer than I anticipated."

"Then what am I to do, sir?" asked Stephen, gloomily.

"I advise you to call your creditors and make a frank statement. If they allow you to go on, contract your operations, take a smaller store, and begin over again. If you prefer, however, I will give you a clerkship at five hundred pounds salary. I presume my partner will not object."

"Your partner, sir? Have you taken one?"

"Yes, I find I am getting old and need rest."

"May I ask who he is?"

"It is John Warren."

Stephen sprang to his feet in amazement, anger and envy. John Warren to be placed so far above his head!

"Why is this?" he asked in an unsteady voice.

"It is because John Warren is a good, reliable business man. Had you shown the same good judgment, sagacity and moderation I should have taken you also in partnership, but I tell you frankly, I cannot trust my business in your hands."

Stephen left the office abruptly, angry and mortified. He was glad eventually to accept the clerkship, being utterly wrecked in business, John Warren is at this time, his uncle being deceased, the head of the great firm, and a very rich man.

Stephen is a disappointed man, but he has only himself to thank for it.

THE DEACON'S DAUGHTER.

Deacon Roberts was very uneasy in his mind as to whether he was doing quite right in allowing Philip Condie to call on his daughter Josie.

Nobody in town seemed to know anything about the young man, and he never spoke of his home or family himself, so it was plain he had done something wrong.

Now, young Bryan was the man the deacon favored. He had plenty of money, and though somewhat of a stranger, too, in Craddock, everybody knew that he came from Minnesota, where he was said to own a good deal of property.

The deacon did not want to send Condie about his business in a hurry because Josie seemed to have taken such a fancy to the young man, but when the two went out strolling together that evening he turned angrily to his wife.

"What d'you mean," he demanded, "by encouraging this nonsense? It's got to be stopped, I tell you. The gal knows what's wanted of her, and she might as well make up her mind to it. I'm going to settle it with her to-night."

Poor Mrs. Roberts knew what he meant, and her heart sank a little. She admitted Bryan's smooth manners; she shared the common respect which his enviable position inspired; she considered him, on the whole, a superior being. But she was well aware of Josie's dislike for him, and her heart was full of pity for the girl.

That charming person was standing outside in the twilight, looking up rather soberly into the face that was bending above her own. Condie had drawn her arm through his own with an air of proprietorship.

"Well!" he said smilingly.

"Well!" she repeated, with something like reproach in her voice. "It strikes me, really, that you are remarkably cool."

"I ought to be," he responded good humoredly. "Coolness is a part of my profession at present."

"But you don't understand," said Josie, anxiously. "Father was speaking to Mr. Bryan to-night; I saw him. Well, what can I do? What am I against them? I shall probably end by marrying him," she concluded desperately.

But when she went into the house, some half an hour later, her face was quite untroubled. He had explained nothing; he was as much a mystery as ever; but somehow he had scattered her fears to the winds. He had bidden her wait, and wait she would.

Her father was sitting in his favorite place by the kitchen stove. He rose as she entered.

"Bryan was speaking to me," he began, rather nervously. "He says—"

His daughter paused.

"I know what he says," she said quietly; "but I shall not marry him, father: you may tell him that."

She went up the kitchen stairway, shutting the door behind her.

The deacon was extremely nervous. He had spent the day in wandering from the house to the barn, and from the barn to the orchard, and from the orchard back to the house. He had taken his old gun down from its shelf, and gone into the little strip of woods beck of the farm—a thing he had not done for years; but he had forgotten to load it, and he had wandered back presently. He had gone down to the mill with a half dollar he did not owe, in uneasy hopes of seeing the owner, for what—he did not know; but the mill had not been open. That was unusal, since Bryan's energetic reign had begun, and the deacon's nervousness had increased.

He sat on the kitchen porch with his pipe in his mouth, while the darkness gathered in again. He could hear the clatter of the supper dishes and Josie's light step.

He had not spoken to her that day; he had made no attempt to do so. He had gone to bed wrathfully the night before, fully determined to fulfill his promise to Bryan at the first chance.

He listened apprehensively for the click of the garden gate. Nothing was as he had promised. What should he say to him?

He took his pipe from his mouth, and moved in his chair in an agitated way, when he heard it at last. A white figure flew past him, down the steps and toward the gate. It was not Bryan, then. The deacon drew a sigh of relief.

They came up the walk together, and sat down on the steps below him. Condie took off his hat and lit a cigar, and addressed himself to the deacon with his usual bright volubility.

He was in a particularly happy mood. He talked away charmingly, and laughed with a contagious gayety. He made bantering remarks to Josie, he appealed to the deacon, he talked pleasantly to Mrs. Roberts, who had joined them with her rocking chair.

But the deacon could not bear his suspense any longer.

"I—was expecting Bryan," he said, at last, rising nervously.

Condie knocked the ashes off his cigar leisurely as he observed,—

"I hardly think he will come."

The deacon sat down.

"How d'you know?" he said, and there was a shade of relief in his voice.

"Well, the fact is," responded Condie, in a matter-of-fact way, "he is out of town."

"What for?" said the deacon, rather sharply.

"Well, it's a long story," said Condie, composedly, "but I'll condense it. About two years ago he went to Europe with two hundred thousand dollars which didn't belong to him—he was cashier in a bank—and I sent him back with it; some friends of mine going with him. It was quite in my line."

There was a solemn pause.

"Bryan," said the deacon at last, in a used-up way, "Bryan, good heavens!"

"Be you," said Mrs. Roberts, peering at Condie in the darkness, "be you one o' them critters—what do you call 'em, p'licemen?"

Condie laughed.

"My father is president of the bank," he said. "I was abroad at the time; I probably crossed the fellow on his way over, coming home. Well, I found a clew—a very slight one; but I have worked it out, you see. I am undoubtedly glad," he added. He had taken Josie's hand under cover of the darkness. "He gave me a message for you—Bryan isn't his name, by the way," continued Condie. "He wanted me to tell you that circumstances would prevent his marrying immediately, and that he would leave the game to me—those were his words."

"Well," said the deacon, in a dazed sort of a way, "well, I reckon you're capable of playing it out."

At a meeting of the Royal Botanic Society recently a number of dried specimens of hygrometric club moss from Mexico was shown. It was said that these plants had the power ascribed to the rose of Jericho, of rolling themselves up like a ball when dry, and becoming apperently dead; but they were able to unfold and grow again when exposed to moisture.

The largest tree in the world is reported to have been recently found in California, measuring 176 feet in circumference at a distance of six feet from the ground. This would give a diameter of about 60 feet at that point.

A model wife is one who thinks her husband knows more than her kin.

The Pegu Jar Trap.

Rats may readily be induced to jump or drop into any receptacle, especially as it affords them adequate concealment, and they do this without one lingering suspicion of their inability to reach the only existing outlet when the time for retreat approaches. Thus traps on this principle may readily be designed, and are obviously preferable to our rat-traps where the vermin are numerous. This method was thus explained by our correspondent, who spoke of the trap as being "most successfully used in Burmah, where the rats are a perfect pest. This jar trap was set for three nights. On the first occasion I saw seventy-two rats turned out. On the second night only nine rats were caught on the third night not one was caught. The trap was then put away for some weeks, when it was again successfully used, but I am unable to say to what extent it then succeeded. The common Pegu jar I used was about 1½ or 2 feet deep and 14 or 15 inches broad, and a hole was punched in the shoulder just large enough for a rat to enter. There was about six or seven inches of paddy (rice in husk) in the jar, which was then buried to within about eight inches of the top. The mouth of the jar was then closed with a board and a stone. A quantity of old timber joists and straw were in the out-house, and no end of rat-holes everywhere around.

"I incline to the opinion that my blue-legged Burmese servant very 'judiciously' punched the hole with an old nail and a hammer, for, though it was by no means regular or quite round (it seemed at first sight too small), it just admitted a hungry rat. I do not think the rats, after they had eaten all the grain, could have gotten through the hole, they seemed so filled out; otherwise, with such a lot in the jar, some could have got to the hole and pulled through, I imagine. A moving mass of frightened, screaming rats is a bad 'taking off' for a jump, I admit, but an old fellow now and then might have hit the hole. I doubt if he could, however, have got through." It is important, however, in traps of this kind, to see that the inside of the vessel is so smooth as to afford no foothold for the rats, or they will readily escape by climbing the sides.

Cooling Room.

There is more attention being given to the construction of cooling rooms where the temperature can be maintained at a proper degree for the preservation of dairy products and fruits. We have frequent inquiries about the construction of such rooms. In most sections of the country there will be a scarcity of ice next summer. No ice has been made in many sections, and all that we shall have will come from the north. A room can be so constructed that it will serve for the preservation of both dairy products and fruits, and that will keep the temperature at a low degree in summer and at a comparatively high degree in winter. When the house or room is constructed for ice an apartment is made above the room for the storing of the ice. That is the principle that applies to the cooling room when ice is used. The sides of the cooler are made so they will not conduct heat, and an apartment above holds the ice.

Whether ice is used or not—of course it should be when at all practicable—the construction of the room is the same. It is to be made with double walls with a space between of from six inches to a foot, and this filled with some non-heat-conducting material. The roof ought to be double also: so should the doors and so should the bottom. Following these directions, we shall get a room that will be pretty cool in summer even without ice, and pretty warm in winter. If the structure can be erected on the north side of a building so much the better.

Inferior articles should never be shipped to market. In fact, inferior crops should not be grown if it is possible to produce something better. When the market is well supplied it is only after articles of the best quality are sold that demand is created for those that are inferor, and the slow sale causes loss of quality from delay. It saves transportation expenses and labor to keep inferior articles out of the market altogether.

It is nonsense to suppose that the farmer does not need to know anything more than other farmers can tell him at the institutes. He needs much that professional men and scientists can tell him. They are the ones that have thrown light on the farming interest; but none of them can tell all he knows or much of any value in fifteen minutes.

Standard Oil Methods.

The Standard Oil Company is another illustration showing the modern facilities of gigantic combinations. The company began in a partnership, during the early days of the civil war, between Samuel Andrews and John Rockefeller. Andrews had invented a new process by which a greater percentage of kerosene was extracted from petroleum than had been possible under the old method, and by virtue of this advantage the company soon became prosperous. In time, as it gained strength, it absorbed some rival companies, crushed others, and finally stood at the head of the business. Then it extended its operations still further. It ran its own acid-works and glue factories, made its own barrels, and controlled the disposition of kerosene through the country. Not satisfied with this, it began to exercise a control over the railroads, which finally enabled it to crush out all effective opposition. Vanderbilt once said that there was but one man in the country who could dictate to him, and that was Rockefeller. The Pennsylvania railroad entered into a written contract with the Standard Oil Company, by which it agreed to charge double rates for all oil hauled by other shippers. When this contract was exposed in the courts a new agreement was made by which the Standard Company was allowed a rebate not only on the oil shipped by it, but on all oil carried over the railroads. During 1878 rebates to the amount of $6,060,840 were paid to the company, and for the seventeen months ending March 31, 1879, the rebates amounted to $10,151,218. Similar secret agreements were entered into with the New York Central, the Erie and the Atlantic and Great Western roads. A barrel of oil weighing 390 pounds was carried 400 miles and the empty cars returned for 80 cents, while a 90-pound can of milk was carried 60 miles for 45 cents. On one occasion an opposition oil company had 10,000 barrels of oil carried by pipe line to the side of the Erie track, the company having agreed to ship the oil, but an agent of the Standard Company appeared on the scene, stopped the shipment, and the oil was still waiting to be shipped when the matter was investigated in the New York courts some months later. This was but another illustration of another method by which the Standard Oil Company used its influence over the railroads to crush out its rivals. It compelled the railroad companies to refuse to ship oil for other producers, and when complaint was made to President Scott, of the Pennsylvania railroad, he said that all he could do was to ask the Standard Company to allow him to carry the oil over his own road. The passage of the interstate commerce act has put an end to this despotism over the railroad companies, but the facts indicate the unlimited power of this trust. By the exercise of this absolute despotism the Standard Oil Company was enabled to crush out all effective opposition. Now its power is not less—it is merely turned into other directions.

Explanatory.

We extract the following from the last issue of the *Arizona Kicker* which came out on a half-sheet:

We owe our readers an apology for the half-sheet we were obliged to issue this week. Monday morning, as we entered the postoffice after our mail, which, by the way, is five times as large as that of any other establishment in Arizona. Mr. Wanamaker's man Friday, who was appointed postmaster against the protests of nine-tenths of our people, came out into the corridor and demanded a personal apology for what the *Kicker* said about him last week. In our pioneer days, when we lived on roots and hadn't a second shirt to our back, we used to get down and crawl whenever requested. We felt that we had to. We were a tenderfoot and lacked sand. A change came. We haven't been doing any creeping for the past two years. On the contrary, we have had the revolver and the other man has done the four-legged act.

Therefore, when Wanamaker's Friday demanded an apology, and took us by the ear to force obedience, we lit onto him with a weight of two tons, and had him hollering for mercy inside of two minutes. Before letting him up we took his gun away, and in some manner it was discharged, and the bullet went through the palm of our right hand. The wound will prevent our using the pen for some weeks, and we must dictate our copy.

Clothes that have been sprinkled will not mildew for days, even in summer, if kept away from the fire.

Mono County's Remarkable Cave.

From Home (Cal.) INDEX.

Sam Tyack, the enterprising lessee of the syndicate, broke into a natural cave in the mine a few days ago, about 200 feet from the surface, and discovered many things of interest to the student of archæology. The miners were putting in a hole, when the drill suddenly disappeared, much to their astonishment. A couple of holes of less depth were then drilled and fired, which made an aperture through which the men entered a chamber, about forty feet square and quite as high, the sides and roof of which were chalcedony bulged out in all sorts of grotesque and fantastic shapes. Sammy entered first, and, swinging his candle around, caught sight of a score of objects that startled him. "Come in, boys!" he exclaimed. "Here's a bloody anatomical museum."

They crawled in and participated in Sam's astonishment, for which there was ample cause, as the interior of the cave flashed with the iridescence of a million colored gems. It seemed—so Sam says—as if the glittering stars in the firmament had come down to hold high carnival and flash themselves through lenses of variegated hues.

Exploring further, they found still more cause for wonder. Petrifactions of animals, birds and reptiles abounded. There were great owls and monstrous bats, and several snakes as hideous as if endowed with life, as they were many, many ages ago before Bodie Bluff was created, and when the present site of Mono's metropolis was closely dotted with the vents of thermal springs, from the accretions of which millions of dollars in bullion have been given to the commercial world. Mr. Tyack has removed several of these petrifactions in perfect form, intending to forward them to Professor Irelan, chief of state mining bureau, who will highly appreciate them. The few who have been permitted to view this interesting chamber of antiquities were almost benumbed with astonishment.

"Poor Mamma!"

Not many things in the life of a boy seem more important to him than his first getting into trousers. It is to be doubted, indeed, if he is likely to find much in his after life that will give a joy so keen and unmixed; and when Master Jamie, having reached the mature age of "most five," as he put it, was given his first pair of knickerbockers, the whole family were naturally called upon to rejoice with him.

It was after his first transports of delight were over, and he was able to speak of the great event with calmness, that Jamie came to his mother, and, after parading up and down before her two or three times, said in a tone of perfect satisfaction:

"O mamma, pants make me feel so like somebody! Don't I look real grown up, mamma?"

His mother smilingly told him that he certainly did, and that she could not feel that he was her baby any more.

"Didn't it make you feel grown up, mamma," Jamie began, "when you"—

He stopped short. It had evidently come to his mind that his mother had never known this deep delight which so filled his soul. He looked at her a moment, an expression of the deepest pity coming over his face, and then he took her hand in both of his and laid it against his cheek.

"Poor mamma!" he said, softly. "Poor mamma! If you'd been my little girl, I'd have let you wear pants just the same as if you'd been a boy."

Waiting a Long Time for Damages.

Charles Ciriack, of Dedham, Mass., 30 years old, has been paid $5,000, the amount awarded him in his suit against the Merchants' Woolen mills, of Dedham, for damages for the loss of his right arm in the machinery of the mill. As the injury occurred eighteen years ago the case settled is somewhat remarkable in law. Ciraick was 12 years old when he lost the arm and it was not until 1885, when he was 25 years old, that he thought of entering into litigation. By this time the men who were foremen and workmen in the mill in 1872 were either dead or scattered over New England; but that fact did not discourage Ciriack's lawyer.

The case was actually brought to trial in 1886; the jury disagreed, standing 10 to 2 in favor of giving plaintiff $4,000. In the new trial in 1887 the jury awarded the plaintiff $8,000, but the supreme court set the verdict aside. Somehow the case came into court again last January; the jury made an award of $5,000 for Ciriack, and this time the supreme court sustained the verdict.

Most of us worry over our trials, but the lawyers worry if they haven't any.

Ninety-nine Years for Nothing.

The Washington *Star* says: The famous case of Dell P. Wild, who was sent to prison for a year for refusing to do menial duty for Lieut. Steele and was summarily released by order of President Harrison, is eclipsed by the case of Lewis Carter, a private in the Twenty-fifth infantry, who has already served nearly five years of a ninety-nine year sentence in the Minnesota state prison. The case is probably without a parallel in either civil or military history, and is outlined as follows:

On the 24th of November, 1884, Carter, who, by the way, is a colored man, was stationed with his regiment at Fort Snelling, Minn. Two or three days afterward Carter was in St. Paul, and ran things with a high hand. His actions, however, were not called to the attention of the city police, and he went back to Fort Snelling unmolested. Arriving there he was arrested on the charge of assault, robbery and desertion. Brig. Gen. Terry, then in charge of the department of Dakota, summoned a court martial, to assemble at Fort Snelling, Jan. 27, 1885. This court was composed of Capts. Benzonio, Lawson, Roche and Stivers, First Lieuts. Tully and Glenn, and Second Lieuts. Phillips, Ahern and Tear, all of the Twenty-fifth infantry, while First Lieut. Luden, of the Fourth artillery, acted as judge advocate. The court, after a very brief session and apparently without attempting to probe the truth of all the four offenses and, with the usual army severity of punishing criminals, sentenced him to Stillwater prison for ninety-nine years.

Attorney Fred L. McGhee, of St. Paul, has been giving this case searching attention since Wild's release, and what he had found out is astonishing. He discovered in West St. Paul the person on whom the assault was alleged to have been made, and obtained an affidavit that Carter had not assaulted her. Then McGhee secured evidence that the robbery had not been committed and sent the two affidavits to Washington.

The action of the president was prompt and decisive. He found that Carter was guilty only of desertion, and has issued a full and free pardon, which is to go into effect May 25, just five years from the date of imprisonment. The president also reprimanded the court martial.

A Wonderful Clock Destroyed.

Thomas Fitzsimmons, of Pittston, inventor of the wonderful clock which has been on exibition in all the principal cities in this part of the state, and which was claimed by many to be superior, in point of intricate mechanism, to the famous Strasbourg clock, is prostrated over the intelligence that his instrument was burned and entirly destroyed in the Hoover block fire at Owego, N. Y.

The clock cost Fitzsimmons four years of unremitting labor. Among its many features was a complete miniature railway train, with engine, tender, four passengar coaches, engineer, fireman and conductor. As this train reached the small station a crowd of infinitesimal people emerged from a cleverly constructed mansard depot and congregated on the platform, while a humpbacked bridge tender lowered the gates precisely as in actual railroading.

Another feature was complete representation of the solar system, with sun, moon, planets and myriads of stars twinkling in the cerulean background. The clock was constructed with no tools excepting a pocket knife and file blade. Fitzsimmons valued it at $15,000, and had recently refused an offer of $7,000 for it. Just the day before the fire occurred he took out a $5,000 insurance policy on it. It is feared he will lose his mind under the disappointment, as his clock occupied all his thoughts.

A plague of locusts lately appeared in the province of Girgeh, in Egypt. In plowing enormous quantities of their eggs are turned up, and, fortunately, exposure to the sun destroys the eggs.

"I is—" began Tommy, when his teacher interrupted him. "That is wrong; you should say I am." "All right" said Tommy. "I am the ninth letter of the alphabet."

It is reported that 10,000 colored people from Alabama will settle in Oklahoma before July 1st.

The wind in far western Nebraska has been so violent as to blow the grain clear out of the ground.

There are now 101 Union soldiers in Congress and eighty-one who served in the Confederate army.

That for which a woman should be consoled she is most often ridiculed—her homeliness.

When a man finally succeeds in making himself famous his wife gets the credit for it.

Let your zeal begin with yourself, then you may with justice extend it to your neighbor.

Every man is a hero to some woman; every woman is a heroine to some man.

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