MORTGAGEES' SALE
—OF—
DESIRABLE LOTS OF LAND!
NEAR WESTMINSTER, MD.

BY virtue of the power and authority contained in a mortgage from Hasbabiah Haines and Alice Haines, his wife, to John Royer and John Englar, bearing date November 9th, A. D., 1878, and recorded among the Real Estate Mortgage Records of Carroll county, in liber F. T. S., No. 12, folio 395, &c., the undersigned will sell at Public Sale, at the COURT HOUSE DOOR, in Westminster, Carroll county, Md., on

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 9th, A. D., 1891,

at 2 o'clock, P. M., all that land described in and conveyed by said Mortgage:

1st. A Lot of Land containing

3 ACRES, 2 ROODS AND 15 PERCHES,

more or less. This Lot is on the road leading from the Uniontown road leading to the lots in the rear thereof, and adjoins the land of Thomas Tate, John Galt and others.

2nd. A Lot containing

5 ACRES, 1 ROOD AND 14 PERCHES,

more or less. This Lot is on the New Windsor road and adjoins the land of John Young, Hugh Daley and others.

The first mentioned lot is supplied with running water. Both lots are about half a mile from Westminster; they are desirably located, easy of access, supplied with convenient roads; the land is in a high state of cultivation, and an excellent opportunity is offered to persons desiring pasture land near the city.

3rd. A Wood Lot, containing

7 ACRES AND 3 ROODS,

more or less. This lot is about five miles from Westminster, is about one-half mile from the Baltimore and Reisterstown Turnpike Road, is on the road leading from said Turnpike Road to Isaac Gardner's place, and adjoins the lands of Jacob Hoff, Isaac Gardner, and others. This lot is heavily covered with young and thriving Timber—Oak, Chestnut, Hickory, &c.

Terms of Sale.—Cash; or, if desired by the purchaser or purchaser, one-third cash on the day of sale, or on the ratification thereof, one-third in nine months, and the other one-third in eighteen months from the day of sale, the credit payments to be secured by the notes of the purchaser or purchaser with approved security, bearing interest from the day of sale.

JASPER C. SHRINER,
CHARLES SCHAEFFER,
Administrators of John Englar, deceased,
JOHN ROYER,
Mortgagees.

Reifsnider & Reifsnider, Solicitors.
R. C. Matthews, Auctioneer. jan-17-ts

Mortgagee's Sale
—OF A—
DESIRABLE FARM!
Between Keysville and Taneytown, Carroll county, Maryland.

BY virtue of the power contained in a mortgage from Samuel B. Fox and Selena C. Fox, his wife, to the undersigned, bearing date March 5th, 1887, and duly recorded among the Real Estate Mortgage Records of Carroll county, in liber W. N. M., No. 24, folio 538, &c., I will sell at Public Sale, on the premises, on

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 11th, 1891,

at 12 o'clock, noon, the following Valuable Real Estate described in and conveyed by said mortgage:

All that farm, containing

73¼ ACRES OF LAND, more or less,

situated on the road leading from Keysville to Taneytown, in the County and State aforesaid, conveyed to said Samuel B. Fox, by deed from James T. Shorb and wife, dated March 5th, 1887, and duly recorded among the land records of Carroll county, aforesaid.

The improvements thereon are a good Two-story Frame Weatherboarded

DWELLING HOUSE,

which has been built only about four years; and a substantial new Barn and other outbuildings, all in first-class order. Well of good Water, and two Orchards of choice Fruit.

This farm will be offered and sold subject to a prior mortgage thereon, with consent of first mortgagee, who will permit his money to remain invested therein on arrangement with purchaser. Exact amount of first lien and interest thereon made known on day of sale.

Terms of Sale.—Cash; or, if desired by the purchaser, one-third cash on day of sale, or ratification thereof; one-third in one year, and the other one-third in two years from the day of sale; the credit payments to be secured by notes of the purchaser or purchasers, with approved security, bearing interest from the day of sale.

JAMES SHORB, Mortgagee.
Isaac E. Pearson, Solicitor. jan-17-ts

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County, sitting as a Court of Equity.

NO. 2901 EQUITY.

J. William Earhart and Edward Lynch, Plaintiffs, vs. Joseph Erb and Sophia Erb, his wife, Ephraim Erb and Mary Erb, his wife, Ann Rebecca Legore and Jesse U. Legore, her husband, Sarah Webster and Michael G. Webster, her husband, and "The Westminster Savings' Institution," defendants.

The object of this suit is to procure a decree for the sale of the Real Estate of which Joseph Erb, late of Carroll county in the State of Maryland, died seized and possessed, for the payment of the debts of said deceased.

The Bill states that, the said Joseph Erb departed this life, intestate, in Carroll county in the State of Maryland, in the month of January, 1891, leaving no widow surviving him, but did leave the following children, his only heirs at law, all of whom are adults above the age of twenty-one years, to-wit: Joseph Erb, whose wife's name is Sophia, Ephraim Erb, whose wife's name is Mary, Ann Rebecca Legore, whose husband's name is Jesse U. Legore, Sarah Webster, whose husband's name is Michael G., all of whom reside in Carroll county in the State of Maryland, except the said Ann Rebecca Legore and Jesse U. Legore, her husband, who reside in the city of Philadelphia, in the State of Pennsylvania, and beyond the limits of the State of Maryland: That said intestate, at the time of his death, left no personal estate, and that no Letters of Administration have been granted to any person as Administrator of any personal estate of said deceased, but was seized and possessed of considerable Real Estate, consisting of about forty-eight acres of land, more or less, situated in Carroll county, aforesaid, of the value of about $2,000, encumbered by a Mortgage lien to The Westminster Savings' Institution, the precise amount of which is not known to the plaintiffs. That said intestate was at the time of his death, indebted unto J. William Earhart, one of the plaintiffs, in an account, in the sum of $583.29, with interest from May 5th, 1879, and also in the one-half of two judgments, each dated May 14th, 1887, one for the sum of $85.90 with interest from date, and $1.95 costs, and the other for the sum of $20, with interest from date, and $1.40 costs, as shown by Exhibits A. B. and C. to said Bill. And was also indebted unto Edward Lynch, one of said plaintiffs, in a judgment, for the sum of $132.80, with interest from May 10th, 1886, and $9.00 costs of suit, as appears by Exhibit D. That said plaintiffs are entitled to have said Real Estate sold for the payment of their claims and of other creditors of said intestate. And the Bill prays that the Real Estate of said intestate, or so much thereof as may be necessary, may be sold for the payment of the debts of said intestate.

That the resident defendants may be required to answer, and for an order of publication against said non-resident defendants! And for general relief.

It is therefore ordered by the Court this 16th day of January, A. D. 1891, that the Plaintiffs by causing a copy of this order to be advertised in some newspaper published in Carroll county, Maryland, once a week for four successive weeks before the 18th day of February, 1891, give notice to the non-resident defendants mentioned in said Bill, and warn them to appear in this Court, in person or by Solicitor, on or before the 6th day of March, 1891, to show cause, if any they have, why a decree should not be passed as prayed.

JAS. A. C. BOND.

True Copy—Test:
BENJ. F. CROUSE, Clerk.
jan 17-4t

A Substitute for Bone.

THREE (3) different strata of the Woodsboro Lime Rock, separately burnt and then combined proportionately, will improve any land equal to Bone for one-half the money. Guarantee it or refund the money. Every farmer can have a full supply of this Lime delivered to his nearest railroad station on short notice, but we prefer farmers to order as far ahead as possible. Will ship in house or open cars as desired. We invite all who wish to use or buy Lime to call and examine our facilities, Lime, Rock, &c. All correspondence solicited. Address

J. W. LeGORE,
Woodsboro, Md.

Exclusive manufacturer of this Lime by improved process and appliances.
Send for testimonials &c. iv-26

Auctioneering!

HAVING had several years experience in auctioneering personal and real estate, I offer my services to the public. Terms low and satisfaction guaranteed. Calls solicited.

W. T. WILSON,
No. 50 West Main Street, Westminster, Md.
jan-24-1f

AMERICAN SENTINEL.

VOL. 59, NO. 6. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY 7, 1891. ESTABLISHED 1833.

Select Poetry.

AN OLD-TIME VALENTINE.

One February midnight, while bright stars laughed above,
A poet, in his garret, sat rhyming "love" and "dove;"
He drew his gown about him, because the air was chill:
He wrote of Venus's snowy swans, and dipped his gray goose quill.

And when the cold east kindled with morning's rosy fires,
When all the merry sparrows chirped, and sparkled all the spires,
Appeared a proper bachelor, who could not write a line
(At least in rhyme), in happy time, to get his valentine.

He grasped the hand that penned it, with fervor quite absurd;
He cried, "Tis elegant indeed!"—a cheerful chink was heard,
A silver sound of kissing coins: the poet rhymed for these,
And yoked his teams of "loves" and "doves" to bring him bread and cheese!

To seal the precious missive, well pleased the lover sped;
He sealed it with a heart and dart, extremely neat and red;
He wrote upon the back a name ('twas Jane, if tell I must);
He would have liked to sand the same with diamonds ground to dust.

To knock just like the postman, he used his utmost art:
And Mistress Jane came tripping down: she saw the heart and dart;
Trim Jane, with eyebrows jetty, and dimple in her chin.
"A valentine? It can't be mine!"—and yet she took it in.

And she and sister Bettie laid by their work awhile,
And bent their heads above the sheet, and praised the sugared style:
'Twas all of "roguish Cupids," and rainbow pinioned hours,"
And "golden arrow tipped with flame," and "fetters made of flowers."

"I vow it's vastly pretty; and yet, my dear, you see,
It says within 'To Chloe'—it can't be meant for me!
And it says without 'To Jane'—I think it must be mine!"
—Meantime the poet tasted cheese, and blessed St Valentine!

Select Story.

From the NEW YORK WORLD.

INGRATE WITH HORNS.

BY OPIE P. READ.

I was traveling among the mountains of east Tennessee, and one day about noon was casting about for a place where I might get something to eat when my eye was attracted by a number of horses that were tied near a ruinous old log house.

Curiosity and a hope that I might be on the trail of something to eat drew me to the house. Upon entering the doorway I found a justice of the peace holding court. It was a criminal case, and I discovered the prisoner to be a long, lank fellow, with a bony face and a complexion that proclaimed the clay eater. I fancied that having killed some one he was now on trial to determine whether or not he should be sent before the grand jury as a sort of sarcastic preliminary to being hanged, and had begun to pity his probable wife and presumable children when the judge said:

"This here court, bein' sorter tired, will now take a recess fur halfer hour. The court has sot here an' chewed new tobacker till the hide is about all took offen the inside of his mouth, an' I wanter say that if anybody has got any tobacker that is a little milder in its parts, pass a chew of it right up to the court."

The prisoner took out a twist of tobacco and handed it to the judge, whereupon the jurist remarked: "This court thanks you, Jeems, but at the same time reminds you that the law of this great land ain't to be bought for a mess of pottage nor a chew of tobacker. How's yo' crap, Jeems?"

"Sorter wallerin' with the crab grass an' rasslin' with the rag weed. I woulder had it all right, but this here trouble come on me. When a man is bowed down in the speret he ain't thinkin' of craps. He is a-thinkin' of the shame that mout fall on him an' take all the color outen his repurtation."

"Yes, that's a fact, Jeems."

"What is all this about?" I asked, turning to a long haired fellow that sat near where I stood.

"Wall," he answered, leaning over and turning loose a squirt of tobacco extract that might have singed a cat, "Jeems Timberly he shot a sheep an' I reckon he's in fur it."

"They don't intend to hang him, do they?"

"No, wus'n that. They'll hit him about fifty lashes with a hickory an' then make him work a county road some day when thar's a hoss show in the neighborhood."

At this juncture the judge pounded on the table. "Come to order now. The court is about to put on the solemn gyarment of the law of this here free an' mighty land, an' if any man so fur-fur-gits himself as to interrupt the proceedin's he'll fall under the witherin' displeasure of yourn truly. Now, let's git at this business, fur this court has other affairs on hand. This court must go some time this evenin' an' reprimand a man that pizened his dog. Jeems, as I said at the outset of this trial, I never was more shocked in my life. Fur many years we have know'd you to be reasonably honest, with generally a putty good dab of meat in yo' smoke house, an' we kain't see why you should have killed the Widder Dalton's sheep."

"Yes," spoke up the widow, who for the first time I noticed was present, sitting in a corner, "an' a finer ram never blew his breath on a bunch of pennyrile. But here comes Jeems an' shoots him, an' that, too, when he's got more meat than I have, an' he knows that I've got three son-in-laws to feed."

"Jedge," said Jeems, "if you will jest let me have a minit I will fling a good deal of light on this here subject. I don't deny a killin' of the sheep"——

"Well, then, Jeems, you neenter say no more. You've stated the very fact that we air tryin' to git at, an' thar ain't no use in foolin along here no longer. The court 'lows that it will hafter sentence you, Jeems."

"Not without givin' me a hearing, I hope."

"I don't see what good a hearin' will do you when you have made that confession."

"Wall, jest listen to my talk, an' then mebby you'll see. I don't want to take up yo' time, so that you kain't meet the feller that pizened yo' dog, but I do insist on havin' a hearing."

"Wall, then, go ahead, but cut her short."

"Jeems" got up, reached back his long hair and thus addressed the assembly: "One cold winter night, when the snow come down faster than you ever seen chaff come outen a wheat fan, I heard a bleatin' noise, an' going' to the door I thought the sound came from the valley not fur from my house. I told my wife that I had to go down in the valley, because I heard a lamb callin' for help, and let me say right here, that I may be bad in a good many things, but no lamb ever called to me in vain. I thought of Simon Peter that was told to feed the Lord's sheep—thought of it as I stood thar in the door with the snow a-drivin' past me into the house. My wife said that I better not go out in sich a night, 'specially as I wa'n't feelin' very well; but I 'lowed that I couldn't sleep with the pitiful cry of that lamb a-ringin' in my ears; so I took my lantern an' went down into the valley. The snow was whirling so fast that I could hardly see whar I was goin', but at last comin nearer an' nearer to the bleatin' I found a little lamb with his head stickin' out of a snowdrift.

I took him out; his legs were frozen stiff as sticks. I took him to the house an' warmed him by the fire, got a bottle of milk and fixed it so he could suck. I built up a good fire so he wouldn't get cold durin' the night, an' every time he would bleat I would git up an' fix his bottle. The weather staid cold for a long time, an' once when the old cow got out of the lot and wandered off an' didn't come up in time to give milk for the lamb I searched for her on the mountain side an' way down in the valley. It was late when I got back home an' long before I reached the house I heard the lamb a-bleatin'. He seemed to be powerful glad when I came in with the milk, an' the thought I read in his eyes was: 'I never will forgit you.' Wal, to make a long story short, I brought up that lamb till he was as fine a sheep as you ever saw, an' in every look out of his eyes he said that he never would forgit me. We called him Bob an' he 'peared to like the name.

"One day the next fall Nat Sarschet, that I owed $5, come over to my house an' 'lowed that he must have the money. I didn't have it an' told him so. Just then Bob, he come up. 'I'll take this sheep,' says Nat, an' he done it in spite of all my beggin' an' promisin' that I would pay him as soon as I could get the money. Last spring I heard that Nat had sold Bob to the Widder Dalton. So much for the first part, an' now for the second. A day or two ago I was goin' through the woods, carryin' a bag of corn on my back, an' all at once kerbhip! something took me an' almost knocked me lifeless.

"As soon as I could git up I looked 'round, an' thar, not more than ten feet away, stood Bob, a-shakin' of his head. 'Gracious alive! Bob,' said I, 'don't you know me?' He backed a little, an' jest as I expected to see the look that said he was never goin' to forgit me he shot at me an' gave me a biff that sent me sprawlin' on the ground. I think he hit me three times before I could git up, an' then he followed me to the fence, a-churnin' me every jump of the way—an' tickled! W'y, I never saw a ram enjoy himself so in my life. Well, when I got home I sot down an' thought a long time about the ingratitude of this life, an' then I thought I would teach that rascal a lesson; so I got my gun and went back down into the woods. I held the gun behind me an' poked about. Putty soon I saw Bob, an' he saw me about the same time. Here he come! I didn't say a word. He was so tickled that he thought he'd stop an' laugh a little before biffin' me, an' he stopped an' snorted with delight, an' jest then I ups with my gun.

"I never saw such a surprised sheep. When he saw that I was fixed for him he tried to look lovin,' but I let him have it right between the eyes. That's my statement, jedge, an' it shows that I wa'n't out after meat, but revenge, fur I didn't even skin the rascal; an' now, if you want to whip me an' make me work on the county road, all right."

"Jeems," said the judge, "any court that could have the heart to convict you oughter be hung. Widder Dalton, what have you did with that sheep's meat?"

"I've got it at home."

"Wall, you go home an' roast a hin'-quarter of it. This court an' Jeems air goin' to take dinner with you to-morrer."

From the Omaha WORLD-HERALD.

THE SHIP WENT DOWN.

BY CECIL HASTINGS.

A beautiful story has come to me. A story beautiful in its sadness, its heroism and its devotion; a story which brings into the prosaic Nineteenth century a glimpse of that romanticism, chivalry and sacrificial love supposed to belong so peculiarly to the crude and romantic mediæval times. Forty years ago the incidents which I will try to narrate in the words of another happened.

This other, an old Englishman, is now a man with silvered locks and sweeping beard. In his younger days he was a midshipman in the navy of Great Britain.

He also was something of an amateur artist, and after leaving the English service came to this country. When only a boy I was a favorite of his, and for long hours I would sit upon his knee or beside him on a low footstool and listen to his tales of the sea, and my youthful heart would be fired and I would determine a sailor to be. We would sit together in the winter evenings, with no light save the firelight, now a shadow on the wall, then flickering strong and bright. There was a picture over the mantel, a picture which showed the crude hand of the amateur, yet was strong. It had been his last and best effort. It was a representation of the finale of the story which he told me. The picture, or rather the woman's face in the picture, had, young as I was, made a strong impression upon me. It was not the beauty of the face; it was not the excellence of the picture; it was not the scene that so affected me.

He said she was beautiful. If so he failed in protraying her physical beauty. But the expression of that face, the intangible, spiritual something that seemed to emanate from and hover around and about it was marvelous, and made of the ordinary picture a master stroke and covered up all the defects as charity covereth a multitude of sins. The face, radiantly happy, and a portion of the throat alone were visible, and that face was sinking, even now, below the surface of the ocean to be lost forever, and yet a glory shone upon it as if the first beam from the opening gate of heaven was shining there; and she was young and rich and had position. The sea was a sea of glass, and there was no "painted ship upon that painted ocean." Close in a strong man's arm she was held, and her face rested against his, which was not so distinct as was her own.

Many a time I had asked for the story of that picture, and my friend would not tell it me, for it saddened him, and he thought I was too young to comprehend and sympathize with the spirit of the story. But last week when on a visit east, I met him for the first time in years, and sitting in that old room before that old picture he told me the story.

"As you know, I was a middy in her majesty's service. It was my third year on the ocean wave, and I and my friend and protector, Jack Sutherland, the second lieutenant, had just reported to the Golconda for service. The Golconda was to sail the next day for India.

"Jack Sutherland was some years older than I, and as we had both come from the same neighborhood he had constituted himself my protector. In my young eyes he was invested

[illegible] still the radiance of unseen [illegible] things was upon her face raised so lovingly to his.

* * * * * * *

"The ship went down. While struggling in the water a rafter came to me, and I clung to it. I looked around, and on the crest of a wave being borne toward me were Nellie and Jack, as you see them there. Her face was raised to heaven and his, and all the happiness of angels was depicted there, and—then the waters—came over them and"——

My friend's eyes were wet with tears, and I had heard the story.

For the SENTINEL.

A VOYAGE DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

Having left St. Louis on Wednesday, October 22nd, our steamboat arrived at Memphis on the following Friday afternoon. Memphis is a city of over 64,000 inhabitants, presenting a fine view from the river; the most prominent building along the river-front being the postoffice. There are some substantial streets and nice residences, and Memphis is considered a very flourishing city. Cotton is the great staple of trade, and also furnishes the chief industries; among the latter are the cotton compress, cotton ginneries and cotton seed oil mills. The piers for a bridge across the Mississippi river at Memphis are in course of construction. According to the statement of a Memphis paper, the width of the river at that point is 2,500 feet. Some other data furnished by the same article may be of interest, as an illustration of the wanderings of some of the waters which have found their way to this great central channel between the Alleghenies and the Rockies. The width of the main channel at Memphis is, as just mentioned 2,500 feet; while just below Cario, 230 miles up the river, the width is 4,038 feet. The discharge of water per second at Cairo is 1,800,000 cubic feet, at Memphis the maximum discharge is less than, 1,000,000 cubic feet per second. This difference of 700,000 feet of water goes over into the swamps of St. Francis and then returns to the Mississippi river at Helena, Ark., seventy-six miles below Memphis. The greatest volume of water in the main channel of any part of the river, is where the Red river empties into the Mississippi, 200 miles above New Orleans. At a short distance below this point some waters begin to leave the main channel, flowing through many bayous and other water courses towards the gulf and never returning to the Mississippi. The great river therefore is not even at New Orleans the vast, the overwhelming sight that one might suppose it to be; the depth of the waters there is about 100 feet, but the river is scarcely wider than it is far to the north.

In the latter part of the voyage from Memphis to New Orleans, the forests disappear in many places; there are levees along the river, and looking across the level country, residences can be seen and large sugar-cane plantations. Our steamboat on this voyage was the city of St. Louis This steamboat is over 300 feet in length and eighty-five feet in width. It is allowed to carry 242 passengers—forty state-room passengers, 102 cabin passengers and 100 steerage passengers. The number of passengers is not usually large, however, freight being the great commodity of profit. Nearly all the lower deck is filled with freight, also the forward deck above. We remember with special interest among the passengers on the City of St. Louis, a Mr. and Mrs. Shaw, who had taken passage at St. Louis and were going to their winter home at Ocean Springs, Miss. Here is the little history connected with their journey which serves to make them specially remembered: Mr. Shaw had a boat built, intending that he and Mrs. Shaw should leisurely sail down the Mississippi river as their own pleasure and wills might dictate; but after sailing about 100 miles down the Missouri river and about forty more in the Mississippi, Mrs. Shaw became timid about continuing the journey further. They therefore returned to St. Louis, Mr. Shaw sold his boat, and the long voyage to New Orleans was made on the great steamer.

Our boat reached the Port of New Orleans about 6, P. M., Nov. 6th. The river distance from Dubuque to St. Louis is 439 miles; from St. Louis to Memphis, is 430 miles; from Memphis to New Orleans, 731 miles; and the time occupied in sailing from Dubuque to New Orleans was about ten days.

The stranger in New Orleans soon finds his way to Canal street, the principal business thoroughfare. Canal street extends from the levee in a northwestern direction across the city. It is a very wide street; as we cross it in the busiest part we count five street car tracks; there is also space for driving on each side of these tracks. Beginning at the levee, the first building of importance is the Postoffice and Custom House, a large granite structure. In the interior is a very fine apartment called the "marble room;" all around the walls are desks or tables and over the open, central space are many lofty Corinthian columns. One or two squares from the levee, pretty exhibits in the windows begin to attract the attention, and soon the largest stores of Canal street are reached. The buildings are large and quite high, many are olden but there are also many modern houses. The southern fondness for building verandas or galleries as they are frequently called, finds a striking illustration on this street, as one sees galleries even here to very many of the business houses; they are usually from the second story and quite wide, having the supporting posts on the outer edge of the pavement. Right here in the business section of Canal street, the good people of New Orleans have placed a bronze statue of Henry Clay. There is also an avenue named Henry Clay. Riding out Canal street one day, we find it gradually becomes private and there are many nice cottages, especially noticeable among them are many large, one-story cottages, built on piles sometimes, and with wide galleries and surrounded by fine lawns. Looking up the cross streets as we pass, we see they are also wide and lined with trees. Canal street is over three and a half miles in length. At its northwestern extremity in the suburbs of the city, are several cemeteries. One is the Jewish Cemetery. These people bury underground; but this mode of burial is an exceptional custom at New Orleans. As is doubtless well known, the situation of New Orleans is on low land. When leaving the city by way of the Louisville and Nashville railroad, we found ourselves in swamps on reaching the suburbs. Cellars are not usually made and many houses are built on piles. For this reason instead of finding in the cemeteries the usual collection of monuments and marble slabs, there are vaults built as repositories for the departed. Metairie Cemetery at the extremity of Canal street is the finest and most modern one of New Orleans. It was devoted to this purpose about fifteen years ago and is now a large city of the dead. The word city is particularly appropriate as an appellation for this cemetery, as it does really appear almost like a city of little white marble homes. Vast amounts of money are expended for these tombs. Some distance from the entrance is a large, round plot of ground elevated in the center upon which is a high column surmounted by a statue of Gen. T. J. Jackson. In a large circle around this plot are some of the costliest tombs. They are of white marble entirely, about twenty feet high and mostly built like little chapels; having high, steep roofs and the imitations of long windows. The entrance is sometimes closed with a marble slab and sometimes open. Over the entrance is the family name. In this circle is the Maginnis tomb which cost $50,000. In a large apartment under the column and statue of Gen. Jackson, are the vaults of many confederate soldiers, among them is the vault of Jefferson Davis. It being the custom of the people of New Orleans to decorate their graves on the first day of November, there were beautiful floral designs at many of the tombs, and before the vault of Jefferson Davis there was a chair of winter flowers with the words "To our chief," across the back, and a sword laid over the arms. In this cemetery is an equestrian statue in bronze of Gen. A. Sidney Johnson and near its base is a marble statue of the general giving command. Metairie Cemetery was very beautiful at the time of our visit. Along the walks were orange trees dotted over with yellow fruit, roses were blooming in great profusion and the warm November air was laden with their perfumes.

Camp street is another of the principal streets of New Orleans. It extends from Canal street in a southwestern and western direction for a long distance around the city. On Camp street are the offices of five daily newspapers. The Christian Association rooms are on Camp street, also the Christian Woman's Exchange. Further on is St. Patrick's Cathedral. The New Orleans Artists' Association occupies a house on this street. On the corner of Camp and Howard streets is the Howard Library, containing 15,000 volumes. Between Camp and St. Charles streets, four squares from Canal street, is Lafayette Square, which is ornamented with a fountain and a statue erected to Benjamin Franklin, statesman, philosopher and patriot. There are many trees scattered over the green sod and numerous seats which even in November seemed to be favorite places to linger. On St. Charles street, facing the square, is the City Hall, of Doric architecture; but the most notable building around the square is the First Presbyterian Church on South street. The pastor of this church is the celebrated Dr. B. M. Palmer. The church is a very large, brown stuccoed building. It has a very lofty spire, said to be the second highest in New Orleans. From a plot in the vestibule we learned there are 172 pews in the auditorium. In the vestibule are two tablets, one of which was placed there in memory of the first pastor who died of yellow fever in the year 1820, in the twenty-seventh year of his age. There are wide galleries around the auditorium and the organ is in the gallery opposite the pulpit. The church is lighted with brackets of three chandeliers each along the front of the galleries and with one chandelier between each window and the galleries. The pews have black hair cloth cushions. The pastor, Dr. Palmer, is now seventy-two years of age but preaches with much vigor. His salary is $10,000 per year. Mrs. Palmer died about five years ago and of his children only one daughter is living, who is married to a professor in Tulane University. It was our privilege to hear him preach on two occasions; one Sunday morning from the text found in I Corinthians, 15 chap. 53 ver.; again on the following Sunday evening when his text was "Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth."

The levee is a place of interest to the visitor in New Orleans. At Carrollton Gardens the levee is quite a high embankment with a board walk along the top and some little fancy pavilions. From near the French Market westward the levee presents a busy scene. There were first, small vessels in the harbor and workmen were engaged in bringing up baskets of oranges on their heads and baskets of coal. Further on were larger vessels. Along this part of the harbor the levee is covered with a wide platform of boards. Upon the platform and sheltered sometimes with heavy canvas, was an immense collection of bales of cotton and hundreds of barrels of rice, sugar and molasses. As this letter is already quite lengthy, your correspondent will omit further sketches of New Orleans sights. It was with regret that we seated ourselves in the train which was to carry us away from the genial people of New Orleans, and away from the great Father of Waters, along whose shores we had so pleasantly spent nearly two months.

H. B.

The King of Beasts.

"One time, in order to test the courage of a Bengal tiger and a lion," said a well known showman, we placed a shooting cracker in the respective cages and fired the fuses. As soon as the fuses began to burn they attracted the attention of both animals, but in a widely different manner. The lion drew into the corner and watched the proceedings with a distrustful and uneasy eye. The tiger, on the contrary, advanced to the burning fuses with a firm step and unflinching gaze. On reaching the cracker he took his paws and began to roll it over the floor and when it exploded beneath his very nose he did not flinch, but continued his examination until perfectly satisfied. The lion betrayed great fear when he heard the report of the explosion, and for quite a time could not be coaxed out of his den."

Powdered rice sprinkled upon lint and applied to fresh wounds will stop bleeding.

A great contractor—the girl who laces tightly.

Wooden Caterpillar.

The oddest insect in existence—so odd that unless it were vouched for and explained scientifically would be considered a hoax—is the aweto. It is not easy to decide whether it ought to be classed under the fauna or flora of New Zealand, for it is as much vegetable as animal, and, in final stage, it is a vegetable, and nothing else. This is the vegetable caterpillar, called by naturalists *Hipialis virescens*. It is a perfect caterpillar, and a fine one also, growing to three and a half inches. Until it is full grown it conducts itself very much like any other insect, except that it is never found anywhere but in the neighborhood of the rata tree, a large scarlet-flowered myrtle, and that it habitually buries itself a few inches underground. Then, when the aweto is fully grown, it undergoes a wonderful change. For some inexplicable reason, the spore of a vegetable fungus, the *Sphæria Robertsii* fixes itself directly on its neck, takes root, and grows, like a diminutive bulrush, from six to ten inches high, without leaves, and with a dark brown head. This stem penetrates the earth over the caterpillar, and stands up a few inches above the ground. The root grows simultaneously into the body of the caterpillar, which it exactly fills in every part, without altering its form in the slightest degree, but simply substituting a vegetable substance. As soon as this process is completed, both the caterpillar and fungus die, and become dry and hard, but without shriveling at all. The thing is then a wooden caterpillar, so to say, with a wooden bulrush standing up from its neck. Papier mache, perhaps, would better describe it than wood. It can be taken out of the ground entire, and preserved for any time. Where the aweto is found many specimens can be obtained. It is a light green when alive, and the Maoris eat it in its soft state, when it resembles marrow. When dry, they powder it for use as a flesh dye in tattooing. It is certain that the caterpillar and fungus were made for each other, as the *Hipialis virescens* is never found without *Sphæria Robertsii* growing out of it and *Sphæria Robertsii* is never found without this caterpillar with it.

The Cure For Snake Poisoning.

The Governor-General of India has received a communication from Baron von Muller, an eminent scientific authority of Melbourne, announcing that he has discovered the real cause and effective cure of snake poisoning.

Hitherto the mode in which the venom of serpents produced fatal effects has been a mystery. The elaborate series of experiments carried out by the Victorian savant have, he states, not only rendered it clear how the poison operated in producing death, but have pointed out a remedy which, when applied in time, will save the life of the patient.

According to Herr von Muller the venom of serpents does not destroy the tissue of the body, but has merely a dynamic effect, suspending the action of the motor and vasomotor nerve centres. This discovery at once indicated that the proper kind of antidote would be something that would "stimulate and increase the functional activity of these nerve centres."

The remedy is supplied by strychnine, which is directly antagonistic in its action to snake poison. Herr von Muller has applied strychnine upon a large number of persons bitten by tiger snake and other venomous serpents, and with invariable success.

The way in which he employs it is to insert ten to twenty minims of the drug under the skin of the patient, and repeat the operation every fifteen minutes until slight muscular spasms are produced, these being an unfailing sign that the patient is out of danger. Large doses of strychnine may be injected into the blood of a person who has been bitten without producing any injury until it has completely neutralized the effect of the snake poison.

The importance of this discovery, if confirmed, can hardly be overrated. In India, where 30,000 persons are killed by poisonous snakes every year, Baron von Muller's communication has naturally been received with the deepest interest.

Professor Henderson, who accompanied the late exploring expedition to the Olympic Mountains, and who is a recognized authority on the flowers of the Pacific coast, gives some interesting data of the trip to the Portland Oregonian. In speaking of the traces of the glacial period in the heterogeneous distribution of plants, he says: "We found flowers in the Olympics at an altitude of 10,000 feet that would be found in Alaska on the ocean level. I was very much impressed with the grand mix-up, not only of the mountains, but of the flora as well. Flowers that we find here around Portland we found buried among the timber of the Olympics near the snow line. Among these were violets.

A man will tell a lie to get sympathy and a woman will tell a lie to give it.

There is one good thing about a pig. He noses his business.

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